jary If Waggaman, in the "Sursum Corda.")

professor threw down his pen. last word was written; the was done. The neat pile of written manuscript on the perore him represented months ient toil before which the stronay laborer would shrink appalbays, whose long mental strain no relaxation, when the needs body were almost forgotten; when the taxed brain, still ng under the fierce pressure,

not be soothed to rest. now it was done, the work that rouse the admiration of all his res, that would give him the mmortality for which he hoped; ork that like the mighty tower was reared defiantly against ower and wisdom and justice of .mg God.

that the professor had any Satanic intention, indeed he hed vague tender memories of a shadowy old Cathedral, th whose incensed aisles, echoith solemn chants, he had been his sweet faced Catholic moth-

a far-off past. This memory only lingered like the fancy, a morning dream. His r had died in his early childhis father, a careless parent. parried again; and life had bestern, hard prose. A godless godless schools, godless teachad done their work. Now at five. the professor was as honpagan as any who lived before ar of Bethlehem beamed on a ned world. If down in his deep r nature there were any doubts, rings, longings, he silenced with the shibboleth of his "I cannot see-I do not know." professor was a bachelor, years ago a beautiful and noble had crossed his path, to

his heart had yielded the homnat is only given once in a life-His love had been hopeless; alher pure soul had chosen the er part;" and a few months afgentle, but decided rejection sun she had entered a religious abroad. Since then, Science een the only queen of his life, ight royally had she rewarded service. As writer, lecturer. er, his fame extended over two lents; and now this work which doust completed he felt, with a of pride, would be his crown, cas the close of a wintry day

the professor put the last stroke his manuscript, and rising. a long sigh of relief, looked aut is window. The western sky d with a crimson sunset that tlashed back from the city's and casements until it melted into the violet shadows gathamong the eastern hills.

re was no warring of the light arkness; but in the opaline gulf en one star already trembled every borderland of night and

opposite the professor's apartwas a little Gothic church, whose pastor, an old French he had a slight acquaintance. is sociality evening, and, as the watching the sunset, the seiones of the organ, bearing a of sweet voices, swelled

after Blane seems holding high al this evening," said the pro-, with a smile, as he flung - up isin that he might better hear msic which recalled the sweet tof early childhood, the clearer tof her who had turned from nto high mist-veiled paths hehis sight and reach.

twenty with the long strain of , the professor stood lost in ang reverie, when a hearty clap r shoulder aroused him to meet heery gaze of his old friend Decirey, who had entered unobserv.

snocked three times Lester, and, t the door ajar, ventured toputh m. What's the matter?

aughed the professor, simply relaxing; unbending, the after a long strain. It has been

r since I have taken time to im glad to find you at leisure," med the doctor briskly. "I came

an odd request. There is a poor t chap dying in 'La Misericorde' negs to see you.

to is he?" asked the professor. 1. you don't know him. His is Ward-and though not more

twenty-three or four, he has, I run the gapuit of life pretty It has brought him down in ck decline, and he is in a had mud and body,"

" what can I do for him?" d the professor.

solutely nothing, that I can was the grim answer. "It's I those queer dying fancies that annot account for; but he seems ink you can quiet him; give him mme to meet the inevitable.

that he has attended your lecread your books; in short, reyou as a sort of high priest of ew scientific cult, and feels that an cheer or encounge him. I aim I would see you this even-

for the poor lad's hours are ered. Will you come?" rtainly," answered the profess-

rough conscious of a chilling reice to the visit. "I will go with

vas but a short walk to "La icorde," It was a superb new as—the bequest of a wealthy thropist to his native cityly tree and non-sectarian in its conce; managed by trustees, and ded by physicians of all denomins. Its founder had made only

SPEPSIA is the cause of unold suffering. By taking Hood's parilla the digestive organs are and dyspepsia IS CURED.

under the charge of the Sisters of Charity forever.

"And a level-headed arrangement," said Doctor Grey, as he led his Iriend through the grounds and entrance hall. "No fussing; no love-making; no fighting for places and salaries. There's a woman here in charge that I believe could command an army; they imported her for us. She has been through war, famine and pestilence abroad, and fears nothing. She has the heart of a mother, the soul of a saint, and the head of a statesman. You cannot know Sister Ange-

la without believing that there is some place better than earth where such women belong. But here is the room of my poor young patient. You may guess he is in a bad way, even Sister Angela cannot manage him. I have been obliged to get a strong

man to hold him in his paroxysms." They entered a half-open door as he spoke. On the spotless bed, in the middle of the little room, lay the pitiful wreck of a once glorious manhood.

The gaunt wasted frame still showed what had been its early strength and brace; the well-shaped head, with its dark curling locks, must once have been a fitting model for an Appollo or an Antinous. Now it lay so rigid and ghastly on its pillow that the doctor thought for a

moment all was over, "Gone, has he?" he asked of the man who met him near the doorway.

The nurse shook his head. "No, sir: just worn out after one of his wild spells. He will break out

again in a minute; his pulse is strong yet. I don't see how he holds out." "Keep him as quiet as you can. This is Professor Lester, the gentleman he has been asking for. he couses, let him see him,

And the doctor hurried away to his other patients. "You are not a clergyman, sir?"

said the nurse doubtfully. 'No," was the answer.

"Because I could not youch for my patient's civility if you were. He raves at the very mention of one. Take a chair, sir, he is rousing now."

The dying man turned restlessly on his pillow, as his visitor seated himself at his bedside. The face that met the professor's gaze was that of an absolute stranger, yet the dark burning eyes, sunken in their cavernous sockets, flashed with recognition.

"Professor Lester!" was the hoursely gasped greeting. "You've come to me: I thought you would."

"Cortainly," was the kindly roply as the professor took the ky band extended to him. "I am glad to be of any service to you. What can I do jor you?"

"Do for me! What you have been doing all these years"

"All these years," repeated the pro-fessor, mystified. "My dear friend, I fear you mistake me for some one else. We have never, to my knowledge, met before. I do not know

"But I have known you," panted the sick man, eagerly. "Twe heard your lectures; read your books; your writings. You've tought me--to see things as you see them, professor: to break loose from all the cursed shackles the prating, canting fools would put upon us: to be a man-free man. I've done it.

The professor shrank from the evil light that dashed into the dying eye. "There wasn't any heaven or hell to ton me so why shouldn't a fellow have his swing? Mine was a wide swing, and a fine one; though it seems it wasn't to be a long one Now they tell me it's come to an end. Tve got to die"-a shiver convalsed the gaunt frame--"to die, I ve believed in you professor. You've studied, and read, and settled up all these things, I know. The heard you knock all the priests' and pars as' teachings into bits. I want you to tell me, now, again, so it will steady me, what this thing they call dying

There was a moment's silence, the professor found himself mastered by a horror, a repulsion, too deep for words.

This shattered, evil wreck hoasting himself his pupil; appealing to him for guidance, for help! But it was no time for protest or argument, the burning eyes, the working lips, the death damp on the brow, compelled brief and kindly reply.

"Death is the end of all pain, all weakress, all sorrow, all suffering, he answered gravely.

"Do you know that? How do you know it? gasped the sick man, clutching his hand. "That's what comes troubling me in the darkness; that's what burns in my brain and sounds in my ears; that's what is driving me mad with-with-cold crepping fear! Do you know it's the end? Because if you do. I'll snap my fingers at Death, and all that it brings. I'll believe what you tell me. Look in my face, tell me-as man to man-do you know that dying is the end of all? do

you know?" The professor, hourst gentlem in that he was, could only reply:

"My friend, I answer you as I think, as I believe. I cannot see - I do not know."

He was unprepared for the awful outburst that greeted his reply. "Liar! Traitor!" were the words, that with a torrent of awful imprecations, fell from the foaming lips.

You have led me to the brink of

hell, and you do not know." Shriek after shriek rent the air. as the wretched man writhed in cuother wild paraxysm of rage and pain and

Shocked beyond words at his own part in this scene of despair, the professor sat mute, bewildered, helpless, while the strong nurse strove to hold the struggling patient, when a slender, white-coifed figure glided to the

bedside. "Leave him to me, Sister Angela," warned the attendant; "he may harm

"Begone, woman, begone!" hourse-



one binding clause—that it should be | ly cried the dying man, "don't come near me with your cant. It is too late! I am lost!"

"Not yet, not yet," answered a low voice; sweet, yet stern, in its melody. "You shall listen to me, Ward. will not leave you. I am going to kneel here beside you and pray to the God of infinite goodness and love, tefore whom you soon will appear, that he may have pity on your poor soul, and in this last hour of His mercy spare you and save you yet."

And kneeling down, she prayed aloud in simple, touching words that a child could have understood, for mercy, for pity, for pardon,

It was a prayer mighty in its faith; unfaltering in its hope; angelic in its tender charity. When it was over, the dying man was sobbing like a passion-weary child, his hand clasped in that of the sweet saint teside him.

"Send Father Louis here, he will see him now." she whispered to the at-

As the man left the room, the professor followed him gropingly, like one dazzled after long darkness.

The calm, pure eyes of the kneeling sister had not turned to the stranger in the shalowy room, but word, changed, spiritualized into higher beauty as she was, the professor had recognized Sister Angela at the first glance. She was the woman he had loved in the long ago.

Two days alterward a bulky package was received at "La Misericorde" directed to Sister Angela. She read the accompanying letter with amazement:

My dear Madam -- I trust you will not consider this an intrusion of 'a forgotten past upon the noble duties of the present. I was a rejuctant visitor at your hospital last Thursday, summoned there by an unfortunate youth, whose dying arraignment—of me and my misapprehended teachings I can never forget. I recognized you at his bedside, and in the light of your life work I saw mine. Years ago, I made you an offering which you wisely refused; it was, as I see now, beneath your acceptance. Today. I venture to make you another. The package which I send you is a work upon which I have expended all the powers of my ripened years. It 's an attack upon the Caristian faith which makes lives like yours possible.

With that death-bed scene before me I dare not give lit to the world. lay it at your feet. Do with it what you will.

Unithin'ly and respectfully yours, LAMBERT LESTER.

There were tears in Sister Angela's eyes as she gazed at the bulk of closely written manuscript. She knew enough of Lumbert Lester's career to mid-ristand, what this "offering" was to him.

Then in a little brazier before the altar of the Sacred Heart, she made the burnt offering, and as, blent with sweet odors of incense, the Pagan sacrifice went up to heaven, Sister Angela's pure prayer arose with it that he who walked so uprightly in the darkness might see and know the

And that prayer was heard. The professor's dim morning drain is again in reality. Holding a Mother's hand, he gain walks through hely ways, "as a little child."

BRIEF NOTES OF NEWS.

The Richmond Corough School Board, Staten Island, N. Y., 1,55 Board, Staten Island, N.Y., which has to charges of gross misconduct made against Mrs. Alma de Belprat, a teacher in the Stapleton High School co-cluded its work last week Mrs. de Belprat was charged with assailing the Roman Catholic religion in connection with a recitation in geography, and particularly the rule of that Church requiring celibacy among its priests. Many witness's testified that she said she pitied the poor priests who could not get married. The committee voted uninimously to find Mrs. de Belprat guilty and fine her five days' pay, and to transfer her from the High School at Stapleton to the High School at Tottenville, the transfer to take effect after the regents' examination in January. It was recommended that she be formally notified that she had been censured, and that she be warned to be careful in the future not to offend the religious sensibilities of any pupil under her charge.

A despatch from Plymouth, Eng., says:--On the arrival here on Saturday of the British steamer Golconda from Calcutta, Novembber 19, via Mediterranean ports, it was reported that there was a case of bubonic plague on boardf The patient was one of the cabin passengers, an offcer in the India Company's service. who was coming home on leave.

The sufferer was attacked by the disease the day after the steamer left Marseilles.

He was isolated as soon as the nature of his disease was learned. He was landed here.

The Home Secretary last week released Terence McDermott, one of the alleged Glasgow dynamiters, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life at penal servitude in 1883.

A despatch from Cettinge, the capital of Montenegro, says that Montenegrin soldiers, numbering several hundred, who were reported to have been overtaken by a snowsform in the Lara Pass and frozen to death, have arrived there in safety, but in a weak condition as the result of the hardships they endured.

The news comes from Terre Haute Ind., that at a fire a few days ago, Father Avelin Zabo, assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Church, performed a most heroic act.

When the fire was raging at its worst Father Zabo, who was among the spectators heard that some of the firemen had been caught under the walls at Ford & Overstreet's and were imprisoned. He heard the height, 356 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength he gins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased in through the lines and started for the Ford & Oversiance at a slightly increasing it reacres its height, 356 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength he gins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased edeight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing in three hours if required.

Your impression in the morning, the foreth in the afternoon. Elegant full gum sets; Rose Pearl (flesh colored.) Weighted lower sets for exact facely and the form that the first height, 356 pounds. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength he gins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased edeight pounds, and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing walls at Ford & Overstreet's and



A pure hard Soap Last long—lathers freely. 5 cents a cake.

his dangerous mission, but he re-

"My place is down there." holy communion.

Father Zabo escaped unburt.

Mrs. Engelle Lussier, aged 78 yrs. widow of Louis Lussier, died last week at her home in Woonsocket, R. L. of old age. She had been a resident of the United States since 1861, and was a native of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. Mrs. Lussier leaves eightyeven grandchildren and thirty-three great grandchildren, and when enquiry was made by a local journal, if there was not some mistake in hearing the above figures, the members of the family showed the reporter a list of the names of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren to verify the

Last week's "Canada Gazette" conrains the proclamation by the Postmaster-General bringing into effect the reduction in the letter rate from five to two cents per half ounce to the following countries

United Kingdom of Great Britain and Iroland, British India, Newfoundland, Natal, Jamaica, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Bahama Islands, British Guiana, British Honduras, British East Africa, British Central Africa. the Niger Company's territories. Uganda, Aden, Ascension, Sarawak, Mul-

The English public is kept in a state of semi-panic by physicians, medical journals and theorists in regard to the harmful character of various ailments. To-day milk, oysters meat and vegetables are condemned and to-morrow fish eggs and fruits. Mr. Travers, a distinguished sur-

geon, writes to the Lancet in contempt of the human stomachf. He complains it is not constructed upon proper principles, or, rather, that it has outgrown its usefulness; that originally it was intended to assimilate great pieces of meat, but as this form of nutrition is no longer in vogue we have much more digestive apparatus than we need. This superfluity is the cause of many of Traver's remedy is to remove this

The Family Doctor, another English technical normal, casts suspicion up on the integrity of eggs. Formerly it was possible to establish the age o eggs argroximately, but now, brough the use of chemicals, a newly laid appearance may be imported to the boll. This outward aspect of youth will deceive the mest suspicious and the Acadratile character of its contents cannot be detected until the

erg is opened. A violent discussion in regard to ptomaine poisoning through the use of tinned food is also raging in Eugland. It has grown so heree that m manactures have found it necessary to retain the services of eminent doctors to testify to the harmless character of their products, and to cast suspicion upon untinned food. These experts have selected cold boiled potatoes and cold rice pudding, two of the most common articles of domestic food, as suitable mediums for pro-maine poisoning. Their opinions have plunged the majority of English households into gloom.

The British Medical Journal utters a note of warning against luncheons. According to this authority, there is equal danger in taking too little or too much in the middle of the day. If too little is eaten and the deficiency is made good at dinner, that entails one form of disaster; if too much the subsequent possibilities are dreadful. The only light thrown on this gloomy picture is the suggestion that safety at huncheon consists in citing only milk and beaten-up egg with a digestive biscuit.

handled the Russian mails.

The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline, says the Strand Magazine. Our physical strength increases up to a certain age and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measure) and the following are given as the average figures for the white race: The "lifting power" of a youth of

seventeen years is 280 pounds. his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds, and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its

After this period the strength fails more and more rapidly, until the weakness of old age is reached. is not possible to give accurate statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.

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Hood's Pills are the only pills to ake with Hood's Sarsaparilla, Price 25 cents.

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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, 18
Duprostreet, first Wednesday of every month at 8
o'clock, P.M. Committee of Management meets
every second and fourth Wednesday of each
month President, RICHARD BURKE; Secretary.
M. J. POWER; all communications to 'e addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League;
W. J. Himphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885.

Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 220 y x. Spiritral Advisor, REV. E. STRI BBE.C.SS.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL, belegates to St. Patrick's League; J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casev,

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

DIVISION No. 2.

Meets in lower vestry of St. (labriel New Church; corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at S. P.M. President, ANDREW DUNN: Recording Secretary, TROS, N. SMITH, 63 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and F. Connaughton. A.O. II. - Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hiberna Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St. Officers B. Wall, President: P. Carroll, Vice-President: John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Standon, Treas: Marshal, John Kennedy: T. Erwine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every ovening (except regnar meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspaperson file A.O.H.-Division No. 4. A.G.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier ava.

Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn. 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomilty; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant at-arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Gechan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, V. Gechan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello, 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.

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 Laurairie streets, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Applicants for membership, or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch, may a manicate with the following officers:

Rev. Wm O'Meara, P. P., Spiritual Advisor, Centre street.

Capt. Wm Deegan, President, 15 Fire Station.

Maurice Murrhy, Financial Secretary, 77 Forfar street.

far street. Wm. Critien, Trensurer, Bourgeois street. James Taylor, 217 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch**26**

(ORGANIZED, 13th 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 b. siness are held on the 2nd and 4th Mon-

days of each month, at 8 p. w. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: MARTIN EAGAN, President, 577 Cadicux St. J. H. FEELEY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooke St. G. A. GADBOIS, Fin.-Sec., 511 St. Lawrence

JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325St. Erbain

C. M. B A. of Quebec.

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Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8p. w. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSBER, Recording Secretary, ALRE. PATTERSON, 197 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.w. 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, he second Sunday of each month at 4:30 p.m. The regular monthly meeting is held on the second Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m., in their hall, 93 St. Accander St. Rev. J. A. McCallen, 8 S. Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, let Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 254 St. Martin street, Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs John Walsh, J. H. Feeley and William Rawley.

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

EBTABLISHED 1863. Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN; Proc dent, JOHN KILLFEATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateaugusty Street, Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3:30 r.m. Delegatos to St. Pairick's League: Messys. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Androw Cullep.

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street building. He was stopped and I rate until the fiftieth year is reached an effort made to dissuade him from when the figure is 330 pounds,

He crawled down into the cellar; rouad Welsh amid the burning debris, heard his confession, gave him absolution, and then administered

ay States, Johore.

astric disorders now common. Mr. superfluity through surgical methods.

The intelligence comes from Paris, that the author ties are of the opinion that germs of influenza are possibly brought here in letters from New York. In support of this theory they recall the fact that the epidemic of the grip of 1890 came from Russia and that the first persons infected were the post office employees who