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BOYS and GIRLS

Dear Aunt Becky:
As I have not written to you for some time, or I have not seen any letters from my little cousins in the "Girls and Boys" corner, I thought I would write you. I go to school every day. I am in the fourth reader. My studies are British and Canadian history, grammar, geography, and health reader. I am in Academic arithmetic. Our teacher's name is Miss K. S. Robertson. There was good skating here, but it snowed and spoiled it. There is not much news here, so I guess I will close saying good-bye.

From your niece,
LENA RAYMOND,
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

Dear Aunt Becky:
It is so long since I have written to you that I suppose you are thinking I have forgotten you, but I have not. I was very pleased to see that some of your nieces still remember you. Although I like to read the nice verses and stories, I think I would rather see some letters a little oftener.

I go to school every day. It is a public school, as there are not enough Catholics around here to build a Catholic School. Easter will soon be here now. I will be glad when summer comes so I can go out in the fields and pick flowers.

Well, dear Auntie, I think I have said enough for this time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain
Your loving niece,
HELENA WILSON.
Fesserton, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I have not written to you since last spring. We have a new baby. His name is Gerald Redmond Enright. He is very fat and healthy. I have three brothers now, and I am the only girl. My grandmother died a few weeks ago. We miss her very much. I go to school every day. Our teacher is my cousin. Her name is Miss Annie May Gagnon. I am to make my first Communion next summer. Good-bye for to-day.
Your affectionate niece,
ADA ENRIGHT,
Port Daniel.

A HINDU LULLABY.

Where does the Cuckoo sleep, Baby?
Down by the great stone tank.
Where the lizards bask in the sunshine,
And the monkeys play on the bank.
Where does the peacock sleep, Baby?
Out in the jungle grass,
Where the jackals howl in the evening,
And parrots scream as they pass.

What does the peacock drink, Baby?
Cream from somebody's cup;
And if somebody isn't careful,
The peacock will drink it all up.
What does the Cuckoo drink, Baby?
Milk from somebody's pan;
So run and stop the rascal, as quick as
Ever you can.

What does the Cuckoo eat, Baby?
Candy and all that's nice,
And great round balls of brown sugar
Speckled with sugar and spice.
What does the peacock eat, Baby?
Lollipops all day long;
But, Baby must go to sleep now, for
This is the end of the song.

LOTTIE'S REWARD.

The Griswold cranberry bog lay broiling in the hot September sunshine, not even the suggestion of a breeze stirred the heavy air over the meadow, though on the hillside in the distance Lottie Baker could see the green grass waving, as every now and then the wind swept gently along the sloping field.

The line of busy pickers on the bog had grown irregular as the forenoon advanced, until now the uninitiated would never have imagined they had started together at the edge at the commencement of the morning's labor. Lottie herself had started out by the side of a woman who was in the very van of the pickers. Twice already she had passed Lottie, carrying her pail filled with berries to be emptied into the boxes, and the girl knew that she had come back with another blue ticket each time—a precious ticket which she had probably tied safely in the corner of her handkerchief.

And Lottie, struggling for the first time to pick the large ripe berries from among their slender vines, wished she could work as fast as Sarah Cummings; for Lottie had not yet filled her first pail with the red fruit.

"You're in among the pitchforks, Lottie Baker," called a girl a couple of rows away.

"Yes," said Lottie, "I am."

And the girl laughingly held up her arms for inspection. Now one peculiarity of a cranberry picker's costume is the manner in which she

manages to protect her arms and hands by pulling on a pair of old stockings with holes cut in the feet for her thumbs and fingers to come through, for the cranberry plants are scratchy, and the troublesome weeds frequently get into the bog.

One particularly miserable weed there is, too, more troublesome in a bog than all the rest; a weed with brown seeds that are just ripe at picking time, and which are furnished with two sharp points apiece to hold fast to whatever they may come in contact with by way of clothing. And Lottie Baker's black stocking mitts were full of the noxious brown pitchforks.

"Why are cranberry bogs always in such hot places?" asked the other girl in a discontented voice.

"I don't know," replied Lottie.

"Grumbling?" asked a tall man who was walking among the pickers.

"It's terribly hot here, Mr. Griswold," returned Myra Simmonds. She was the girl who had been talking to Lottie.

But Lottie Baker only laughed. "See the grass waving up there on the hill. It makes me feel cooler," she said brightly.

"Why don't they put cranberry bogs on hills, Mr. Griswold?" asked Myra.

"Nature of the berry to grow in sand in low places, so we have to plant on the lowland. Don't forget that the bogs have to be flooded before the frost comes," explained the man.

"And then when winter comes we have such lovely times skating here," cried Lottie, and her eyes shone with the pleasure of the remembrance.

The tall man smiled pleasantly. He was the owner of the bog.

"You give us a chance to earn money in the fall, Mr. Griswold, and then in winter you give us a good time," continued the girl.

"That's one of the ways I have of adding my mite to make up the world's happiness, Lottie," said Mr. Griswold, as he passed along.

With the laugh on her lips, Lottie went back to her picking, and soon had the ten-quart pail filled to the brim with shining berries.

Mrs. Thomas Griswold, keeping tally under a big elm by the side of the bog, gave an exclamation of delight when she saw Lottie's pail.

"How full your pail is, Lottie!" she cried. "Good Scripture measure, 'pressed down, and shaken together and running over,' and not a miserable, scrimpy pailful that I have to frown over."

"Haven't I picked them right, Mrs. Griswold?" asked Lottie earnestly.

"Just right, my dear. Don't stop bringing them in this way, and commence to put in vines and weeds and half fill your pails. Just let me keep out that pailful as it is, instead of turning it into a box; or else I will put it in a box by itself. It's a beautiful pail of berries," returned Mrs. Griswold heartily.

Lottie looked the pail over critically.

"I didn't do anything unusual. I just tried to pick clean and get a good pailful," she said slowly.

"Picking cranberries is like other things in life, Lottie. It's just doing right the thing that comes to your hand to do, and then taking up the next thing and doing that right, too. These are beautiful!" And Mrs. Griswold passed Lottie an empty pail and a precious blue ticket.

Now that blue ticket was good for a cash value of twenty cents, or two cents per quart for a ten-quart pail filled with berries. When one had earned ten blue tickets, one exchanged them for a red ticket worth two dollars at paying time, and when one had gained five red tickets they would be replaced by Mrs. Griswold giving one a brown slip of pastebord having a cash value of ten dollars. That had been the code of reckoning each year on the Griswold meadows.

It was the brown slip of pastebord representing ten dollars that Lottie Baker had started out determined to earn on the cranberry bog during that autumn harvest. For ten dollars would help along marvelously at the Baker home, where there were five smaller mouths than Lottie's to keep filled, and none but the father to supply them with bread.

But the coveted brown slip of pastebord looked pretty far away to Lottie as she bent once more over the heaped bog. Mentally she reckoned it all out: ten pails before she could get even one red ticket, and then for four times more that same task must be gone over with before she would have the slip of brown pastebord. Fifty pails filled with those little berries that came up a pail so slowly! Lottie dropped a couple of handfuls of the berries into her empty pail as she concluded her arithmetical process.

The sound of the berries striking berries half assured the girl, and her courage came back.

"There are only forty-nine more pails to be picked, Lottie Baker," she said cheerily, "and you can certainly try to do that!"

It was at the ending of the cranberry harvest. The days had grown cooler and there had even been danger from frost one night, so that Mr. Griswold had sat up and watched with anxious eyes his partially harvested crop.

To Lottie Baker had come disappointment. Four red tickets lay safely in her bureau drawer at home, accompanied by seven blue ones—just three short of the brown slip of pastebord. Pay day at the bog had come, and Lottie choked back the tears as she took the tickets out and started for Mr. Griswold's cranberry house to get them turned into cash.

Mrs. Griswold was there counting out money and checking off as the pickers presented their tickets and were paid.

"Nine dollars and forty cents for you, Lottie Baker," she said to the girl.

"Yes," said Lottie.

"And then some more," added Mrs. Griswold.

Lottie looked up instantly, and the woman caught sight of the tears that were standing in the girl's blue eyes.

"What's the trouble, child?" she asked.

"I wanted to earn ten dollars cranberrying, and I came so little short. Mother has to pinch to make both ends meet, and there isn't any other work I can find all winter. If I hadn't picked so clear I could have made it."

"You aren't sorry you picked clean, are you?" and Mrs. Griswold played as she looked at Lottie.

"No," said Lottie, and the honesty was in her eyes. "I was doing what was right. Only I'm sorry about mother's having to get along with the little envelope in her hand."

A RELIABLE MEDICINE FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

On the word of thousands of mothers in all parts of Canada who have used Baby's Own Tablets there is no other medicine so good in curing all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood. And we give you the guarantee of a government analyst, that the medicine is safe and contains no opiate or poisonous drug. Mrs. L. Murphy, St. Sylvester, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the safest and best medicine for all stomach and bowel troubles and strongly recommend them to other mothers." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

without the sixty cents."

"What Mother Baker couldn't get along without is her straight girl. I'll warrant," said Mrs. Griswold. "And Mr. Griswold let this envelope for you."

Lottie took the little envelope and saw that her name was written on the front in Mr. Griswold's firm hand.

"Open it," said Mrs. Griswold, quietly.

A brand new dollar bill and two shining dimes fell out of a folded sheet of notepaper.

"Oh!" cried Lottie.

"For Lottie Baker, in fulfillment of an old promise. Thomas Griswold," Lottie read on the paper.

"Is it all right, child?" asked Mrs. Griswold, as Lottie did not speak.

"I can't take what I didn't earn," said Lottie.

"But you did earn it. There are your berries over there in them barrels in the corner," insisted the woman.

Lottie looked over and saw four barrels standing there alone, filled with shining berries, and another near by about three-quarters full.

"I don't understand anything about it," faltered Lottie, after a time.

"I'll tell you how it is, Lottie. When Mr. Griswold first started in the cranberry business," he said that if over anyone came onto his bog and picked so clean that he did not have to screen the berries after them he would pay them the cost of the screening, which is on an average of twenty-five cents a barrel. And you've done it, Lottie Baker," explained the woman kindly.

"Then it is honestly earned?"

"Bless you, child, yes! If ever money was honest, that money is."

Lottie put the new bill back into the envelope, and then the shining dimes, and her face was fairly beaming with happiness.

"Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Griswold," she said brightly. "Mother will be so pleased."

"Mother's straight girl always pleases her," I'll warrant," said the woman sincerely as she turned to deal with a new comer.

The Condition of Ireland.

Following on the debate in the House of Lords, a debate on the condition of Ireland was commenced in the Commons upon an amendment to the Address moved by Earl Percy. Mr. Birrell replied in a vigorous speech. He gave a summary of the police reports from the various counties, from which it appears that the state of Ireland as a whole is quite satisfactory. He said he did not intend to resort to coercion. He would not, for the sake of getting a few more convictions, break up the great Liberal tradition and break up his own great hopes of the future of Ireland. Mr. John Redmond compared crime in England and crime in Ireland, giving figures which showed that relatively the condition of England is far more serious than that of Ireland. Yet no one, he said, proposed coercion for England.

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST!

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE
GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR.



When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, **STOP HIM!** That is the time to do it. It 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.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substitutor realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

STOP HIM!

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.

PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

WE PRINT The True Witness Printing Co.

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.

IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.

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Old Age Pensions.

Lloyd-George Concedes to His Critics in Keen Debate.

No Fraud in Ireland.

Mr. Lloyd George conceded little to his critics in the debate on the supplementary vote of £910,000 for old age pensions and the administrative expenses of the scheme, comments the Dublin Freeman. He claimed that, considering the difficulties, the Government estimate was "remarkably accurate." In the case of Great Britain it was wrong only to the extent of about ten thousand pensions; while the cost of administration was rather less than had been anticipated. But he agreed with the mover of the amendment, that as far as Ireland was concerned the calculations of the Government had entirely broken down. He also alleged that the exceeding popularity of the scheme generally had not been anticipated. For the rest he stands by the Act in spirit and letter, in motive and administration. Here at all events, he does not palter with the persons who on the platform and in the Press have been denouncing the scheme as thriftless and demoralising, a badly botched piece of legislation rushed through for the purpose of capturing the masses. The moving for an additional £900,000 for such a purpose out of the wealthy British Exchequer has given not unnerved a statesman who faces with pleasure the difficulty of finding the eight or nine millions which the scheme may eventually cost, because he is confident that the well-to-do will appreciate with him that the greatness of the cost shows the depth of the need. It is a strong and admirable attitude. A few months ago the Government calculated that the scheme would cost about six millions a year. When claims came tumbling in, the estimate was increased to seven and a half millions. To-day Mr. Lloyd George cheerfully agrees with Mr. Chaplin, who has been one of the croaking critics of the measure, that it will involve an annual outlay of nine millions, more or less.

HAD BACHACHE.

Was Unable To Do House-work For Two Years
Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less "female trouble" than they think.

Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and a dragging down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

Why, then, blame all your trouble to "female disease"?

Most of the so-called "female diseases" are no more or less than "kidney disorders" and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. O. Dupuis, Bellevue Village, N.B., writes: "I was unable to do my housework for two years on account of backache. I could not get up the stairs. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me permanently after doctors failed to even relieve the pain. I can highly recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Decorates Cake With Trade Mark

Chinese Cook Makes Novel Fastry For London Missionaries in China.

(Taken from London Advertiser, March 13.)

Mrs. S. Percy Westaway, (daughter of Mr. Wm. Moore, of West London), who, with her husband, are now located at Chentu, Sz Chuan, West China, writes a descriptive letter of the events transpiring in her present home, and among the incidents related in her most interesting letter received this week is one that brings out the Chairman of an imitator, and shows his ideas of advertising matter in certain Canadian papers. This Chairman evidently knew that the advertisement was a most characteristic and attractive one, and from the manner in which it is displayed, thought it was an advertisement of some confectioner in this country. The advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills has been printed for years as a trade mark in almost every paper published, and has become well known. The following is taken from the letter, and fully explains the circumstances:

A GOOD LAUGH.

"Once in a while we find something to have a good laugh at. Let me tell you this incident. The West China Educational Union was holding meetings in the city; one session met in this house. We in Chentu follow the English custom and serve tea to the members and we wished to help. I was still in bed, so I told the cook, to make a cake. Our cook is a pretty old fellow, about 80 or 85 years of age, and has worked for the 'foreigner' for a long time. He can make a good cake when he so desires and this day he made a layer cake, icing it with white, with red trimmings. He delights to get a new recipe or find some new way of decoration. The London Advertiser, after we have finished with it, frequently finds its way to the kitchen, and as a proof that the cook 'reads it' we give this:—About three o'clock Percy went into the kitchen to see how things were getting along. The cake was there, iced with white, and decorated with red, forming three rows across the cake, and that is what Percy saw and read."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

"On the table beside the cake was that well-known advertisement—the circular box, with this inscription. He, poor fellow, had taken it for a well-made cake, and decorated his like it. They are splendid imitators and clever in their way, every one of them. The cook knows considerable English, but when he tries it on us we pretend not to understand him."

Archbishop's Ready Reply.

The wonderful versatility of President Taft and the wit of Archbishop Ryan were evidenced during a brief talk on the occasion of Mr. Taft's visit to the city a few days ago.

The occupant of the White House, in congratulating His Grace on how well he looked and how proud he should be of his diocese, remarked: "I understand you have in your Cathedral the best example of Romanesque architecture in this city,

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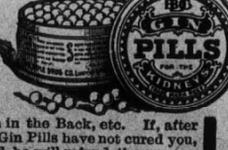
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Kidneys Cured or Money Back

There is no risk in buying GIN PILLS. They are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure all Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism and Sciatica, Pain in the Back, etc. If, after taking 8 boxes, you can honestly say that Gin Pills have not cured you, take the empty boxes to your dealer and he will refund the money. That shows how certain we are that Gin Pills will cure you. 50c. a box; 6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your dealer can't supply you.

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You can't afford to roof a thing without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Send for the free booklet.

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