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BOYS and GIRLS

WHY TIGERS CAN'T CLIMB.

The tale is of the Tiger and his Aunt who is the cat. They dwelt among the jungles in the shade of Arawak.

The Cat was very clever, but the Tiger he was slow.

He couldn't catch the Nighau or the heavy Buffalo.

His claws were long and pointed, but his wit was short and blunt.

He begged his wise relation to instruct him how to hunt.

The Cat on velvet pattens stole along the quiet hill.

"Now this," she whispered, "Nephew, is the way to stalk your kill.

The Cat drew up his haunches on the moss-forest couch.

"And this," she said, "my Nephew, is the proper way to crouch."

She huddled through the shadows like a missile from a sling.

"And that, my loving nephew, is the only way to spring!"

Oh, hungry was the Nephew, and the Aunt was sleek and plump.

The Tiger at his Teacher made his first apprentice jump.

He did it very ably, but the Puss, more quick than he,

Escaped his clutching talons and ran up a cedar tree.

"To get upon the Snarler from the bough on which she sat.

"How glad I am, my Nephew, that I didn't teach you that!"

And since that curtailed lesson in the rudiments of crime

No enterprising Tiger has discovered how to climb.

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

It was a critical point in the game between two teams representing two high schools. The last half of the ninth inning had been reached. The score stood five to four in favor of Plainfield, two men were out, two were on bases, and Dick Ransom, catcher for the Greenvilles, was at the bat.

One strike had been called on him. He struck at the next ball pitched, and drove it into right field. By a quick stop and a good throw the ball was fielded to first base, apparently a fraction of a second too late to catch Ransom, who had made a great run and slid head foremost.

The two bases-runners dashed across the plate with the two runs needed to win the game for Greenville.

The voice of the first baseman, however, was heard above the yell that arose.

"Hold on!" he shouted to the umpire. "He was out, fair and square. I'll leave it to him if he wasn't."

The umpire raised his hand and walked over to first base.

"Ransom," he said, "he leaves it to you. How was it?"

"Tell him the truth, Ransy!" shouted the first baseman. "Honor bright, now, did you have your hand on the bag when I put the ball on you?"

Ransom hesitated a second. The eyes of all Greenville were upon him. On his answer hinged the game.

"No, I didn't," he said, simply.

"Out!" proclaimed the umpire.

The two runs, of course, did not count. But the game was over and Plainfield had won. But the real honors of the game belonged to Dick Ransom—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

WHAT FATHER LIKES.

"I'm going to get a blue dress for Sunday," the smaller girl said to the older one. "My father likes blue. Doesn't yours?"

"Why I don't know," the other girl answered, starting. "I don't remember his saying whether he did or not."

"Mother and I are going down right after luncheon," the younger girl prattled on. "Because we want to get home in time to make an apple pie for dinner. Father likes his apple pie hot. Does yours?"

"I don't know," said Girl Number Two again. "I never thought anything about it." She felt a sense of puzzled annoyance. It was very strange she reflected, that this little Mattie Ellis had all her father's likings by heart. How odd it would seem to keep so constantly in mind the thought of what father would like.

Yet, after all, it was the older girl whose conduct was strange. Certainly the natural thing is that a daughter should study to know her father's tastes and to gratify them. And if her father is not inclined to insist on his own way, it is all the more reason why she should be alert to discover his preferences. The girl who does not take the pains to know what her father likes, is convicted of being a thoughtless daughter, if no more.

AT MARY'S FEET.

"Oh, Louise, aren't they beautiful!" exclaimed Grace rapturously, with her arms full of lovely lilies and looking with delight at the luxuriant profusion in which they lay on every chair and table in the sacristy—the offerings of her loving children to decorate our Blessed Mother's altar on the opening day of May.

"Wan't father good to let us have entire charge of the flowers all this month?" said Louise. "We must try to make the altar really lovely each day so he won't have any reason to be sorry that he did. If we are always as rich as we are this evening it won't be a hard task, will it?"

"Oh, we'll beg, borrow or steal

COUPLE OF DOSES CURED.

Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Sask., tells of her experience in the following words: "I wish to tell you of the good I have found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Last summer my little girl, aged two years, was taken ill with Summer Complaint, and as my mother always kept Dr. Fowler's in the house when I was a child, I seemed to follow her example as I always have it also. I at once gave it to my baby as directed and she was at once relieved, and after a couple of doses were taken was completely cured."

THE GIRL WHO ASKS QUESTIONS.

There is no better way to find out about things we do not really understand, says an exchange, than to ask questions of those who are wiser than ourselves. But the girl of whom we are going to tell you asks another kind of questions, and about things she has no need to know.

"How much did your dress cost a yard?" she asks her neighbor, Nannie, when she comes to school some morning in a pretty new frock. Instead of answering, Nannie's face grows red, for the new dress is made over from some things that belonged to a cousin in another city. Before Nannie can make up her mind what to say to that first question, others come thick and fast: "Where did your mamma buy it?" "Well, if she didn't buy it, who did?"

This girl who asks questions never stops till she gets to the bottom of

THE CHILD AND MANNERS.

How should the child be taught "manners"—by precept or example? One definition of manners is "the habitual practice of civility," and this seems to contain the spirit of the matter, where the child is concerned. To habituate the children to the practice of civility, it is certain they must see civility practiced habitually by those about them, and always receive civil treatment themselves. That does not by any means imply that the child must always be allowed to do as he likes, the worst mannered children are the ones whose will is law to themselves and too often to the elders of the household. It is not being "uncivil" to a child, for instance, to punish him, deliberately and calmly, when punishment is necessary, but it is being decidedly uncivil to rebuke him openly "before company," for some petty fault. It may be argued that unless the rebuke follows on the offence the child will not understand or be impressed by it. That depends somewhat on the particular child. If the mother says to the boy as soon as she is alone with him, "Tommy, I was sorry to see that you didn't rise when Mrs. C. entered the room. I didn't say anything to you then, because I didn't wish to make you ashamed, but I hope you will remember next time." Tommy is quite apt to appreciate his mother's consideration, and try to remember on future occasions. With other children a quiet word of reproof on the spot may have greater effect. At all events, if a quiet word does not suffice, it is certainly better to bide one's time and give an effective lesson at a convenient season, than to engage in a contest before the aforesaid "company."

"Tell the lady 'Thank you!'" instructed a young mother, to whose little daughter a caller had given the rose she had been wearing. But for some reason, perhaps absorption, in her new treasure, the child paid no attention. "Come, aren't you going to say 'thank you' to the lady for the pretty flower?" the mother coaxed. The baby glanced up at the caller in a bashful, little way that probably meant gratitude, but not having said the proper thing at first, it no doubt seemed very difficult to say it on demand.

"If you don't say 'thank you' to the lady at once, I shall have to put you to bed," was the ultimatum. That settled it. The maid was summoned, and bore from the room a rebellious and wailing lassie, while "the lady" wished in her heart that she had thrown the unlucky rose into the street.

A child who learns the use of "Thank you," "I beg your pardon," "If you please," etc., by hearing

WEAKNESS IN THE SPRING.

Weakness is the word which best describes the condition of most people in the Spring.

It may be bodily weakness, tired, draggy feeling and lack of energy and vigor.

Or it may be weakness of the heart, the nerves, the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or other vital organs.

Wherever the trouble may be located, the cause is the same, failure of the blood to supply proper nourishment for the maintenance and restoration of the cells and tissues of the body and its organs.

Stimulants only give temporary relief. What is absolutely necessary is rich, red blood such as is found by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, to nourish the organs back to health and vigor so that they can derive nourishment from the food.

Because of its blood-building qualities Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is marvelously successful as a Spring restorative. 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on every box of the genuine.

SIGNS THAT TELL THE GIRL.

Much of a girl's nature is betrayed by the little act of brushing a speck off a man's coat. If she picks off the thread, or imaginary bit of lint, very carefully between the thumb and forefinger, it is an indisputable

street without any sign of recognition on either side, though hearts were aching with loneliness and two handkerchiefs hastily wiped away a few tears a moment later.

What ravages time works in us; how little it changes the things about us!

Many years had passed. The statue of the Blessed Virgin still smiled lovingly on all who gathered at its feet, the graceful altar was once more a mass of fragrant blossoms and when the May devotions began the same sweet prayers were said, the same hymns sung, but Father O'Boyle was bent with the burden of years of ceaseless labor and those who were gathered about him—how they, too, had changed! The children of that other May day were men and women, their fathers and mothers enfolded by age, moved slowly up the aisle and sank heavily and gratefully into their seats, while the old people of long ago God had gathered to Himself one by one till all were gone. "each in his narrow cell forever laid."

In a dimly lighted corner not far from the altar knelt Grace, her face merry still, though worn with care and privation and though the soft dark hair that outlined it was fast turning gray. Her clothes were of the plainest, but neat and dainty.

Long, long before her father had met with one misfortune after another until all his wealth had slipped from him, and then Grace had bravely shouldered the burden and for ten years had managed to support him, her mother and herself by her needle. She sewed exquisitely, but the confinement and constant application were a great trial to her high spirits, and a volatile character. Nevertheless, she had battled bravely, suffering countless defeats, making many mistakes, but persevering in spite of all, as only happy natures can do, until at last she had won "that peace which the world cannot give."

This evening, however, her prayers were unusually distracted. Her mind was full of the sweet remembrance of another May, and the perfume of the lilies recalled vividly the clatter of two happy young girls, one so merry and reckless, the other more gentle and thoughtful, perhaps more proud, but both absolutely untouched by care or sorrow.

"It was all my fault," she reproached herself. "I was always so anxious to say something clever that I was not unwilling to do it even at dear Louise's expense, and she was so careful to avoid everything that might wound me. How foolish I was not to have asked her pardon! I knew I ought, and what comfort her friendship would have missed it. I can hardly believe," she mused, "that after having been like sisters half our lives, I have not even known where she is for years" and her thoughts wandered back to the pranks of their childhood, and she dreamed on happily until suddenly awakened to the realization of where she was by the first hymn of the Benediction.

Far back in the church knelt a tall, graceful woman with a pale, sweet face, elegantly dressed in deep mourning. Louise had been married fifteen years before and had never returned to— Now she was alone in the world! Her husband had been dead for some years, her only son for several months and in her desolation she had gone "home."

Throughout the devotion she kept motionless, her head bowed in her hands, deeply moved by the familiar scene in the church she loved so well, and had so often sighed for even when in the stately cathedrals of other lands.

As soon as the sweet voices of the choir were hushed and the last note of the organ died away, she hurried to the vestibule and there waited quietly, eagerly scanning each face as the congregation crowded through the doors, every one as anxious to push his way ahead of others as if many of the faces were those of old-time acquaintances, but she paid no heed to them, and still watched and waited until the doors swung shut behind the last departing worshipper. She pushed them open again and looked anxiously, until she descried a small, dark figure at our Lady's feet, and then with her heart in her mouth she stepped back into the shadow and waited once more.

Five, then ten minutes of suspense, and finally Grace came out, as positively as of old. She and Louise looked at each other for a moment, then Grace stretched out both hands. "Oh Grace," cried Louise, a sob in her voice, "I am all alone and I have wanted you so much!"

"I have missed you every day all these years, Louise."

"Let's go in and tell our Blessed Mother that we'll decorate her altar every year," said Louise, a few minutes later.

"I think she will believe us this time," assented Grace, happily.

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After Doctors Failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Despondent Sufferer to Health.

"Although it is now some years since I found it necessary to take medicine of any kind, I attribute my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Thus writes Mr. Wm. M. Ferguson, St. John West, N.B. Mr. Ferguson continues: "For years I was a sufferer from chronic bronchitis and general debility. I had always been delicate, but as I grew older I seemed to grow weaker, and at the approach of autumn I commenced to cough and had to remain in the house all winter. With the coming of summer I always got a little better, only to be laid low again when the fine weather was over. During my last and most severe attack my cough became more distressing, and I raised considerable phlegm, while at night I would be bathed in a cold, clammy sweat. The doctor's medicine relieved my cough a little during the day time, but there was no other improvement as I had no appetite, the night sweats continued and I was growing weaker. I changed doctors three different times but with no improvement. Then I began to take cod liver oil, but my stomach had grown so weak that it refused to retain it. It was at this time, when I was trying to reconcile myself to my fate, that a pamphlet relating cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was left at my door. Although my friends thought me in a decline, and although I was feeling hopeless myself, I decided to try the pills. After using several boxes, though I still continued to cough, I felt better in other respects, and my appetite was gradually returning. I was not only surprised, but pleased to find this improvement, and I gladly continued their use. By the time I had taken ten boxes the night sweats and the cough had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling quite vigorous. I took two more boxes, and felt that there was no necessity to continue the treatment as I was in better health than I had ever been before. When I completed the twelfth box I weighed myself and found that I had gained 32 pounds. As I said before, it is some years since my cure was effected, and I have not had a cough in any season since, and have always enjoyed the best of health. I believe, therefore, that it is entirely due to the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am alive and well to-day, and I trust that others will benefit by my personal experience."

You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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The genuine is manufactured by T. T. MERRILL, Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35 cents.

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