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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Berrington; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said lands.
Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for entry.
W. W. O'RY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.
Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.
Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes: "I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all."
For sale by all dealers.
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Waters of Trembling.

(Georgina Pell Curtis, in Rosary Magazine.)

You ask me about the Waters of Trembling, senior. It happened thirty years ago. Not here, over yonder, high up on the summit of the Guadalupe Canyon.
I am ninety years old now, senior, and my work is done. Morning and evening I sit here in the warm sunshine in front of my little adobe cabana and dream my dreams of the past, for my life has been wonderful and varied, senior, but no tale I have told, or could tell you, is more soul-stirring and strange than that which recounts the coming and going of the Waters of Trembling.
It was one spring day what Nature had risen from the short winter sleep of this country to burst into one tender, delicate bloom, when the soft, feathery white of the fruit trees vied with the tender green of bush and tree, while under foot the warm brown earth took on a deeper tint, and the brilliant green lizards, and birds of scarlet and blue made the whole land seem awake and instinct with color and life, that a new interest came to me.
For then it was that he came over the mountains one day—the master whom I served as house-man and body-man for a year; and here my story begins, senior.

I was working then at some carpentering, and perched high on the roof of Padre Paul's cabana I laid the white shingles in long, even lengths, and as I worked I sang.
Off in the distance the blue hills stood out clear and distinct, while the river that ran lazily over its rocky bed sparkled in the brilliant midday sun. A boat darted out from under the shade of a tall live oak that was overrun with long, trailing vines, and in the boat was a single occupant, a man. He ran his boat up on the rough, rocky shore, and springing out, commenced walking up the wide brown road toward me. I was not so busy but that I could mark him well as he drew nearer. A little above the medium height he was, well-knit, athletic and graceful, with a poise of the head and a way of holding himself that might have marked him as a king. As he drew nearer, I saw that he was dark, almost like a Spaniard. His loose, shirt of grey flannel allowed the free carriage of his limbs, and his hat of soft grey felt was folded over and carried in one hand. The wind from the river lifted the brown hair from his forehead, and the blue sky made a silhouette for his noble head and fine profile. A face to love, senior, and to think you could believe in and trust—a face that seemed to mirror a past life of goodness and purity. Alas! Alas!
He halted when he drew near to me and glanced up with a friendly smile.
"I have come down the Guadalupe and through the canyon in my boat," he said, "and now I would fain make my abode here for a while. I want a house to myself and a man to work for me. Can you direct me where to go?"
I doffed my sombrero. There was that in the full, sonorous voice of the speaker that attracted me like a magnet.
"If you wish a man, senior," I answered, "I am at your service. I am sixty years old, but well and strong, and I have lived many times with the American seniors and know their ways. I can cook and work for you; but about a house, senior, there is none in the village, none to be had anywhere near here, except a large adobe cabana way up in the canyon, near the Waters of Trembling."
He drew nearer and looked interested.
"Your name?" he said.
"Santos Trogo, senior."
"You can give me good references?"
"Si, senior, Padre Paul has known me forty years, and Herr Offer, who keeps the store, knew me first twenty years ago. They will both answer for me."
"That will do," he said. "And now how many inhabitants has this place? You seem to be the sole and only resident. As I came down the river it might have been a country of the dead."
"It is just—after the noon hour, senior," I answered, "when every one is taking a siesta. You find me working because Padre Paul is in a hurry to have his house roofed over."
"Ah!" he said, "and what may be the number of inhabitants who are now asleep?"
"Fifty," I answered.
"Upon my soul," he said. "And I, I suppose, will make the fifty-first. This place will suit me excellently well, my good Santos. I will not have to drift back to the Garden of Eden for solitude. And now about the house. The thought of that adobe at the top of your stupendous canyon fascinates me. I will go up and look at it if you will go with me, but what means of conveyance will we employ?"
"Burros, senior. It is too far to walk, and the path is only safe with the burros."
"So much the better. Let us start at once. Can you hire burros, and immediately? Well, then, take this money, and come back as quickly as you can. I will wait here."
But I hesitated. I had still one more row of shingles to lay for Padre Paul.
He always seemed to read your thoughts, this man, and he understood without my having said a word.
"Ah!" he said. "I see. Then I will go on to that ramshackle building, which I suppose is your hotel or inn, and you can finish your roof

there was a sheer descent of three hundred feet to the valley below. To reach the plateau you had to climb down a steep, rocky path from the summit of the canyon. No eagle's nest could have been in a more wild or lonely spot than was this adobe cabana of four rooms, and an outside shed, where I was destined to live for a year. For, yes, the senior was so mightily pleased with it that he said he would move in as soon as it could be made habitable.
"Open all the windows, Santos," he said, "let in the sun and air. I will send to San Antonio for furniture and furnishings, and for seeds and plants, and we will make this wilderness bloom like the Garden of Allah. With solitude and my books I will get as near happiness as this rude world will permit. Only two things in this world are sure, Santos, and they are sorrow and death."
Now I was old even then, senior—sixty years—but strong and sound as in my youth, and I liked it not that one so young—I found afterward he was thirty-six years old—should talk in such a gloomy strain. Over in the west the sun was sinking magnificently behind the purple hills and all the air was warm and drowsy with the sweetness that its warmth and light had shed over the land. I know little, senior, of the great discoveries of science, but I once heard Padre Paul say, "As I move about in the sunlight I feel in the midst of immortal things," and so it has ever seemed to me, senior. The great ball of fire that we call the sun I believe to be heaven, the abode of Eternal Light; for look you, senior, how this earth and all the other heavenly bodies depend on it, and are warmed by it, and draw their very life from it. Sometimes at night when I have been out on the plains, and lying there wrapped up in my blanket, have studied the vast dome of the heavens, I have dreamed strange dreams. Methought all these vast planets revolving in space must be the waiting places of the dead and gone spirits who have lived on earth. Mercury, the planet nearest the sun, is, I doubt not, the abode of the saints and martyrs, and so on, in order of merit, till we come to mighty Neptune, the farthest from the sun by a distance of two billion, seven hundred and ninety-two millions of miles, and here, so I take it, are the lost and wandering souls, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

I told this dream of mine later to my new master and he listened without any laughter in his eyes.
"A strange idea, Santos," he said, "and yet—well—there may be more in it than we think. There have been nations who will only pray when they face the sun, almost as if some divine instinct had whispered to them that behind its radiance is God."
My tale grows long, senior, and I am wandering far afield, but I see it all again, that golden afternoon when I too, service with the sad, mysterious senior, whom I learned to love so well.
There was a little more talk between us, and then we remounted our burros and rode down the mountain trail to the village below.
In two weeks from that day we were settled in our little home above the Guadalupe Canyon.

It was a month later and the summer days, which were warm down in the valley and on the plains, were still cool on top of our mountains. Many times the senior said how much he enjoyed the solitude and repose of our rocky fastness; for he never stirred from home save to take short walks. Three times a week on my burro I went down the trail to buy supplies and get the senior's mail; but, except for his letters, he took no interest in the outside world.
I soon found he was a passionate lover of books. At great trouble and expense he had a fine library taken up to his new home, and his taste and ingenuity had worked a miracle of transformation in the cabana, both inside and out. One room was his bed-room; this was like a monk's cell, with a small iron bed and no adornment save a large crucifix on the wall. Opening out of this was a large room that he called the "living room." On improvised book shelves that I had put up under his direction were his books, and on the square oak table in the centre of the room were magazines and papers in profusion. Some easy chairs and a long low lounge completed the furnishings. There was a charm about this room, senior, impossible to describe, especially when the western sun flooded it with light.
Beyond this room was a wide passage that opened into the kitchen, and beyond that was my own small bedroom, which the master saw was comfortably furnished.
All across the front of the house was a wide gallery shaded by an awning, and here were easy chairs and a hammock. The beautiful mountain vine which grew across one side of the gallery in a riotous tangle filled all the air at right with its fragrant sweetness, and the plateau in front of the cabana, to the very edge of the cliff, was brilliant with flowers, which the master himself tended each day with loving care. The flowers and their scent were his passion, next to his books.
He talked to me a great deal during the long summer evenings when my work was done, and little by little I gathered that there was some dark mystery in his life, some past that he had turned his back on forever.
"I have been a wicked man, Santos," he said one day, and then looking at me, he laughed. "Ah!" he said, "I see you don't believe it. Nevertheless, so it is. I am half-devil and half-saint; you may be

thankful you are not made up of such warring elements, my good Santos, for in the long run the devil is apt to win."
"The Cross of Calvary stands above the world, senior," I said.
"It stands too high for some of us to reach," he answered; "I sometimes think when God made us, He should not have made us what we are."
I thought a moment, and then made reply.
"The great battles of the world have never been easily won, senior, Napoleon, Charlemagne, Julius Caesar, Alexander all had to fight hard, and fight long, to win their earthly triumphs. Why, then, should a man's moral battles be easily won?"
"Where did you learn so much?" he asked, looking amused.
"The Franciscan Fathers taught me to read, senior," I answered, "and the different American seniors I have worked for always lent me books."
"Well," he said, "here are books in plenty. You can browse among them at your will. If you want prose, here is Walter Pater, the divine, and Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' and Thomas de Quincey; or if you like poetry, read the immortal Homer, and Robert Browning, or perhaps you would like better Francis Thompson, or Lionel Johnson, or else, perchance, Coventry Patmore. Though now I come to think of it, my good Santos, I fear such browsing would be too deep for you. For myself, I find in them some of my philosophy of life."
And so he would talk on, the senior; and often his conversation was as far removed from my understanding as was the distance from the lowest depths of the Waters of Trembling to its rippled surface.
Sometimes we would sit out on the flower-decked plateau in front of the cabana and the twilight would deepen and presently over the crest of the cliff behind the adobe the evening star would appear in all its splendor, throwing out a flash and sparkle of iridescent light that made all the other stars pale in comparison; the vast canyon seemed cradled in the encircling arms of the dusky night, and the scent of earth and flowers rose and floated on the breeze, charged with an amber sweetness that seemed like perfume incense; and then the master would take his violin and play until you thought a human soul was uttering its soul of pain—strange, weird and beautiful sounds, filled with some passionate note of regret.
And so the days and the months passed. Christmas came and went, the New Year dawned, another spring arrived; and then when I had lived with the senior nearly a year—there came a diversion.

(To be Concluded next week.)

No Pain with Red Blood

Get your blood right by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and Rheumatic pains will disappear.

Rheumatism and diseases of the nerves are closely allied—both are due to thin, watery and impure blood.
Have you ever noticed that it is when you are tired, weak, worn out and exhausted that the rheumatism gives you trouble.
Well, if your blood were analyzed at such times it would be found lacking just such elements as are contained in Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Because this great restorative actually forms rich, healthy blood it positively cures rheumatism.
Mrs. M. A. Clock, Mesford, Ont., writes: "I was so weak and helpless that I required help to move in bed. Indigestion and rheumatism caused great suffering. By the use of eleven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been made strong and well."
Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box. 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.
Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.



A Crayon Enlargement, 18 by 24 inches, of one of the best photographs of the late Rev. Father Morrissey, the renowned priest-physician, has been prepared for admirers of the priest himself or of his wonderful prescriptions. Better even than the small reproduction above, it is a very handsome picture, worthy of framing. The Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., of Chatham, N.B., will be glad to send an enlargement, absolutely free, to each one who writes for it. 73

Irish Missioners.

A new seminary for the teaching of theology to those desirous of entering the foreign mission field has been established at Cork. Up to this time Irish mission students had been forced to proceed to France or Belgium for their final education but with the establishment of this new seminary Ireland will be able to take her place among the countries prominent in the work of fitting students for the foreign missions.
The seminary owes its existence to the zeal and energy of Father Zimmerman. With the cordial support of Cardinal Logue, of the Archbishop of Tuam, the Bishop of Clonane and the Bishop of Cork, he petitioned the Holy See for permission to open this school in Ireland, with the result that the Pope has authorized the new seminary for Irish students destined for the African missions.

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE IS HER BABY'S WELFARE

The great desire of every mother is that her little ones shall be bright, good-natured and healthy. Every mother can keep her little ones in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, teething troubles and other minor ailments. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing stuff." Mrs. H. Irvine, North Portal, Sask., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets when our baby was teething, and for other little troubles, and have found them all you claim for them. I always keep them in the house." Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Discovery of the Monks.

In a recent issue of Harper's Ernest Cushing Richardson, Ph.D., librarian of Princeton University, points to the Church and monastic libraries of the Middle Ages as by virtue of their number, quality, permanence and especially of their dominating influence on library architecture and method, the true types of the period and the actual ancestors of the libraries of to-day. He then transports the reader to the thirteenth century, and examines with him a great monastery, having all the elements of the library practice of the time. He describes the library, the copying of manuscripts in the writing room, and the practical interest in books displayed throughout the whole of the precincts. In summing up he observes: "To the monks is due the most part of what we know of ancient literature. They kept and copied when no one else did. When Vandals and Vikings drove them from their monasteries they left everything else, but loaded themselves down with their books. In later days it was not the monks' neglect, but the vandalism of their persecutors which destroyed. At the English Reformation those iconoclasts cut out the illuminations, tore off the bindings for their gold clasps and brasses, and used the books themselves as fuel."—The New World.

Was All Run Down. Weighed 125 Lbs. Now Weighs 185

Mrs. M. McGann, Debec Junction, N.B., writes: "I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."
The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Read a FREE Book. about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of a structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office. **FEDERAL People of Oshawa**