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MARCH 26, 1908.

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ISING FLOUR. CELEBRATED

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Rosemary for Remembrance.

I remember once telling her I would swim the Hellsspont for her sake; also that I would rescue her row the mouth of Vesuvius in eruption. If I don't mistake, I think I told her I would allow wild lions to tear me limb from himb ere one tinge of annoyance should cross he tinge of annoyance should cross he tinge of annoyance should cross he tinge of annoyance courting days, and nge of annoyance shouter face. All for her sake! That as face. All for her sake! That as in the happy courting days, and as in the happy courting days, and as add. "Charlie, dear, you're too as add."

she, cear such as a seed of the cold band said, "Charlie, dear, you're too profuse!"

Bless her! bless her! bless her! And here I am, at 2 a.m., pacing the cold linoleum, my feet bare; the compressed essence of ioys, hopes, fears, anxieties and the whole gamut of the emotions.

Golly is teething. She knows there is something wrong, I know it. She is howling, and has been for the is howling, and has been for the field wondering if Napoleon ever felt like this on the eve of one of his great battles. Up and down, down and up! I rather fancy I must have walked a hundred miles, and Phyllis is eleping so soundly. and up!. I radie the walked a hundred miles, and Phyllis walked a hundred miles, and Phyllis walked a hundred miles, and Phyllis "Do, Golly, have a sleep for a few minutes," I say to the poor kiddie. "Come, now, there's a dear." My tone is soothing, persuasive, gentle, alluring. In reply Golly raises one little fist, and, catching hold of my moustache, pulls it fierely. How I didn't drop her on the floor is a mystery. I sit at the end of the bed to rest for a moment. Has Golly discovered the secret of perpetual motion, I wonder? Or am I to become like that individual, "doomed for a certain round the complexes of the preathing." Suddenly Golly's head drops; the preathing comes

ght?" Suddenly Golly's head drops; the rying ceases; the breathing comes

Suddenly Golly's horeathing comes slowly; she is asleep.
Poor little kid, how she has sufferef! What a brute I have been to utter a word of comphaint when I ought to know that children's ailments are torturing and severe! I take her little pink hand and the little fingers. I stroke the fluffy curls, golden, beautiful, pure gold, and look at the little eyelashes bedwed with tears.

a little jovial evening at the cive where a small circle of enthusiasts would "steal a few hours from the night," and stretch the time with song and story until often the ap-proach of dawn warned us that it was certainly

she could have seen in me to win the love of that beautiful heart. Still I am anxious. She has not this world than yourself, if it comes to that. I don't want a fortune. We love each other, and that will be a great help to us."

That love was a great help; it meant everything. Phyllis was so I good and such a housekeeper, and what a knack she had of making the house pretty and turning every corner to advantage. She brought the sunshine with her into that little house. It was very tiny, but Phyllis is said we'd make it so happy that no millionaire's palace would be equal to it. God bless her. She did her share. How I looked forward to the evening, returning from the city; there was a piano open after tea, and Phyllis was singing and playsing all the music she knew I loved. Happy! The thoughts of the bachelor days and the bachelor club vanished. Where Pfyllis was happiness existed as it had never been before. The clock is ticking softly. Four

ished. Where Phyllis was happiness existed as it had never been before. The clock is ticking softly. Four o'clock! I put Golly very gently by Phyllis' side. How sweet they look mother and daughter! How I wonder, and can only wonder! Phyllis so gentle, true, faithful, uncomplaining. Her hand I place gently round Golly's neck; that hand with the little rings, tokens of affection and plighted troth.

The little engagement ring! How I smile when I think of the superb gifts of milliomaires; this little ring, we will the maid, who is accustomed to my early hours, prepares the and look at the little eyelashes bedweed with tears.

"Little Golly," I whisper to her, "sleep on, dear; daddy will take care of you."

And here I am, very much in negligee; cold, tired, and—shall I confess it?—in bad temper.

The little clock on the mantelpiece ticks softly; the hand points to three. And, for the life of me, I can't prevent my thoughts going back to my bachelor days and thinking of many a little jovial evening at the cluwhere a small circle of enthusiasts would "steal a few hours from the

The little engagement ring! How I smile when I think of the superbigits of millionaires; this little ring, so poor, so unworthy of the sweethand that was to wear it! How poor it was, and yet to buy it, show the dear girl that my affection was real and honorable, what stirting, what husbanding of sources!

be thought of. I must face the day. So I go upstairs to "brush-up" whilst the maid, who is accustomed to my early hours, prepares the breakfast.

Before descending I look again at Phyllis and Golly. Still sleeping. I sit by their sides for a moment. bear, dear Phyllis! Sweetheart, wife, mother. Oh, it's all too wenderful

down the little prane for the month and Phyllis should play, as in the happy days or yore, until twilight deepened into the evening shadows, and our thoughts would go back to the happy incidents of those most

bornembrance.

I ple, charming, unaffected.
The struggle was a fierce one and it may be a seen to haunt the memory.
And over the piano are some photographs of Phyllis at different income said: "Pull backe don't be world than the memory.
And over the piano are some photographs of Phyllis at different income and it may be a seen the produces and it is a seen to sake bet to engage nerself. Cover and place in the seen that I am a seen the produces and it is a seen to sake bet to engage nerself. Cover and place in the seen that I am a seen the produces and it is a seen that I am a seen the produces and it is a seen that I am a seen the produces and it is a seen that I am a seen that

HARRY FERRARS."

pet robin had come through the window and was hopping about the table picking up the crumbs.

I hadn't been dozing after dozing after my
1 had not fallen

morning pipe; I had not fallen asleep last evening and remained in the chair all night, and now woke

Golly. Already it appears before my view, The simple thatch roof; the trees forming a natural bower; the well-trimmed hedges, the bee-hives, the little flower garden, and then away the glorious ocean.

And then my Phyllis will regain the beatth curvended by the roses.

And then my Phyllis will regain her health, surrounded by the roses and the dear wild flowers; and Golly will play all day with the dog and the ca't and the kittens.

And the piano! Phyllis shall play in the evening time all the sweet songs she sings with such art and laste.



THE one thing for which young folks leave home is amusement. If you give them the best form of amusement in their own homes, they will stay there. The pest form of amusement is furnished by the Edison Phonograph. It sings the songs they like to hear, gives them the monologues and dialogues of clever/comedians, plays the music they are fond of and renders waltzes that set their feet a-tripping.

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Hear the new Phonograph with the big horn at the nearest Edison store, or write for catalogue.

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Hope on, Hope Ever.

The fact that the opening of the The fact that the opening of the session would witness in parliament the presence of a united Irish Party has naturally produced in Ireland feelings of the deepest gratification, says William O'Brien in his Irish People, and we can assure the old warrior that satisfaction is none the less deepested in This country. warrior that satisfaction is more the less deep-scated in this country, where for so many years Irishmen have been hoping against hope that in the old land the discordant factional spirit might be supplanted by united effort for the welfare of the little isle from which so many of the country record have been exiled.

the chair all night, and now woke up with strange dreams?

The open letter, the foreign postmark: "Pay Charles Parker, Esq., or order, one thousand pounds!" Aladdin and the wonderful lamp and all the fairy stories vanish at one moment.

Then Phyllis and Golly! Now I could put all my schemes and thoughts into execution. Dear wife and sweetheart, your patience, your uncomplaining, your generous sacrifice, your devotion, your love shall be repaid with generous interest. That little farmhouse! Before the week is over she shall be there with Golly. Already it appears before my view, The simple thatch roof, the trees forming a natural bower, the weekles in the large of the week is over the state of the man and Canada, and every English-speaking country in the world only at home do we see the saddening spectacle of men who have the abblitty to be in better business rank-ling and sowing seeds of discord, a Only at home do we see the saddening spectacle of men who have the
ability to be in better business rankling and sowing seeds of discord, a
condition which has made Ireland an
object for the world's ridicule.

And now once more the hope
field out that these conditions are
to be buried; that the men of big

to be buried; that the men of one brain and generous heart will work together; that Catholic and Protestant will join hands; that petty bickerings will cease and that all will unite in another effort to redeem from her thraidom the land that

The control of the discovery of the control of the

The Catholic Indian.

"The present status of the Catholic Indian problem is the very "soul of the problem that confronts "the missionary to them," says the Rev. H. G. Ganss in a comparison between the Catholic and the Government Indian schools. "However praiseworthy the attitude of the Administration toward its Catholic ment Indian schools. "However praiseworthy the attitude of the Administration toward its Catholic Indian wards, sympathetic as are its relations with the Catholic Indian Schools, the Government school can only partially meet the requirements of the Catholic conscience, because of the Catholic conscience, because of the absence of any definite religious teaching in its system. The Catholic Indian school demands our generous support. The Society for the Proservation of the Fath among Indian children should become a fractional organization, with membership in every Catholic home. The Indian problem is drawing to a close. As a national problem it remains unsolved. Commissioner Leupp declares that 'the day of the reservation is passing, and the future of the Indian lies in individual effort.' The abolition of the reservation is preservation is preservation of the Indian as a race. The concentrated efforts of the missionary and teacher should only the missionary and teacher should the missionary and teacher should The concentrated efforts race. The concentrated efforts of the missionary and teacher should be, then, to fit him for amalgaination with the mass of the people. Another generation will close the last chapter of the Indian as a Nation."

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from feet with Holloway's Corn C. Reader, go thou and do likewise.