



MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors
4th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers
97 ST. JAMES STREET.
Phone Main 3714.

Hon. Sir Alexander Lacoste, K. C.
SAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, Etc.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
KAVANAGH, K. C. PAUL LACOSTE, LL. B.
SABON-LA VIE, K. C. JULIUS MATHRU, LL. B.

H. A. Cholette, LL. B.
Thomas M. Tansey, B. C. L.
BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors.
160 ST. JAMES ST.
Phone Main 1490
Guardian Bldg.

BARNARD & DESSAUBRES
ADVOCATES
Savings Bank Building, 160 St. James
Bell Telephone Main 1679.

Bel. Tel. Main 3352, Night and day service.
Conroy Bros.
193 CENTRE STREET
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley
PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley, Established in 1860
Paint and Ornamental Plastering, Repairs of
all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

D. F. WELSH & CO
Caterers and Confectioners
10-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL
Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Breads Caramels and Evertos Toffee.
Bagnets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal
attention. PHONE MAIN 5301

W. G. Kennedy
DENTIST
419 Dorchester West
Hrs. 9 to 5.

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. E. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Berningham; 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 unnumbered 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 16 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 possess the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in any 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 the homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
 - (4) Notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
- W. W. O'GARY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated
Self-Raising Flour
The Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.
10 Bleury Street, Montreal

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS AND ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO
LA PRESSE PUB. CO.
ENG'G. ENCL. DEPT.
EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS
Engravers to the TRUE WITNESS

Through Conflict to Peace.

For thirty-five, Amy Drysdale looked wonderfully youthful. She had bright hazel eyes, a complexion of rosebuds and cream, a wealth of golden-brown hair. And her figure was slim and graceful as a silver birch tree. She was cultured, clever, well able to manage her own affairs, but the real strength of her deep, womanly nature lay in its kindness and sympathy. Father Mostyn called her his right hand in the care of the sick and poor. To the children of her many friends she was a sort of fairy godmother. Her independent means, large house, and spacious garden enabled her often to give them a merry-making. And her talent for keeping them happy and good amounted to genius.

Both in charms of person and in this world's goods Amy Drysdale was well off. But old Hannah, her faithful servant and former nurse, shook her head. "Climbing the hill of life is easy enough," she muttered. "It is the going down that the unwedded woman finds lonesome. If I could live my life over again, I would marry John Ingram as he asked me. The housework tires my old bones sadly, but I would do it with lighter heart if there was a baby to nurse as well."

Love's golden shafts had not fallen Amy's way. The April of life, the age at which, according to Hannah, a girl "ought to marry," had passed her by. Life's June found her still a spinster. And it seemed more than likely that she would remain a spinster to the end. She smiled at the warnings of her woman-friends. "Old maids," she laughed, "are not, as you imply, wayside weeds; God meant them to be flowers of Eden. He must have a purpose for some of them, otherwise there would not be so many more women in the world than men."

"An old maid's life," said one happily-married matron, "seems to me as unnatural as that of a nun." "What you style unnatural," Amy retorted, "Father Mostyn often calls supernatural. But we won't argue about that. I have too many dreams of usefulness in the world to immerse myself in a convent. Old maids are not necessarily unworldly."

"May I ask who is your ideal of an old maid?" "Florence Nightingale, who did such heroic work in the Crimean war." Amy's questioner looked relieved. A nurse's life was less unnatural than a nun's, its usefulness was at least plain to every one. "You will be a nurse?" she inquired. "I should not be surprised," Amy laughed noncommittally. "If that were the end of me."

If, perchance, love ever steals on the woman who laughs at him, he comes unawares and with iron grip. Not till Allan Raeburn actually asked her to be his wife did Amy suspect that she cared for him. He was a nice boy, she had thought, and much above the ordinary young man in intelligence. If asked why she found his company and conversation so agreeable, she could have given no better reason than a woman's "Because I do." But now, as he stood before her eagerly awaiting her reply, she took a swift glance into her own heart. It told her that she loved him.

She comforted herself as one who has come into a glorious inheritance. Her head, always held high, went higher still; her step acquired a more proudly elastic spring. Gone were all her visions of unhampered work in the world. She had come into an inheritance—a woman's; she had been found and chosen by the man for whom God had made her.

Love took full vengeance for having been so long slighted. The once self-contained woman who had warned her sex against marriage, the old maid by vocation, proved as ardent a lover as any man in her teens. Old Hannah, whose share of the household was now doubled, changed her views. "Amy has gone clean daft," she grumbled. "I have all at once, she is so forgetful. Fall in love, say I, but don't go crazy over it. And she might have made a better choice. Mr. Raeburn is only a boy."

Amy's sisters, who had acted on the principle that it is every woman's duty to marry as soon as possible, were delighted. "Better late than never," was their verdict. Amy's older male friends regarded Allan as a mixture of hero and fool. He had certainly shown more heroism than they. At one time or another they had all been deeply in love with her, but none had the courage to propose. It was not that she had rebuffed them—her manner, though correct and womanly, was never stand-off or prudish. But a "something about her" which they could not for the world have defined, had checked the word they longed to utter. And they were of Amy's own age, in all respects suitable life-partners for her. Only young fools dared to step where men of discretion had feared to tread.

In all this an indication of the will of Providence. Her unfortunate engagement was seen as a temptation permitted in order to show her what she was called on to give up. God meant her to embrace with open eyes some career with which marriage would be incompatible. But a blow awaited her at home. Among the letters on her table were two from Allan. The first, dated the day of her departure for Retreat, offered her a chance of reconciliation but stipulated for a reply by return of post. The second, sent a week later, stated that, as she had taken no notice of his offer, Allan considered himself free to marry Alice Danvers. Their wedding was fixed for that day month.

For a moment she felt stunned. Why had she been away when that first letter came? Ah, she could see—her guardian angel had taken her out of the reach of temptation. Another thought helped her. Alice Danvers was not the girl of whom she had been jealous. "He is fickle," she said. "I could never have felt sure of him."

Despite Hannah's remonstrances, she offered her house rent free to her youngest sister, who had no other babies than the old dame could nurse comfortably. Then she began her training for a nurse in a hospital for children.

An eminent physician had begged the hospital authorities to allow Sister Drysdale to nurse a private case of his. "You must not," said the matron. "Sir Philip will not be denied. He has remarked your skill in children's cases several times." Amy obeyed reluctantly. Thank heaven, the child's father was not at home; he was travelling abroad for a trading firm. The child might be dead or out of danger before he returned.

Allan Raeburn's portrait stared at her from over the very bed on which the child lay. The rapidity with which the little patient was cured amazed the doctor. He did not know what was spurring the nurse's efforts. Mrs. Raeburn unconsciously emitted the situation. She talked unceasingly of her husband's kindness and affection, and read letters expressing his longing to be back with his wife and child. "I wonder," said one letter, "if Sister Drysdale is anything like the poor Amy whom I once loved so fondly."

"O God!" groaned Amy interiorly. "I can endure this no longer. Remove this cross from me, or my heart must burst." Her prayer was answered there and then. "That is only his way of teasing me," laughed Mrs. Raeburn. "He once had a boyish infatuation for a woman much older than himself—before he was old enough to know his own mind. She was more sensible than he; she saw how mistaken the engagement was, and released him from it. From a quixotic motive of honor, he wrote to her, offering to make it up, before he engaged himself to me. His relief at getting no reply convinced even him that he had never really loved her."

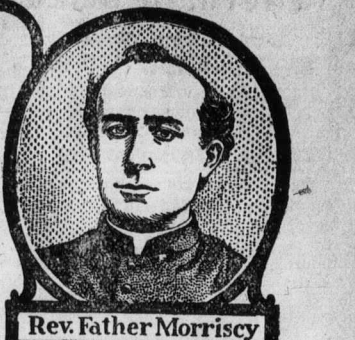
Amy left next day with a light heart, and a great peace in her soul. The way before her seemed clearer. Heaven had proclaimed more pronouncedly than ever that the love of husband and child was not for her. And it had given her a hint that she must leave the world. Sir Philip Menzies, M.D., often laments the loss of the most capable nurse he had ever met. "I can not understand such women entering convents," he said, "and thus depriving the world of their usefulness." His plaint touched on what was Amy's chief obstacle at the last. But she has now no misgiving that her life is wasted. A life of prayer and praise on the part of one called by God to it is every whit as active as that of the world's workers. And its use, though unseen, is more lasting. The prayers of a Gertrude or a Teresa, long as those saints have been dead, are what gives this sinful world its savor, and induces a daily offended God to forbear with it. And in some sweet, hidden way that runs no risk of endangering their humility, God gives the self-sacrificing votaries of His religious life a consoling knowledge of how precious their work is to Him.

A New Idea in Medicine

Which accounts for the enormous success of DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

To tear down the diseased tissues was the old principle of medicine. To cure by building up new, healthful tissues is the new method. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a splendid illustration of the new method, for it cures by increasing the quantity and quality of the blood, by creating new nerve force, and by overcoming weakness and disease with new vigor, new energy and new vitality.

The time to begin using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is when strength fails you and you find yourself out of sorts and losing health and vigor. It is easy then to get back to normal condition by using this great restorative treatment. The blood is enriched, the nerves revitalized, new firm flesh and tissue is formed, and you feel the snap of new vigor as it is being instilled into your system. Don't wait for nervous prostration or paralysis, but keep the system at high water mark. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



Father Morriscy's "No. 10" (Lung Tonic) Saved His Life

Mr. Jno. Aylward, of Campbellton, N.B., writes on Feb. 5th, 1907, telling of his narrow escape from death:

"During the winter of 1907, while travelling on the Gaspé Coast, I contracted a severe Cold which settled upon my lungs. After I returned home I wrote to Father Morriscy explaining my case. I received a letter from him with a prescription for his medicine, which could not be filled at the time here. After one week's delay I received it just in the nick of time to save my life. After one month's use I felt like a new man."

Father Morriscy's remedies are now on sale throughout Eastern Canada so that you can get "No. 10" when you need it. But it is even better to keep a bottle in the house, ready for instant use the minute you or your children show signs of a cold of any kind.

Taken at once, "No. 10" breaks up the cold quickly, and saves many a severe illness.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's.

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO. LTD., Chatham, N.B.

Old Hannah is content. She knows that her mistress is happy, and she has grown attached to her new "babies."

"I wondered," muses Father Mostyn, who was reading a "Life of St. Agnes," "what kept Amy's earlier admirers from proposing to her. I know now—it was God."—Karl Klaxton, in Bonziger's Magazine.

A GOOD MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Dose With Purgatives - A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order; that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgatives as many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true: what you need in the spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine helps make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Miss Mary Baker, Tanook, N.S., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a great blessing to me. Last year while I was attending school I became so weak and completely run down that I thought I would have to give up going to school. I was affected with dizzy spells and would fall down at any time. I got half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and before they were half gone I felt my strength returning. By the time I had used them all, the dizzy spells were completely gone, and I was again enjoying good health."

Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Catholic Paper in School.

Some of our Catholic weeklies are advocating the use of Catholic newspapers and magazines in school with a view of inculcating a love of good reading in early childhood. "I men and women grow up from childhood without ever seeing or reading a Catholic paper," says e.g. the San Francisco Monitor (Vol. LI, No. 31). "We can hardly expect to interest them very deeply in such things in later life. We must begin by 'catching youngsters,' and a good place to begin is in the school-room."

Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed For Days, Scarcely Able To Turn Herself.

Mrs. Arch. Sohane, Black Point, N.B., writes:—"For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail and tried liniments and plasters, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are a purely vegetable medicine, realizing quick, permanent relief, without any after ill effects. A medicine that will absolutely cure Backache and all forms of Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers or The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.