RECTORY.

UARY 21, 1907.

SOCIETY-Estab 1, 92 St. Alexan-Monday of the meets last Wed-Rev. Director, P.P.; President, ; 1st Vice-Pres ney; 2nd Vice, E. rer, W. Durack; Secretary, T. P.

. A. & B. 80the second Sunh in St. Patrick's er street, at 3.30 of Management all on the y month, at or, Rev. Jas. Kil-J. P. Gunning; D'Donnell, 412 St.

DA, Branch 26 November, 1888. t New Hall, (In-85 St. Catherine regular meetings n of business are and 4th Wednesnonth, at eight cers : Spiritual . Killoran; Chan-nnedy; President. t Vice-President, 2nd Vice-Presi-be; Recording Se-Dolan, 16 Over-Rec. Sec., E. J. Secretary, St. Urbain at .

Kelly; Marshal,

uard, J. A. Har-

١,

, D. J. McGillis, I Jas. Cahill; Dr. H. J. Harri-KE DLL'S VNED IIER" BACCO acturers OLL & CO Ireland

ies and Trial LEIN West, Toronte OUR" inct Specialty

Fairest Treatment, and Importer Toronto-

HON, Agent. ht and Sold, Loans and properties taken MAHON: Street.

TS Chalices Ciberium Furniture\* 3 Churchist D. & J. Sadlies & Co onto, Can-

UUUUM OST CONOMICAL

ITUTIONS INS A" DONE PLY - TO -PUB.CO. , BEFT. TRUE WITHESS

ELL or Business

al Estate anywhere,

MAN,

"Big, tall, white man, Missy Pol- it what you expected?" she asked, Miss Palmer, that the position he

An'Unavailing Interference

But he gib me his card. Here 'tis you cannot tell in a week."

"But the asked, will occup ent to the books—t'ink so, an' sen' him away.
But he gib me his card. Here 'tis you cannot tell in a week."

"Will occup ent to the here, and

"The Honorable E. Randolph Stanbury," read Pollie. The color to her cheeks, and she gave a little fact is, out here visitors hardly ever gasp of bewilderment. "You stupid come to the front does hardly ever

boy, Paul Joseph! It isn't a tea agent, it is Mr. Ted Stanbury's father. Go and ask him to come at once; say I will be there in a Paul Joseph disappeared instantly

with a chuckle, and Pollie dried hurriedly, took off her her hands apron, straightened out her tie and I suppose?" ventured Pollie. belt, and followed him. Ted Stanme for? Her heart was beating conversation on her. furiously as she paused before looking-glass in the hall to straight- ping her words and giving the voen her hair. Paul Joseph came wels a value very new to Pollie up on tip-toe to whisper in her ear, "Ole white lady along wiv him. Dey're in de parlor, missy." Who could the "ole white lady"

Probably Ted's mother. How in the world had they reached this Ted Stanbury? western prairie so soon? She knew that they were visiting the United litely. and not known that they were near her own home. It was hateful of them to come like this, without warning, when she had no one east Ted might have come with them. What must they have thought. of the black boy's greeting? ligence. She pushed back the bam o portieres and entered, thankful traved itself in her flushed cheeks.

'How do you do ?'' She extended per hand to the tall, handsome lady who stood by the open window.

"How d'ye do?" Mrs. Stanbury re turned the greeting frigidly. coneying to Pollie the idea that she bribe might be, and he glanced at had committed a fatal breach of anners in offering her hand. However, she pretended not to have no ticed the snub, and turned to her other visitor, to receive a hearty grip which somehow reminded her of

"How are you? Unexpected visitors, Mrs. Stanbury and I-eh? Only arrived from England last week." Pollie murmured something about being delighted," and drew forward a comfortable cushioned chair for Mrs. Stanbury. "You will like ome tea," she said. "I'll just tell the boy about it, if you will excuse me," wondering, meanwhile, if er brother Charlie had left any cake in the pantry, and if ice had een put on the butter. But Mrs. Stanbury's measured tones recalled

"Please do not trouble on our acome difficulty in remembering the name-"Miss-er-Palmer."

Pollie made a protest but was verruled; they did not want teain fact, were only going to stay a She again felt that he had been reproved, and wondered what she had done wrong this occasion

"How did you like America?-was

## Life.

SAID ALL THE DOCTORS

Half a dozen of the best physicians told Mr. Baker that he had Chronic Rheumatism, and would have it as long as he lived. One day Mr. Baker read in a paper of a man who had heen told by doctors that his case was lopeless—and who had been completely cured by GIN PILLS.

The two cases were so much alike that Mr. Baker decided he would invest soc in a hox of GIN PILLS and give them a trial.

It was the best investment he ever

of white pasteboard to Pollie, who was washing the dishes after lun- of conversation seemed congenial. What on earth had they come for? "I am sorry the boy was stupid come to the front door; they drive

into the yard, put their horses and come in anywhere." "Certainly-of course." Mr. Stanbury glanced at his wife, who was taking notes of Pollie and her surroundings in a keen, well-bred man-

"You have been to your son's place

Really it was too bad of these peofather! Whatever had he ple to leave the whole burden

'We went to see Edward before com-

ing here, but he was away."
Pollie longed to laugh. Was there any one on earth more unlike an Edward than wild, jolly, reckless

"Oh, of course," she returned po "I remember he told me he States-Ted had told her-but she was going into Clifton with a drove of cattle. I wonder you did not meet him on the way."

Mr. Stanbury grew more uneasy; he crossed and recrossed his legs, help her except Paul Joseph. At looked with vague interest at his nails, and wished to heaven that he could think of some reason for getting outside while his wife declared Joseph was not famed for his intel- the object of their visit. It was confoundedly awkward—worse than that. And in his mind he qualified that her manner was self-possessed the adjective with words that and that her rervousness only be would have almost turned Mrs. Stanbury's hair from brown to gray. How was she going to tell this pretty, elegant girl that she was not good enough for that precious scapegrace, their son? It was more than he could do, no matter what the

> Pollie's somewhat square chin, firm lips and bright eyes. Eleanor would have to do the whole business herself-he'd have no hand in it. "No, we certainly did not meet him, but it was in connection with

him that we came to-day to see you. Mr. Stanbury cleared his throat as

if he wished to disclaim a share in the matter.

"Really!"

Pollie met his eyes fairly. Mrs. Stanbury smoothed an imaginary wrinkle out of an irreproach-

"When we arrived in Topeka were distressed to rewive a letter from our son announcing his immediate intentions concerning a Miss Palmer.'

"Indeed!" returned Pollie calmly. "We understand that you are the count, Miss-" she appeared to have Miss Palmer in question, and believed that the wisest course was to see you at once and talk over the matter in a business-like way,"

> with admiration. What pluck the woman had! But he saw what she did not, an ominous glitter in Pollie's brown eyes.

"We trust," continued Mrs. Stanbury, "that in time Edward will give up this foolish fad for farming "There are visitors." and cattle raising—it is a fad many "Who?" Ted sea You Will Suffer all Your and cattle raising—it is a fad many time—and return to England to take his rightful position in the country. Of course you must be aware that he will have large means, and that it would be wrong, even wicked, to

bury himself in a place like this.' Mr. Stanbury had been vaguely glancing about the low room, with its bowls of flowers, and air daintiness and comfort: even to his masculine mind it conveyed an impression of prettiness and elegance Pollie's tone made him start, how-

She was sitting very upright, looking at her guest from under half-closed eyelids, her voice was calm,

closed eyelids, her voice was calm, and her manner some slight imitation of the elder lady's.

"Would you be so kind as to tell me in what way all this affects or concerns me?"

concerns me?"

A smile flickered across Mr. Stanbury's lips. Ted was no fool. This girl was worth a dozen ordinary society beauties. Mrs. Stanbury showed some surprise, and her next move showed her a judge of character and an able diplomat.
"Well,"—her lips curied slightly, and there was the suggestion that she believed Polite was attempting to decisive her, "well, Edward wrote."

saying he intended to marry you and wished us to make your quaintance at the earliest opportu nity.

Pollie's lips were very tightly set but she made no remark.

'From an ordinary point of view,' continued Mrs. Stanbury, "I am sure he has made a sensible choice. But you must remember, my dear will occupy at home is very differ one he chooses to fill here, and his wife must be a woo' yo', honey."

And Paul Joseph held out the slip plied nervously.

Pollie was bewildered. No topic strictly Church of England, and Edward has informed me you adhere to "A fine place, very fine!" he re- man of means and standing in the ward has informed me you adhere to the Church of Rome-which fact simply puts his marriage to outside the pale of possibility. put the matter plainly, even garly, but I think it wise to be explicit, and I am sure that with your

good sense, you will not misunder-stand me." Pollie laughed. "I am sorry, Mrs. Stanbury, that you have needlessly placed yourself in an uncomfortable position, for I have not the slightest intention of marrying your son. You might have spared yourself this

interview." Mrs. Stanbury colored slightly. She had gone beyond the facts in her son's letter; had been successful, certainly; but the girl was most irritating. She was about to reply when Mr. Stanbury began:

"Ted did not exactly-" But he was cut short, and Mrs. Stanbury so far forgot herself as to exclaim sharply. "For goodness sake leave the matter to me, Edward!"

Pollie stood up. "There is really nothing more to be said, I think. You came here under a misapprehension which I am glad to have removed. Shall I ask the driver to bring round your buggy?"

But at that moment Paul Joseph poked his black head in at the door and cried excitedly, "Fred says the gentleman's horse is lame. An' Dolly and Lil am dead tired."

Pollie smiled. "Very well, Paul. Tell Fred to wait till Master Charlie comes in; he will see what is to be done." Then she turned to Mr. Stanbury. "Your horse has gone lame; the man cannot use him drive you home, and the only two horses in our yard are plough horses and have been at work all day. You must accept my hospitality till this evening; then my brother will be in and will arrange matters."

Mr. Stanbury emitted a disconsolate whistle, and Mrs. Stanbury had the grace to look considerably dis- He followed her. concerted. The Christian action of heaping coals of fire on an enemy's head loses something of its virtue when done in the spirit in which Pollie displayed her hospitality. She was kind and gracious in a manner which galled Mrs. Stanbury, as she neant it should. She conducted her to the guest-room to take off her bonnet, brought hot water and eau de cologne, chased out several flies, and finally conducted her back the drawing-room, asked to be excused for an hour, as she had many duties which must be attended to. "I have no servant at present," she explained, "and my brother likes upper as soon as he comes in, which

should be in an hour." Half an hour later, as she took a batch of hot biscuits from the oven, she heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking through the window, saw Ted Stanbury fling Mr. Stanbury glanced at his wife himself from the saddle, throw the reins over the fence and come with

brisk steps toward the kitchen. "Hallo!" he said: "busy, as usual? May I stay to supper?"

"Yes if you wish," returned Pollie, pushing some wood into the stove.

Ted seated himself on the table and taking a hot biscuifrom the tray, buttered it liberally. "Little Jones or the Cramonds?"
"Neither."

"Who, then? Surely not that Len



Dr. WOOD'S
NORWAY PINE
SYRUP
Curse COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,
HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND
LUNG TROUBLES. Mise Florence R.
Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:
I had a cold which left me with a very
bad cough. I was pairaid I was going
into consumption. I was advised to try
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.
I had little faith in it, but before I had
taken one bottle I began to feel better,
and after the second I felt as well as
over. My cough has completely disappeared.

PRICE as CRITIS.

## THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

There are three periods of a woman's life when she is in need of the heart strengthening, never toning, blood enriching action of

## MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

The first of these is when the young girl is entering the portals of womanhood. At this time she is very often pale, weak and nervous, and unless her health is built up and her system strengthened she may fall a proy to censumption or be a weak woman for life.

The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the ex-hausted nerve force and depleted bleed require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

Nerve Fills supply the elements needed to do shis.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and serve troubles.

A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. For high the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Fills and thus tide over this dangerous period. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to "change of life." I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Fills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, for I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents pe box, three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co.,

Probat again?"

Pollie shook her head. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow and her hands were covered with flour. She poured some water into a tin dish and proceeded to wash them leisure-

"No, not Len Probat."

There was no mistaking the coldness of her manner, though, at first he had affected not to notice it. He lost interest in the visitors, and inquired anxiously, "What's wrong, Pollie?"

She did not answer beyond shrug of her shoulders, dried her hands carefully, and then turned to tir something in a saucepan on the stove. He slipped down and came toward her.

"What is it, dear?"

"Don't call me dear." "I can't help it. What have I

She laughed unpleasantly and turned to the dresser, where she placed cups, plates, and saucers on a tray.

"You must tell me what is the

"Must I? I will tell you first that the visitors are your father and mother; they have been here for the last two hours."

Ted Stanbury had possibly some inkling of what was coming. Pollie lifted the tray and went toward the door, then turned her head "You had better go in and entertain them, hadn't you? They came to ask me not to marry you, and are quite satisfied because I as-

sured them I had not the faintest intention of doing so." "Great heavens! Pollie-"

"Don't you think you were prema ture in writing such things to them before you had even asked me?"

'But I didn't, I swear I didn't ! Good heavens, what mayn't their stupid meddling mean to me?' "Of course it means that this is

your last visit to this house. You must consider your position in the country. But of couse we'll be glad to have you to supper to-night,' and she disappeared with the tray. Ted followed her.

"Pollie, for heaven's sake-!" "I won't hear any more," she said will read what I wrote even you sharply. "You've allowed me to be take no exception to it, and see you again. Go at once!" and she stamped her foot imperiously, and the china rattled on the tray. Ted Stanbury passed her, went along under the arbor, luxuriantly covered with a big vine, and entered

the parlor, determined to state pret-

ty clearly what he thought of this unwarrantable interference. From a cook's point of view sup per was a decided success. The food was the best of its kind. Yellow and white roses decorated the table china, silver and glass dainty. Through the open windows came varied sweet scents from th big garden, and beyond stretched the white plains, showing a low line of

Charlie, who was not in the seerv, who, glad to find a congenial spirit, proceeded to forget his sulky on, dignified wife, and outrage hostess. He was interested in every-

blue hills on the distant horizon.

"This isn't a hig ranch, ranches go." said Charlie, "but it would interest you, I am sure. You had better give un all idea of going back to Topeka to-night, or even as far as Ted's place. If you and Mrs. Stanbury would stay we would be delighted. Eh. Pollie ?" Pollie agreed politely, and Mr. Stanbury glanced at his wife; he wished with all his heart to stay; he knew he was weak, but he had taken a fancy to these Palmers, with their pretty home, congenial manners, and open hospitality. He felt very sorry for his son, and found himself harboring a wish that had come to America by himself, as he had intended to do in the first instance. However, Mrs. Stanbury

posing further on Miss Palmer.
"Imposing! What nonsense!" cried hearty Charlie. "You must stay, of course. This is just as Ted's home as his own place, therefore his people are quite welcome here as there."

replied coldly that she would prefer

She could not think of im-

to go to Edward's place for

"We'll talk about it afterward, old man," said Ted.

It was almost the first time he had spoken during the meal.

"Oh, all right," replied Charlie. "But it is perfect nonsense for Mr. and Mrs. Stanbury to return tomorrow; why, they must see something of the country first."

However, all Charlie's genial peruasion was of no avail, and hour later the Stanbury's had departed, and Pollie set to work wash up with briskness and celerity, endeavoring to choke back the ready tears. Ted had detained her for a

moment on the porch.
"You must let me see you tomorrow," he said. "I insist, in fairness to you and to myself. As for my mother, she shall apologize. The old dad never wished to have a hand it it, you could see that."

But Pollie had replied decidedly, "You are not to come/here again; I do not wish to have anything more to do with you," and then turned from him and walked away.

However, she heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs in the yard next morning, soon after daylight. He came into the kitchen, a note in his hand.

"Read that, please," he said, and stood gazing at her as she opened and read it. He had not slept all night; he wondered if she had. She looked provokingly fresh and cool, and yet he fancied and hoped he saw traces of tears.

The note contained a complete and full apology from Mrs. Stanbury. It apologized for her visit, for the intention of her visit; declared that she had acted entirely on impulse, and never for a moment considered anything or any one but herself and her pride. That she had made a mistake in saying so much of Edward's intentions; that she enclosed his letter for Miss Palmer to read and that she would see there had been a mistake. That she hoped that she would be forgiven, and that as she was an old woman, and too impulsive one, she trusted Miss Palmer would weigh her offense as lightly as possible.

Pollie's breath came very quickly, and he turned away that he might not see the tears in her eyes. Possibly she realized to some extent what Ted must have said to extort such an apology from his mother. long and excited the argument had been she could not know, nor how at length Ted had solemnly declared that unless she wrote an apology of which he could approve, he would never see her or speak to her again. Coaxing, threatenings, tears had

been of no avail. "I do not want to read your letter," she said. "It has been a most unfortunate affair. I need not ans-

wer your mother's letter, I think." "Pollie, I can't stand the suspense; the answer is to me. If you in this system of advertising. know how much it means to me "I don't want to read it." She

held it out to him. "You must, in justice to me, you must!"

## Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS OURED HIM.

Band the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Molimia, Marken Bridge, N.S., has for Dona's Kidney Pills. (He writes un): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain serous my kidneys. I was so had I could not stoop are bund. I sometied and had several desters treast me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, Micgiving remedy (Dona's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight. I immediately got better. In my opinion Dona's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Dona's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured as all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Dona Kidney Pill Co.. Thresio. Out.

Do not scoopt a spurious substitute has be some and get "Dona's."

## Minister Speaks to Mothers

Tells His Wife's Experience for the

The following letter has been sent to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., for pub-

lication.

PSYCHINE, Pronounced Si-keen, is a scientific preparation, having wonderful tonic properties acting directly upon the Stomach, Blood weak organs of the body, quickly restoring them to strong and healthy action. It is especially adapted for people who are run down from any cause, especially Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Consumption and all Pneumonia, Consumption stomach or organic troubles. It

is for sale at all dealers, at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle, or write direct Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto.

There is no other remedas Good" as PSYCHINE.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

She shook her head.

"Pollie, dear, you are to-I tell you to!"

She smiled, and then he saw the tears in her eyes. "I believed you last night; there is no need to give me the proof. But I was too angry then. I am still rather angry. Go away now-but-

"But what?" He came toward

her eagerly. "But you may come back in month or so. Then we'll talk of it." She looked at him a moment.

"I am not prepared to agree

anything that a man who is not of my faith asks me." "I knew that right along, Pollie," he answered, gently; "and have been preparing for it. Ask Charlie. Charie has been my tutor, and thank

God, I can tell you that I am of your faith-' A great light of gladness sprang

into Pollie's eyes. "You may come back-to-night, if you like, Ted," she said softly.

## INDECENT POSTERS,

## Montreal Might Profit by Cincinnati's Initiative.

Open warfare has been declared by he Catholic societies of Hamilton County, Ohio, of which Cincinnati is the centre, representing more 7000 members, against immoral and vicious posters displayed by theatrical managers and others.

It has been decided that the city authorities of Cincinnati, including the Mayor and chief of police, have utterly failed to curb the growing evil of displaying indecent advertise ments before the eyes of women and children, and members of the Catholic federation will boycott all theatres and business houses that persist

A resolution was adopted and sent you to the city authorities calling upon them to suppress the nuisance, and the resolution also calls upon members of the Catholic societies to do their best to make show managers stop advertising crime by using flaring posters depicting almost every crime on the calendar.

### Build Up Paper Rather than Churches.

Jules Bourron, a Frenchman, who has recently returned to France after several years' residence in this country, writes the editor of the Louisville Record describing ligious persecution waging in France and concludes with these significant words;
"Our situation is an example,

warning to all, even to you, Catholic Americans, for whom religion is free and prosperous. It will not do to fall asleep—it is necessary to do to fall asleep—it is necessary to fight, especially with the aid of that powerful weapon of our day—the press. Would it not be better to press. Would it not be better to think less of building magnificent edifices and do more to establish, to support and to spread, as widely as possible, good Catholic news-papers? Here in France it is the bad papers that have done all the mischief."

has no substitute.

# (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)