SDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

	<ul> <li>J. Morrison.</li> <li>J. Hatchess</li> <li>MORRISON &amp; HATCHETE</li> <li>"Advocates, Barristers, Bollettors," sth Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers, 97 ST. JANHS STRHET.</li> <li>Phone Maila 314.</li> </ul>
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nink cool, act cool, my les if you let it; 't notice it so much, but forget it or tariff bill them together; ject that you will, liscuss the weather. Guest, in Detroit Free

## **AK GIRLS GROW INTO** TRONG WOMEN

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### THE TRUE WITNESS ... ND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

# IN THE SKIRT O' THE WIND.

Una Morrin was sighing as she tidi-ed up the kitchen for the evening after the meal. She sighed as she piled high the turf on the fire. She sigh-ed as she raked the embers under the Dutch oven which held the cake for she brushed back the ashes of the hearth, and she heaved a mournful "Mhuire a's truagh!" as she drew out the stooleen and sat down to card some wool. And it was a bad sign for Una Morrin to be sighing like that, because she was always the light-hearted girl, was Una Mor-ran.

The influence of the second se night the "cards" lay idle in her might the 'cards' lay ldie in her hands, while she gazed, wide-eyed and long, through the chinks of red glow which the loosely heaped turf made upon the coals beneath. Faith, there was a weary look on the face of Seon Ban's daughter, as if she were thinking long for the voice of some one And it was not her nors. some one. And it was not her prayers that kept her silent.

ers that kept her silent. Outside the wind blew hard, as the winds of Connacht do, when they whip in from the sea on stormy nights. Its wail rose and fell be-tween the booming of the surf that beats against the rocks at the foot of Maeve's Cliff. Now and then an clien price would nearce the thunder-

of maeves c.m. Now and then an alien noise would pierce the thunder-ing of the sea and wind-a sound of falling boards, a slamming of a neighbor's door, the creak of hinges straining to be loose. Aye, and through the wildness of the night these serves the screewful pole that

through the sorrowful note that is heard only along the Erse coast, when the women of the fishing folk sit within their cottages, hugging sit within their cottages, hugging memories of nights long past, bitter recollections of this night or of that day, when their lad or himself went out to see—and did not return. Was it the wild cry of poor souls drown-ed, that came through the twilight,

the wild cry of poor souls drown-ed, that came through the twilight of storm and drifting winds to those of the lonely hearths? God knows! **4 4 4** Starting from her revery, Una Morrin arose to light the candle. The noise of the stooleen grating upon the earthen floor aroused old Moira from her doze. "What's keepin' Niall Murtagh these nights, alanma?" "How should I know, Granny?" the girl exclaimed impatiently. But her cheek and neck showed red, and it was not the glow of the candle's light that made it so. ated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers; Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald Mo-Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-Presi-dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Dreasurer Mr. W. Durack: Corres-

dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corres-ponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-mingham; Revording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Se-cretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-shal, Mr. B. Campbel; Asst. Mar-shal, Mr. P. Concolly. Hight that made it so. ( "He has not been here since the Sunday that brought Jamsie McElin in here. Had ye any words?" "For what should we have

words?" "I d'know, I d'know, at all. Only I thought be the gleam of his eyes that day that he was voxed wid the actin' ye had wid Jamsie McElin." "An' what was it Niall Murtagh's

"An' what was it Niall Murtagh's business, if I talked civil wid my meighbor ?" Granny offered no argument against this; but there was a shrewd look in her old eyes as she 'studied the face of her granddaught-er. The girl had turned from the window where she had placed the rush-seated arm-chair into the sha-dwy corner, where it might offer S/nopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered section of Domision Lasd in Manitoba, Saskatche-wan and Alberta, excepting B and 26, not reserved, may be homescheaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 16 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, bro-ther or sister of an intending home-steader. rush-seated arm-chair into the sma-dowy corner, where it might offer comfortable seating to the spirits of its former possessors, the various patriarchs of her clan. Una Morrin was not thinking of them. More probably were her thoughts conprobably were her thoughts con-cerned with Niall Murtagh who was The homesteader is required to per-orm the conditions connected there-with under one of the following

probably were in Murtagh who was wont to occupy this chair, when with bashful excuse he "stepped in to light me pipe." Granny said a "Hail Mary" or two, and then she ventured : "Nail Murtagh is the fine, handsome lad." Una crossed over to the dresser and rattled the blue-flowered cups are an attend to the same mere the mother and grandmother of many souls gone out in the same mere." Who is it, he said?"

and ratiled the interiovered caps against each other. "He's the dead spit o' his father." Una was still searching for some-thing on the dresser. "I mind the time when his fath-

er-" "Granny, I'm going to America,"

to be wishin', but I cannot stop the cryin' of my heart after what I can-not find in Inisaill nor in the other villages nigh. There be's times when I look beyant the empty sea that I have a notion o' how t'would be to clear out an' leave it all. Over there it would not matter a be'north there it would not matter a ha'porth if there it would not matter a ha'porth if the weather is bad or the storm is on the sea, for there's no need of the men to go out for the fish an' there's other work to be had over there. Oh, then, it must be grand not to be frettin' an' botherin' about the weather!"

the weather!" "Orra, what's come over you, col-"Orra, what's come over you, col-leen?" old Moira remonstrated, blessing herself the while against the consequences of this blasphermy. "Isn't it God that sends the wea-ther, an' why should we be findin' fault with Him, an' isn't it as well that you are here wid your ould grandmother as bein' over there among strangers as Nora is, wid not a soul near her room the village? a soul near her from the village Sure it's not lonely you are f them that writes to you only t throuble you with longin' when the know you cannot leave your of Granny." soul near her from the village' for

it's lonely I. am, Granny, an "Ay, it's lonely I am, Granny, an wishful for the ones beyant. An' why shouldn't I be, wid all belongin' to shouldn't I be, wid all belorigin' to me over there save you, Granny! Whin I sit on the beach of an even-in', an' the little waves come creep-in' in an' breakin' themselves against the rockeens below, my heart is breakin' wid them, an' I can hear 'n whisperin' o' volces in them, their voices, Ned's an' Dominic's an' Moira's, and the littin' voice of Noreen. D'ye mind the voice of our Noreen, Gramm?''

Noreen, Granny?"

Noreen, Gramy?" The girl had been playing idly with the tongs, but now she drop-ped them absently, and with hands hanging listlessly before her, she sat and stared with tear-wet eyes into the fire.

There was silence broken only by

There was silence broken only by the clicking of the old woman's beads against one another. Una looked up from the fire at her grandmother's face. There were tears, too, in Granny's eyes, "This the will o' God, and He knows best, acushia, an' sure, agradh, 1'll soon be going home, an' there.

Una arose abruptly and kissed her Una arose abruptly and kissed her. "Orra, Granny dear, don't be talk-in' that way. Sure I would not-be leavin' you at all. Doesn't Neddeen want me to bring you out-" "God forgive the poor lad, an' give him sense, an' what would I be do-in' out there?" Una west over to open the half-

In out there?" Una went over to open the half-door, for she knew they had come to a point where argument was use-less. ""[]]'s a wild night

'Tis a wild night on the water.' she murmured. "I wondher if he's ir wid the curragh yet?"

"What's that you say, alanna?"

brushed hearth, and whirling a cloud of smoke out into the kitchen to suck it back again up the chimney. The czndle sputtered and died out. At that moment a man sped by in the dark. He was shouting between the sobs of his breath as he mount-ed the street leading up towaros the priest's house. But all that Una could distinguish were the words, "Drowned, drowned."

but of the said?" But Una was straining her ears to eatch some sound from the beach. Only the lap-lap of broken waves came to her through the roar of the storm. Nor could she see the land-ing, for, down the road a bit the house of Paudheen Gill cut it off from her view. All she saw were the clouds that rolled darkly in and burg low over the fields and this

Think the tails of the land entered for, the with a person reaching lather or mother.
 "Granny, I'm going to America."
 "Granny, I'm going to America."

"He wint out afther him, thin ! "He mint, Michael O'Gallagher?"

here she knew that it was the gold watch which her brother Dominic had sent from New York to Miall Murtagh. It was a souvenir of an-other evening such as this, when young Murtagh had saved her bro-ther's life and the source of the source er's life. "He tould me to give this to you,

"He tould me to give this to you, if he did not come back," Michael O'Gallagher whispered in her ear, as if they could be heard on the storm-swept beach, "but God send that you may have the chance to give it back to him, Una agradh." She blaced the watch in her bo-

She placed the watch in her bo-Sine placed the watch in her bo-som, and lifting her eyes looked wist-fully toward the sea. A solid wall of darkness seemed to be between those on shore and the waters that belched and roared beyond the rocks. Only the white foam and salt spray came in to beat upon their faces as they stood there, waiting for they they stood there, waiting for they knew not what. Nothing could live

knew not what. Nothing could live in those tearing seas. The wet wind rushing viciously in upon her told her that. Yet she asked: "Do you think, Michael-is-there-anny chance at all?" The young fisherman shook his head, but with the faith of an Irish heart answered. "Who knows but

e water, where she stood in shared forward and with her hand here ear she listened intently. Mileaned forward and when the light of the car she listened intently. Mi-to her ear she listened intently. Mi-chael called to her to come back but she did not heed him. He, too, went down to the water's edge and taking her arm urged her to go home. She pushed him from her and continued to listen. At last she turned to him with a quick, anxious movement and de-manded: "Did you hear that?" "Whisht!" she eried, "there it again! God and his angels be wid us! It's his voice, his voice, I tell out!" And before her comparison

"Whisht!" she cried. "there it is again! God and his angels be wid us! It's his voice, his voice, I tell vou!" And before her companion caught the sense of her words she was fleeing along the wet rocks to the house of Paudheen Gill. Michael O'Gallagher stood staring balpasy after her

By this time most of the inhabit-ants of Inisaill had assembled on ants of Inisail had assembled on the Black Steps. Women with bare feet glistening white on the flat, shiny rocks that formed a natural quay and gave the landing place its name, their shawls tightly drawn aroand their shoulders, stood around and spoke with tearful voices of the and spoke with tearnin voices of the two men out on the water. There was that in their sad tones which suggested or was even a prelude to the caoine which, they believed, they would soon have need to chart for Niall Murtagh and the man whom

Niall Murtagh and the man whom he went out to rescue. A state of the second sec that nursed them when they were ill, and who was it, who could make the

the broth out of the sea-weed when the famine was upon them and the gales too strong for the men to go out to the fishing? With all her



"He wint out alther him, thin ! Tell me, Michael O'Gallagher?" "He did." The other men moved uneasily away, one by one, leaving Michael O'Gallagher to talk to the girl. Their inherent delicacy forbade these Irish fishermen to intrude upon an other's grief where there was no means of conforting the stricken one. It was their way. But Una Morrin came of a proud rave, and neither Niall Murtagh nor james McElin was brother or hus-band to her. The eyes that looked with steady, reproachful voice: "Did with steady, reproachful voice: "Did that he was the only man to do it, since there was no wan to be left to mourn for him, him bein' the last of the Murtagens." the mouse of run alt the distance to the priest's house, for she met the may should be there was to the right who had first carried the news to the village returning, not with Fa-priest's house, for she met the may there was no wan to be left the village returning, not with Fa-ther Joyce. For the there was to the village returning, not with Fa-bat did here was no wan to be left ther Joyce for that good may was back in the country somewhere on a.

o' my mother and Kathie. He said that he was the only man to do it, since there was no wan to be left to mourn for him, him bein' the last ther Joyce, for that good man was back in the country somewhere on a sick call, but with a white-robed Dominican. Father Edward McHugh, who had come straight from the cha-pel where he had been reciting his office, Lithe and agile as any of the fisherman, this tall young priest, with rapid steps, was hastening to-ward the Gap in a moment, carelegs of slippery rocks or driving wind. \* ward the Gap in a moment, carcless of slippery rocks or driving wind, a Down at the Gap a fierce struggle was taking place. Through the mist the young priest could discern a dark mass of men swaying back and forth, now nearing the boat at the water's edge, now crushing back tho gigantic form of a rugged old fisher-man. When Father Edward drew closer he could only hear the labor-ed breath of the men who were striv-ing with the old man, Paudheen Gill, who with oars in hand was trying to break the phalanx before him. Uaa Morrin, with another pair of oars was guarding the boat from a possible attack. Even as the priest came upon them

from a possible attack. Even as the priest came upon them a cry arose: "Hold her, hold her ! She's gone without him !" And she was. For, giving up all hope of going out to the rescue when she saw the white habit of the Do-minican rising out of the mist, she made one despenate leap into the boat, and pushing out from the shore was threading her way through the small rocks when they saw her. With the thundering voice of auamy chance at all?" The young tisherman shook his head, but with the faith of an Irish heart answered: "Who knows but God will bring them both back safe?" The girl took a few steps nearer to the water, where she stood in si-lence for a moment. Suddenly she leaned forward and with her hand to her ear she listened intendy. Mi-side

had been harsh before "Go home

had been harsh before: "Go home, child, and put your faith in God and his Holy Mother. Sure do you not know that, if it is His holy will that the men will be saved, it will be done without your help, and if it is not His will, how ridiculous would be your efforts?" When they ergene back to the land.

would be your efforts?" When they came back to the land-ing the pricet drew out his rosary, saying: "Come, my people, and let us say the beads for their deliver-ance, or." he added after, a pause, "for the eternal rest of their souls. Kneel down, lads, kneel down, You may be wanting this some day your-selvee." selve

selves." And there upon the hard, wet how the in prives, who can be obvious the provention of Niall Murtagh's voice. Nor did she move when the crowd went, surg-ing past. A feeling of resentment had only half formed within her heart at their quick forgetfulness of the elements as were any of the weather-beaten fishermen, began the storm. Kneeling there within the storm. Kneeling there within the circle of dark forms, the voung Do-minican in his white habit looked as if he were some pure white spirit of hope sent down from heriven to these goor Irish in return for the faith they held so koyally. After the first decade. Father McHuph paused long enough to in-sist on Una's returning to her grand-mother. And she obeyed, though with lagging steps and repeated glances into the misty darkness of the sea. At home she found her grandmoth-te tweeling in newre, her arms rest-tor more, and she drew a wway And there upon the hard, wet



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soul. "An' it was surely his voice I heard. Oh ! Father Edward, why did you not let me go?" Down on the Black Steps the priest and people were still at pray-er. It was the last decade of the rosary, and some of the women were weeping. But the voice of the priest rose, firm and strong, above the noise of the storm, which was now abating.

now abating. "I hear singin' out there," said **a** little boy, whom his father had not been able to drive home. "Pray for us at the hour of our deathe."

eath-" "I tell ye, 1 hear singin'! Can't ye hould yer whist?" "Send that child home," Father Edward ordered. And with a 'clout'

Edward ordered. And with a 'cloit' over the head as an inducement, the boy's father was obeying. But Kathie O'Gallagher had run down to the water's edge and was listening. Suddenly she threw her arms up in the air, and falling on her knees she cried. ''May God and His Holy Mother be praised. I hear the water of Nicil Or.''

This Holy Mother be praised. I near the voice of Niall Og." A hush fell on the kneeling crowd. Yes, with the drifting wind and mist there came through the ocean's roar the clear tones of "Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star," and the voice was that of Niall Murtagh. He same as cheerily as if it were on

sang as cheerily as if it were on the calmest of seas. It was a way

that Niall Murtagh had in moments

that Niall Murtagh had in mornents of danger. Granny had gone to bed "up" in the room, for since Dominic had gone to America and "made his way" there, the cottage of the Morrins boasted of a room "up" from the fire. And Granny with the weari-ness of saddened, years, was sleeping soundly, while her granddaughter wept alone.  $\mathbf{+} \mathbf{+} \mathbf{+}$ She had closed the door, lest any of the villagers would intruce on her in her grief, for she had the pride of the pure-blooded Erse, had Una Morrin; and now she scarcely heard the shout which arose at the sound

the shout which arose at the sound

Nor did

of Niall Murtagh's voice.

the calmest of seas.

now abating.

headaches, backaches weariness all that modency and constant

irlinored is bound to tive vozanhood and a Nothing but the blood-ties of Dr. Williams' "ave a girl when she trif's and tasks of that is the time when two comands upon the Dr. Williams' flik make new, rich blood ose new demands with simple scientific way pink pills fill a girl wing health and

wing health and nis, Amherst, N.S., illiams' Pink Pills a world of good. I run down, was very ed and suffered from headachee. Though I licines I got nothing ast good until I be-Williams' Pink Pills-box of these seemed I after taking a half was again a strong heve not had any Ill-sheuld I again feel "liliams' Pink Pills only medicine, and I mend them to every "Fink Pills are sold dealers or sent by a box or six boxes p. Williams' Medi-rille, Ort.

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Ind Heart Trouble and Shortness of Breath for Shr Years.
Ind Heart Trouble and Shortness of the awhile Granny roused here is to achieve the drawness would be here.
After awhile Granny roused here is to achieve the drawness of the other, and she knew that the grief for the drowness would be here.
The draw grant are senting the to achieve the target of the drawness of the other, and she knew that the grief for the drowness would be here.
The draw transform one to the other, and she knew that the grief for the drowness would be here.
The draw transform one to the other, and she knew that the grief for the drowness in that short is young the owness of the other is a state the shift of the grant of the draw weight and weight, and nor my the set of the draw weight and weight, and nor wight one handfed and thitses pounds. I deside the set were wight and weight, and nor wight one handfed and thitses pounds. The set of the set of the set of the set of the draw weight and weight, and nor weight one handfed in mylife. I feat we wight and weight, and nor weight one handfill were the set of the se

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