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### LIVER COMPLAINT.

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## A Voice from the Void.

By Marion J. Brunowe, in The Christian Family.

For a full minute there was plete silence in the room. In the hearts of the sisters seated side by side, a conflict was going on. They were great contrasts, these two girls, daughters of the same mother, yet in face, form or feature not bearing the slightest resemblance.

Margaret was tall and rather dark,

The liver is the largest gland in the body; it office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels—causing them to become bound and contive. The symptons are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc

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perhaps not strictly beautiful in the

was purhaps as settled ar a min of large of the constitutions to the discrete to whom her sister was about 10 intrust the fill in the properties of the control of the constitutions of the control of th

The girls had been bereft of their mother at an early age, and though Margaret was the senior by but three years, yet her different character and the sense of responsibility thus thrust upon her as her father's companion, housekeeper, and the protector and guide of her little sister, the last charge bequeathed by The girls had been bereft of their mother at an early age, and though Margaret was the senior by but three years, yet her different character and the sense of responsibility thus thrust upon hef as her father's companion, housekeeper, and the protector and guide of her little sister, the last charge bequeathed by the dying mother, had made her rather old for her years and observant

PART I.

"Rose, I have something to say to your can you spare me a few minutes before retiring?" And Miss Carrigan, coming into her sister's dressing-room, placed herself on the sofa beside her.

"Oh, of course," was the slightly petulant answer; "but please, Margaret, don't lecture."

The other looked at her a moment is slence; them:
"Dearest," she said, "was not that Mr. Harper whom I heard going just now?"

"It was," returned Rose, rather shortly.

Margaret hesitated a moment before shortly.

Margaret hesitated a moment before shortly.

Margaret hesitated a moment before shortly but her clear, pale complexion, coal adjustified, even at times somewhat reserved manner acred for her among some of the would-be admirers the appellation."

And if Miss Carrigan was a Juno, Miss Rose Carrigan, to be fanciful, resembled from the distributions so constantly?"

"Hon't want to lecture, as you call it, or seem over-particular, but—but—is it honorable to treat him so, to accept his attentions so constantly?"

"I don't want to lecture as you call it, or seem over-particular, but—but—is it honorable about it," was the answer.

"You know, you and Mr. Harper can never be anything dishonorable about it," was the answer.

"You know, you and Mr. Harper can never be anything to each other."

"You are mistaken, Margaret, Mr. Harper and I are everything to each other."

"Rose!"

"Rose!"

"Rose!"

"Rose! I have something to say to your mistaken, Margaret, and the protector and guide of her little she that the protector and guide of her little she that the protector and guide of her little she starting and observant of the womanly person, complete, and the protector and but her protector

tasteful to Margaret, she fell to tapping the carpet nervously with the toe of her little slipper, once or twice glancing deprecatingly toward her sister. Margaret however, sat rigid as a statue looking straight out before her. The younger girl's lips formed themselves into a pout, and she slipped noiselessly to the floor at her sister's feet.

she shipped noiselessiy to the hoor at her sister's feet.

"Meg," she implored in a caressing voice, "O darling Meg; look at me; give me a kiss; say you are glad." And she pressed her cheek against the other's hand.

Margaret stooped, lifted her, for she was but a fairy weight, and

she was but a fairy weight, and strained her to her bosom while hot tears fell upon her bright hair. But

cears fell upon her bright hard. See she could not yet command her voice enough to speak.

"I think you are cruel," said Rose plaintively; "I feel so strange and bowildered; you might be kind to me Mes."

As she spoke she trembled violent-ly and pressed closer to her sister. Margaret encircled her pet more tightly and bending her head kissed

her.
"My little sister," she said in a tone of infinite tenderness, "I wish you happiness, but, O Rosie, have you not been rash? Do you really The last words seemed wrung from her as by a tremendous effort. Rose lifted a face now wreathed in

"You dear, darling, over-anxious girl, such a question! Why, of course I love George. Do I not look hap-py? Come now, con't look such a handsome tragedy queen but wish me every toy. Indeed." she finished up.

tence. "And no religion."

"Well," asserted Rose, a little defiantly, "that is better than a false
religion. It will make him more
tolerant to me, for 1 suppose he will
allow me to practice mine."

"You suppose!" Margaret's voice
was charged with a vibrating indignation.

Rose was moved beyond her wont

Rose was moved beyond her wont, and for a moment remained quite silent, softly returning the mute caress. Then there was a relapse into her former mood.

"You dear old Meg," she said, stroking her sister's cheek, "I wish it had been a Catholic—to please you, but."—looking up archly, "do we know any Catholic gentlemen? Could you have me lose my heart to our butcher, our milkman, even granting I should find favor in the eyes of those gentlemen? Ah, no, my high and mighty Meg; some day you will do just as I have done, and then—"She held up one finger in playful menace.

menace.

Margaret shook her head; she could not treat the affair in this light spirit. Besides part of Rose's assertion was quite correct. In this little New England town they numbered not one Catholic in the circle of their acquaintances.

ret, who had at one time some very fiantly, "that is better than a false religion. It will make him more tolerant to me, for I suppose he will allow me to practice mine."

"You suppose!" Margaret's voice was charged with a vibrating indignation.

"O dear!" exclaimed the younger girl with childish abandon, "you are dreadfully disagreeable, Meg. Of course Mr. Harper—I mean Georgewill allow me to do just as I please. Perhaps I shall even make a Catholic of him yet. At all events it's time enough to talk of troublesome things after marriage."

Margaret could not repress a heavy sigh. ardent, rather socialistic ideas as to

Margaret could not repress a heavy sigh.

"God keep you, my darling," she said, as her arm stole around her sister's waist, "and forgive me if I seem unkind or wanting in sympathy. It is only my love, if you will believe it, which makes me appear so."

"But Margaret.

And now, while not approving, yet she could not consistently blame Rose for her choice. In her prayers that night she was fain to place, as had ever been her habit, all fears for the future in the hands of "One without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falleth." But her heart was beavy.

Six months later a quiet home wedding was celebrated under the Carrigan roof. The bridal pair stood beneath a bell of illies at the far end of the flower bedecked parlors while the ceremony was performed by the parish priest of St.

The usual promises required of the prospective bridegroom on such occasions had been solemnly sworn to. George Harper was pledged to refrain from any interference in his wife's practicing of her religion, or with her perfect freedom in the religious training of their children.

"All now depends upon you alone, Rose," Margaret had said; "and who knows, my dearest, what your example, combined with the grace of God, may do for your husband?"