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Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first  
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cretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-  
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-  
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 26,  
not reserved, may be homesteaded by  
any person who is the sole head of a  
family, or any male over 17 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 homesteader is required to per-  
form the conditions connected there-  
with 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  
with 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 resi-  
dence upon said land.  
Six months' notice in writing  
should be given the Commissioner of  
Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of in-  
tention to apply for patent.  
W. W. COBY,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.  
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of  
this advertisement will not be paid for.

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SHOULD APPLY TO  
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The Wrong Basket Trunk.

How a Strange Disappearance Was the Means of Solving a Mystery.

"And what is your dress like, Ethel?" Miss Wilmot questioned, but without much eagerness. That, however, Ethel Lane did not notice. "It is beautiful! and, dear Miss Wilmot, I can't say how grateful I am to you for taking me in. The Danbys are simply crowded."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," Miss Wilmot assented. "You say Mrs. Danby is to call for you?"

"Yes, of course. Mamma wouldn't allow me to go to a fancy dress ball unchaperoned," the young girl laughed, as she helped herself to another piece of cake, "and she knew also that you never go out much, Miss Wilmot."

"No, my dear; one can't go about much on crutches," Miss Wilmot smiled and added, "The Town Hall will scarcely accommodate the crowd."

"Is it large?"

"Very large; but the ball, being given for a charitable purpose, will draw a large crowd; and the Duchess of Bellmont, who is patroness, is very popular."

"I have never been at a ball before," Ethel said.

"Lucky you!" the elder lady commented. "I almost envy you."

Ethel finished her tea and cake, and leaned back in her chair.

"The Danby girls are to be dressed as flowers—Christina as a rose, Maud as a lily. I am to be a dandelion."

"A dandelion!"

"Yes, the idea is new. My frock is of yellow silk, covered over with white chiffon, and trimmed with the yellow flowers and white fluffy 'o'clocks,' Miss Wilmot."

"O'clocks!"

"Yes, the children call them so. Won't you come upstairs, and see it?"

Miss Wilmot mounted the stairs with the aid of her crutch and stick. She had been a governess in her youth, and a lucky windfall in the shape of a legacy from a distant relative added to her own modest savings, enabled her to live in moderate comfort. She rented a small cottage not far from Danby Hall, and this fact had been remembered only when the Danby girls had written to their school-fellow telling her of the fancy ball, and regretting their inability to give her house room. Then Mrs. Lane recalled that Miss Wilmot and she were remotely connected, and a letter had been written to the ex-governess, who responded by sending a cordial invitation to Ethel.

The girl knelt down by a large basket trunk and proceeded to open it. Suddenly she gave a gasp.

"What is it, my dear?" Miss Wilmot asked.

"Oh, look, look!" Ethel cried, pointing to the basket, wherein reposed a plentiful collection of baby garments—white frocks, elaborately trimmed, hoods and bonnets, soft, fluffy, knitted socks and boots, besides a numerous lot of pinafores and two or three white shawls. "Oh, look, Miss Wilmot!"

Miss Wilmot peered into the basket.

"Aren't these for a baby, an infant?" she questioned doubtfully, touching the frocks. "You can't wear these! How did you bring them?"

"I didn't bring them. It's a mistake, a wretched mistake! There was a lady and child in the carriage with me. The lady must have taken my basket. Oh, dear!"

"Oh, I see."

"She wouldn't notice the mistake. I suppose the baskets were alike. And I don't know her name nor anything about her." Ethel was tearful. "Now I shall miss the ball."

"I am afraid so," Miss Wilmot assented.

"Yes, it is five o'clock, and Mrs. Danby was to call for me at eight. There is no chance of my basket turning up inside three hours," Ethel moaned.

"No," remarked Miss Wilmot, and sat still, looking at the disappointed young face at her feet. "Poor little girl!" she said to herself. "Poor, foolish little girl! Life holds greater disappointments than this for you, I fear. Still it is a very real one now."

A minute or two passed, and then

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand The Price."

Mr. J. B. Ruak, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and tried many different remedies but obtained little or no benefit. A friend advised me to give your Laxa-Liver Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried so many 'cure alls' that I was tired paying out money for things giving me no benefit. He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you, I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best I ever used. They gave relief which has had a more lasting effect than any medicine I have ever used, and the beauty about them is, they are small and easy to take. I believe them to be the best medicine for Liver Trouble there is to be found."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

The J. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

girl, and an extremely good dancer, she had no lack of partners. When a grave-faced man was presented to her just before supper she glanced at her programme, and began an apology.

"But, Miss Lane," Guy Thorne interrupted. "Mr. Leigh doesn't wish for a dance. If you have one to spare give it to me. Walter can't dance."

"Oh!" Ethel let her programme fall. Guy Thorne had been introduced to her early in the evening, and had danced several times with her.

"But he does want to know where you got your fan," Guy said, and then Walter Leigh intervened.

"Don't think I asked out of impertinent curiosity, Miss Lane," he said. "A fan like that once belonged to a lady that I should like to know of."

"Miss Wilmot?" Ethel interrupted. "Yes. Do you know anything of her?" Walter inquired anxiously.

"She lives a few miles away," and Ethel told of her lost ball-dress in a few quick sentences.

Next day Walter waited on Miss Wilmot with the final result that all law proceedings against the validity of his uncle's will were dropped, and in due time Mount Royal became his home. Now and then Miss Wilmot visits him and his wife; and on such occasions Guy Thorne and Mrs. Thorne, near Ethel Lane, are asked to meet her.

**The Tail of a Comet.**  
(Chicago Tribune.)

The "three billion leagues of tail" of a comet puzzles the astronomers. Of the various theories that have been put forward to account for the repulsion of comets' tails, besides the electrical theories, probably the most popular ascribes the streaming away from the sun to the effect of light pressures. When radiation of any kind, sunlight or the heat from a fire, falls on a surface it exerts a pressure on that surface tending to drive it back.

Light pressures must act, and probably acts powerfully on the minute particles which constitute a comet's tail, but a careful analysis of the strange motions and transformations taking place have convinced many astronomers that other forces are at work modifying, and in some cases increasing, the repulsion. The envelopes of a comet are wreaths or veils thrown out towards the sun and flowing away on each side. They are not like the streamers from the nucleus, for they seem quite detached, forming an arch over the head. A fountain, consisting of a large number of jets of water in different directions shows a sort of dome, which when seen sideways exactly imitates the envelope of a comet.

It is not merely a bounding surface beyond which none of the water is projected. The arch is thickened along this surface. When the water is turned on fuller the arch rises. If it is turned off gradually it sinks, but if it is turned off suddenly the arch does not subside, but vanishes. The water subsides, but the thickening vanishes.

Prof. A. S. Eddington, of Great Britain, thinks it can hardly be doubted that the envelopes of a comet are formed in this way. The explosion from which the envelope results throws out matter with fairly uniform speed in all directions, this matter being under the influence of the solar repulsion, just as in the analogous case the water was under gravitation.

Whatever may be the true cause of the phenomena of comets' tails, it is at least clear that the source



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It is no ordinary remedy that saves a man after doctors and friends have given up hope of his recovery from that dread disease, consumption. Yet there are well known cases where Father Morrissey's "No. 10" has done this. Mr. Miles Maroney, of Blissfield, N.B., was one of the fortunate ones. He writes:

"As a patient of Father Morrissey's I would thank you for an opportunity of giving expression to the benefits I have received from his prescriptions and medicines, not on one occasion, but at different times. Some eight years ago I had occasion to apply to the Rev. gentleman for treatment for lung trouble which proved to be of a serious nature; so serious was my case that my friends looked upon my recovery as almost hopeless, but after his treatment I am thankful to say that to-day I am in perfect health."

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.  
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of the power which forms them and which directs them is to be found in the sun. The exceptional activity of Halley's comet may be due to the physical state of the sun at the time rather than to the constitution of the object itself.

**To Use Famous Church.**  
The Church of San Silvestro in Capite, one of the most famous edifices in the Eternal City, has been placed at the disposal of the Knights of Columbus during their stay in Rome on the occasion of the pilgrimage to be made next August under the auspices of the original corporators of the order.

This privilege was made known in a letter to Professor J. C. Monaghan from the Rev. Robert L. MacNeely, now acting rector of the church. Father MacNeely is the only known Catholic priest, now residing in Rome who is a member of the order.

**Taft to Honor St. Patrick.**  
President O'Taft is going to honor the birthday of St. Patrick by going to Chicago, where the Irish Fellowship Club is to give a big banquet that night. It is understood that the President is to have the "O" officially placed before his name at the banquet.

**Catholics to Aid Indians and Negroes**  
Much interest was expressed on Sunday last at the fact that in all the Catholic churches in the United States there was read at the masses and vesper services an appeal signed by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Farley of New York, in the name of the Catholic hierarchy in America, for aid in the work of evangelizing the Indians and negroes of that country.

The appeal set forth that there was an especially great opportunity

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Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. No great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three plus treat the trade mark price 25 cents.

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