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**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY**—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Vev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Birmingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. P. Lloyd, Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

**Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

ANY unoccupied 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 say male over 18 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 wife, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months residence upon cultivation of the land in each 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 residence upon said land.
- (3) Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

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

**Cocoa**  
Let the children drink all they want. Healthful, nutritious, delightful.  
Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor.  
Very economical.

**Neglected Opportunities**  
A Dream

(By Austin Oates, K. S. G., in Rosary Magazine.)

I. IS THIS DEATH?  
The last thing I seemed to remember was Father — pressing the crucifix to my quivering lips. Every body and everything around me was blurred and shadowy. I knew my mother was in the room and by my side, for her feverish hand glowed within the damp and chilly coldness of mine. There was a feeling of stiffness and numbness creeping over my limbs and body, a heaviness over the eyelids, and at long and painful intervals heavily drawn and labored breathings came from the chest. I just remember the beginning of the last—it seemed to break off in a fit of faintness, for all then became very dark and very still.

II. WHITHER?  
Up—up—up! I seemed to be soaring through clouds of wondrous brilliancy, dazzling in their radiance. All was hazy, vaporous, and dark beneath. On either side of me was an angel, with wings expanded, clothed in soft, white, trailing robes, with golden bands encircling their brows. Their hands, outstretched, seemed more to be guiding my body than supporting it. I scanned with awe and furtive glance their bright, pure faces. That of the one on my left wore a stern, cold, impassive air, while that of the one on my right, whose presence I felt to be closer than that of the angel on my left, bore a sad and anxious expression. My lips sought to give utterance to what was agitating my mind—Whither were they taking me? but they seemed sealed. Again I glanced at those mystic countenances and through my eyes I sought to ask what my lips refused to do. The angel on my left gave no sign; his visage remained inscrutable. The one on my right raised a finger to his lips and gravely, nay, sadly, inclined his head onwards.

Yet there was solace in the glorious, radiant light through which we floated; solace in the darkness beneath, fast fading from our sight. Surely we were leaving all sorrow and suffering behind. I wondered, wondered in a half-dreamy, dazed condition, where purgatory could be. It could not be very close, for the air was balmy and buoyant, the temperature was mild and soft. Yet, that sad, pensive expression on the face of the angel on my right was a disturbing factor in this restful reverie of mine, nor was there any consolation to be derived from the impassive features of the one on my left. There was no doubt that I was in good, if somewhat sad, company. Somehow their faces did not lead me to think that they shared this feeling.

III. A CHANGE OF SCENE.  
Imperceptibly we glided from these clouds of dazzling brilliancy into those of vivid violet, at first lustrous and luminous, but momentarily closing in upon us and shutting out the glorious sunshine. They grew in intensity and depth as if the heavens were veiled for Lent. Suddenly we ceased to move. Two angels barred the way to what appeared to be a rift in the purple pall enshrouding us. There came through its vaporous mists occasional gleams of deep yellow light—not a gladsome light, but a dim, awe-inspiring light. Again my eyes sought those of my celestial guides. The one on my left was conversing with the other, barring our further progress. The one on my right was still close to me, and even now pensive, gazing at me from time to time with sad and concerned mien. But there was something soft and sympathizing in those bright, gentle eyes as they left mine to gaze into the rift in the clouds before us.

IV. BEFORE ST. PETER.  
The rift suddenly grew larger; the clouds parted and lifted. We moved slowly forward into regions of darker, duller hue, of color deep violet, with yellow rays of light gleaming on us from above. Seated immediately before me was St. Peter, clothed in robes of white and violet. His visage was solemn almost to sternness. At his feet sat two angels supporting a ponderous volume, closed and clasped. On its cover, in letters clear and bold, I read my name. On St. Peter's right was a pair of wondrous scales; one of dazzling gold, the other of dulled lead. Their balance was even and equal. Near them stood an angel arrayed in white, a blood-red sash across his breast. Before him with in easy reach, lay in two heaps apart, weights of gold and weights of lead. To the left sat two more angels, one with an open volume richly gilt, with pages of immaculate whiteness; the other also held a volume, but its cover was of black, and its yet unwritten pages were of a gruesome yellow tint. From my recumbent position, without any effort or initiative of mine own, I rose to one upright, and for the first time became conscious that I was in my grave clothes. The angel that was on my left had gone, —whither I knew not. The one on my right was still with me, and I felt his hand on my shoulder; the pressure was gentle, yet firm and friendly. The two angels at St. Peter's feet looked up at him, and he inclined his head solemnly to them. Those with their books took them up, and seemed preparing to write, and the angel of the scales came nearer to the weights.

V. PICTURES OF THE PAST—DAWN.  
The great, ponderous book before me was slowly unclasped, and on its contents my eyes were instinctively and instantly riveted. Then flashed before me with a vividness and distinctness of actual life pictures of my first days and childhood. There is a puny infant receiving a mother's first kiss, as she lies pale and weak in bed, with strength scarce sufficient to make the sign of the cross on the puckered little forehead, and to beck a white and blue ribbon with Our Lady's medal attached. . . . There is the creamy whiteness trimmed with silken ribbons of skyblue hue, with neck and chest bared, he is seen held over the baptismal font to be made a child of Holy Church. . . . Something was dropped into the scales. The one of lead rose slowly, as that of gold sank gently. The angel of the book with spotless leaves was writing. . . . The infant has become the child in the following picture. He kneels beside his mother's knee, his tiny hands clasped together, held in hers, and his little rosy lips are prettily lipping out a prayer that God may make him a good boy, and "bless dear dadda and mamma." . . . Again something is dropped into the scales and the golden one sinks gently lower. . . . Again they are together. He is seated on her lap, his curly head nestled to her breast; she is gazing wistfully into a book of many pictures and he listens with wondering face to the story of Bethlehem. . . . Again in church, beside the professional, his little loving, innocent heart full of sorrow for childhood's waywardness, aglow with hope and confidence in the sweet and gentle mercy and compassion of his Saviour. His mother kneels behind him, her eyes bathed in tears, with soul and heart united in beseeching the Divine Redeemer to watch over and guide that boy of hers through life's perilous journey. . . . Again the golden scale sinks as the child leaves the confessional, and the angel of the book with spotless leaves is busy writing.

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VI. CREEPING SHADOWS.  
Picture succeeds picture, revealing incidents long lost to memory. He leaves home for college, struggling to keep back the tears which those streaming down his mother's sweet, sad face force to his, notwithstanding all he does to try to be, as his father bids him be, a man. He is at college now, where little troubles, temptations and temptations come first as creeping shadows o'er the bright and joyous pictures of schoolboy life. But soon to these shadows no longer, but specks like unto those of dust and dirt, dimming and blurring the sunshine of a life but yesterday so pure and full of promise. The angel of the scales is busier now. Alas! the golden scale rises; the one of lead sinks slowly but surely, and the angel of the book of gruesome yellow tint is writing fast. Through the violet, vaporous mist, close to the angel of the scale, a horrid face of cadaverous hue looms into sight. His eyes are of fire, fierce and piercing in the awful intensity with which they watch the rise and fall of the swaying scales. Now aglow with devilish glee, as weight after weight falls into the fast-descending leaden scale; now hatefully glaring, as the golden scale seeks feebly to sink. Look on that face I cannot. I dare not; I turn again in fear and trembling to that endless, pitiless picture-record of my life.

VII. GATHERING OF THE CLOUDS.  
Launched on life's way now. Aye, such a way! Through other eyes now, from other standpoints, do I view those scenes once so bright and fascinating and alluring. Every picture reveals neglect of God in homage and service to Himself, in duty to myself, to my neighbor. All is self—self—self! My service to Him? A Mass begrudged on Sundays, assisted at more for the sake of appearances than for ought else. Those morning and night prayers learned and liped at my mother's knee no longer found a place in my heart, never passed my lips. My college confraternities? Memories of an all-absorbing love of and indulgence in pleasures, selfish, sordid, and oftentimes vicious. My duty to myself? To stand well with the world and in the world. Work? Yes, for it brought money, and money pleasure. My duty to my neighbor? To make use of him if wealthy and keen on pleasure, to leave him alone if he was not. Pleasures! What mockeries!

VIII. A RAY OF SUNSHINE.  
Will they never cease? Is there no bright spot to relieve those maddening, torturing pictures of the past? Eh, here comes one—all bright and light. What does it reveal? A deathbed. A sister's. Yes, I remember. Her life was one long agony, borne with sweet patience and ever smiling face. It is over now. She lies there at rest with the rosary I gave her clasped in those thin, cold fingers that so often told those beads for me. I am at her bedside, sobbing as I never sobbed before and never since. Her loving prayer has at length been heard, though not on earth does she hear those promises of mine. Promises made! Kept! As the flowers on her grave faded and withered away, so did those promises fade and wither away.

IX. LEADEN SKIES.

Oh, I know, you don't know him. He was the door-keeper at my church, collector for the Crusade of Children fund, a member of the Holy Family, besides being one of the best workers I had in the Boys' Club. Well, poor fellow, he has gone. God rest his soul! Every spare moment he gave really to God in one good work or another. His steady, steadfast observance of his self-imposed duties was praiseworthy in the extreme and productive of good that few can realize. A truer, more generous-hearted Catholic never breathed.

"So Tim Cochrane found time to give you practically all his Sunday mornings and evenings; also to cover a collecting district; also to attend the Holy Family once a week; also to give a hand in the management of your Boys' Club? Who is going to take his place? You'll miss him, I should think."

X. A RIFT IN THE STORM.  
But one more picture remains. It shows me on my bed of sickness, racked with bodily pain, distraught with mental anguish. There's light at last. Oh, God be thanked! It pierces that fearsome darkness, it comes from the crucifix held to my lips by Father. It falls upon my mother, as, with head bowed down, fervent, sobbing prayers leave her lips that God may yet be merciful.

XI. THE STORM.  
The book is closed. Those scales, how hang they! No need to look. A yell of fiendish gloe bursts in upon the solemn silence. That hideous, cadaverous face breaks through the vaporous mists, with long, bony arms outstretched towards me, and in a voice of thunder hurls forth: "He's mine! he's mine! Look! Look! The scale doth give him to me." All turned, he gave him to me. All eyes turned from me gave those of the monster as he advances unchecked to clutch me. Back, back I reel. I sink, and sinking, feel the firm, strong grip of the angel by my side, and then—

XII. AWAKENING.  
"Come in. What is that you, Father? It is but seldom you favor me with a visit. Pray sit down."  
"I am afraid I have awakened you from nap."  
"Well, yes, I was asleep, and dreamt a dream—I would not care to dream again if I lived a hundred years."  
"Ever out of order, perhaps," said Father.  
"No, it wasn't the liver. But what gives me the pleasure of your visit? To scold or to beg? Have been to my Easter duties!"  
"It is a relief to hear you say so. My visit should be to scold, but with you it is generally a waste of time. To beg is not quite so forlorn a hope. Tim Cochrane has just died."

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AT WORK IN 3 WEEKS

\$4 Worth of Father Morrissy's "No. 7" Cured Her of Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Mrs. Agnes Edgar, of Grand Falls, N.B., had a terrible time with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Anyone who has had this most painful disease will understand her suffering—and her joy when she found Father Morrissy's "No. 7" had cured her. She says:

"I took Father Morrissy's Prescription for Inflammatory Rheumatism. I had suffered everything with it, but in three weeks after starting Father Morrissy's Prescription I was able to do my work, and after taking four dollars worth of medicine I was well. I highly recommend it any sufferer with Rheumatism."

Rheumatism comes from bad kidneys. The poisonous Uric Acid which they should remove stays in the blood, accumulates in joints and muscles, and causes agony. Father Morrissy's "No. 7" puts the kidneys right, removes the Uric Acid from the blood and the whole system, and cures the Rheumatism. For a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissy Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 63

with the Kaiser's political enemies? That is what a hundred secret agents of the imperial court are trying to find out. But Teddy will not permit any restrictions to be placed on his conduct in Berlin or Rome. He is the infant terrible of the world; will William make him subsist as did Pius? When on one occasion the King of England had Sheridan with him at table he expected the Irishman to entertain the company with his matchless wit and wonderful repartee. Sheridan was glum and refused to be drawn out; whereupon the King slapped him in the face. Not in the least ruffled the Irishman slapped his next neighbor, in like manner, and told him to "pass it on; His Majesty sent it." Teddy slapped the Young Egyptians in Cairo; he cuffed the Methodists in Rome; he jabbed the French in Paris—will the treat be passed on to the Germans? Like O'Loughlin, we cannot go bail for Teddy's good behavior, and however much we should regret a refusal of the Kaiser to see him, we do not see how without a previous pledge an audience can be accorded. After the visit to Berlin we can form a better estimate of Teddy's independence. But if he delivers his lecture to the phlegmatic Teuton he can come home with the proud European lions in their royal dens, just as he brought down the African lions in their jungles; but one regret he will carry to his grave, and that is, he missed the chance of his life to lecture the Pope. Opportunity knocked at Teddy's door once, and then passed on never to return more.

King Edward's Visit to French Nuns

Last week it was noted that a fortnight before his death King Edward was a visitor at Lourdes, where his respectful attitude made a very favorable impression upon the pilgrims assembled there. During the same sojourn in the South of France, the late monarch of England visited the Monastery of Notre Dame at Anjou. His Majesty was most anxious to know all the details of the community life, and was extremely kind and gracious in his manner. The superiors showed the King the chapel and the workrooms where embroidery is so skillfully executed by the nuns and interested the royal visitor by exhibiting various articles in fur made by the Sisters after directions given to them by the late Queen Victoria. Her Majesty then remarked the fine white rabbits of which the community possessed such a large number, and she inquired what was done with the fur of these animals. Mother Isabelle said it was sold as a thing of little value, whereupon the Queen herself gave the community full instructions as to how the fur could be converted into most useful articles suitable for wear. Since then the nuns, by following these directions, have been most successful in manufacturing ties and stoles out of the fur of the rabbits.

At the conclusion of his visit to the Monastery of Notre Dame his Majesty walked across to the convent of the Bernardines.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to this convent she arrived as the nuns were going to Vespers. She assisted at the office, and was so impressed by the chanting of the Litany that she asked the Sisters to send her a copy of the music. She then visited the chapel known as "La Chapelle de Faillie," and prayed there also. A tablet recalls this fact, and it also states that the chapel has been likewise visited by the Emperor Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie, the Infanta of Spain and Queen Natalie of Servia.

The Sisters of the Bernardine community were presented to the King. Canon Etchebarne explained to his Majesty the rule they follow, and that they observed a perpetual silence. At the conclusion of the royal visit the canon addressed the nuns as follows:

"The King of England has graciously come to visit you to-day, dear Sisters. I know you will pray for him and all his family."

The Bernardines then knelt down and kissed the ground, a custom of the order when the members leave the presence of a superior. This act of humility touched King Edward visibly, and many of his suite were also deeply moved and impressed.

Words sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

**Sayings.**  
AMBIGUOUS.  
Mr. Myers, this is . . .  
to keep out of hands."  
y to hear that!"—  
let.  
MANAGEMENT.  
is a good manager,  
should say so. She  
of hers practically  
for nothing."  
manage it?"  
the carpenter-  
work was finish-  
broke it off and  
ber."  
HABIT.  
break your engage-  
school-teacher?"  
show up at her  
of, she expected me  
excuse signed by  
PROCESS.  
ried one day,  
five-year-old,  
a saving deposi-  
put her pennies  
her educated, to  
her into violent  
"I won't be  
"Hurts?" "I  
you mean?" "I  
they take a  
our arm and I  
take my money  
DATE.  
le, tell us one  
in. Roman  
a date.  
went to Egypt  
with Cleopatra.