different then

ard el is still a

prise oap ard Soap-

s why.

SURPRISE e

ON THE CHINK.

Li Chung Fong is ble sed and of humor. Nor is he telling a story against le once told an amusing f an occasion on which he the house of a well glish politiciar. After his was introduced to even for some memorie. who for some moments aim carefully. For a secy was silent, wrestling oblem, and then he broke y was silent, wrealdn't he be funny?

Call of the West.

territory in Western Cathering up is so attractive to ospectors and investors terr States that Minnether States in the Union are organizing through ercial bodies movements counteract the heavy that has set in to the meeting of the Minnesota organizations has been ovember 23rd to devise

ovember 23rd to devise ovember 23rd to devise whereby some construc-be placed in the way of tion. The St. Paul Des-vember 10th says: able interest in the ga-been manifested by ci-

been manifested by cithe Dakota, and several
that they be permitted to
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The confirmers this side
of the day been received. prepare literature show-tual land conditions in and North Dakota. This ill be scattered rbroad-

Ill be scattered rbroad-the country, and special be made to see that it persons who are at pre-ed in Canadian lands. I that thousands of far-nave sold their land in States, pass through mually on their wayto is thought that if the is thought that if the offered here could be immigrants a large them would make this

r Rheumatism.—A painestent form of rheuma-ed by impurities in the esult of defective action and kidneys. The blood ated by the introduction thed by the introductum,
, which causes much
sissues and in the joints.
Vegetable Pills are
are effected many reres, and their use is
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plan, Omagh, has with ion taken his B.A. de-on the blue ribbon—ist and (Royal University) tal science and chemis-took first-class honors first-class exhibition of inst-class exhibition of inst-class and was eduof Omagh, and was edu-ne Christian Brothers'



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T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY .- Estab Nahed March 6th. 1856; incorpor 1868; Meets in St. Patrick' ated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.: President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Bermingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

### Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Domai sion Land in Manitoba, Saskaishe man and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26 sion Land in Manitoba, Sastanisheman and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, set reserved, may be homestracked 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 lead is affuncted. Entry by proxy may, however, but

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the histor, mother, son, daughter, bro-her or sister of an intending home-

## Ellis Rhinehart's Betrothal.

After the humiliating interview with the school board, which resulted in her resignation, Ellis Rhinehart closed and locked the Rhinehart closed and locked the heavy doors, gave the key to Mr. Wheedler, director, and walked de-jectedly down the quiet village

wheedler, director, and walked dejectedly down the quiet village street.

She prayed that no one would witness her ignominious retreat, but she had not reckoned with Donnie Wheedler, who sat by the roadside picking short-stemmed violets.

"Say, you goin' home?" cried the tot shrilly, scrambling up. "Here's some vi'lets fer ye. Lookie at my dress! Mugson's pup got down in a hole and I crawled it out. Won't mother be mad, though?"

The child hopped along on one foot, shaking with wicked laughter over her parent's discomfiture, until a sudden thought caused her to shake back the curls from her mischievous blue eyes and again break into sharp, breathless sentences.

"Say, Miss Winehart, maw's awful mad with you 'cause you shook Hardle, for throwing kerner wede."

ful mad with you 'cause you shook Hardie for throwing paper wads. She told him not to take you home, She told him not to take you home, and he has wunned off from you. She sent paw over to the school house to—to—do somethin'. She'll say she didn't, but then she lies so you can't believe a word she

says."

Behind her sounded the din of horseback riders, and the girl trembled and crowded close to the sticky, brimming ditch.

"Ugh!" she thought with genuine terror, "here come some horrid, howling boys, and Hardie is one of them."

She knew that no other boy could so thoroughly bespatter her nor remark with such an oily sneer upon the suitability of the roads for walking. Oh, how she hated boys! What had she not, in her brief experience, suffered at their hands?

"But you are done with it, you poor thing," she told herself, with savage joy. "It may be somebody's kitchen, or tramping the country-side, but never, never again the schoolroom." As if in keeping with schoolroom." As if in keeping with her pitiful fierceness, came the rapid, reckless dash of a carriage, and Ellis drew aside, prepared for more daubs of mud; but the vehicle did not pass—it stopped with a jerk, and she felt herself lifted in and the robes tucked an anglely before the robes tucked up snugly before she

Ther, she looked wonderingly into a man's dark, angry face—a somewhat heavy face, lighted by a pair

what heavy face, lighted by a pair of blazing, stubborn gray eyes.

"They're a pretty set up there," he blurted out, striking the horse fiercely and then jerking its head aside to steer out of a puddle. "I'd like to murder the whole outfit." Ellis shrank as he struck the horse, and put an absurdly small, detaining hand on that of the driver, who immediately consigned the whip to the socket, but still jerked mechanically on the lines. "Then she leaned back with a delicious sence leaned back with a delicious sense

leaned back with a delicious sense of comfort. In all the past months that she had daily met Stephen Gifford in the quiet streets, the little postoffice, and the weatherbeaten church, his sober smile, his watchful, worshipful eyes, his diffident attentions had come closer to her worried life than she had known. The memory of them came to her now, behind his sudden, masterful authority. He talked on and on, whimsically, exaggeratedly, hotly.

blass, mother, son, daughter, browned by his mother, son, daughter, browned by his mother of an intended possession of the following the sonditions connected there will be conditions to the solution of the connected there will be conditioned by the control of the covered with his big hand can be part for these years.

(4) Al least air months "rendement of the solution of the covered with his big hand can be part for these years.

(5) He may be the face, and the solution of t

me. Say yes, dear."

"If she wants me, too—never, unless," was the firm answer. But to Stephen Gifford, in his arrogant belief in himself and the bending of all else to his will, it was as if heaven had already opened and he were entering in. were entering in.

Mrs. Gifford had wanted to like Mrs. Gifford had wanted to like Ellis Rhinehart, whose gentle re-serve appealed to her; but her hori-zon was very limited, and entirely excluded girls—girls all and any.

If it sometimes occurred to her that there might come into her son's It is sometimes occurred to her that there might come into her son's life a greater influence than her own, a woman whom he would place above and beyond her she hastily put the thought from her. As Ellis had said, Stephen was all she had. When, twenty years before, she had buried his father, and afterwards the boy's idolized sister, when the girl's sunny head almost topped her own, it seemed that the bleeding roots of her soul closed around her son that remained, and tightened rigidly, foolishly, unreservedly. Some time, she said vaguely, he might time, she said vaguely, he might marry, but he was young, and the time was far, far distant.

Now the neighbors, breaking for the first time through her austere reticence, had torn the veil from before her eyes, and suddenly, like a thief in the night, the awful thing

Stephen felt the impending storm in his mother's tense quietness at the breakfast table next morning—in the feverish brightness of her eyes, the tightness of her voice, as she asked him where he had been the previous evening. He felt her burning upon him as he quietly

"There's going to be a quilting here to-day," she said, after a lo uncomfortable pause. "Mrs. Whe ler is coming. She is president the Aid, and she selected the Aid, and she asked me for the parlor. There'll be a good many in —some of the young folks in the

"Well," he ventured, feeling

angry demon rising at what he knew would come next.

"If don't want you to bring here, that's all. Mrs. Wheedler said herself it wouldn't do, the way folks are feeling. She said the school board had to turn her off, she was so trifling. Besides that, she abused Mrs. Wheedler's children. You just do not know her. Stophen. did folks are You just do not know her, Stephen Mrs. Wheedler says she wouldn't Mrs. Wheedler says she wouldn't wait for Hardie last night, but started off afoot so's you'd overtake her and carry her home. She says it's country talk the way the

says it's country talk the way the girl has run after you."
"Well, you know the kind of a woman Mrs. Wheedler is," answered Stephen patiently. "Or, maybe you don't—you have so little to do with your neighbors; but, mother, she has her nose poked into everyone's business, and the very people who trust her most she talks about the worst. She don't mean helf she She don't mean half so why should you mind?

worst. She don't mean hair she says, so why should you mind?" "I won't, Stephen, not a word, though I think it right kind of her to warn me; but I won't mind

to warn me; but I won't mind if you say there's nothing to it."
"Nothing to what?"
"To that girl roping you in. But you've too much sense, though—I might have known that."
Stephen rose from the table with a suddenness that upset his chair with a crash. His ruddy face had grown white.
"Mother," he said, with a look she had seen on his father's face in the old days when her will had clashed."

thought bitterly. "And everyone with a stab for her! But I'll bring her now, if I have to carry her. They're afraid of me. Things will

They're afraid of me. Things will be different then."

He laughed harshly and ran down the back stairs to the side gate, where his horse was tied. As he was about to drive away his mother signalled him to wait, and hurried after him between the tall rows of blossoming yuccas.

"Stephen," she panted, her proud old face working with a strange pleading—"Stephen, if you go and bring her here, I'll never forgive you. If you marry her I'll never welcome her, and you'll lose your mother, for I'll go to your Uncle Stephen's and never darken your doors. If yoh.could only hear what they say, you wouldn't—" but she stopped before the stubborn look she knew so well.

Trembling visibly, she went slowly back to the women who were determenting her while her seed of the women who were determenting her while her seed of the women who were determenting her while her seed of the women who were determenting her while her seed of the women who were determenting her while her seed of the substant of the seed of the seed

ly back to the women who were tor-menting her, while her son drove straight on.

As this was the first time Mrs. Gifford's neighbors had ever had a chance at her, with no question of results, they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Not a word could she say, being dumb with humiliation, but ever extended. she say, being dumb with humiliation, but every syllable feil upon her literal soul as truth absolute. Despairingly her sharp black eyes turned from one to the other of the excited, noisy group. How awful it was! If Stephen could only know the truth, she thought, and her blood boiled in sympathy with little, sharp-nosed Mrs. Bagley, who was demanding of Mrs. Wheedler: "You say she knocked him down?" Shrinklingly she heard Mrs. Wheedler's positive assertion:

ler's positive assertion:
"Yes, flat—he was that dizzy

"Yes, flat—he was that dizzy he could hardly get home. She got Donnie to say that he stubbed his toe against the platform and fell. I just can't believe a word that child says since she started to school."
"Well," wheezed fat Mrs. Mugson, fanning herself excitedly, "I wouldn't have my boy, Josh, roped in by no sich girl as that, but since he went to visit the school I hain't worried a particle on his account. He says the very first thing he did was to get a wad of paper slung was to get a wad of paper right in his eye. He says th right in his eye. He says the school board was there giving out problems, and she couldn't work one of them. Said it wasn't no place for working puzzles. Josh says they

had her mighty nigh cryin' "I believe," put in Mrs. Gifford distractedly, "I had better go and hunt some more thread. I see we're pretty nigh out."

Tremblingly she climbed the stairs, ard with breathless haste took her best bonnet and shawl from the closet and laid them on a chair with her handbag and gloves. Seeming to breathe more easily after this, she hunted in the cabinet for the thread and then reluctantly descended to the "back room," where the tide of astonishing revelations flow

"And my man heard up to the postoffice from your man, who heard it fram Mrs. Mugson's boy, Josh, that Hardie passed them the other side of town, and they were goin' on awful."

"They was," affirmed Mrs. Wheedler, with a cautious look at Mrs. Cafford. "She was bawling out loud just like a baby, and he—" "Here's Ellis Rhinehart now—her and Steve," shrieked Mrs. Bagley, with her nose flattened against the window.

Her timely and noisy proclamation was followed by an entire shifting of the scene before Mrs. Gifford's astonished eyes, which traveled dazed ly from her son's stern face and the slim, shrinking girl at his side, to the smiling, flattering group that surrounded and welcomed the belat-

ed couple She heard Mrs. Bagley kiss Ellis and call her "sweet thing;" she saw Mrs. Wheedler kindly, even caressingly, arrange a loosened comb in the girl's wavy, shining hair; she heard Mrs. Mugson tell the despised one what a pity it was she was too ill to finish her term, and how her boy, Josh, enjoyed his visit to the school last week. And all the time she stood with her hands clenching the back of a chair, her stern gaze holding something of shame, betrayal, revenge.

By no word or sign did she wel- on my system at once raised

pgy, went upstairs.
An hour passed, during which the

An hour passed, during which the quilters surreptitiously discussed Mrs. Gifford's strarge disappearance, and nudged each other meaningly at any fancied noise overhead.

Finally Stephen, who could bear the strain no longer, anxiously followed and found his mother kneeling by the chest that held his sister's treasured clothing, her head out of sight as she groped about blindly and sobbingly.

"Mother," he whispered, touching her heaving shoulders, "you must not go away. Please, mother, be reasonable."

"Go downstairs!" commanded his

must not go away. Please, mother, be reasonable—"
"Go downstairs!" commanded his mother, flasking a strange look at him, "and keep those human ghouls from falling bodly results girl. When I want you to regulate my goings and comings, Stephen Gird, I'll let you know. Do you hear that—I'll let you know!"

IV.

## Father Morriscy's **Prescriptions**

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Father Merriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., - Chatham, N.B.

take her home without further

delay.
Something told him that the time

Something told him that the time was short till his mother would come down those stairs, and then what, in heaven's name, would she do? What would he do? He knew that if he took Ellis home, as she wished, everything was virtually over between them, and he feared that if he did not take her, his mother would walk out of the house as a stranger. Then, while the sweat stood on his brow in the agony of indecision, he heard his mother's step on the stairs.

Firmly she entered the room. eyes red with the scalding tears she had shed beside the old cedar chest had shed beside the old cedar chest, her wrinkled fingers clutching some-thing that glittered.

As through an empty room she walked, straight to where her son's chosen sat with down-drooped lids

and eyes that saw not for the mist "Ellis Rhinehart," she said in low, but distinct voice, "stand Give me your hand-no, the

gers, she slipped on the third one a wide ring, quaintly set with glow-

ing gens.

"It belonged to my daughter who is dead," she said, with proud tenderness. "I now present it to my daughter who is living."—The Carachier

# HIS PAINS AND

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Chas. N. Cyr's Rheumatism.

Statement of a Man who Suffered for a Year From Different Forms of Kidney Disease and Found a Speedy Cure-

New Richmond Station, Cric., Dec. 13.—(Special)—In these cold fall days when Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache and other Kidney Diseases are working havoc in every corner of Canada, thousands will be interested in the statement of Mr. Chas. N. Cyr, the well known barber of this place.

"I had been a sufferer from Rheumatism and Backache for a year," Mr. Cyr states. "My head also troubled me and it was hard to

come Stephen or Ellis, and not one word did she speak to anyone elected the formula she prepared the table for man. All my pains and aches are supper, then, without a word of aposition and a company to the supper and I am able to do my work

without pain. which the
discussed whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have curpearance,
aningly at
which the discussed whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured of Rheumatism, Sciatica and
Backache. For Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure sick or disordered Kidneys. And if your Kidneys are well you can't have Rheumatism, Sciatica or Backache.

Arrangements have been made whereby the residents of Boston, Worcester, Springfield and other New England points will have an opportunity of visiting Montreal and Quebec during the holiday season at greatly reduced fares. Such fares will be in effect from stations on the Boston and Maine, the Central Vermont, and New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroads, operating in conjunction with the Grand Trunk Railway System. Tickets will be on sale from December 30th to January 2nd, inclusive, valid to return on or before January 25th, 1910. Stop over will be allowed on all tickets at intermediate stations in Canada.

These excursions will give Canadas. Arrangements have been The quilters had eaten the last crumb, rolled up the quilt, separated their thimbles, and, bonneted and cloaked, stood playfully bickering over which owed the next visit, but really waiting for the crists, that one and all could feel was in the surcharged air.

By the centertable Ellis' agitated face was bent over the family. Album, while she begged Stephen earnestly, with low, pitful pleading, at very low faces.



cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Whooping Cough. A real Lung Tonic.

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Father Morriscy's Liniment is a household standby for all sorts of aches and pains. Pleasant to use—quick to relieve.

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The Prisoner and the Blackbird

(Davitt, since he has taken charge (Davitt, since he has taken charge of the Garden at Kilmainham, has established friendly relations with the blackbird which nestles in one of the trees. The bird visits Davitt daily and comes to his call, perching fearlessly on his finger or shoulder, while opuring forth

perching fearlessly on his finger or shoulder, while pouring forth a flood of song. This companionship is the only solace of his imprisonment, as visits are allowed only in every three months. These facts are related by the governor to Mrs. Sullivan, and have created a considerable sensation at Portland, where Davitt was considered as a terrible conspirator and the incorner. where Davitt was considered as a terrible conspirator and the incarna-tion of all that was evil and dangerous.)

The nightingale's soft melody Swells through the silent night; And the joyous hymn of the With the morning's rosy light.

From castled keep, from turret steep Round the peasant's cabin door, One endless roundelay of song These feathered minstrels pour.

Not mine the task to name them, The birds of you Green Isle, Where Nature's glorious garment Would angel e'en beguile. But one, the royal blackbird,

The subject of this take Who comes with song to cheer the ACHES ALL GONE Gloom Round dark Kilmainham Jail.

He seeks no royal permit To visit Davitt's cell, Whose only crime 'gainst England's Queen, He loved his Ireland well!

No prison laws prevent him; No warden's jingling keys: Fearless he flies to Davitt's call, From nest amidst the trees. Circling round the prisoner's head.

Or perching on his hand,
Brings to the mind dim legends
quaint,
They tell in the dear old land.
Of how a royal blackbird Once sang in a prisoner's cell Whose only crime, like Davitt's, lay In loving Ireland well.

For that same crime brave men have And felt no coward's fear, Martyrs for Erin's righteous cause, And what a man holds dear.

'Twas Scotland's crime in olden When Bruce and Wallace bled, And the kilted clans of the heather

'Gainst English Edward led. And Davitt strong in patient faith, In prison waits the day. When from the land of his holiest

land.

love,
The chains shall fall away.
AGNES BURT. He May Smell Brimstone.

Holiday Excursions From New Eng land to Montreal and Quebecexisting in Catholic churches. This fellow was hard, up for a pretext, but we fear that he will not find very much fresh air in the place he is headed for. We have always felt, somehow, that cranks of every variety furnished excellent raw material for future heretics. Within and without the Church they are common nuisances. At bottom they are incipient lunatics and should be treated as such, for patience in their case is frequently thrown to the winds.—Exchange.

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