

and, dropping over
board, as he pre-
sented, you'll be
other tonight, for
light yet." Glas-

Our Boys and Girls.

BE A FRIEND.

Be a friend to one another
In the little bits of ways,
Do not stand around life's corners,
Just to gather words of praise
For the mighty things you've fin-
ished.

And of which you have a share—
Measured by material interests—
Work that cost but trifling care.

Down along the road are many
Whom a little turn will bless,
It may cost, but, oh, the interest
It will earn in easing stress!
Just to read in anxious faces
How the world wears on the heart
Of the common sort of people
Who were hampered at the start.

Help them from the store you carry,
Serve a kindly word or two,
Stitch life's dusky seams with gun-
shine.

Be a friend, sincere and true,
Tarry for a little moment,
Though your claims call loud and
long;
For the very best of riches
Lie in making others strong.

Do not pass because you never
Did this sort of work before,
Learn to keep for other mortals
Love and sympathy in store;
Stoop within each to leave them
Where within the hours you read
The sad and oft-told story
Of a weaker soul's sore need.

—I. Mench Chambers.

EMPLOY YOUR TIME WELL.—
Time well spent is a very necessary
thing. Many of our young folks lo-
se or away hours without any profit to
themselves or others! Learn to em-
ploy your time well in the school-
room and you'll be laying a good
foundation for after life. Employ
your time well also at home; be a
service rather than a hindrance; and
during leisure moments improve the
mind by reading and thus add to
your store of knowledge. By ob-
serving these rules you will not fall
into the habit of "loafing" your
time away, or work only when you
are observed by your teachers or
employers.

MANLINESS.—Manliness is a
rare thing with many of our boys.
The greater number of them seem to
be possessed of a cowardly, coward-
ly way. When you commit any fault
have the manliness to acknowledge
it. Do not try to make up false ex-
cuses, or the "manufactured lie".
Little sneaking cowardly ways don't
pay in boys, for they are detested
and hated by everybody. Never
blush for telling the truth on all oc-
casions for you will win respect in the
end. Deception in a boy is one of his
worst qualities. Remember these lit-
tle verses:

Oh! what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive.

MISSING MASS ON SUNDAYS.—A
large number of our young folks
seem to miss Mass on Sundays. Evi-
dently they know about the obliga-
tion of hearing the Holy Sacrifice on
Sundays and holidays of obligation,
but they fall into a sort of palsy,
reasons, which are not justifiable for
their action. Some will tell you that
they had no clothes. If there hap-
pened to be a fire, or a master of
soldiers preparing to go on parade,
you would find those very boys at
both those events. Remember boys,
you may deceive your parents and
even your teachers, but you cannot
deceive Almighty God.

THE DISHONEST PAGE.—Last
week we referred to one of the pre-
vailing vices among many of our
young men—dishonesty. This week we'll
give you an example on the subject.
A basket of fine cherries having been
sent to Frederick, King of Prussia,
at a time when the fruit was ex-
tremely scarce, he sent them by one
of the pages to the queen. The page,
tempted by the beauty of the cher-
ries, could not resist taking a few.
Tasting them and finding them deli-
cious, he soon devoured the whole
basket full, without reflecting on the
consequences.

A few days afterwards Frederick
asked the Queen how she liked the
cherries? "Cherries!" said Her Ma-
jesty, "what cherries?" "Why did
not Clot, the page, bring you a bas-
ket the other day?" "No," replied
the Queen, "I have not seen any."
"Oh! Oh!" said the King, "I will
give the likeliest rogue something a
little more savory." He went to
his office, and wrote the following
note to the officer of the Royal
Guard—"Give the bearer, twenty-
five lashes, and take his receipt for
it." He then called Clot, and told
him to take the note to the guard-
house, and wait for an answer.

The page, however, fearing all was
not right, (for a guilty conscience
needs no accusing), determined to send
the note by another hand, and just
as he was going out at the door, he
met a Jew banker, who was well
known at court, and asked him to
carry the note. The Jew willingly
accepted; but did not like the pun-
ishment he received, as his back was
severely wounded by the strokes.
The affair soon reached the ears of
the King, who, though he could not
help laughing heartily at the adven-
ture, was obliged to dismiss the dis-
honest page and reward the poor
Jew for his suffering.

UNWEARIED DILIGENCE.—Un-
wearied diligence brings good re-
ward.

THE BEST should be your aim
when buying medicine. Get
Hood's Sarsaparilla and have the
best medicine MONEY CAN BUY.

turns. Trying and trying again, we
reach the goal of our ambition. The
story of Robert Bruce and the spider
should remain fixed in the minds of
the young, and when failure meets
them, try again. You know con-
stant rubbing wears the stone, and
continually trying or keeping at it,
will in the end crown your endea-
vors with success.

"Despair of nothing that you would
obtain.
Unwearied diligence your point will
gain."

THE BOY AND THE BUNCH OF
GRAPES.—A school boy who had
just returned from Church one Sun-
day, where he had heard the minis-
ter publish the bans of marriage,
had occasion to pass through the re-
fectory and, seeing some fine grapes
on the sideboard could not resist the
temptation. Thinking himself unob-
served, he took a bunch, and ap-
proaching it to his mouth repeated:
"I publish the bans of marriage
between this bunch of grapes and
my mouth, if any one can show
cause why they should not be
united, let him speak now or ever
after hold his peace." The grapes
and mouth were immediately united;
but, unfortunately for the boy, the
master perceived him (for it was a
boarding school), and also over-
heard him. However, he said nothing
till the following day, when calling
the boy to him before all the schol-
ars, he took a rod in his hand, and
prepared to flog him, saying, "I
publish the bans of marriage be-
tween this rod and this boy's back;
if any one can show cause why they
should not be united, let him speak
now or ever hold his peace." The
urchin perceived what was the mat-
ter, and instantly cried out with
great presence of mind, "I forbid the
bans." "What impediment can you
show?" said the master. "Why, the
parties are not agreed." "Oh!" re-
plied the master, pleased at the
ready wit of the boy, "if that is the
case, we must defer the marriage."
R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

THE FORBIDDING OF THE MARRIAGE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX

The horses shied aside and stop-
ped. As though they had been auto-
matically moved by a single spring,
the three on the coach raised each
his hands in the air—Master Hard-
scull taking even the precaution of
thrusting his out of window! Old
John, in particular, was deeply
moved and trembled with horror.
"O Lord, Lord!" faltered he, "tis
the ghost of Black Richard come
back again! Lord a mercy! Lord
a mercy!"

But the actions of the apparition
were far from ghostlike.
Range ye along the road, my
masters! grow the still in the
same deep and muffled tones; "the
take care that you hold your hands
well up in the air—my pistols are
light o' the trigger!"

The three clambered awkwardly
forth, and stood in a line in the
pale moonlight, while the black-
masked highwayman, leaping from
his horse and slipping the bridle
reins over his arm, rifled their pocket-
of wallet and purse. Old John
the driver's deep receptacles yielded
nothing of more value than a big
belled flask, an ancient pipe, and
some Virginia tobacco, which the
robber silently returned. But the
vallets of the travellers bulged with
rich promise.

Finally, when he had assured him-
self that they had not a weapon
among them, he relaxed his keen
glance somewhat, and with the
warning "Stir, if ye dare to die!"
turned to the coach and four. Then
there occurred a thing which, going
beyond all his experience, shocked
old John to the very last extreme.
For the robber, with a rapid hand,
unhooked the horses from the coach
and stripped them of their harness.
Then turning their heads towards
home, he struck them, one by one,
with his heavy riding stick, so that
they plunged out and sloped down
towards the stream again.

One after the other the frightened
beasts swam and splashed through
the water, and the noise of their
rapid hoofbeats died slowly into
the distance as they stretched away
for the stable of the inn. Then the
highwayman looked up, to meet the
gaze of three angry pairs of eyes.
"What means this?" said Frank-
lin, who stood nearest the robber;
"you are not content with stripping
us of our substance, you abandon us
upon the highway a score of miles
from our goal!"

"Silence, sir!" thundered the rob-
ber, moving his pistols threatening-
ly and glaring at them through the
holes in his mask. "Tis wholesome
enough beneath these summer skies!"
Then leaping suddenly on his horse,
he struck its flanks with his spurs
and galloped swiftly away over the
crest of the farther hill.

"Methinks you are now in no case
to offer gratuities," said old John
drily; "but bide here, and I'll make
such speed as mine old enemy, the
rheumatism, will allow me. But
Tom, the hostler, must drive the rest
of this journey. To go along un-
waded, wading a stream of
night, goes ill with my years, sir—ill
my years." So mumbling the old
fellow set forth at a stiff-legged trot
down the hill-side, while the two
travellers clambered back into the
coach with solemn faces.

Franklin, like a philosopher,
muffled himself in his great-coat, and
composed himself to sleep away the
hours. But Hardscull, consumed with
impatience, now bemoaned the loss
of his wallet, now fretted at the in-
solence of the robber and the futil-
ity of his journey.

It was near the hour of five, and
the spreading light of dawn already
wavered in the east, when the noise
of the returning team echoed down
the road. A young fellow of twenty-
five or so, clad in homespun jerkin
and leather boots, bounced along on
the back of one of the leaders, and
pulling up by the coach, he set him-
self briskly to work at harnessing
his horses again.

"Where's the driver, boy?" said
Hardscull, peering out of the win-
dow.
"I bed, sir, at the tavern," an-
swered the boy, grinning from ear
to ear, "and swears he'll not stir
till sundown, come what may. He
was near borne away, sir, by the
current o' Ha-Ha Creek. It took
'im down full fifty yards, sir, an'
wet 'im dreadful; 'e was as muddi-
ed as a sight as you'd ever
see, and he'll be 'ere to-morrow, 'e
come to drive ye into Baltimore
Town." So saying, having fastened
the last strap, he climbed into
John's broad seat and gathered up
the reins.

"Hark ye!" said Hardscull as the
coach lurched forward, "bring me
to the door of the Episcopal man-
sion-house ere seven of the clock,
and you shall have ten pounds for
it! Do you hear?"

Never in all its years of service
had the old coach so rattled and
swayed and bounded over the stones
as in that mad drive through the
dawn. Tom the hostler was shaken
as in a hopper, and the travellers
within rattled about like the pro-
cession of peas. They said never a
word, however, but held each as
tightly as he might to either win-
dow frame, and watched the flying
panorama of countryside unroll
fields and roads and streams; white
farm-houses and their clustering
trees; and broad meadows sparkling
with dew, all in the soft, misty
light of the early morning. The
dashed into the town with a clatter
of hoofs that struck showers of
sparks from the cobblestones.

To the meeting-house! to the
meeting-house! roared Hardscull
from the window, his voice harsh
from excitement.
They sped around corners at break-
neck speed; they scattered the cack-
ling geese; they frightened the va-
grant curs, and startled the early
citizens. But alas! when they came
at last to the door of the meeting-
house, Hardscull's watch, which he
held before him, marked near the
hour of eight. A stream of worship-
pers—decidedly calm citizens, in all
their morning freshness—were just
issuing from the door, and Hardscull
groaned as he saw them: "Too late!
too late!"

The sweating horses dug their
hoofs into the street, and the coach
stopped short at the door, when
as Master Hardscull was leaping
from the coach, there came forth,
behind a row of blushing youths and
maidens, Master William himself,
smiling and content, with his rosy
bride on his arm.

His eye fell on his father and he
flushed, then, starting forward, "Fa-
ther, said he, you are too late!
We are already wed. Do not carry
your anger further! Welcome your
new daughter, sir; Mistress Mary
Hardscull!"

Now, Mistress Mary, the attor-
ney's daughter, was esteemed the
fairest maiden in all the province of
Maryland. And as Hardscull gazed
on the beauty and amiable face,
her clear, bright, cool, and soft
wide eyes, in which the coming tears
were glimmering because of his hard-
heartedness, his rooted resolution
quite gave way.

"You dog!" quoth he, sending his
brove at William to conceal his new
emotion, "I see you where came
all your cursed stubbornness, all
your cursed obstinacy, all this to
the trembling Mary—"your tears have
overcome me, will kiss thy hus-
band's face!"

"And wilt thou, sir," quoth Mary,
curtsey prettily and bowing into a
smile, "since thou'rt too late for
our wedding, at least, sir, honor us
at the feast?"

"Oh! ay, of course," said Hard-
scull very truthfully, "and look ye,
Master Franklin, who had near gun-
relled with me on the road here, be-
cause I swore to part ye."
"But, William, hearken to me
while, till you hear what a sorry
thing—yes, faith, a most outrageous
thing—chanced on our way. Do you
pay the honest driver here a couple
of pieces for the speed he made to
stop your wedding—Ha! ha! ha!—
and I'll tell you as we go—nay, do
you walk between us, pretty daugh-
ter—how we were stopped and rob-
bed, sir; robbed upon the open
highway! Heard you ever the like?"
William and his bride listened to
the graphic tale which followed
with certain signs of an inclination
to laugh at the most thrilling por-
tions of it, which, fortunately, the
worthy father did not perceive, but
which were not lost to the observ-
ant eye of Franklin, who followed
him and by the time that they had
reached the gate of the attorney's
dwelling Master Hardscull had talked
and laughed himself into a hearty
humor that was a joy to see. At

the wedding feast the guests all
swore in unison that there was no
pleasanter, jollier man than the
groom's good father in all of His
Majesty's colonies.

Then, when the wine was on, he
needs must tell all over again the
tale of the lonely robber who be-
trayed them; when, with much clink-
ing of glasses and drinking of toasts,
they all exclaimed what a great joy
it was that he had missed the wed-
ding, but how very fortunate that
he had come, at least, in time for
the rejoicing! Whereat Franklin
grew purple with laughter, and
winked at William in a way that
had been like to cause that gay
young man a convulsion. In fact,
so long and heartily did he roar out
it, and said with himself, "Faith,
I never knew before that the lad
had so much sense of humor in him."

At length, when the company had
hearts warmed and tongues loosened
by good cheer, and were making the
very androns clatter with noise and
mirth, William led Franklin aside
into a separate chamber. "Good
sir," said he, "a thousand thanks
for your friendship!"
"Nay, never mention it, lad," said
Franklin. "Only thank God, and
soften your father's heart. And hark
ye do not presume too far on my
present humor; 'tis a reaction, mind
you."

"Nay, sir, said William, "but I
must presume further on your friend-
ship. Would your conscience forbid
you, sir, from compounding a felo-
ny?"
"Why, lad," said Franklin, look-
ing at him with a keen and humor-
ous eye, "an even a highwayman, a
penn and restore, I could find it in
my heart to forgive him!"

"You have guessed it then!" cried
William joyfully, fumbling in his
pockets. "There is your wallet, sir;
my father's shall be forwarded to
him from Virginia. Master Cole, who
is learned in the law, knoweth all,
and hath absolved me. He saith that
my deed lacked the animus furandi—
that is, that may mean—and his
Majesty's mail was not yet opened.
He saith, sir, that no trouble can arise
to me, sir, and I thank you!"

So, on the morrow, old Master
Hardscull, and William and Mary,
journeyed back, all together, to
Philadelphia, in the same old
coach, with Tom the hostler as
coachman. And as they passed the
certain dark copse of pines, near Ha-
Ha Creek, there was great descrip-
tive eloquence on the part of Master
Hardscull, and great appreciation
on the part of his companions,
and great hilarity, until the
journey's end. So that old John the
driver, who took command again at
the tavern door, could scarce recog-
nize in this gay old fellow his crab-
bed and surly passenger of the for-
mer night. And, in fact, the Hard-
scull mansion, on Church street,
had never so echoed with laughter
and joy in all of its staid existence
as after bright Mistress Mary came
there to rule.

The clerks in the counting-house
stared to see old John Hardscull
scull actually smiling to himself
over his littered desk. As for Wil-
liam, who now had a desk there
too, he laughed the whole day long.
And when, one morning, there came
in with the mail a bulky package
out to be nothing else than the wal-
let which the highwayman had taken,
with all its contents intact, old
Jonathan only looked queerly at his
son, who happened just then to be
writing away with wonderful in-
dustry, and said never a word.

Only, at those anniversaries of
their marriage which William and
Mary never forgot to celebrate, and
when good Dr. Franklin seldom fail-
ed to sit by old Jonathan, radiant
among his grandchildren, it was real-
ly wonderful what a roaring merriment
would seize the whole assem-
bled company, and go rippling
around to the very humblest guest,
issuing from the lips of the simple
quizzical air, even the simple name
of "Highwayman!"—Edward F.
Garesche, in the Catholic World Maga-

Household Notes.

TOO MUCH ADVICE.—One of our
contemporaries very properly re-
marks:—
The fact is rules and exhortations
are of little use, if not of positive
injury, to most of the people of the
world. This is a lesson multitudes
are learning, and at this time, when
the blood is sure to be loaded with
impurities and to be weak and slug-
gish, the millions begin to take
Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies,
enriches and vitalizes the blood, ex-
pels all disease germs, creates a
good appetite, gives strength and en-
ergetic and puts the whole system in
a healthy condition, preventing pneu-
monia, fevers, and other dangerous
diseases which are liable to attack a
weakened system.

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days' indulgences, also indul-
genced Cross.
Address, The Boys' Home,
526 Sycamore street, Cincin-
nati, O.

it is well cooked is rather surpris-
ing. Have change of occupation;
take frequent and short holidays
limit your ambition; keep your tem-
per.

"HEALTH HINTS" strongly re-
commend us not to drink water too
fast, but slowly sip away. Empty
the glass by the spoonful, and, then
how exhilarating, how healthful,
what a bracing of the nerves and an
ultimate prolongation of life. Well,
one would need a long life who
would have time to sip a glass of
water. These "health hints" are
most of them, frauds. Our fathers
before us were not enlightened on
"health hints," they generally fol-
lowed nature's bent, and were
strong, lusty and hearty, and their
years were not a few, and children
by the dozen rose up and called
them blessed.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.—Sometimes
simple remedies are most effective
to combat mild attacks of ailments.
In this season of grip and colds it
will be well to regard the prescrip-
tion of an eminent French physician,
freely to inhale cologne water on the
appearance of the first symptom of a
cold in the head or chest. It should
be done by pouring strong cologne
on the handkerchief, drawing the
fumes in exclusively by the nose or
mouth, according as the cold is in
either part. The best results may be
expected, says the physician, when
the laryngeal membrane being more sus-
ceptible to treatment. At first, the
inhalations should be made at inter-
vals of two or three minutes or until
a burning sensation is excited in
the part treated. Afterwards, a longer
period may elapse, but through the
twenty-four hours the inhalations
should be frequent. The effect is to
arrest the preliminary inflammation
and prevent its spread down-
ward, a process that is known as a
"cold taking its course." Prompt-
ness in beginning the treatment is
one of its essentials, as it is only in
the first stages of the trouble that it
can be effective at all.

ABOUT SAUCES.—In making the
saucers in which cold meats are to be
warmed and served, it is better to
let it cool after it is cooked, and
let it again before using. The cool-
ing process permits the thorough
combination of all the flavors of
onion, peppercorn, parsley, celery,
scuppernon, or beef extract into a de-
licious whole whose parts cannot be
distinguished. This is one of the
niceties of a French cook's method.

BEEF BROTH.—To make beef
broth, says a good cook, allow one
pound of meat or bone to every
quart of water. Wash the meat
with a cloth in cold water until it
is clean or wipe it with a wet cloth.
If it is apparently fresh cut. Divide
it into small pieces (half-inch cubes)
in order to expose as great an ex-
tension of the surface as possible to the
dissolving action of the water. Put
it into a graniteware kettle with
cold water and cook it at a low
temperature for two hours, then boil
it for two hours. Remove it from the
fire and strain it, using a strainer
coarse enough to let the flakes of
fat or wipe it with a wet cloth with
as possible from the surface with
a spoon, and then remove the re-
maining small particles with a sheet
of clean paper (unsized is best)
drawn over the surface. Season the
broth with salt and pepper and
serve it very hot. It is needed at
once, it may be set away to cool,
when the fat will rise to the top
and form into a cake, which may be
lifted off.

TO BE PREPARED

For war is the surest way for this
nation to maintain peace. That is
the opinion of the wisest statesmen.
It is equally true that to be pre-
pared for spring is the best way to
avoid the peculiar dangers of the
season. This is a lesson multitudes
are learning, and at this time, when
the blood is sure to be loaded with
impurities and to be weak and slug-
gish, the millions begin to take
Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies,
enriches and vitalizes the blood, ex-
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Society Directory.

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lished March 6th, 1856, incorporat-
ed 1863, revised 1864. Meets in
St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
der street, first Monday of the
month. Committee meets last Wed-
nesday. Officers: Rev. Director,
Rev. J. Quinlan, P. P. President,
Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, P. C.
Shannon; 2nd Vice, T. J. O'Neill;
Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corres-
ponding-Secretary, P. J. Curran,
B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary, S.
Cross, residence 55 Cathcart street.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the An-
cient Order of Hibernians, Division
No. 1.—Meets in St. Patrick's
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the first Sunday, at 4 p.m., and
third Thursday, at 8 p.m., of each
month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-
President, Maria Mack; Financial
Secretary, Mary McMahon; treasur-
er, Mary O'Brien; Recording Sec-
retary, Lizzie Howlitt, 383 Well-
ington street. Application forms can
be had from members, or at the
hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—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. President,
John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine
street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh
Lennon, 255 Centre street, tele-
phone Main 2239. Recording-
Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312
Hibernian street, — to whom
all communications should be ad-
dressed; Doyle, Financial Sec-
retary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer;
Delegates to St. Patrick's League;
—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy
and J. Cavanagh.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets
on the first and third Wednesday of
each month, at No. 1863 Notre
Dame street, near Main. Officers:
Ald. D. Gallagher, president; T. Mc-
Carthy, vice-president; F. J. Devlin,
recording-secretary, 1635 Ontario
street; John Hughes, financial-se-
cretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M.
Fennel, chairman of Standing Com-
mittee; marshal, M. Stafford.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 9.—Presi-
dent, Wm. J. Clarke, 208 St. An-
toine street; Rec-Secretary, Jno.
F. Hogan, 86 St. George street, (to
whom all communications should
be addressed); Fin-Secretary, M.
J. Doyle, 12 Mount St. Mary Ave.;
Treasurer, A. J. Hanley, 706 Pa-
rice street; Chairman of Standing
Committee, R. Diamond; Sentinel,
M. Clarke; Marshal, J. Tivnan. Di-
vision meets on the second and
fourth Wednesday of every month,
in the York Chambers, 2444 St.
Catherine street, at 8 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY
organized 1885.—Meets in its hall,
157 Ottawa street, on the first
Sunday of each month, at 8:30 p.m.
Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. S. P. Rev.
C.S.R.K.; President, D. J. O'Neill;
Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates
to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty,
D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY
Meets on the second Sunday of
every month in St. Patrick's Hall,
92 St. Alexander street, immedi-
ately after Vespers. Committee of Man-
agement meets in secret hall the first
Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m.
Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. Presi-
dent; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice
President; Jno. P. Gunning, Sec-
retary, 414 St. Antoine street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.
—(Organized, 18th November,
1883).—Branch 26 meets at St.
Patrick's Hall, 92 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 one desirous
of information regarding the Branch
may communicate with the follow-
ing officers:—Jas. J. Costigan,
President; P. J. McLaughlin, Rec-
ording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Fin-
ancial Secretary; Jas. H. Maiden,
Treasurer.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S T. A. & B. AS-
SOCIATION, organized April, 1874.
Incorporated, Dec. 1875.—Regular
monthly meeting held in its hall,
19 Dupre street, first Wednesday of
every month, at 8 o'clock p.m.
Committee of Management meets
every second and fourth Wednesday
of each month. President, Hugh
O'Connor; Secretary, Jas. O'Leary.
All communications to be ad-
dressed to the Hall. Delegates to
St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hin-
phy, D. Gallagher, Jas. McMahon.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, es-
tablished 1863. — Rev. Director,
Rev. Father Flynn, President, John
Kilheather, Secretary, James Tre-
ady, No. 97 Roset street. Meets on
the second Sunday of every month,
in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young
and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m.
Delegates to St. Patrick's League:
Messrs. J. Kilheather, T. Rogers
and Andrew Cullen.