September 7, 1901 Directory.

second and fourth y month in their eigneurs and Notre A. T. O'Connell, C. e, secretary.

SOCIETY — Estabsith, 1856, incorporsed 1864. Meets in
all, 92 St. Alexanst Monday of thetee meets last Wedrs: Rev. Director
an, P.P. President.
; 1st Vic?, T. J.
Vice, F. Casey;
n O'Leary; Corresary, F. J. Curran,
ing-Secretary, T. P.

LIARY to the Anof Hibernians, Divithe above Division
atrick's Hall, 92 St.
t, on the first Sunt, on the first Sunp, .m, and third,
p, .m, and third,
p, .m, of every
t. Mrs. Sarah Aldent, Miss Anniecial Secretary, Miss
Treasurer. Mrs.
tecording Secretary
tech, 155 Inspector
m Physician, Dr.
urran, 2076 St.
Application forms
from the members,
elore meetings.

N NO. 2.— Meeter of St. Gabriel Newmitte and Laprairie and

N NO. 3, meets one frd Wednesday of 1863 Notre Dame-dill. Officers: Al-ery, M.P., Presi-hy, Vice-President; in, Rec.-Secretary, treet, L. Brophy Hughes, Financial oung street: M oung street; M n Standing Con Donnell, Marshal.

G MEN'S SOCIE G MEN'S SOGIE— 85.—Meets in its-street, on the-each month, at all Adviser, Rev. S.R.; President, D. tary, J. Murray: Patrick's Leaguer O'Neill and M.

T. A. & B. SO-T. A. & B. SOnthe second Sunth in St. PatAlexander St.
Vespers. Comgement meets ima
Tuesday of every
Rev. Father Modent; James J.
e-President; Jno.
stary 716 St Anetary, 716 St. An-Henri.

NADA, BRANCH.
13th November,
meets at St. Pat... Alexander St.,
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& B. SOCIETY.

Rev. Director.

President, D.

J. F. Quinn.

street; M. J.

18 St. Augustin

che second Sun
n, in St. Ann's

ng and Ottawa

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N, B, A, B, Cilo ATE, CHAMBERS,

el Cards.

AL. RCH,

ured.

ect. A.A.P. Armes Hill:

The Confidential Friend of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. we are most apt to see how Almighty God distributes His graces

the privation of the Holy Communion on the first Fridays, yet she was pressed by our Lord to tell her superioress of His displeasure at her resistance of His Will. She had recourse to her friend. Sister Mary Magdalene, and wrote the following lines: "Be not surprised, my dear Sister, that I address myself to you as to my dearest friend in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. I do so to let you know the intense pain I am enduring on account of the illness of our Sister Rosalie Verchers. On rising this morning it seemed to me that I heard these words: "Go tell your superioress she has given Me great displeasure by refusing to do what I have commanded; to please the creature she has not feared to offend me. I have ordered you to make the Communian on the first Fridays as a satisfaction to the divine justice for all the faults committed against charity; I have chosen you to be a victim, through the merits of My Sacred Heart, and when your superioress forbade you to accomplish My Will, I determined to sacrifice another victim, the one now ill."

"See, my dear Sister, how I am

given of the first public devotion to the Sacred Heart in that community.

"To execute His designs of mercy, Almighty God was pleased to make use of an old Sister who had been a living rule by the exact observance of every thing prescribed by our holy founders; it was no other than our venerated Sister Mary Magdalene Des Escures, who twelve years later, died in the odor of sanctity. She had been greatly opposed to the new devotion, still it did not prevent Sister Mary Margaret from making her a confidante of her secrets with Our Divine Lord; she knew her too well not to have the highest esteem of her virtue. On the last day of the Octave of Corpus Christi, the day named by Our Lord for honoring in a special manner His Sacred Heart, Sister Mary Magdalene, then sacristan, went to the novitiate to borrow of Sister Margaret Mary, the little picture sent to the novices by the venerated Mother Rosalie Greyfie. She told the humble mistress of novices she desired to improvise a small oratory in the choir and would invite the community to unite in rendering homage to the adorable Heart of Our Divine Lord.

"Great was the surprise of Sister Margaret Mary and still greater her joy at seeing the obstacles to the devotion so suddenly removed.

"Sister Mary Magdalene prepared a small table, neatly covered, and placed it before the choir grating; on it she deposited the little picture, nicely framed and surrounded it with flowers. She then wrote a billet asking all the Sisters to join in the new devotion, and that they would mereover try to procure domaitions for a large and handsome oil piciting of the adorable Heart of Jesus.

"Great was the astonishment of the security of the mean devotion and that they would mereover try to procure domaitions for a large and handsome oil piciting of the adorable Heart of Jesus.

"The secret joy of Sister Margaret 'The secret joy of Sister Margaret Mary was inexpressible; she could hear on all sides: It is truly the work of God. We see He is the Master of all hearts and can change them at His Will.' Our dear Sister's words were truly verified. 'The Heart of Jesus will reign in spite of Its enemies.' She ceased not to bless God for His works of mercy and His goodness to His unworthy servant.'"

The T. The Dives of the mainst that where the property of the

of the Federal Government in 1901 was \$1.848,000. For the same service Great Britain expends \$2,300,000. Germany 11,000,000 marks, or \$2,750.000, France appropriates 15,000,000 francs, or \$3,000,000, Italy, 10,000,000 lire, or \$2,000,000, Russia 5,000,000 rubles, or \$2,500,000, and Austria, which has practically only one seaport and little foreign commerce in countries not reached by railroads, 4,000,000 florins, or \$2,000,000.

CUTTING TEETH. — Generally the greatest trouble that children have to contend with is the cutting

The cottage stood on a high overlooking the harbor, and toward the west, far beyond two or three groups of rocky islands — barren save for a few scrub oaks and vagrant pine-could be seen the fin re of the horizon circling through forty or fifty degrees. The sun had set half an hour before, and had left the eastern sky all pallid from its passing. The sea was silent and shining, and a faint glow of silver at a certain point showed where the moon was about to rise. A rippling murmur came up from the foot of

moon was about to rise. A rippling murmur came up from the foot of the cliff.

They were talking of the ocean. A man who crossed over to Europe every summer told of his experience during a great storm, when he had seen one of the enormous Atlantic liners dashed about like a toy ship in the eddy of a brook; how the passengers had been ordered below into the stiffing saloons, and that next morning when fair weather had come and they were allowed to go on deck how they had seen part of the great bridge shattered and torn, and were told how three men had been washed overboard during the night.

A lady who was of the company said that the bravest men were to be found among sallors, and she related the story of a certain British bluejacket who had jumped overboard in midocean to rescue a little girl who had fallen over the rail.

A moralist sniffed the air disdainfully, and remarked in an ex-cathedra sort of way that sailors were a bad lot; that on shore they were always drunk, and at sea only the severest discipline could control them; they were creatures, not men, with the instincts of the brute rather than the intelligence of the human being, and, he added, turning to a white-bearded gentleman who sat fondling a spyglass, with his chair tilted back against the wall, "the Captain here, who has had sailors under him and who knows them well, will agree with me, I'm sure."

"No, not entirely," was the quiet response. No one spoke immediately, and the Captain turned his glass over in his hands, stroked it tenderly, while his eyes were fastened upon that point in the horizon where the disk of the moon was slowly appearing—squeezed up from below, as it were, between the sky and the sea—then he said.

"Our friend here is too general in his condemnation of poor Jack. As a class he is, I'm afraid, little better than a brute; but he's made so through force of circumstances. The dangers that he continually encounters, and for a mere pittance, are great. But the sailor's life is not what it used to be, and although

ers, and for a mere pittance, are great. But the sailor's life is not

dangers that he continually encounters, and for a mere pittance, are great. But the sallor's life is not what it used to be, and although with the gradual substitution of steam for sail as a motive power has disappeared much of the romance and picturesqueness of a mariner's existence, on the whole, his moral condition has been bettered, so that little by little his position is becoming that of a skilled laborer, with nearly the same privileges and the same possibilities as his brothers on land enjoy. He may never rise to the Captain's berth of a great steamer, but with attention to duty he can become a fit subject for respect and proficient within the limitation of his craft.

"Years ago the merchant marine presented great possibilities to the temperate, ambitious youth who entered the service with the hope of some day becoming the master of a ship. He picked up a foreign tongue or two, read contemporary history, wrote in his 'log' every day, studied navigation, and, above all, remembered what he saw and read. The captain of a clipper ship who himself had once been a common sailor was as fine a specimen of manhood as you would see anywhere. But such types were to be found only in the merchant marine or packet service, rarely in the navy. The merchant captain was the supreme head the father of the family that gathered day by day around his board. Hardened by service, he was crevice rise character was easy to read; he was faithful in somall as well as great things, and no man ever had a truer friend.

"The dream of nearly all these captains was of the day of retired officers. I told him what had hap-

faithful in small as well as great things, and no man ever had a truer friend.

"The dream of nearly all these captains was of the day of retirement, when, in some antiquated seaport, they should at last find rest and peace among their own, and 'in the summer evenings sit in their little porticos—as I sit here — smoke their pipes, and—and—and—tell their grandchildren the story of the sea."

The captain paused and looked thoughtfully across the space of water over which the light moon was gradually spreading itself, making his face beam and lending a sparkle to the tears that stood in his eyes. He was thinking perhaps of those brave men dead and gone whose bodies lie far under the sea on beds of rock and tangled weed, with calm, cold faces glistening like agate. He, too, perhaps, had had his ambition. The day of retirement had come and passed. The quiet seaport, the cottage, and the little gardem was here, and in the evening he smoked his pipe and told tales of the ocean; but it was to strangers that he spoke.

Somebody the moralist I think, bade us regard the beauty of the night. His words seemed to arouse the captain.
"Three years after the war," he began, "I was executive officer on

would let boats to cotagers and hotel guests during the summer and take them blue-fishing in the sloop. He had a sweet-heart, who had waited three years; he was to marry ber on his return.

"The man was one of our best sailors and knew how to read and write. I doubt not that during the war just ended he would have been promoted to a high position. As it was I had him made captain of the maintop, and the commander, at my suggestion, appointed him coxwain of his gig.

"We had a fair voyage as far as the Stream, but as we came down to my ear. I wanted to hear his

suggestion, appointed him coxwain of his gig.

"We had a fair voyage as far as the Stream, but as we came down off the Windward Islands the sea became ugly, and between Guadaloupe and Dominica we were struck by a series of squalls from the northeast. Once, after a forencon of continual letting out and taking in sail, the commander determined to furl everything and trust to steam. Word came up from below that the propeller was out of order. It was impossible to lie to long enough to make repairs that evening, and with shortened sail the vessel was laid to her course. Night came on and the sea grew black as the mouth of a cavern; snappy gusts tore through the rigging and against the sails, or crashed against the masts. With difficulty we kept her to her bearings.

"I was officer of the deck, and from time to time ordered more sail to be taken in, until at last we ran under double refed maintopsail, fore staysail and mizzen trysail. In rounding the cape of San Pedro, in order to avoid the shoals that extended quite a distance from the shore, it became necessary to run very close to the wind. At the first turn of the wheel a tremendous sea struck the side, and the ship, carrening a moment, began to stagger like a drunken man, and heeled over so that the lee rail touched the water. I saw at once that we must close reef the topsail. I sent this order

a drunken man, and heeled over so that the lee rail touched the water. I saw at once that we must close reef the topsail. I sent this order to the boatswain, who at once whistled to the topmen. The order was transmitted, but not a man of them moved. It was a frightful thing to imagine! To walk on a yard-arm that is perpetually, jerked through the arc of a quadraot. A second whistle came from the boatswain; the men seemed nailed to the deck. Furious, I leaped from the poop and called them to me! 'For how long,' I cried, 'have the men of the Wabash been afraid to go aloft? Come, I want volunteers!' I want volunteers!' I want volunteers!' I want you go so to my ear, 'Aye, aye, sir.'

'I turned and saw the captain of the maintop salute me and spring to the rail and borist terms.'

"I turned and saw the captain of the maintop salute me and spring to the rail and begin to mount the shrouds. 'Lay aloft, boys! lay aloft!' I shouted, while my heart would have bidden me cry, 'Bring him back! Bring him back! My words were not heeded, for no movement was made among the men; they stood there about the main, their eyes staring at the figure that was growing more and more indistinct in the phantomlike shades above.

leeward.

'I hastened to the commander. He came on deck followed by the other officers. I told him what had happened and pointed out the topman clinging to the broken spar.

'While I spoke he said not a word, but his eyes wandered from the flapping sails to the sea at the leeward, and then to the faces of his men.

the flapping sails to the sea at the leeward, and then to the faces of his men.

"Gentlemen,' he said turning to the officers, 'you know that in such the officers, 'you know that in such acase as this it is customary to consult together before pronouncing the fate of a man. Speak, shall we tryato save this fellow by hazarding the loss of the ship? Speak and in God's name be quickt'

"We stood in groups under the quarter light, immovable; the crew hovering near awaited the final decision. And I assure you that had it been midday one would have seen those old sailors, those old dogs of the sea, as pale as Frenchmen crossing the channel. A midshipman made a movement as if about to speak. We surveyed at a glance the vessel, the horizon, the waves, and the black wall of the shore at a few cable lengths starbdard, we were rapidly bearing down upon the rocks, and no one spoke a word.

"Then the commander, in a loud, choked voice, addressed the crew: On humanity and conscience, we declare that we can do nothing for this man. May God have mercy on him! He turned to the helmsman, and cried in forced, broken words, hard-a-port, steady, now steady—hout—so."

the billows, parting them like an arror.

'I ran aft and unhooked a signal lantern throwing the rays out on the water. At five or six fathous leeward the topman was being tossed about on a ledge of waves that every instant threw him upright.

'As he rose on a crest he perceived me, and attempted to bring his hand to salute. I saw him raise himself on the piece of wreck, fix on me his great staring eyes and move his lips as if to speak. I bent over as far as I could and put my hand to my ear. I wanted to hear his last words—a message to that dear one at home. Then came to me clear and distinct, as though he had spoken at my side, 'Cap'n, cap'n, the maintop lift broke on me.'

'An enormous wave passed, leveling the surface of the sear of terms.

maintop lift broke on me.'

"An enormous wave passed, leveling the surface of the sea, and I saw nothing but blackness and the frigate's white wake as it lay rolling like a huge ribbon in the cloudy masses far astern."

The Captain sat for a moment in silence, his coarse, gray evebrows

The Captain sat for a moment in silence, his coarse, gray eyebrows twitching, and the wrinkles of his forenead contracting with nervous jerks. The moon in the offing had left the sea and its bright light illumined the water and shore.

It was the woman who spoke. "What was the name of this martyr to duty?"

The Captain apparently, did set

to duty?"

The Captain apparently did not hear, for he arose and said: "Come, let's go in. I think a little game would be in order this evening."

"But his name?" two or three of us asked in the same breath.

"What!" he exclaimed, as he turned his great eyes upon us, as though to discover our motive; then he said lightly, "Oh, his name! In fact I don't remember it."

SO THOUGHTLESS

"You look sad," said the editor's wife, as her husband came in.
"Yes." was his reply. "Not a solitary man came in to-day to tell me how to run the paper. I can't stand neglect."

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