

MURPHY
Solicitors,
People Chambers,
STREET.

LACOSTE, K. C.
HE & LACOSTE
Solicitors, Etc.
ARMES
UL LACOSTE, L. R.
LES MATHIEU, L. R.

Main 433
WHELAN
M. A. R. C. L.
Solicitors
XAVIER ST.

2779
MATHIEU
Savings Bank
Montreal.

DESSAULLES
Solicitors
160 St. James
Montreal.

DECLOS
Solicitors
St. James St.
C. A. DECLOS, R. C.

MURPHY
Solicitors, Etc.
St. James St.
P. Beaudry, R. C.
L. R. Beaudry, L. R. B.
Building.

TE & TANSEY
Solicitors
ST. JAMES ST.
Guardian Bldg.

CEDRAS
Solicitors
Railway Bldg.
Street West.
Verdun.

CKENNA
Solicitors
Building
Main 279.

and day service.
Bros.
Solicitors
and Steamfitters.
Verdun.
Attended To

Riley
Solicitors
Established in 1860.
Solicitors, Repairs of
St. Charles.

VERS
Solicitors
ANTHONY
Solicitors

patient with me
how much I
can I help it?
help this Mission
and the poor
remain with-

say Mass and
a Mass Upper-

this is the sole
in a division
folk measuring

many anxieties,
Grant, No. En-

de help for the
the flae.

Catholic Pub-
secure a valu-
and Presbytery.
towards the
the Bishop will
to debt.

to those who
trust they will

not helped I
sake of the
if only a "He-
more pleasant
Speed the glad
longer plead for
for the Blessed

ic Mission,
To K. England.

and promptly
knowledge and a
Sacred Heart

y Bishop.
You have duty
which you
have placed
names of Dio-
efforts have
siding what is
blessment of
Fakenham. I
time to solicit
the writ, in my
fully attained.
Christ,
ING,
Northampton.

BOYS and GIRLS

CONNIE'S POEM

Constantia Merivale, aged thirteen had an inspiration; she would write a poem. Her class at school had been studying the life and poetry of Longfellow; why not imitate not only the sweetness and purity of his character, but his writings themselves?

"I'm sure I could do it," said Constantia in the privacy of her little bedroom that night; and she braided her soft brown hair to the rhythm of "Tell me not in mournful numbers." She went to sleep trying to select a subject for her first lyric.

Next morning she was up bright and early; and, as she dressed, she composed her first line:

"We must always do our duty—"

"Connie!" came up from below in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, mother; I'm almost ready."

"I'm sorry, dear, but the milkman hasn't come, and baby must have his milk. Will you step round to Marshall's and get a quart? There is just time before breakfast."

Connie gave one glance at her pencil and paper, and resolutely shut them up in her writing desk.

"Yes, mother," she called down cheerily; "I'm coming."

There was no need of a hat; for it was a bright May morning, and the grocery was only two blocks away. Just stopping for her good-morning kiss, which neither she nor her mother ever forgot, she danced off like a sunbeam, returning presently with the milk and sitting down to her breakfast with a most prosaic appetite. Little did Mrs. Merivale think that her daughter was repeating to herself, as she ate her breakfast, "Always do your duty, do your duty."

After breakfast there were the dishes, and Bob to get ready for school with luncheon and properly tied neckwear, then she had to start for school herself.

It was hard work to keep her poem out of her mind during study hours, or to refrain from scribbling, "I'm going to write a poem like Longfellow" on a piece of paper, and passing it to Lizzie Retts, her particular girl friend, but she resolved to learn the lesson first, and then to practice verse making. She had decided upon "beauty" to rhyme with "duty."

At recess she confided her project to Lizzie, who was duly impressed.

"Where will you have it printed?" she asked, in avestruck tones.

"I don't know," answered Constantia, dreamily. "I haven't decided. Harper's monthly, I guess, or the Ladies' Home Journal."

"Oh, that will be splendid! Have it in the Journal. Mother takes that—so I can see it. When will it come out?"

"Let me see. The June number comes next week; I suppose I shall have to wait for the next one. I haven't told mother about it, but I'm going to do it."

She wrote a story for a paper once. It's in her scrap-book. So she knows."

The bell rang and there was a rush for the school room. Recitation followed recitation, partial payments and the boundaries of Brazil quite drove out all thoughts of the poem.

As soon as dinner was over and the dishes washed, Constantia dried her little pink hands and started for her room. But alas for human calculations, and flights of genius!

"Connie, dear," began Mrs. Merivale, in a rather abstracted tone, as she placed the last cup and saucer on the closet shelf, "have you anything special to do for the next hour?"

"Why—why, no, mother; nothing that I can't put off, if there's something you want me for."

"Bobbie tore a great hole in his trousers coming home from school. He climbed a tree and tried to slide down too fast, he says. Now I have a lot of work to do this afternoon; and, if you could sew up that hole—it's just a three-cornered rip—it would help me very much. You're such a nice little mender you can do it just as neatly as I could, and I really don't see how I can spare the time. At 3 o'clock I must go over to Brookville in the stage to meet your father."

"Oh, I can do it all right, mother," said Constantia cheerfully.

"And I can be making up, all to myself, without writing down," she reflected.

A warm kiss was her immediate reward, received in advance, and soon she was bending over the torn trousers, repeating to herself:

"We must always do our duty, though it's often very hard; then our lives will be full of beauty."

That doesn't sound right, there are too many words in it.

"Then our lives—then our lives—"

Well, the hour passed; the trousers were mended; and Mrs. Merivale came down in bonnet and coat, when the front door bell rang sharply. Connie was already on her way upstairs, but was recalled by her mother's voice.

"Connie, it's a message from poor old Mrs. Means; you know she fell two weeks ago and broke her hip. She's too poor to afford a nurse, and her niece who takes care of her has an errand in town this afternoon. She wants me to come and sit up with her for an hour or two. Now I must go over for your father; he'll expect me—"

"I'll go over to Mrs. Means," broke in Connie, with just a suspicion of a tremble in her voice. Her eyes were very bright. "She always wants me to read to her, and I'll like so much."

"But, dear, I hate to have you give up this bright afternoon," hesitated Mrs. Merivale. "And Mrs. Means is not so easy to get along with. She suffers a good deal with that weight—"

"Oh, she won't be cross with me," said Connie. "Tell her I'll come right down," she added to the boy who had brought the message.

"Mother's going over to Brookville, or she'd come herself."

"Mother's girl?" said Mrs. Merivale, softly, with a loving little hug. "You're a comfort, dear, every day of your life." And away ran Connie, happily, with Miss Wilkins under her arm and sunshine in her heart.

It was 5 o'clock when she was released from Mrs. Means' bedside. The poor old soul, stretched out flat in bed, with a heavy weight tied to her foot, was pathetically glad to see the fresh young face, and listened eagerly to the magazine story—and—well, there were the bustle and rejoicing over the return of father after his week's absence; and then came supper, the happy family hour afterward, when they all sat in the living room, and father told of what and whom he had seen told it was time for bed. That night when Connie was all ready for bed and alone in the little room that was all her own, mother stole in for a few minutes.

"And how is little daughter to-night?"

"Oh, mother, I have had such a happy day all through. And yet it hasn't been one bit like I had planned."

Then she told her mother about the poem she had no chance to write.

"We must always do our duty," said the mother's voice softly.

"Why, mother, that was the first line of my poem!"

"Well, daughter, you have lived your poem today."

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER LAND.

When bedtime comes, Nurse cuddles me
Up in her arms, just so—
And hums a little, sleepy song
While rocking to and fro;
And clinging tight to her strong hand,

We take the Road to Slumber Land!
I do not know how far we go,
It's not so very long,
For Nurse says I am always there
Before she's through her song!
But, in the morning when I wake,
I couldn't tell what path we take!

It's nice to rock to Slumber Land,
Too big for Nurse dear to hold,
All legs and arms—and, oh,
I can't help wondering, when I'm grown,
If I can find the road alone!
—Mazie V. Caruthers.

DO YOU KNOW

That robins and sparrows like eating almonds and dried currants?
That almost all birds like biscuits broken up small?
That marsh marigolds and water lilies last longer when cut and put in water than any other flowers?
That salmon, pike and goldfish never sleep?

That there are more than 7,000,000 leaves on a big oak tree?
That when moor hens dive they swim with their wings, practically flying under water? Most birds that swim do so with their webbed feet.

DOT.

"Oh, dear!" Dot looked in dismay at the letter in her pocket. She had been so sure she had dropped it into the postbox, as she had promised Aunt Charlotte that morning. It was a good thing she had found it now.

She mailed the letter and went home. She expected that Aunt Charlotte would ask her about it, and of course she was going to tell the truth. But instead Aunt Charlotte asked her how she got along in her arithmetic, and whether Annie Clifford was well enough to be back in school yet. All through supper Dot waited for the question that did not come.

After all it could not make any particular difference whether a letter was mailed at half-past eight in the morning, or half-past five in the afternoon. To be sure Aunt Charlotte had said, "Now post this letter the very first thing, Dot, before you have time to forget it."

But if she had really cared she would have thought to ask her if she had done so. Besides, the letter was only to Uncle John, and he had not been gone three days.

The evening dragged. Dot had hard work to keep her mind on her books and was glad when bedtime came. But long after the quiet breathing in the next room told that Aunt Charlotte was asleep, Dot tossed about in her bed, unable to think of anything but the letter that had not been mailed on time. Presently her restless movements awakened her aunt.

"What is it, dear?" the kind voice questioned. "Haven't you been asleep?"

"No'm."

"Are you sick, child?"

"No'm."

"Come here, dear," Aunt Char-

lotte's outstretched arms welcomed a little white-robed figure that ran into them. "Something to 'fess, is it, Dot?" she asked tenderly.

"It isn't much, but it's something," Dot acknowledged. "I didn't post that letter."

She felt her aunt start. "Not when you told me I should," she hastily explained. "Not till half-past five. Does it make any difference, Aunt Charlotte?"

"A great difference, Dot. Your uncle was planning to sell a piece of property at Mayfield to-morrow, and I have just received some information which I think will lead him to wait. But that letter will not reach Denton till after he has left in the morning. We must communicate with him to-night."

"To-night, Aunt Charlotte!" There was consternation in Dot's tones, for even as she spoke the little clock on the mantel struck two.

"Yes, to-night. The telegraph office will be closed, and it's too late to wake up our neighbors and ask to use their telephone. We must go to the Central office. There's no help for it."

As long as she lives Dot will remember making a hurried toilet in the middle of the night, and starting out on a long, lonely walk to town. The moonlight and the stillness made the everyday world seem strange and unfamiliar, and she shivered, though the night was warm. It was a relief to reach the telephone office, where a sleepy girl operator roused herself and set to work to call up the hotel at Denton.

Aunt Charlotte laughed when her husband's voice reached her over the wires. "Don't be frightened, John; we've got the information which the delayed letter had contained. It will change your plans, won't it?" she asked in conclusion. "Yes, I thought so. Good-night!"

There was a faint light in the east when they reached home. "Almost sunrise, and you haven't had any sleep yet," said Aunt Charlotte, as pityingly as if it had not all been Charlotte's fault. "Sleep as late as you can in the morning, dear."

But Dot was thinking of something else. "The next time I've something to own up," she said with solemnity, "I won't wait till the middle of the night to do it."

ONE WOMAN'S STATEMENT

Tells Her Suffering Sisters to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Proved a Blessing to Her When Her Pains and Weakness Were Almost More Than She Could Bear.

St. George, Man., Dec. 7.—(Special).—Hoping to save her sister women in the West from pains and aches which come at the critical times in a woman's life, Mrs. Arsene Vinet, of this place, has given the following statement for publication:

"I have brought up a large family and have always enjoyed good health until the last two years. I am fifty-four years of age and at the critical time of life that comes to every woman, I had pains in my right hip and shoulder. I could not lie down two minutes at a time without suffering the greatest agony. Sometimes I awakened, with a feeling as if some one had laid a piece of ice upon my head. Another time it would be a burning pain under the left shoulder.

"I took many medicines but could get no relief. All reading of cures of similar cases to my own by Dodd's Kidney Pills, led me to try them. They did wonders for me.

"I want all women to know what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. The woman who has sound Kidneys is safeguarded against ninety-ninths of the suffering that makes life a burden to the women of Canada.

History of the Church.

The slave was led out for martyrdom and the lions to torture him, but when he recognized his benefactor, he frowned on him, saved his life and ever afterwards followed him through the streets of Rome like a dog.

The wild-eyed tiger with his blood-colored tongue always hanging out, claims our attention next. Although not so strong as the lion, he is meanly ferocious and wantonly cruel. He is the tyrant among animals. He seizes and tears not only to pieces but devours his victim's flesh and drinks its blood, but even when his hunger is satisfied, he tears and massacres again. The lion, when he is captured young and reared with domestic animals, becomes easily accustomed to live and even to play innocently with them; he seeks towards his master and even caresses him, especially in early age, and if his native ferocity should come to the surface occasionally, he never wrecks it on those who have been good to him. The tiger is perhaps the only animal which cannot be tamed by man. A wild manner can do nothing with this naturally blood-thirsty brute; he will tear the hand that reaches him food, in the same way that he will the hand that strikes him, he roars in the presence of every living creature. His cruelty is so ferocious that he will destroy and devour his own children and their mothers that defends them. His rage seems to destroy all, he comes an obstacle to itself. God has anointed that the most furious of all animals prevents himself that there should be too many of

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

CAUTION.

Put a strong glass on the label and examine it closely every time. Always look for the name "Gillett's."

Like all good articles, which are extensively advertised, Gillett's Lye is frequently and very closely imitated. In some instances the imitators have actually copied directions and other printed matter from our label word for word. Be wise, and refuse to purchase imitation articles for they are never satisfactory.

Insist On Getting Gillett's Lye

and decline to accept anything that looks to be an imitation or that is represented to be "just as good" or "better," or "the same thing." In our experience of over fifty years in business we have never known of an imitation article that has been a success, for imitators are not reliable people. At the best the "just as good" kinds are only trashy imitations, so decline them with thanks every time.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.



WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.

IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.

Phone Main 5072

Printing

316 LaGauchetiere Street W., Montreal.

his kind. Again, all the wild beasts from the lion, tiger, panther and leopard, to the hyena and the wolf whose office it is, with the dogs and vultures, to cleanse the earth of carcasses which would infect it; they all flee from the sight of man; from the sight of man in the state which Divine providence ordains at the sight of man in society with God, in company with his equals, and displaying to the others the one and the service of the others the faculties of his body and soul.

Thus it is that since a long time the animals most to be dreaded, have disappeared from Europe, they are getting fewer in Asia; and if they still have the upper hand in Africa, it is because the negro delays his conversion to his dignity as a man. It looks even as if they were left there to punish him for the delay, and that they are ready to disappear as soon as we would become again what God made us in the beginning.

Behold then the earth, our common country, arisen from the waters, lit by the heavens, adorned with flowers and verdure, peopled with the different sorts of living creatures, some to charm us with their voices, others to help us by their power, to nourish and clothe us; others again to maintain order in this animal kingdom. Let us now prepare to hail the first appearance of our father, our first pontiff, our first king. Let us solicit our thoughts and our attention; for God himself, to create man, seems to have collected and consented himself.

When it was a question of light, of the separation of the elements, of the sun, the moon, the planets, and animals, all was a question of our first ancestor. God said, "Let us make man to our image and likeness, and let him command the fishes of the sea, the birds of the earth and all that creep thereon." God says in plural number: Let us make man to our image. And to whom does he say this? To himself for he is one and three, the Father said it to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; this is the universal interpretation. Not to the angels, for they have no common resemblance with God. Besides, Moses concludes in the following text: God then created man to His own image, to the image of God He created him. God is both spirit and intelligence, man created to his image is also spirit and intelligence. But God is an infinitely perfect spirit; man is a spirit with a limited perfection. God is a pure intelligence; man an incarnate one, an incorporated spirit, that is to say, a spirit united to a body. Man, spirit and body is thus placed, on the Broadway line of two worlds, that of intelligence and that of matter, to unite in his person one with the other, and make, under the hand of God, but one. St. Ambrose of Milan calls man, on this account, a sort of total of the universe. God formed a body for him out of dust mingled with water, to make all material creation participate in the dignity of a man and to elevate it, in a manner, towards God. And who is this God who forms him? So is not the Son, the Word by whom the Father made all things, the Son who one day was to take this body Himself and become man unto us.

We must not be astonished, then, that the sages of all times and all countries, poets, philosophers, doctors, Fathers of the Church, apostles, even, admired and celebrated the wonders of the human body. We must not wonder that science discovers in it new marvels every day. If God did not print his image in

or. That there might be no schism in the body, but the members might be mutually careful one for another. And if one member suffers anything, all the members suffer with it; or if one member glory, all the members rejoice with it.

It is an image of the universe, says St. Ambrose. What the heavens are to the world the head is to the human body, the most excellent part and the highest in place; what the sun and moon are in the sky the two eyes are in the head, two stars that light up all the rest. Without them the body is in darkness as the earth also is without the sun and the moon; with them everything is lit up; the feet carry with sure and certainty the whole body; the hands act with admirable precision; the hand, that instrument of instruments, as an ancient writer said, which makes for itself a multitude of others which increase his own strength and dexterity many thousandfold and subdue to his power the earth, the air, and the sea.

It is to this superior region of himself that man owes his life and beauty, as it is to the heavens that the earth owes its life and beauty. There are united with his eyes all the noblest organs; the ears always open, on guard like sentinels, to transmit to the city the least noise, the smallest word; the nostrils to discern the odors that the air brings from all sides; the mouth with its ruby lips and its white teeth which grind the food, with its tongue which judges the taste; the mouth and the tongue by which man becomes a sort of creator, realizing outside in material words, his immaterial word within, makes the silent commerce of spirits sonorous; the tongue, which for this reason will signify everywhere the visible world and invisible thought. These precious organs of the head are disposed with such symmetry, are harmonized with such natural art, by the chin, the jaws, the eyebrows, the forehead, the hair, that in all creation.

(To be continued.)

CONSTIPATION

IRREGULARITY OF THE BOWELS

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be at once attended to and corrected.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

work on the bowels gently and naturally without weakening the body, but, on the contrary, toning it, and they will if persevered in relieve and cure the worst cases of constipation.

Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with sick headaches, constipation and catarrh of the stomach. I could get nothing to do me any good until I got a vial of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They did me more good than anything else I ever tried. I have no headaches or constipation, and the catarrh of the stomach is entirely gone. I feel like a new woman, thanks to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used in all about half a dozen vials."

Price 25 cents a vial, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers or mail direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Read a book about better ceilings. Tolls of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office.

FREE BOOK

The PEDLAR PEOPLE