

JESSICA'S CAREER.

Jessica's mother stood in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing very wistfully down the long line of railway which skirted the sea. The house was perched high on a bluff. You had to climb a steep and rough pathway to reach it, but everybody who stayed at the inn last summer sooner or later did climb from the shore to get the view of the sunset, to drink a glass of milk and to talk with Jessica's mother. A bit of a house it was, very stanchly built with double windows, because in winter the winds were bleak, and in summer there was so much sun that the second sliding casement protected the rooms from the heat.

A small flower-garden crowded with bloom, rioted by the front door, pushed itself up against the weatherboards and wreathed the palings, and you might go far to find such four-o'clocks and prince's feathers and dill-lilies and nasturtiums as lifted their sweet faces there. The small house was quite by itself; Jessica's mother had no near neighbors. She gave me her hand in welcome, with a cordial smile, as I came to her side.

I speak of her as the villagers and inn people did, for although her name was Mrs. Macdonald, she was always alluded to as the mother of her daughter. Five years had passed since Jessica Macdonald had been seen in the Massachusetts hamlet, but the countryside was still proud of her, and it was somewhat felt to be a great thing for the little old lady on the Point to have such a connection with the world as her relationship to Jessica gave her.

"I've had a letter from my girlie," said the mother, her thin cheek flushing and her eyes shining, as I breathlessly sank into her Boston rocker a little wearied, being stouter than I used to be, with my pull upward over the rocks to her blue-painted porch.

"She writes as often as she can, but she can't write often; it's not to be expected," the mother went on, forestalling any blame for Jessica. "That music-study is wearying work, and Jessica never was one to be contented with half learning a thing. She's always been bound to know it all. Ever since she was a baby, nothing common would do for my Jessica. There's her parents' organ now; if you could only hear her play on it of a Sunday night and sing 'Jerusalem, the Golden,' you'd think yourself in heaven for sure!"

The tiny parlor was spotlessly clean, and from the porch I had a good view of it, with the organ standing just in front of the mantelshelf, on which were queer shells, a Chinese idol or two, and vases filled with dried grasses, with crystals of alum in blue and green clinging forlornly to their leathery ends. A bright, braided rug lay before the organ. Over the mantel, in a gilt and black frame, hung the picture of a young girl. Her dark eyes, loose golden hair and earnest face reminded me of a print called "The Future," which somebody once gave me on my birthday.

"Is that your Jessica?" I asked. "That's Jessica," was the answer. "Madame Emaline had it taken in Boston and sent it to me, framed and all, before they sailed for Europe. I am very proud to have it. But, oh! sometimes at night in winter, when the sea raves down on the shore like a wild beast, and the wind rages and shakes the house, and I don't meet a soul to speak to for days together, I'm that lonely and homesick with longing that almost wish my child had never gone away; that she'd been like other girls, and never had the angel's voice. It's selfish, but I can't help it." "Tell me about her going away," I said, as Mrs. Macdonald took her knitting and sat down with the air of one glad to have a friend to talk to.

"It all came about through the little parlor organ over there. You see, Jessica's heart was set on having a piano in the first place, but her father never thought he could afford one. After he was gone when we came to settle things up I found if I skimped and contrived I could buy her an organ on instalments, and I did, and so she had her heart's desire, and at last she was happy, for she was so clever she learned to play on it out of a book without any teacher, and she had been singing like a thrush all her life; she was soprano in the church. They've never had any body since who could hold a candle to her, and I hate to hear the poor singing since Jessica went away. Ask any one in town, at the store or the hotel, or ask the minister; they'll tell you just what I do. Poor, thin singing bird!"

She paused and thoughtfully rounded the heel of her stocking. "What puzzles me," she said, "is how it was that Jessica, singing so beautifully, singing, you might say, by nature, should need to go away and stay so long, and have to unlearn—that's what Madame Emaline said—her bad habits. Why, she hadn't any bad habits! That made me mad when Madame Emaline said it, and I'm mad whenever I think of it. But Jessica told me I didn't understand, and she was wild to go, from the minute Madame proposed it; and I, being her mother, couldn't stand in her way. Why, 'tisn't every woman whose child has the chance of a career. I look at it so. I couldn't stand in her way!"

"No, dear heart," I said. "Being her mother, you couldn't do that." "We made our living, Jessica and I, by taking in sewing from the Boston shops. They paid us very well. Every other Tuesday morning I sent a box away by express, and every other Saturday a great package of cut-out things came to us. Yes, I do

some work still. My eyes are good and my back is strong. But I can't do as well as when Jessica was with me. She did lovely mending, too, for the inn people in summer, and that's how Madame Emaline came to get acquainted with her."

The dear old lady paused, then added: "Madame Emaline, as I suppose you know, was an artist."

I cannot repeat, for you who read, the sort of awed expression on this out-of-the-world woman put into the word artist. It meant something very mysterious and grand to her; it represented power; it had been a spell strong enough to change the whole current of her life and whirl her daughter away from her side half over the globe. Whenever she shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed down the long railroad track and far, far over the blue, rounding waves, and yearned for Jessica, and silently called for her, and sternly shut her heartache into the background, lest somebody should suspect her of having one, that word "artist" was behind it all. For Jessica was an artist, too! To be an artist and have a career! But before all that was thought of she had known how to use her needle.

Jessica Macdonald can be trusted to repair your faces, said the innkeeper's wife to the French lady, and so one morning she showed Madame the way up here. A bright summer morning it was, I remember, with the waves creaming yellow and soft out there on the shingle, and the roses laughing at you as if they were glad to bloom, and the skies so blue, oh, so blue and bright! Our work was rather scant then, and we didn't have to confine ourselves, and Jessica was at the organ, practising and picking up bits of new tunes and singing away to herself, and just as Madame Emaline got here the child began to sing "Annie Laurie."

"Maxwellton's braes are bonny,"—you know the sweetness of it don't you?"

I nodded. I saw it all: the summer sky and the sea and the garden; the mother pottering about among her flowers, and the great lady panting up the narrow, crumbling footpath to the cottage on the rocky shelf, and the country girl singing "Annie Laurie," with her heart in her voice.

"Madame never rested from that hour," went on Jessica's mother, half-veiled, half-triumphant; "never rested until she had my girl away with her, and the town folks were as set about it as she was. Jessica was to become a great singer! Jessica was to make her fortune! Why, it wouldn't be the first time," said Madame Emaline, "that a wonderful singer had come from a small farmhouse in the woods." She talked and she planned, and she carried Jessica away almost before I knew what was happening, and I settled down to the short days and the long nights all alone."

"Wasn't it hard for your daughter to leave you here?" I asked. I wanted to say, but did not dare, facing the mother's eyes, "Wasn't it selfish?" "Certainly it was hard. Lots of things are hard. But the hardest part was raising the money for her passage and her outfit. Madame wanted to pay it all, but we couldn't be beholden to a stranger. Once Jessica was over there, she could do enough for Madame to pay for her tuition; Madame made that quite plain, or I wouldn't have given my consent to let her go; but I had to borrow the money from my cousin Josiah over at Marblehead, and I hated to do it like poison, and though Josiah hadn't pressed me much I've paid him interest regular, still I wouldn't go to Marblehead, even to a funeral, while I am still owing him the most of that three hundred dollars. It keeps me awake nights. It makes me sick thinking of it. It frightens me that I may die suddenly in debt to Josiah, me that never owed anybody on God's earth three cents till Madame Emaline carried Jessica off to Paris."

"What success has Jessica had?" I enquired. For it seemed to me that in five years she might have learned enough to make a beginning at least. "Why, haven't you heard?" asked Mrs. Macdonald in such surprise. "She sang in London and she made a great sensation. Let me show you what the paper said." Her face glowed with pleasure.

From a thin, worn pocket-book which she took from the bosom of her gown, she proceeded to extract a cutting from an English journal. Somehow that newspaper slip, kept next the faithful heart, touched me pitifully with its sense of contrast.

For the mother, the lonely days in the lonesome cottage, the poor comfort of an occasional letter, the drudgery of sewing for her bread, the housework, the care of her cow, the company of her cat—that great yellow cat blinking in the last of the sunset was the only friendly thing about the place. For the daughter, a life of continual excitement, something to happen, something to anticipate, swift days, splendid crowds in a lighted theatre, flowers poured at her feet, flatteries whispered in her ear, the brilliant pageantry of existence which belongs to the queen of the operatic or the star of the concert stage! If not all at once, yet all this to hope for and strive to gain. I read the few words about the new American singer, words treasured in this quiet home so far from the scene of her triumph, and the mother told me what a stir they had made in the village. They had given her a little trouble as well as much joy.

"Josiah heard how well Jessica was getting along, and wrote to ask when I thought we could return the loan. I've paid him part of it since then, but not very much. If Jessica gets so she can pay it up, it'll be more to her and me than all the applause the paper tells about."

She folded the bit of paper and put it carefully away again.

"Hasn't Jessica been able to send



SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

A pure hard Soap

Last long—lathers freely.

5 cents a cake.

you any money?" I asked, and was sorry the next moment, for the old face clouded, and I knew by her look that I had both hurt and annoyed the loyal woman by my intrusive question.

"Somehow, since that first time she has never done so well. She's had bronchitis, and she's had to spend as fast as she's earned. It's a weary road, a weary road, my Jessica's treading."

I found many occasions to take me to Mrs. Macdonald after that call. The gloomings were golden and red, the moon came out over the sea, and the solemn stars lit their fires many a time before I left her. You could go freely about that hamlet with no fear of meeting anybody to molest you, and I lingered on at the inn till the guests had all gone home, and the landlord and his family were the only ones left, keeping house there in an ordinary way like anybody else, in one of the wings.

But every visit comes to an end at last, and my trunk was packed to go, and I went to the different friends in the village, to the postmistress at the corner, to the blacksmith shop, to the farm where I sometimes went to sketch, to the parsonage saying good-by to all the kind, cordial people, and promising, if I could, to return another year.

Last of all I made my adieu at the little cottage on the bluff. I hated to leave Mrs. Macdonald by herself, and I confess I put off going to the very latest hour I could before I began the climb to her house. I stood a long time, gazing over the great, restless, beautiful sea—the sea that holds so many secrets and never tells any of them, the sea that keeps the world alive, that I love and fear, and that now and then calls me back to its shoulders with a peremptory voice, let me wander inland as I may.

I was half way up the road when suddenly there came to me a knowledge that my old friend was not, as usual, alone. I heard voices, I heard soft laughter. I stopped for an instant, uncertain whether or not to go on, when breaking out on the stillness of the night, insistent, sweet, wonderful, I heard Jessica's silent parlor organ. Only a cheap, small organ, but its tones were full and thrilling, and presently there floated down to me the sweetest, most silvery voice I ever heard, singing, as surely it had never in that countryside been sung before.

The sweet strain died away. On the still air I heard the mother's tones clearly.

"Why, Jessica, I don't know what they meant by saying you couldn't sing. You sing better than you ever did in your life!"

"Dear mother," answered a voice I had never heard, "I'm glad I can sing for you, and perhaps they'll let me sing in the choir; but we didn't know what we were about. I have been a great mistake the whole of it."

Against my will I was playing the eavesdropper. So I called out that I had come to say good-by, and Mrs. Macdonald rushed out to help me in.

"My daughter has returned," she said; "she surprised me. She isn't going away again!" She whispered all this breathlessly, before she drew me into the little parlor, where a fire of pine-knots blazed cheerily on the hearth, and a slender figure stood leaning one white hand on the organ.

"She's made enough to pay Cousin Josiah," the mother told me, proudly, as she drew me in and presented me to Jessica.

The career was a failure, but the price had not been paid in vain. I read renunciation and victory in the strong, sweet face of the girl who had gone out in the world and been defeated in the struggle, but who had returned to trample selfish desire underfoot, and make the evening of her mother's day bright with an after-glow of peace.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Youth's Companion.

ABOUT CATARRH.

"I was very weak and hardly able to walk. My blood was thin, and I was as pale as death. Being told about Hood's Sarsaparilla, I began taking it and in a few months I had gained twenty pounds in weight. I kept on with it until I was as well as ever."—Arthur Mills, Dredon, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c by C. T. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS

PERMANENTLY CURED

Without publicity or loss of time from business, by a purely vegetable, harmless home treatment. Immediate results. Normal appetite. Calm sleep and clear brain. No injections or bad after effects. Indisputable testimony sent sealed. Address THE DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Ave., Montreal.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION

Kindling, \$2.00; Out Maple, \$2.50; Tamarac Blocks, \$1.75; Mini Blocks, stove lengths, \$1.00; F. C. McLELLAND, 2400 Avenue du Parc, Montreal.

PRESERVATION OF THE HOME.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.)

whom it may more closely concern. Catholic women, as a rule, are not generally put in the category of "advanced women." On the contrary, they are somewhat unceremoniously and without much thought on the part of their neighbors marked down as very every-day women, which is much to their credit, if the term be used in contradistinction to the elaborate one of "advanced women." But it is the fact, that a serious menace to a healthy home life has of late years displayed itself to an alarming extent among Canadian women, especially of the higher class, in courtship publicity or notoriety on the various pleas of humanity, reform and even religion.

The recent action of a prominent woman of this type has been the subject of much newspaper comment, and promises to lead to a revision of feeling on a matter which all admit must be injurious to the best interests of the home. This lady, who was the retiring president of a certain prominent society established for the accomplishment of various reforms, sought to decline re-election on the plea that her home was suffering from her absence and her husband objected—two weighty all sufficient reasons, seeing that "charity begins at home," and why not reforms? And there the incident would probably have ended, had it not been for the injudicious insistence of other members of the society, whose homes it may be charitably presumed, were not "suffering from their absence," and whose husbands did not object, that she should resume office. It is to be hoped that this retiring president adhered to her resolution of attending to her "suffering home," and of yielding a praiseworthy obedience to domestic authority.

The question, however, not unnaturally arises, how many of the members of this same society could afford to neglect their homes for the work and interests of their society, even on the assumption that its aims were most commendable. There is a good deal of work to be done about a home, be it great or small, especially where there are children—work which can only be properly done by the mistress of the house, or under her supervision, and her frequent or prolonged absences must be a permanent injury to the family, in comparison with which the absence of the father or sink into insignificance. It is a false sentiment to plead the birthright of a woman to neglect her home. Marriage is a voluntary contract under which the contracting parties assume responsibilities to God, to society, and to the family, and the perfect home is the best proof of the faithful discharge of those duties and a proper appreciation of those responsibilities.

The home and home-life must be made attractive to the family, if there is to be successful competition against out-side resorts and outside life. There are so many attractions and allurements to draw the sons and daughters, and more especially the former, from the home circle. So keen is the struggle of life that young men and young women are more than ever forced to go out and earn their living. As soon as school life is over work begins, and the home is in danger of becoming little better than a house where the all-day separated members of the family may come to sleep and perchance meet at meals. Occupied as they are at different kinds of employment, they form new associations, and the sacred quiet of the home is disturbed by the everlasting buzz of the city and the restless desire to get what they can of feverish life and doubtful pleasure by sacrificing the hours which ought to be devoted to rest and the cultivation of home affections.

The ease with which a young girl in her teens, or a youth, will pack up at the first call, sever without a tear all the tender bonds of home, and hurry away to live in a boarding house amongst strangers, is enough to convince any thoughtful observer of the extent to which home ties and family associations have been weakened and attenuated by the requirements and exigencies of modern life. It is not a question of the necessity for this early disruption of the home but a question of how much the home and the rightful makers of it do to keep the members of the family bound together by the sacred bonds of kindred and community of life, so that every member that leaves its threshold for a life of independence, will bear with him or her an abiding remembrance of a model shrine of all those affections which humanity so far in its course has always held to be the most sacred.

But the time to commence the cultivation of home life is when the family is young and growing up. It is too late to cultivate when the garden has run to seed. It should be the object of parents so to win upon the feelings, affections and reason of their children, that they may truly believe and early realize the truth and beauty of the sentiment embodied in the well-known refrain, "There is no place like home." But this cannot be done by turning the home into a "liberty hall," any more than it can be done by hedging the family in by Puritanic severities. The happy medium should be found, resting upon the principles of common sense and the cultivation of domestic virtues. If "order is Heaven's first law," and Heaven's first law of the human race, surely order should reign in that institution which, in its perfect state, comes nearest to Heaven of anything to be found on this earth—a happy home. Love, Divine love, is the supreme joy of the blessed,—love should rule in the home, brightening softening, soothing and uniting the various members of the family in one harmonious circle—the love of father for mother, of mother for father; the love of parent for child, of child for parent; and the love of child for child. The regulating force should be obedience, the loving recognition, on the part of the children, of parental authority.

It is, perhaps, in this respect that the home of the present generation has lost most, and it is, it must be largely the fault of parents, who permit themselves to be regarded merely as the providers of food and shelter until their offspring can take wing. By so doing, the sense of obedience, of honor, of reverence as inculcated in the fourth commandment, is gradually lost sight of both by parent and child. The presence and authority of God in the parents are eliminated from the idea of filial love and obedience, and the tone of the home sentiment correspondingly degraded. The primeval idea that the father of the family is the priest of God has vanished from the land.

Business Cards.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER.

Successor to John Riley. Established 1894. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders accepted. 15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

DANIEL FURLONG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, Pork

51 Prince Arthur Street.

Special Rates for Charitable Institutions.

Telephone, 4874. 11-9-98

THOMAS O'CONNELL

Dealer in general Household Hardware, Paints and Oils.

137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa

PRACTICAL PLUMBER,

GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER.

RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STOVE, CHIMNEY.

Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

C. O'BRIEN

House, Sign and Decorative Painter.

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGING

Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.

Residence, 645 Dorchester St. East of Bleury. Office 647 Montreal.

LORGE & CO.,

HATTER - AND - FURRIER

21 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

J. P. CONROY

(Late with Paddon & Nicholson)

228 Centre Street,

Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam-Fitter

ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS Etc.

Telephone, 4552.

CARROLL BROS.,

Registered Practical Sanitarians,

PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS.

795 CRAIG STREET: near St. Antoine.

Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Charges moderate. Telephone 1834.

sacrificing the hours which ought to be devoted to rest and the cultivation of home affections.

The ease with which a young girl in her teens, or a youth, will pack up at the first call, sever without a tear all the tender bonds of home, and hurry away to live in a boarding house amongst strangers, is enough to convince any thoughtful observer of the extent to which home ties and family associations have been weakened and attenuated by the requirements and exigencies of modern life. It is not a question of the necessity for this early disruption of the home but a question of how much the home and the rightful makers of it do to keep the members of the family bound together by the sacred bonds of kindred and community of life, so that every member that leaves its threshold for a life of independence, will bear with him or her an abiding remembrance of a model shrine of all those affections which humanity so far in its course has always held to be the most sacred.

But the time to commence the cultivation of home life is when the family is young and growing up. It is too late to cultivate when the garden has run to seed. It should be the object of parents so to win upon the feelings, affections and reason of their children, that they may truly believe and early realize the truth and beauty of the sentiment embodied in the well-known refrain, "There is no place like home." But this cannot be done by turning the home into a "liberty hall," any more than it can be done by hedging the family in by Puritanic severities. The happy medium should be found, resting upon the principles of common sense and the cultivation of domestic virtues. If "order is Heaven's first law," and Heaven's first law of the human race, surely order should reign in that institution which, in its perfect state, comes nearest to Heaven of anything to be found on this earth—a happy home. Love, Divine love, is the supreme joy of the blessed,—love should rule in the home, brightening softening, soothing and uniting the various members of the family in one harmonious circle—the love of father for mother, of mother for father; the love of parent for child, of child for parent; and the love of child for child. The regulating force should be obedience, the loving recognition, on the part of the children, of parental authority.

It is, perhaps, in this respect that the home of the present generation has lost most, and it is, it must be largely the fault of parents, who permit themselves to be regarded merely as the providers of food and shelter until their offspring can take wing. By so doing, the sense of obedience, of honor, of reverence as inculcated in the fourth commandment, is gradually lost sight of both by parent and child. The presence and authority of God in the parents are eliminated from the idea of filial love and obedience, and the tone of the home sentiment correspondingly degraded. The primeval idea that the father of the family is the priest of God has vanished from the land.

It is possible now to buy block sugar colored in fine shades of pink, blue, yellow, and green, writes an American authority. The dealers assert that the coloring matter used is

Business Cards.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER.

Successor to John Riley. Established 1894. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders accepted. 15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

DANIEL FURLONG,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON, Pork

51 Prince Arthur Street.

Special Rates for Charitable Institutions.

Telephone, 4874. 11-9-98

THOMAS O'CONNELL

Dealer in general Household Hardware, Paints and Oils.

137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa

PRACTICAL PLUMBER,

GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER.

RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STOVE, CHIMNEY.

Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

C. O'BRIEN

House, Sign and Decorative Painter.

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGING

Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.

Residence, 645 Dorchester St. East of Bleury. Office 647 Montreal.

LORGE & CO.,

HATTER - AND - FURRIER

21 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

J. P. CONROY

(Late with Paddon & Nicholson)

228 Centre Street,

Practical Plumber, Gas and Steam-Fitter

ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS Etc.

Telephone, 4552.

CARROLL BROS.,

Registered Practical Sanitarians,

PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL AND SLATE ROOFERS.

795 CRAIG STREET: near St. Antoine.

Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Charges moderate. Telephone 1834.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885.

Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, REV. R. STUBBS, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WILKIE, Secretary, T. O'NEILL, Delegate to St. Patrick's League, J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Case.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. 2042 Notre Dame St. Officers: B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hatcher, Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Treasurer; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Ervine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening except regular meeting nights for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Keenan, No. 32 Deloraine ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomlin; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-arms, J. McEwen, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Deehan; Delegate to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Dunne, J. P. O'Hara, C. Deehan, Chairman Standing Committee, John Crotello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 28

(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 28 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander Street, 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.

Applicants for membership or any other details of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: MARVIN TAGAN, President, 577 Cadieux St. J. H. FEENEY, Treasurer, 108 Brookes St. G. A. GADBOIS, Fin. Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St. JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urbain St.

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.

M. P. McGOOLDRICK, Chief Ranger.

M. J. HEALD, Rec. Sec'y, 48 Laprairie St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every 5th and the 13th of each month, at 8 p.m. Officers: JAMES F. FOSBER, Recording Secretary, ALAN PATTERSON, 157 Ottawa street.

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. M. SHEA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berri Street.

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. The society meets for religious instruction in St. Patrick's Church, on the second Sunday of each month at 8:30 p.m. The regular monthly meeting is held on the second Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. in the hall, 93 St. Alexander St. Officers: JAMES F. FOSBER, Sec'y, J. A. McCLELLAN, S. C. Rev. President, JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 254 St. Martin street, Delegate to St. Patrick's League; Messrs. John Walsh, J. E. Foster and William Rawley.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

ESTABLISHED 1863.

Rev. Director, REV. FATHER, FLYNN, Pres. Sec'y, JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President, JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateauguay Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m. Delegate to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Kilfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

perfectly harmless, and also that it contributes no flavor to the sugar, merely a tint, so that its usual service is not interfered with. For color tints this sugar is desirable.

BEGINNING THE YEAR

With pure, rich, healthy blood, which may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, you will not need to fear attacks of pneumonia, bronchitis, fevers, colds or the grip. A few bottles of this great tonic and blood purifier taken now, will be your best protection against spring humors, boils, eruptions, that tired feeling and serious illness, to which a weak and debilitated system is especially liable in early spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla eradicates from the blood all scrofula taints, tones and strengthens the stomach, cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh, and every ailment caused or promoted by impure or depleted blood.

Answered—A humorist was recently chafing a story-writer, who was supposed to have some tendency to egotism. However, he got a Roland for his Oliver.

"I notice, my boy," said the jester, "that you are often the hero of your own story."

"Similarly," replied his friend, "I observe that you are quite as frequently the wag of your own tale."

Gertie: Papa, will our new mamma go mad after a while?

Father: What a question! Why do you think such a thing?

Gertie: Well, I heard her tell the cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you.

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, 18 Duquesne street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second Wednesday of each month. President, RICHARD BURKE, Secretary, M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Galtier, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885.