



how did they teach you to do it? ... mother. "It might feel better after a while."

THE TROUBLE.

Flora was complaining that she felt badly. ... mother. "It might feel better after a while."

DIVORCE JOHNIE.

Johnie took it. "How did they teach you to do it? ... mother. "It might feel better after a while."

estimated that over ... will be ordained in ... future.

WOULD WEAR A ROBE

story is told of Bishop ... from Indianapolis to ... the Louisville diocese, ... visited one day by a ... of a Protestant denomina ... is characteristic of Bishop ... to see everyone, and the ... minister was shown in. ... like to borrow one of ... said the colored man ... of a beautiful red robe ... hang yourself?" said the ... seriously.

STRENGTH IN THE SPRING

eds Aid in Making ... th-Giving Blood.

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cretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
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shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Domini-
on Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or say made over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion 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 homestead-
er.
The homestead 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 homestead-
er resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
upon the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent
residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of the
land entered for, the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by residence
upon said land.
(4) Six months' notice in writing
shall be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of the
intention to apply for patent.
W. W. OGBY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
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BEYOND THE LINES.

The tides of war were at the flood when the surge reached the home of Martha Winthrop, away up on the Kennebec River in the old State of Maine. Abner Winthrop had called her "Mother" ever since their boy was born, and she had grown so used to it that she readily answered to the name, even when some of the neighbors caught the habit from the father and son.

Martha read in the weekly farm paper the call for volunteers, and gave a queer little gasp that caused the rather slow Abner to look up at her in wonder. "What is it, Mother?" he managed to ask, as his potato hung suspended on the three-tined steel fork. "Don't you go an' tell Charlie. You hear me, Abner Winthrop?"

"How can I tell him, when I don't know what's up?" queried Abner cogently. "It's the President," said Martha gravely. "What he says goes, you know, Abner. An' Charlie just worships the ground his feet stand on."

"What does Mr. Lincoln say?" inquired Abner, helping himself to another mess of savory country-fried potatoes. "I ain't hitched on to your thread yet, Mother."

"The President has issued a call for volunteers; wants 'em for three years. Think of it, Abner. Oh, sakes alive! It—"

The foreseen possibility was too much for Martha Winthrop, and she threw her apron over her head and with a faint moan. This unusual demonstration was not lost upon Abner, but he never permitted anything seriously to interfere with his meals, and therefore calmly proceeded with that important function.

"I'm 'mos' certain he'll go," almost wailed Martha, taking her apron from her face. "Heaven above, Abner, what will I do?" "Who'll go? Our boy, Charlie?" asked her husband in surprise. "They want men; they don't want boys."

Martha looked at him with curling lip. Sometimes Abner's density got on her nerves. "My soul! Abner Winthrop, can't you recollect telling Jennie Sykes last week that Charlie could follow the plow with any man in the country? Oh, I know what was running through your head. You was a-thinkin' of Jennie's Cynthia. You always was forward at match-making."

But that's all a waste of time, Charlie don't care for her. Not a bit. He thinks more of that city girl that was up last summer than he does of all the Cynthys in the land. More fool him, I know, fer she's likely to forget all about him long ago. An' he'll don't make a bit of difference now; he'll go an' volunteer for three years, sure's he knows Mr. Lincoln wants him to."

A quick step came up the garden path, and Martha turned eagerly to greet her son. Her fears were alert and the glow of excitement in Charlie's face struck her dumb. Her lips moved thickly, but no words came.

"Well, Mother, have you heard the news? President Lincoln has called for volunteers. Lots of the boys are going, and I—"

He stopped abruptly at the sight of his mother's face. Never had he seen such an ashen pallor on her florid cheeks. "Why, Mother! What is it? What is the matter?" he inquired anxiously.

"You haven't been so foolish, Charlie! Tell me you haven't." The words were almost a cry. "No, Mother, I haven't enlisted—yet."

"Yes? Oh, Charlie! Then you're going?" "Not unless you say so, Mother." The reply came clear and decided. Martha Winthrop clasped her hands gratefully.

"That's like my boy!" she exclaimed. "But, Charlie, what made you think you ought to go?"

"The Lord is good, Abner." "H'm!" The dinner dishes waited on the table. Abner rose and walked to the door. "Hello," he called. "There comes the postman."

"For me, Jim? Yes? I don't know the writin'." "Here, Abner Winthrop, let me see," demanded Martha, taking the letter from his trembling grasp. She tore it open hurriedly and read:

"Near Fredericksburg."
"Sunday Morning."
"Mr. Winthrop—There has been a big fight. We're whipped off for just now, but we'll get in at them again. Charlie hurt—"

"Oh! Oh! The cry came straight from Martha's bursting heart. But she went bravely on: "Charlie was hurt in the last charge. We had to run, but I promised him to let mother know. Tell my folks I'm all right."

"James Barton." Abner's voice failed him utterly when he tried to speak. He looked at his wife in dumb terror. But she only moistened her lips and whispered hoarsely: "My boy, Charlie! My boy, Charlie!"

Then she shook herself and began a hasty inspection of her wardrobe. From the closet she took down her best plum-colored dress and brushed it carefully. Then she reached up and brought out the big bonnet containing her Sunday gloves and her best shoes. Abner watched her with dilating eyes.

"Mother!" he said at length. "What are you going to do, Abner Winthrop? I'm going, of course." "Going? Going?" repeated her husband. "Where?"

"I'm going to Charlie." The thin lips shut tightly, and Martha went into the next room and shut the door upon herself and her preparations, while Abner sat in despairing wonder. Presently she returned, attired for her journey.

Producing an old, thin "carpet-sack" from its hidden retreat in the attic, she said sharply: "Abner, don't set there gaping at me. Go down to the store an' buy a place in the stage for August. It starts at four, an' it's 'mos' three now. D'y'e hear?"

Abner heard and obeyed. When he came back, his wife sat on the little porch, carpet-sack by her side, gazing down the road where the stage would be first seen. At last he ventured a remonstrance. "Mother!" She did not heed. "Mother! Don't you know it's mighty far to Boston, an' Charlie's a long way from Boston?"

"Yes, I know." "Mother!" after a minute. "Charlie's a big piece from New York. Don't ye know?" "Yes, Abner."

Her husband waited a while, and then mustered his forces. "Mother, I reckon this here Fredericksburg, a hundred miles from Washington, even. It's a terrible journey, an' you've never been fifty miles from home in your life."

"My boy, Charlie!" sighed Martha, apparently not hearing her husband's voice. Abner got on his feet and went over to her side. Putting a trembling hand on her shoulder, he said, finally: "Mother, it costs a heap to go to Washington. An' you can't travel for nothin'."

Martha looked at him sharply. Her voice had a ring in it that Abner knew belonged only to special occasions. "I know it, Abner," she said. "I have got all the money in the old stocking that I've been saving for a rainy day ever since we were married. Lord have mercy! I reckon it's rainin' as hard this day as it ever will." Her lips closed tightly.

"I hope the good Lord won't let it rain any worse!" he ejaculated gravely.

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With a grateful heart, I give this testimony, to the great value of Father Morrissey's prescriptions. I remain, JOHN GRATTAN.

This is simply a sample of hundreds of letters which were received by Father Morrissey during his lifetime, and since then by the Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd. Do not despair, even though your cough has defied ordinary cures, but get a bottle of "Father Morrissey's No. 10," and experience yourself the relief it has brought to so many sufferers. Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 13

ate sentry challenged her, she pressed right on till his second order and leveled musket arrested her attention. "Halt, woman, or I will shoot!"

Without slackening her pace, Martha cried, as she waved one hand distractedly. "I tell you, young man, my boy Charlie is over there on yon hill. I'm going to him. You'll have to shoot, if you will. I'm going to my boy."

"Why didn't ye shoot, Randall?" queried a companion round the camp fire that night. "I just couldn't, Tom," answered Randall. "She looked too much like my old mother I left down there in Georgia. Blank it all! She couldn't do any harm."

On the crest of the hill Martha found an improvised hospital camp. Everywhere the men lay thick, under slight shelters of boughs and scraps of tent cloth. Groans and cries of anguish saluted Martha's straining ears as she eagerly scanned every face, but all were strangers. At length a negro woman, acting as attendant, answered her repeated requests for news of her boy by saying:

"Mebbe he's ober dar, down in dat corner, Missus. Dar's a mighty sick sojer dat's allus callin' fer his mammy."

Under a scrap of tent-cloth, in the extreme corner of the rude camp, Martha Winthrop fell on her knees with a great hungry cry, grasping one thin, sun-burned hand in both her own: "My boy Charlie! My boy Charlie!"

The light of reason conquered the fiercer fires of the fever, the eyes turned upon the beloved face, and the boy saw what, in the twenty-five years of his subsequent life, he never forgot. Stretching up both feeble arms, he cried, with all his heart and soul in his voice: "Mother! I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come!"—Orr Kenyon, in the New World.

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A Distinguished Visitor.

His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, head of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and suite, have signified their attention of attending the Eucharistic Congress that will be held in Montreal next September. It is probable that His Grace will be accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk the leading lay head of the Catholic Church in England.

Was All Run.

Down. Weighed 186 Lbs. Now Weighs 126.

Mrs. M. McGinn, Dubois Junction, N.B., writes: "I wish to tell you what Mr. McGinn and I 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 McGinn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better. As 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 186 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter. I was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking McGinn's Heart and Nerve Pills I could not go upstairs without resting, but I get to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."

The price of McGinn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.50 at all druggists or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. McGinn Co., Montreal, Toronto, Que.