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RER Established in 1860. stering. Repairs of

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ters, and their heavy fragrance filled the summer air.
How delicious it is just to be alive a day like this!" she said, letting her eyes roam over the scene. "But there! I promised to make up that history during vacation." And into the sitting-room she ran, and was just coming out with her books to go back to her nook in the greenwood, when Martha, the maid, accepted her.

wood, when harting, the flatt, accosted her care in a constel her.

"Your mother says you'd better pick a basket of cherries and bring them over to Mrs. Burns. She's promised her some, and the cherries are racher catching up on her now."

Alice drew a little sigh of regret as he looked at her books. Then she said to herself, as the maid had gone on, "Well, Mrs. Burns should have the cherries, that's sure, even if the history does have to wait a while. There's another good long time of vacation yet." And she tossed her books on the doorstep beside her brother Bobby. them over to Mrs. Burns. She's promised her some, and the cherries are racher catching up on her now."

Alice drew a little sigh of regret as she looked at her books. Then she said to herself, as the maid had gone on, "Well, Mrs. Burns should have the cherries, that's sure, even if the history does have to wait a while. There's another good long time of vacation yet." And she tossed her books on the doorstep beside her brother Bobby.

A little later she was busy filling a basket.

When the basket was filled, she looked in through the sitting-room window where her mother was busy at the sewing nachine. "I shall be back at supper-time, mother."

"I would," said the mother, and she smiled as she added, "there will be cherry pie, you know."

Alice laughed and nodded.

A few moments later, she placed a basketul of luscious cherries on Mrs. Burns kitchen table.

"It's a sight for sore eyes," exclaimed Mrs. Burns, and the gentle will lake looked up at the girl's."

"Care?" Her blue eyes were swim-

basketful of luscious cherries on Mrs. Burns' kitchen table.

"it's a sight for sore eyes," exclaimed Mrs. Burns, and the gentle old lady looked up at the girl's pleasant, strong face for a moment before she spoke again. "And to have you come is just such another sight for sore eyes, Alice," she added. Alice laughed quietly and tossed her outing hat from her.

The pretty flowered cushion in Mrs. Burns' big rocker by the open window beckoned a comfortable welcome to Alice, and she sank gratefully down. At the window on the other side of the table Mrs. Burns sat with her patchwork fallen into her lap, as she leaned over the bask et of ox-hearts.

"It's a sight for sore eyes," exclaimed Mrs. Burns watched for you, Uncle Jack, let me tell you are my Uncle Jack, let me tell you are my Uncle Jack, let me tell you the latchstring has always been out or you!"

"Then I think we will be going," said the other, picking up his hat. "She tells the truth, does she!" he asked, turning to Mrs. Burns.

"Alice Barbour always tells the truth, said the other.

The girl laughed. "Oh, how we have watched for you, Uncle Jack, and when the property is for supper!"

Mrs. Burns watched the two going down the green lane, and she murket of ox-hearts.

The other smiled.
"But wasn't the road you came
over rather hot?" she asked.
Alice nodded. Truly it had been
uncomfortably hot out in the sun.
"And you picked the ox-hearts for
me, dear?" continued Mrs. Burns.
Alice nodded again. "But it was
mother who thought of it," she explained.

Me these after so many years!"

Mrs. Burns' face beamed with contentment. "There's nothing like ox-kearts!" she added, putting the chorry between her lips.

Alice rocked lazily too and fro, and dipped the crocket needle into the bit of lace she find brought with her.

Only think, Mrs. Burns! Faths gave me old Ned for my very ow yesterday!

"Black Ned!" "Yes. He doesn't go very fast, now, I know, but it's splendid owning a horse!"

Mrs. Burns nodded.
"The going to do so, much with

"I'm going to do so much with Ned. Father gave me five quarts of chercies for my very own, and to-morrow I'm going to drive Ned to the Children's Home. It will be such a treat for them. And some day, you and I are going to the woods, and mamma will put us up a lunch."

"Mercy, child! Why I haven't been since last summer!" said Mrs. Burns

THE TRUE WITH

Stone Others grinned, and hurried on toward the ferries. Presently a young man of Jewish aspects of the fresh foliage and grass was unmarred by dust and the vivid blue of the sky overhead was brought into greater beauty by contrast with an occasional flee was brought into greater beauty by contrast with an occasional flee cegwifite cloud that drifted slowly across the heavens, and changed and malted from one fanciful shape to gradually broke up and vamished altogether in the azure color. Por an hour Alice Barbour had been lying on the fragrant grass in the first was cherry tree. Over her head the with cherries, which she passed to her visitor. When the got on the many in the fragrant grass in the first was cherry tree. Over her head the wind the thick leaves of a cherry tree. Over her head the wind the wi

and bowed with ludicrous grace to the little fellow.

say:
"I wish I had a boy like that."

REHEARSING THE CEREMONY.

"These college girls," said a clergy-man, as he gazed at the white and superb ranks of the beautiful graduates, "are a boon to the race. They introduce new ideas.
"I christened the other day the first baby of a warried callege with

""Well, madam," said I to the young wife at the christening's end

young wife at the christening's end,
'I must congratulate you on your liftle one's behavior. I have christened
more than 2000 babies, but I never
before christened one that behaved so
well as yours.'

"No wonder he behaved well, she said. 'His father and I with a pail of water have been practicing christening on him for the last ten days.' "The idea of rehearsing a baby for a christening! Who but a college girl would think of such a thing?"

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.

Might as well be cheerful and plea-sant, even when you are taking peo-ple to task for their shortcomings. I didn't scold, but I said some things that I felt I had a right to say in view of the fact that I had known her all 'her life, I'd just like to say the same thing to other girls who are so unwisely "independent."

CONCERMING KITES.

The young mother smiled demurely.
"'No wonder he behaved well,' she

The line of spectators on the sidewalk melted away with grave countenances. One passer was heard to

'seeing the world.' Then comes the bitter years, and homesick longing to return! 'Will fie be forgiven if he goes back?' That was always the question he asked.''

There was a moment of silence.
Alice was leaning against the door, her eyes wide open, the empty dipper swinging by her side. A look of intense interest was upon every line in her face. She took a step forward.

"Forgiveness?" she asked. 'My father says God forgives even before His children ask forgiveness, and that we surely can do no less than to.

"I christened the other day the first buby of a married college girl. Now, babies usually cry while they are being christened, but this one was as quiet as a lamb. Throughout the ceremony it smiled up beautifully into my face." "Well madam" said I to the

the latchstring has always been out or you!"

"Then I think we will be going," said the other, picking up his hat.
"She tells the truth, does she!" he asked, turning to Mrs. Burns.

"Alice Barbour always tells the truth," said the other.

The girl laughed. "Oh, how we have watched for you, Uncle Jack. And mother says there will be cherry pie for supper!"

Mrs. Burns watched the two going down the green lane, and she mur-

mrs. Burns watched the two going down the green lane, and she murnured. "Forgiveness! Little he murdle "Twe been so lazy since dimertime! Just lying on the grass in the oreard under the cherry trees."

The other smiled.

"But wasn't the road you came"

mrs. Burns watched for the two going down the green lane, and she murnured. "Forgiveness! Little he realizes how they have watched for him all these years. How foolish to forget that forgiveness ever waits for us, when we acknowledge we have erred." * * *

A MANLY BOY.

WILD STRAWBERRY Why?

Because "Dr. Fowler's" is the kite eldest and best known cure, having been on the market for 63 years, for DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLERA MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, SEA SECRESS, AND ALL FLUXES OF THE

When they effer to sell you a prepara-tion "just as good" they have not the walker- of your health at heart but that of their pooket. All honest druggists will give you what you ask for. Ask for "Dr. Newtor's" and get the best.

was late in the afternoon when they heard a step on the door-stone, and a head was thrust in at the open.

"I heard voices around here," said the newcomer, "and I am thirsty."

Alke jumped up and laid down the concepting.

"I will get you a drink right from the cocheting."

"I will get you a drink right from the cocheting."

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is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes. There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

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PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.

I heard a girl say one day not a great while ago that she didn't care a fig" what folks thought of her actions, and that she "just loved to shock folks." She gave her pretty head a toss of defiance and said that she wanted to have some "individuality of her own," and then she said "Who wants to be just like other girls, anyway?" Worst of all, she said that she didn't care if folks did say that she was "loud" in her actions. It was "just fun" to shock "dreadfully particular people." Now I think that dear young girl needed a serious talking to. No use to scold her or anyone else on earth, scolding never did anybody any good yet, and I guess it never will. Might as well be cheerful and pleasant, even when you are taking people to task for think retareomars. I

Had Weak Back

Liniments and Plasters Did No Good But DOAN'S KID-NEY PILLS Cured

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, 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 have tried liniments and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in depair 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 will care all kinds of Kidney Trouble from Backache to Bright's Disease, and the price is only 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Ca., Tosonto, Ont.

What is Likely to Happen Catholic Youths at Secular Universities. Peter's, Rome,

(From the New World, Chicago.) CONCERNING KITES.

"Who would have thought," said a man whose children are all boys, of ever asking mother to mend a kite

"Some years ago we knew a young man whose wealthy parents conceived it their duty to send him to one of the "great secular universities."

A mere Catholic school would not do; he must be fitted for the high with n I was a boy every boy made his own kites and mended them if they needed mending. He whittled out his own kite sticks and tied them together and ram a cord around the ends of the sticks to make the form of the kite, and then he covered the little with paper, which he pasted on.

What was the case really? In a few brief weeks they were amazed to find

of the kite, and then he covered the kite with paper, which he pasted on. And he made the paste himself's he got some flour from his mother and mixed it with water and cooked it enough on the kitchen stove to make it sticky.

"And when he'd got the kite made he made he made on the loops and then he was several years afterwards he dropped and the he was several years afterwards he dropped and the he was several years afterwards he dropped and provided the several years afterwards he dropped and then he was several years afterwards he dropped and provided the years afterwards he dropped and years afterwards he dropped

in a tree and torn, we didn't call on mother to mend it. We mended it ourselves. Why? Because those kistes that we made ourselves we always made of paper, and if they needed recovering or mending we mended or recovering or mending we mended or recovered them with paper and paste. But while we still do have kites of paper and boys still do have hake such kites themselves, We have now also kites made of cloth that you buy in the stores, and maybe our boy has got one of those.

"A cloth covered kite box shaped and made to fly without a tail. My! What a change that is from the house, kites and "codfish," kites that we used to make! And when this took kite gets torn the boy doesn't take it and lay it on the kitchen floor and recover it, or patch it up himself, but he takes it to the mother and gets her to sew it up. My! What a change there has been in kites! But mother is still the same."—N.Y. Sun.

Or also kites and torn, we didn't call on mother to mend it. We mended it to ourselves believe the pissure the nuns are not. If the bishops would only consult him he would save them nur menous blunders. He is inclined to believe the French government is indentified by the presence of a cross of pure gold, weighing 150 pounds, which, according to tradition, Constaining the Concordat and confiscating the Concordat and confiscating the churches. Leo XIII, he asserts, was wrong in condemning the Nurself heavy without a tail. My! What a change that is from the house it and an archy; but we used to make! And when this we used to make! And when this cloth kite gets torn the boy doesn't take it and lay it on the kitchen floor and recover it, or patch it up himself, but he takes it to the mother and gets her to sew it up. My! What a change there has been in kites! But mother is still the same."—N.Y. Sun.

Or all the rich day to the priests of the nuns at an ot. If the bishops would only only denoted the nearly which has read to floor was being levelled, and was denoted the sinch in the sinch in the sinch priests and to recoveri

some of us have wondered if he is not harming the Church more than he is helping her.

Case Number Three is a young woman—a graduate of a nearby university. Hoping to fit the young lady for a great career, her parents stinted themselves in order to have her crowned with graduation. For years they had heard that the school was they had heard that the school was hotted of unfaith, but they risked it. When she emerged she had more clothes than Kitty Casey and as much effrontery as a vaudeville ac-

as much effrontery as a vaudeville actress in stars and spangles. She'tought to have been a Catholic like her father and mother. What was she? In reality a Nothingarian of the first degree. She held religion to be supportified as a constant of the star of th to be superstition, and was quit sure the Catholic Church was al wrong in its teachings. She didn' sure the Catholic Church was all wrong in its teachings. She didn't see why it should oppose divorces; hinted that in opposing race suicide it meddled with a question outside its sphere, and over and over expressed a belief in trial marriages. 'T's rather see her dead than find her holding such awful views.' her mother said to us a few weeks ago; and there was a sob in her voice as she so declared. Too late! Long ago she made a mistake in sending her to that school. Now the ruin is done, and the remainder of her life must be spent in regret and prayer.

Adrian the English Pope.

A tomb of peculiar interest in St. Peter's, Rome, is that of Adrian PV, the only Englishman who ever reached the papal throne. He was Nicholas Breakspeare (1154-59), who began life as a beggar boy, obtained employment in an English monastery was adjusted by the months, became was educated by the monks, became one of the foremost leaders of his

one of the foremost leaders of his time and crowned Frederick Barbarossa Emperor of Germany.

Nicholas V. (1447-55) was one of the most glorious of Popes. He founded the Vatican library and gathered around him the ablest thinkiers, the most famous poets and the greatest musicians and artists of his age. His epitaph begins:

A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures even in the most obstinate cases, is

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness, and increasing the appetite, and restoring health and vigor to the system.

Mrs. Alice Steeves, Springfield, N.S., writes:—"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in Stomach Troubles and Dyspoysia. I was troubled for years with Dyspopsia and could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. I took three bottles and became cured, and now I can eat anything without it hurting me. I will recommend it to all having Stomach Trouble.

STAMP LANDSCAPES.

Between nine and ten million stamps are employed in the decoration of the walls of the refectory of the Hos-pice of St. Jean de Dieu at Ghent,

pice of St. Jean de Dieu at Ghent, says a foreign exchange.

For years the monks have utilized their leadsure time in the formation of landscapes from bits of stamps, and at a distance one would never believe that only stamps have been used in their making, so rich are the colorings, and so perfect the drawings. used in their making, so rich are the colorings, and so perfect the drawing. The idea originated with one of the brothers, who made a small picture of the patron saint of the hospice on the walls of his cell.

Appreciating the beauty of the work, the prior suggested that he devote his unique talent to the decoration of the walls of the refectory and with the assistance of

around him the ablest thinkers, the most famous poets and the
greatest musicians and artists of his
age. His epitaph begins:

The bones of Nicholas V. rest in this
grave,

Who gave to thee, O Rome, the golder age,
Famous in counsel, more famous in
virtue,
He honored wise men, himself the
wisest of all.

To Catholics, the short

Assistance of other
which stands unique among art productions.

Seen close at hand the work resembles mosaic, but from across the
room the bits beldn so well together
as to suggest oils. Only three sides
of the room are yet completed, and
contributions of stamps are being
constantly received from visitors who
famous in counsel, more famous in
virtue,
He honored wise men, himself the
wisest of all.

"And when he'd got the kite made he put on the loops and then he was ready for the tail; and here's where he goes to mother again—hmm, there was more mother in it even then than I thought when I began talking—here's where he goes to mother again archy. This is case Number One. There's where he goes to mother again for stuff for the kite's tail, and mother goes to the rag bag and gets out a nice piece of old cotton cloth, and we say that's splendid, and we tear it up into strips and make the tail and tie it on, and then they take the kite out and fly it.

"But if she dived and smashed her head on a rock or if she got caught' she caught' in the loops and then he was ready for the strips and make the tail and tie it on, and then they take the kite out and fly it.

"But if she dived and smashed her head on a rock or if she got caught' of the queer kind. He doesn't thirkdeath, but life eternai." The sarcophana in counsel, more famous in virtue, en age, framous in counsel, more famous in virtue, en age, framous in counsel, more famous in virtue, en age, framous in counsel, more famous in virtue, en age, framous in counsel, more famous in virtue, wiset of all.

To Catholics, the shrine of SS. To Catholics, the shrine of SS. Peter and Paul, near the center of the crypt, is next to Calvary and Bethlehen, the most sacred spot in the universe, because it contains a sarcophagus in which the body of St. Peter is believed to have lain. In the words of St. Ambrose, twice the kite out and fly it.

"But if she dived and smashed her head on a rock or if she got caught' she counted the counter of the crypt, is next to Calvary and Bethlehen, the most sacred spot in the universe, because it contains a sarcophagus in which the body of St. Peter is believed to have lain. In the words of St. Ambrose, the counter of the crypt, is next to Calvary and Bethlehen, the most sacred spot in the universe, because it contains a sarcophagus in which the body of St. Peter is believed to have lain. In the words of St. Ambrose, the church is there

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or until our with the re-we will give it Bowl on

ne returning Dozen 6 lb. elf - Raising nd for less b. Bags one re.)

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