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**SOCIETY DIRECTORY.**  
**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, R.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 even numbered 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 any 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 father, 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 and 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 such person residing with the father or mother.  
 (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.  
 Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.  
 W. W. O'GRY,  
 Deputy Minister of the Interior.  
 N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

To have children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm-Exterminator.

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

A Corrective of Pulmonary Troubles. Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as to other preparations.

# Pro Patria

The Poynter cousins were in Miss Lucy's sitting-room. The pictures were never hung, and the usual delicacy of the pearl ground-work of the wall paper testified to Miss Lucy's carefulness. The furniture was early Victorian, of half-cloth and black walnut, but interlarding modernity in rockers and armchairs insured comfort, while the magazine-strewn center table confirmed the tall bookcases in their statement that here was the abode of a reader.

Miss Lucy Poynter, like her inherited surroundings, was neither of the past nor the present; she had lost her youth, but old age had not found her, although its searchlight had fallen upon her. Miss Betty Poynter, Miss Lucy's cousin, was three years her junior, three years so valuable at that stage of life that it was strange they were no more apparent. The Poynters were intimate friends as well as cousins. Miss Lucy's physician father had left her in what was for Poynterbury—affluence. Miss Betty, sole child of the one artistic Poynter, had an income so moderate as to compel immoderate economies. But one of the advantages of living in a small place is that it needs no annual volume to tell Who's Who in it, and to be superior to income, except for the mere detail of living.

Miss Betty laid down the postal card from which Westminster Abbey loomed in dignity worthy of more than a penny postage stamp.

"I wonder you never went abroad, Lucy," she sighed, "when you could go as well as not."

"I planned for many years to go," Miss Lucy said, with a quiet smile. "You never told me why you gave it up," cried Miss Betty. "Tell me now. You look positively hungry when you read Lucy's letters, or look at these cards she sends each day."

Miss Betty cunningly tilted the postal so that her cousin's eyes rested on the line written below the picture in Lucy the second's scrawling hand, the kind of hand which they who run may read, and which looked as though she who had been running had written.

"If only you were with us, dear Aunt Lucy!" the girl had said, using up the blank space with the nine words and her signature.

"I thought it better not to go," said Miss Lucy placidly.

"I only wish I had your chance to go!" cried Miss Betty energetically. "I never wanted to go as I do now. Yet I am not steeped in Europe as you are. You sit with your feet veiled by Wordsworth's fakes, your hands gathering French lilies, your head in London with Charles Lamb, and Colonel Newcome, and your heart in Rome—with a bit of it leaning on Florence and Venice. Yet you decide it is better not to go abroad! Why, Lucy?"

"My dear Betty, what a dismembered picture!" protested Miss Lucy. "Yet I suppose it is true in spirit."

"I did not mean it in letter," interposed Miss Betty.

"It is so true that it explains my staying here," continued Miss Lucy. "I was afraid to go."

"In this day of crossing ocean greyhounds with mastodons and then crossing in the result!" exclaimed Miss Betty.

"I did not mean that I was afraid of the journey," explained Miss Lucy. "I feared losing what Europe stood for if I got the reality. I was afraid of losing the soul of Europe if I touched its body. If you will allow me the poetical figure, Betty."

"Allow it! None other is suitable to such a mental attitude. Lucy I knew you were an idealist, but—" For once words failed Miss Betty. "Is that the real reason why you never saw London, Paris, Rome?"

"Not Paris," said Miss Lucy, apologetically. "I never cared very much for Paris; I should miss you have gone there. But for different reasons the case is altogether opposite with England and Rome. My father—your uncle—used to say that the Latin had a word that we lacked: Patria, the country of one's soul. English literature had made England that to me. If I thought I should lose ever so little of what I feel when I say Stratford-upon-Avon, Blue Coat Boys, or Canterbury, I would not go to England for the world. And I'm sure that I should lose something of my dream. While to risk a shadow upon the vision of Italy, of Rome, the land of martyrs and St. Peter! It might easily happen, you know, to an idealist like me. No advantage of the trip would compensate for this. So one day when I realized what I should risk in going, I instantly relinquished all idea of ever setting foot on foreign soil, and decided to stay here among my books and my dreams. When I want to breathe the air of Europe I open my bookcase doors. Yet I had my traveling gown ready and I had almost decided upon my steamer."

"Lucy! Lucy!" protested Miss Betty no less eloquently than she could say no more.

"Lucy is joined to her ideals: let her alone," smiled Miss Lucy. "I should be heart-broken to be less homesick for Europe than I am."

"Well, if our fathers had reversed their careers, and I had been left with your income, you wouldn't see me hesitating on the shore for fear I'd discover a crack in Gora and Major, a sunny day in London, or a tall dove among the flocks of San Marco," declared Miss Betty, smiling.

She had taken a room in a quiet, downtown hotel, her window looked out upon the side street of the Ladies' Entrance. Its propriety compensated for the loss of opportunity to watch the ceaseless traffic of Broadway.

Across from her window a contractor was tearing down an old house to make way for a "sky-scraper." Up and down ladders, all day long, there passed a line of little dark men whose red shirts and mortar-spotted yellow trousers, blue caps and black eyes under curling brows gratified Miss Betty's eye. Here was Italy, the Italy for which her soul sighed, come to meet her, picturesque of tint, eloquent of tongue, more eloquent of gesture. Miss Betty congratulated herself that the port of departure was also proving the entrance port to the new-old world.

Only on the tenth day of her shopping did Miss Betty's high spirits begin to flag. That day she came back in the rain to her room on the staid side street, weary of foot and tickets, which had been like a sip of rare old cordial each time that she had peeped at them, could rouse her, though she faithfully applied them. Visions of Poynterbury of Lucy and of Lucy's peaceful room, came before her. Across the street the picturesque Neapolitans nimbly ran up and down the debris of the dismantled house, their activity and brilliant coloring wholly subdued by the weather.

It was a warm rain, and Miss Betty's window was open; through it came the sound of voices, strident, vibrant voices—who had said the Italian voice was musical? And the language! Where, thought Miss Betty, had she acquired her notion of its beauty, its softness of vowel? Ah, but dear, pretty little Lucy had sung them in her girlish voice! Hideous, that was what Italian was. A bombardment of words struck Miss Betty's ear like sharp stones falling on hollow wood. Long-drawn vowels followed huddled consonants, as if a sling were held taut and then released. Gutturals, high nasals, clicking staccato, disjointed syllables, half-chanted, half-hurled, excited gestures of super-human hands suddenly made Miss Betty feel lost. Her soul sickened and shrank within her as conviction rushed upon her that if she crossed the ocean there would arise around her a flood of foreign speech and manners. It would be unrelieved even by the peculiar dialect of New York's East Side, which floated to her through the transom as one belloy told another: "Say, he ain't no Nook Yorker. He's wokin' youse. Say, I hold de Waldof 'Storia boined down when his red head foist shined up in it. Gee! Don't he t'ink he's since he quit here an' went up dese 'ere w'orks!"

In Poynterbury Miss Betty would have regarded this dialect as worse than foreign; now it warmed her heart like an antidote to Roman fever.

Homesickness gripped the little woman relentlessly. Go abroad, where everybody talked, gesticulated incomprehensibly! Miss Betty rose up or rather was raised up by her present emotion; she forefeet her exile, and the sensation was unbearable.

She put on her hat and inserted its pins emphatically. She hummed "My Country," "the best" as she put her key in the lock on the outside of the door and turned it. Disdaining rain, forgetful of the new umbrella, she went forth.

At the office of the Red Planet Line she had no trouble of disposing of her stateroom. An eager woman, otherwise doomed to separation from her party, eagerly snapped it up when Miss Betty, equally eager, sur-

rendered it. A comfortable roll of bills represented the equivalent of her first-class passage, which, Miss Betty felt, approved its name only in not passing.

Miss Betty came out on Broadway and drew a long breath. "There!" she said, turning on her pillow. "There! Now, Lucy and I will make the voyage together."

And then Miss Betty hastened to a shop where unmounted photographs were sold.

"I want a picture of everywhere," she said to the clerk.

It took a long time to fill this comprehensive order, but it was accomplished with an approach to thoroughness. Next Miss Betty bought volume after volume of European travels; Hare, Howells, "Roba di Roma," and endless others.

"I don't know how many of those Lucy has," she thought, as she gave the address of her hotel, "but all that she has duplicates of I'll keep, and we'll read all of them aloud next winter with my photographs to illustrate them."

At her hotel she gathered up her outfit for foreign travel and hurried it into her trunks. Then she lay down to peaceful slumber until the early hour at which she must rise to catch the first train for Poynterbury. Not once did she falter nor regret her sudden abandonment of the opportunity to realize her lifelong dream.

"I'm not one bit ashamed," she said aloud, turning on her pillow, and replying to imaginary nrotests from her ancestral village.

"Thackeray had just such a fit of homesickness and hurried back to England on his first trip here. Not that I shall tell any one but Lucy why I came back, however."

Miss Betty walked in upon her cousin unannounced, and Miss Lucy sprang to clutch her, crying out in affrighted, incredulous delight.

"I'm not going, Lucy," announced Miss Betty. "I was all hoighty-tightly to go up to yesterday. Then I heard those Italians chattering across from the hotel, and it came upon me what it would be if that was the only tongue I could hear. I felt, for a minute, Lucy, that I should die if I couldn't see the flag. Then it flashed upon me, like an inspiration, that I was still under it. I got up, walked out, and sold my ticket, bought a good deal of Europe in photographs for us to look at together, and came home. And home I mean to stay."

"Oh, Betty, you dear, foolish, funny Betty!" cried Miss Lucy. "I'm so sorry you gave it up, but I'm glad, thank you very much, that you're here. I have been so lonely, dear! I don't see how I could have borne it for a year; I'm not as strong as I was."

Miss Betty smiled at her tenderly. "We're of a piece, after all," she said. "You couldn't risk losing Europe by going there, and I couldn't risk losing America by leaving her. It's the same thing, turned about. There's one thing certain, Lucy—we are going to have beautiful times travelling together in this room. I wonder if you could give me a cup of tea?"—Marion Ames Taggart, in Benziger's.

## THE WORLD LOOKS DARK

To the Dyspeptic. How to Make It Bright.

Father Morrissey, the learned priest-physician, realized that many of the difficulties and troubles of this world are due to indigestion. He believed that to get a proper mental and spiritual attitude, normal digestive apparatus is very helpful. The good Father therefore gave much study to the important question of the stomach.

His famous prescription, "No. 11," for dyspepsia and indigestion, consists of simple tablets cleverly compounded from the materials in Nature's laboratory. Each tablet will perfectly digest a full meal of 1 1/2 pounds of food.

Father Morrissey's "No. 11" has brought ease and continued health to thousands of sufferers who had previously tried other remedies in vain. It instantly relieves and in due time restores the stomach to full vigor.

If you suffer at times or regularly from a sick, sour, dyspeptic stomach, try No. 11, and see how quickly you can again enjoy hearty meals, and how bright the world looks once more.

In convenient flat boxes at 80c. each. Get a box from your dealer, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

J. A. D. Godbout.  
 Secretary-Registrar—B. Lachance.  
 The preliminary examinations were held the next day, the 7th instant, when 20 candidates presented themselves and the following names are those who have been admitted: Wilbrod Fafard, Miss Aldina Fontaine, Isidore Getz, Alpi Lecavalier, T. E. Berard, Lionel C. Jovett, Elias Rivet, Odilon Brochu, Adelphe Beauregard, Elie Labelle, William Loebell and Wilfrid Leger.

The examiners were Professors J. C. Cassegrain of the Jacques Cartier Normal School and Isaac Gammell, of the High School, Montreal, with A. J. Laurence as General Supervisor and Victor Giroux Supervisor for Quebec and vicinity.

The next examination will take place on the 6th of October, 1910.

## Catholic New England.

The New England States, according to William Sidney Rossiter, a census official of Washington, may now be regarded as the stronghold of Catholicism in the United States.

In Massachusetts, 355 persons in every thousand of total population were reported in 1906 as members of the Roman Catholic Church; in Rhode Island, 400; Connecticut, 298; New Hampshire, 277; New York, 278. Some of these proportions are double those shown sixteen years before.

The non-Catholic communicants per 1000 of the States mentioned, numbered but 148 in Massachusetts, 131 in Rhode Island, 195 in Connecticut, 149 in New Hampshire, and 150 in New York; and practically all show a decline per 1000 of total population from 1890 to 1906.

In Massachusetts, with a population of a little over 3,000,000 approximately 900,000 are descendants of the native stock, and probably over 1,000,000 persons in the commonwealth are available from which to draw membership for the non-Catholic churches, and this is practically the same number that were thus available in 1850.

The same official says that the non-Catholic population has not increased in New England for sixty years.—The Missionary.

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and cathartics are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

## Two Mysteries.

"Two mysteries strike the mind," wrote the recently deceased Irishman, General Butler, "one is the preservation of the Jews, the other the preservation of the Irish. Both races are scattered over the earth, but while one has amassed enormous wealth it was unable to keep its hold upon the land of its birth. The other, despite poverty and persecution, are still in their home land, and their separated sons are welding within the lands into which they are scattered a larger measure of political influence than they have ever known at home."

## HIS FACE AND NECK WERE COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Pimples are caused by bad blood. There is only one way to get rid of them, outward applications are no good, and that is to get at the seat of the trouble, by using a good reliable blood medicine.

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market for over 30 years, and is one of the most reliable blood cleansers procurable. It removes all the poisonous matter from the blood, and leaves a beautiful clear complexion.

Mr. Philip S. Cobb, Crapaud, P.E.I., writes: "About a year ago my neck and face were entirely covered with pimples, and having tried nearly every medicine I could think of, and getting no relief, I at last thought of Burdock Blood Bitters and decided to try a bottle.

"After the first bottle was done the pimples were almost gone, so I got another and after finishing it they entirely disappeared, and I now have a beautiful clear complexion free from all ailments of the skin. To all persons troubled with pimples or any other skin disease I highly recommend Burdock Blood Bitters. I feel quite sure it will cure them."

Manufactured only by The F. Williams Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**Nervous Headaches**  
 AND MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM DISAPPEARED WHEN THE NERVES WERE RESTORED BY  
**DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD**

Feeble, wasted, starved nerves often make their condition known by nervous headaches. This is one of the first and most marked symptoms.

If you are at all subject to rheumatism you have noticed how much worse it gets when the system gets run down.

Both nervous headaches and muscular rheumatism disappear when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used to rebuild and revitalize the wasted and weakened body.

Mr. James Riley, 61 Jarvis St., Brantford, Ont., writes: "I suffered for years with muscular rheumatism and as I also had frequent and severe attacks of nervous headache I concluded that the trouble came from the nerves and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As I continued this treatment the rheumatism was gradually driven out of the system, my nerves got stronger and sturdier, and the headaches disappeared. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a splendid nerve regulator and health builder."

You cannot possibly make a mistake in using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, when the nervous system gets run down, for by forming new, rich blood this great food cure builds up the nerve cells as nothing else can.

When you have made up your mind to test this treatment, go at it in earnest and keep at it regularly until you feel again the joy of health and vigor.

50 cts. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmondson Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

**Common Civility a Corporation Asset.**

A placard displayed in the Atlanta (Ga.) office of the Postal Telegraph Company, counseling the employees to be courteous towards all patrons of that corporation and all visitors, calls forth from the Manufacturers Record of Baltimore the declaration that this card, or one similar to it, should be printed in the most conspicuous office of every corporation dealing with the public. It is held, and soundly, that while it is bad enough to find lack of courtesy anywhere, it becomes an aggravated evil when found in offices of semi-public corporations for then it arouses a feeling of hostility that craves an outlet through spoken or written attacks upon responsible corporation officials, and often through legislation directed against the corporations themselves.

A corporation may be made very popular or it can become very obnoxious as a consequence of the conduct of its employees toward the public. There is plenty of evidence to prove that a public service company possessed of officials and servants who are adepts in common civility may lapse in many other particulars and still retain popular good will, while a thoroughly efficient public service company may by reason of the brusque, uncivil, disobliging conduct of its employees, fall into public disfavor.

There are two sides to the matter, of course. There is as good opportunity on the one side as on the other to display good sense and good manners. The great difference is that while the uncivil individual in private life lowers and hurts only himself by an exhibition of ill-nature or high temper, the corporation employee by taking a similar course not only lowers and hurts himself but injures his employer. The courteous employee is unquestionably an asset.—Exchange.

**Pharmaceutical Association of the Province of Quebec.**

At the regular meeting of the Council of this Association, held on the 6th instant, the officers for 1910-11 were elected as follows:

President—J. E. Tremble, re-elected.

1st Vice-President—A. J. Lawrence.

2nd Vice-President—W. P. Laroche.

Treasurer—Chs. E. Scarff, re-elected.

Members of the Council—W. H. Chapman, Jos. Contant, J. E. W. Levesque, M. Albert, O. H. Tansey, A. L. Jolicoeur, E. C. Fraser and