

**Water**  
**Soap**  
**Purpose**

... in loops  
 ... ribbon; and an-  
 ... adorned  
 ... of the  
 ... like the satin  
 ... was made  
 ... comfort in dan-  
 ... back and  
 ... where it af-  
 ... and silver to  
 ... band of crystal  
 ... round, and was  
 ... and en-  
 ... the arms.  
 ... not were draped  
 ... the shoulders;  
 ... by the bands of  
 ... embroidery; the  
 ... shoulder passed  
 ... and were draped  
 ... line of em-  
 ... The interven-  
 ... between  
 ... was filled with  
 ... of blonde lace  
 ... the garlands of  
 ... and silver bows  
 ... the chiffon skirt  
 ... Little short  
 ... effect of the  
 ... by a band of  
 ... and a clus-  
 ... in the hair:  
 ... pink  
 ... not be forgotten.  
 ... it should  
 ... choose  
 ... as nothing is  
 ... to a glimpse, if  
 ... and ankle of a  
 ... either  
 ... application  
 ... One some-  
 ... effect on  
 ... the two bright  
 ... a comparison of  
 ... to radishes.  
 ... blating effects in  
 ... as great as  
 ... nearly always  
 ... will more univer-  
 ... Nothing can  
 ... its brilliance  
 ... I poetized by a  
 ... or net  
 ... of fashion, has  
 ... so prominent a  
 ... of dress. It is  
 ... to be so, for on  
 ... have been seen  
 ... od-  
 ... around this  
 ... breaks are gener-  
 ... In the even-  
 ... commonness  
 ... beauty and glad-  
 ... exquisite glow-  
 ... master hand to  
 ... draperies, the  
 ... dresses one sees.  
 ... in superim-  
 ... of different  
 ... more  
 ... once more  
 ... glories. Even-  
 ... to a clas-  
 ... which says  
 ... sense of the  
 ... for dancing  
 ... the short  
 ... filled for evening  
 ... who started  
 ... to the grace-  
 ... saw the in-  
 ... appearance  
 ... full of wo-  
 ... short skirt for  
 ... and as  
 ... ever achieve  
 ... their gowns  
 ... to a Ja-  
 ... seeing a skirt  
 ... at each side,  
 ... entirely dif-  
 ... and one can  
 ... of London's  
 ... her guests  
 ... the staircase  
 ... that disclosed  
 ... no matter how  
 ... these charming  
 ... can be no  
 ... and dignity,  
 ... sweeping be-  
 ... rival her Pe-  
 ... and dignity,  
 ... lack of a cau-  
 ... attractions  
 ... a too pressing  
 ... us, therefore,  
 ... of the Manx  
 ... reminiscences  
 ... guide us in

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**SOCIETY DIRECTORY.**

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Estab-  
 lished March 6th, 1866; incorporat-  
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 Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first  
 Monday of the month. Committee  
 meets last Wednesday. Officers:  
 Rev. Chaplain, Vvr. Gerald Mc-  
 Shano, P. P.; President, Mr. H. J.  
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 P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Sec-  
 retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-  
 shal, Mr. P. Lloyd; Asst. Mar-  
 shal, Mr. P. Connolly.

**Synopsis of Canadian North-West  
 HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

ANY unnumbered section of Dom-  
 inion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan  
 and Alberta, excepting 8 and 98,  
 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 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, brother  
 or sister of an intending homes-  
 teader.

The homesteader is required to per-  
 form the conditions connected there-  
 with 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 homes-  
 teader 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 perm-  
 anent residence upon farming lands  
 owned by him in the vicinity of his  
 homestead, the requirements as to  
 residence may be satisfied by resi-  
 dence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing  
 should be given the Commissioner of  
 Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of in-  
 tention to apply for patent.

**W. W. GORRY,**  
 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 Expeller.

**SELF RAISING FLOUR**  
**Brodie's Celebrated**  
**Self-Raising Flour**  
 is the Original and the Best.  
 A Premium given for the empty bags  
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 90 Hurry Street, Montreal.

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles  
 Many testimonials could be pre-  
 sented showing the great efficacy of  
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 disorders of the respiratory  
 process, but the best testimonial is  
 experience and the Oil is recommend-  
 ed to all who suffer from these dis-  
 orders with the certainty that they  
 will find relief in its soothing in-  
 flammation in the mucous membranes  
 to other remedies.

**The Friend of a Friend**

(By Mary Hastings, in  
 Good Housekeeping.)  
 Margery emerged from her lace  
 shop just as he was entering his  
 studio across the corridor. "Good  
 afternoon," said she. "Good after-  
 noon," said he. "How is business?"  
 "Dead," she cheerily proclaimed.  
 "How is art?"  
 "Dead and buried! Come in and  
 condole with each other." He flung  
 his door open hospitably. "You know  
 you weren't going anywhere in par-  
 ticular, and it's time for tea."  
 "You don't need condolence, you  
 old Sybarite," she scoffed, entering  
 the studio and eyeing pointedly its  
 superfluous luxuries. "What is a lull  
 in art to you?"  
 "As to that," he gave back, eyeing  
 in return the fetching smartness of  
 her spring apparel, "you don't look  
 exactly suffering, either."  
 She looked, in candid truth, dis-  
 tractingly pretty. She was a vision  
 —a dazzling, bright-eyed, golden-haired  
 vision, of youth and high spirits  
 and becoming clothes. In open joy-  
 ousness she nodded at her image in  
 his big Florentine mirror.  
 "Isn't this a dream of a hat?" she  
 demanded.  
 "It will do," conceded the young  
 man. Privately he considered the  
 conjunction of that hat and Margery  
 to be sheer inhumanity.  
 "It will have to do a lot," she  
 returned, with mystery in her smile.  
 "But I thought you invited me to  
 tea? Where are your lemons? I'll  
 slice them while you light the lamp.  
 I can't stay long, for I've left the  
 Jones' child alone in the shop."  
 "To hold vigil over the defunct  
 business?"  
 "Exactly. It's monotonous, but  
 it makes her feel important and  
 somebody may happen in and buy  
 a handkerchief." Margery had  
 whisked off her glove and was at-  
 tacking the lemons as she spoke.  
 There was grace in every alert mo-  
 tion. "And now what's the matter  
 with art—since I am asked in to  
 sympathize?"  
 The young artist tried to shrug  
 away a very genuine chagrin.  
 "Everything," he owned. "I can't  
 seem to accomplish anything. My  
 stuff is forced—it's flabby. I lack  
 inspiration."  
 "You lack incentive."  
 "How's that?"  
 "Too many dollars."  
 "Nonsense. Art for art's sake,  
 you know."  
 "All the same," she insisted, "if  
 you had to hustle for a living you  
 would do something, Billy, and not  
 dawdle." The severity of her speech  
 was chiefly due to a cut thumb.  
 "Give me the knife," he advised,  
 "before you reduce yourself to rib-  
 bons."  
 "So I am a dawdler?"  
 "Well—you are too comfortable."  
 By way of illustration she snuggled  
 back cosily into a vast easy chair,  
 and put her thumb for solace in her  
 mouth.  
 He smiled across the table at her.  
 "It's the spring," he pleaded. "How  
 can a fellow work on an April day?  
 Just sniff that air." A warm, sweet  
 breeze, fluttering the curtains of his  
 open window, was bringing to them  
 through all its city wanderings a  
 sense of spice and stirring sap.  
 "Doesn't it want to make you want  
 to get out in the open and lie down  
 and look up at the sky and feel  
 things grow?"  
 She nodded, her eyes grown wistful.  
 Then they flashed into humor-  
 ous sparkle again. "I am going into  
 the open," she returned. "I am go-  
 ing to the country this very week-  
 end and I hope—I hope, Billy, that  
 I shall feel things grow! Hence this  
 hat."  
 "I don't follow. What are you  
 and the hat up to?"  
 Margery hesitated, prolonging the  
 pause to definite suspense. There was  
 mischief in every line of her piquant  
 little face.  
 "Matrimony," she said at last,  
 with vast demureness.  
 "Matrimony—what nonsense! You don't  
 mean—not Parsons?"  
 "Of course not Parsons! It's no-  
 body you know, Billy. As a matter  
 of fact," she added, with a ripple  
 of laughter, "it's nobody that I  
 know, either."  
 The young man drew an absurdly  
 relieved breath. He had no objec-  
 tion, of course, to Margery's marry-  
 ing whomsoever she pleased, but he  
 told himself it would have been a  
 shame to see her take that Parsons.  
 "But I'm going to know him the  
 end of the week," she went on. "He  
 is a friend of a friend, and she wrote  
 me to come and visit her at this  
 very week-end on purpose to meet  
 him. She says she knows we are  
 affinities!"  
 "The word," he reminded her,  
 shaking the kettle to make it boil,  
 "is hardly in repute."  
 "Well, congenial spirits, then. She  
 says we are suited for each other in  
 every way. She says we'll adore  
 each other on sight. He's awfully  
 handsome."  
 "I thought women didn't care for  
 handsome men?"  
 Margery looked amused. "Perhaps  
 they tell you so," she remarked,  
 pityingly. "And then he's thorough-  
 ly nice and clever—he's an illustrat-  
 or."  
 "Probably bankrupt, then. Be  
 warned."  
 "He is rich! He inherited a fortune!  
 And he moves in the best soci-  
 ety and is immensely popular. She  
 says there is something positively  
 magnetic about him!"  
 "Magnetic root? If he's as good as  
 all that," said the young man sus-  
 piciously, "how does he happen to  
 be being round loose?"  
 "And how," declared Margery  
 indignantly, "how does he happen to  
 be being round loose?"  
 "And how," declared Margery  
 indignantly, "how does he happen to  
 be being round loose?"

a funny nose, Billy."  
 The possessor of the nose stiffen-  
 ed. He wondered vengefully how  
 he could phrase the retort that her  
 own nose was not her strongest al-  
 lurement, but she was rushing  
 breathlessly on.

"And she said we were just made  
 for each other."  
 "Well?" said the young man again.  
 "And that we'd adore each other  
 on sight!" she bubbled.  
 "By George, let's do it!" he de-  
 clared with sudden inspiration. "Let  
 us go and do it."  
 "Do it? Do what?"  
 "Adore at sight. Let's go on to  
 Whilaway and meet as strangers.  
 In a day the rest of the world is  
 forgotten. In two we are calling  
 each other by our first names. In  
 three—"  
 "We return to the city. The third  
 day is Monday," she mercilessly re-  
 minded him.  
 "We return together then," he in-  
 sisted.  
 "Nonsense... I'm not going at  
 all."  
 "You are afraid," he jeered.  
 "She put down her cup with a  
 click."  
 "Afraid! Of you?"  
 "Of my magnetism. Remember, my  
 inbred magnetism!"  
 "Poof! It can do its deadliest!"  
 "Very good—you'll come, then?"  
 "It would be a lark." Clearly she  
 was nibbling the temptation. A  
 meditative dimple appeared in her  
 cheek. A moment more and she was  
 fairly on the hook. "I'll go!" she  
 vowed. "I can't resist it. It's  
 such a joke!"  
 "It is," he agreed.  
 "On them," she laughed.  
 He shook his head. There was  
 an inscrutable twinkle in the eyes  
 that rested on her flagrantly pretty  
 little face.  
 "On us," he foreboded.

**Priestly Biologists.**

Perhaps the most interesting fea-  
 ture of the recent history of biology  
 in what concerns the attitude of  
 science to faith is to be found in  
 the fact that a number of Catholic  
 clergymen have been among the  
 most distinguished workers and most  
 successful investigators in this de-  
 partment of science.  
 Only in the last ten years have we  
 come to realize it, but it is univer-  
 sally conceded that the greatest  
 worker in the biological sciences  
 during the latter half of the nine-  
 teenth century was the abbot of an  
 Augustinian monastery at Brunn in  
 Moravia. Our biological journals  
 are now filled with discussions of  
 Mendel's works and Mendel's laws.  
 Our biological investigators are main-  
 ly engaged in confirming and ex-  
 tending his observations on animals  
 and plants; our biologists are main-  
 ly occupied with studying out the  
 complete significance of his discov-  
 eries, and we have entered upon a  
 period of Mendelism to succeed Dar-  
 winism in biology. Of science and  
 faith in Mendel's case there can be  
 no doubt, though there is also no  
 doubt of the depth of his knowledge  
 of biological principle. After he  
 had spent some ten years in the  
 study of the plants in his monastery  
 garden and elucidated problems that  
 were to remain utterly obscure for  
 a full generation after his time, be-  
 cause his work did not receive the  
 attention that it deserved, he was  
 elected the abbot of the monastery  
 and spent the last 15 years of his  
 life in this position. His election  
 was mainly due to the conviction of  
 his brethren that he was a man of  
 deep piety as well as profound learn-  
 ing, and he died almost in the odor  
 of sanctity.

There are, however, many other  
 Catholic churchmen who have reach-  
 ed noteworthy distinction in nine-  
 teenth century biological science.  
 One of the best known of these is  
 still alive, the Jesuit Father War-  
 mann, S. J., who is looked upon as  
 one of the greatest of living ento-  
 mologists, to whom we owe several  
 articles on ants and their parasites,  
 and who has described some 900  
 new species of insects, mainly ants  
 and creatures that have relations to  
 them. A number of Catholic mis-  
 sionaries have attained distinguished  
 names for their collections in zoo-  
 logical and botanical. The most dis-  
 tinguished of these was Father Ar-  
 mand, whose studies in zoology and  
 botany in China made him famous  
 throughout the world. He enriched  
 the Jardin des Plantes in Paris so  
 as to make it a Mecca for students  
 to know something about Chinese  
 from all over the world who wanted  
 zoology and botany. Scarcely less  
 distinguished was the Jesuit mis-  
 sionary Father Peter Heude, who  
 died at Shanghai in 1902. His ar-  
 ticles on the conchology of China  
 and his studies in the zoology of the  
 Philippines, Batavia, the Celebes,  
 the Moluccas and Japan attracted  
 widespread attention.  
 To this list should be added the  
 names of Father Bernard Altum,  
 some time president of the German  
 Ornithological Society, whose book,  
 "The Bird and Its Life," is widely  
 known, and Father Latrelle, one of  
 the pioneer workers in entomology  
 at the beginning of the nineteenth  
 century, whose work was so success-  
 ful that he is not likely to be for-  
 gotten. Nor are these all, none of  
 whom found any hindrance to faith  
 in his biological studies.

**Irish Compulsory.**

The board of studies of the Na-  
 tional University of Ireland has de-  
 cided in favor of making the Irish  
 language a compulsory subject for  
 matriculation for the year 1913 and  
 afterwards.

**The Crops and Live  
 Stock of Canada.**

Ottawa, July 12.—The Census and  
 Statistical Office to-day reports on  
 the condition of field crops and the  
 number and condition of farm ani-  
 mals of the Dominion at June 30.  
 For the three years 1908-1910 the  
 field crops range in condition from  
 82.16 for spring wheat to 91.42 for  
 hay and clover this year to 80 for  
 spring wheat and 82 for rye and  
 peas in 1908. Fall wheat is 85.47  
 this year compared with 77.28 in  
 1909 and 89 in 1908. Oats were  
 90 in 1908 and 93.81 in 1909, and  
 this year it is 86.29. Peas is 86.94  
 this year, last year it was 84.40  
 and in the previous year 82. The  
 condition of mixed grains is nearly  
 the same, being 84.53 this year,  
 86.58 last year and 84 in 1908.  
 Hay and clover is better this year  
 than in either of the previous years,  
 being 91.42 compared with 76 in  
 1909 and 87 in 1908. The con-  
 dition of alfalfa has been recorded  
 this year for the first time, and its  
 average is 88.94. Pasture has a  
 condition of 89.02 this year, com-  
 pared with 99 in 1908 and 87.74  
 last year. The conditions of all field  
 crops are good in Ontario, the high-  
 est being 94.29 for fall wheat and  
 the lowest 84.79 for spring wheat.  
 Quebec crops range from 74.45 for  
 mixed grains to 102.58 for hay and  
 clover. Peas is 84.42 and its con-  
 dition is the next above mixed  
 grains. In Prince Edward Island  
 and Nova Scotia all field crops are  
 reported for a condition above 90  
 except alfalfa, which is 83.38 in the  
 island. Hay and clover are 104.31  
 in the island and 105.79 in Nova  
 Scotia. Wheat, oats, mixed grains  
 and alfalfa are reported in a con-  
 dition above 90 in New Brunswick,  
 and all other crops between 83 and  
 89 except alfalfa, which is 97. Hay  
 and clover are reported at 109.68.  
 Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Al-  
 berta have low averages throughout  
 owing to a light rainfall in June.  
 The general condition of crops in  
 Manitoba is much below the average.  
 Correspondents in nearly every dis-  
 trict report no rains—only a few  
 light showers and hot dry winds  
 that absorbed the moisture and wit-  
 hered the crops. The lowest average  
 condition is reported from around  
 Brandon and Morden, and the high-  
 est from Marquette where it is plac-  
 ed at a standard. In Saskatchewan  
 the crops do not appear to have  
 suffered from climatic conditions to  
 the same extent as in either Mani-  
 toba or Alberta, as there have been  
 many local showers. The reports  
 from Lloydminster, Battleford, In-  
 dian Head and Qu'Appelle are very  
 favorable, the condition of wheat  
 being placed at 100 and over. The  
 prevailing condition of crops in that  
 part of Alberta south of the town-  
 ships No. 30 is below the average  
 in consequence of drouth and hot  
 winds. In the Edmonton district  
 the grains, although suffering to  
 some extent from the same causes,  
 are in much better condition. The  
 best reports come from the Strath-  
 cona district and those from Atha-  
 baska Landing and Saddle Lake dis-  
 tricts are also particularly favorable.  
 The field crops of British Columbia  
 are all good. The areas of late ce-  
 reals—buckwheat, flax, corn for  
 husking, beans, potatoes, turnips and  
 other roots, sugar beets and corn  
 for fodder—have increased this year  
 to \$2,150,382 acres, which is 279,-  
 526 acres more than last year and  
 247,869 acres more than in 1908.  
 But this increase is altogether in  
 flax, which owing to the high price  
 offered for seed has come into favor  
 with the farmers of the Northwest.  
 The only farm animals which show  
 a noticeable increase since 1907 are  
 horses, while sheep and swine have  
 declined. The condition of all the  
 animals over the Dominion except 99.

**FATHER MORRISCY'S  
 REMEDIES.**

**Cured a Truro Lady of Both Lung  
 and Kidney Troubles.**

Truro, N.S., Jan. 14th, 1910.  
 Father Morriscy Med. Co., Ltd.  
 For some time I had been troubled with  
 a very dry cough and pain in my lungs. I  
 made up my mind to try your medicine,  
 and had used one bottle of No. 10 (Lung  
 Tonic) when the pain left me and I felt  
 much better.  
 My kidneys troubled me quite a lot also,  
 and I purchased a box of your No. 7 (rheu-  
 matism and kidney cure) and since taking  
 the tablets I have had no pain in my side  
 or back. I spent quite a lot of money in  
 medicine, but none of the remedies I tried  
 ever helped me, until a lady friend showed  
 me your advertisement. I am now fat  
 and healthy, and your remedies have  
 saved me from the grave.  
 (Miss) MARTHA WHITE.  
 None of Father Morriscy's remedies have  
 ever been heralded as "cure-alls." The  
 wise priest-physician prescribed a special  
 remedy for each kind of disease—a remedy  
 skillfully devised to cure that particular  
 trouble and that only.  
 No. 10 (Lung Tonic), besides curing  
 colds, inflammation, pneumonia, bronchi-  
 tis and other diseases of throat and lungs,  
 strengthens these organs and gives them  
 vigour to resist a return of the trouble.  
 No. 7 Tablets stimulate weak kidneys so  
 that they can properly perform their func-  
 tion of filtering from the blood the impu-  
 rities that cause rheumatism.  
 The action of both these remedies is  
 hastened if Father Morriscy's Liniment is  
 applied freely externally.  
 No. 7 Tablets for Kidneys and Rheuma-  
 tism are put up in 50c. boxes; No. 10 (Lung  
 Tonic) in 25c. and 50c. bottles, and Father  
 Morriscy's Liniment in 25c. bottles. At  
 your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy  
 Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 97

**To-Morrow.**

What a multitude of people are  
 watching for "To-morrow." "To-  
 morrow I shall be better," murmurs  
 the invalid. "To-morrow I shall  
 have better luck, shall do better  
 work, shall be sharper in my argu-  
 ments, shall beware of former mis-  
 takes," thus say the unfortunate,  
 the careless, the speculative, the re-  
 morseful. Yet commonly, to-morrow  
 becomes to-day, and unfortunately  
 the invalid dies, the unfortunate utterly  
 ruined, the speculator desperately  
 disappointed, the sinner deeper in  
 his crimes.  
 We are too much inclined "to reckon  
 without our host," in regard to  
 the illusive "to-morrow," and we  
 dispose of it in advance, as though  
 it were our own, whereas there is  
 naught on earth so uncertain as that  
 mysterious day that lies so near us  
 in the future.  
 Charles Reade illustrates this ad-  
 mirably well, in his story of Noah  
 Skinner, the fraudulent bank clerk,  
 who falls, the author states, into a  
 sleeper's languor, in the midst of  
 his resolutions to make restitution  
 "to-morrow." By-and-by, waking  
 up from a heavy doze, Noah took  
 a last look at the receipts and mur-  
 mured aloud, brokenly, "I'll take it  
 —to—Pembroke street—to-morrow-  
 to-morrow—to-morrow." The to-  
 morrow found him, and so did the  
 detectives—dead.  
 Would you call that a happy death  
 my dear Catholic reader? It was  
 frightfully desolate, was it not, to  
 die in a dreary counting-room, the  
 very scene of his fraudulent trans-  
 actions, at the very desk where he  
 had shouldered the sin of his life,  
 with all its burdens of darkness, mis-  
 ery and dread? Desolate? Ah,  
 hideously so, to die alone, without a  
 friend or comforter, without the  
 light of a blessed candle, or the  
 sprinkling of holy water, without  
 prayer, confession, or holy Viaticum.  
 Yet, it is the just death of him who  
 puts off till "to-morrow" the case of  
 his soul, the arranging of accounts,  
 the making of restitution to God and  
 man.

**Our Deaf Mutes.**

Ephphata Sunday, or the festival  
 of the deaf mutes, will this year fall  
 on the last Sunday of July. On  
 that day from Alaska to Africa, and  
 round the world, our Mother Church  
 will tell again to her myriads of  
 children as they gather at sunrise  
 before the altar, the sweet and touch-  
 ing Gospel story of the deaf mute;  
 who the multitude inspired by the  
 teaching of our Savior, brought be-  
 fore Him one that was deaf and  
 dumb. Who, taking his face in His  
 blessed hands, opened his ears and  
 loosened his tongue, and thus restor-  
 ed him to the joys of society. And  
 how, deeply moved by the wondrous  
 sight, the multitude cried out, "He  
 hath done all things well, he hath  
 made both the deaf to hear and the  
 dumb to speak."  
 It must have been an impressive  
 scene; but more than that, as every  
 word and deed of our Divine Master  
 was for yesterday, to-day and for-  
 ever, by this public act He showed  
 His love and care for the afflicted  
 little ones of His Church, and im-  
 parted a lesson and example of char-  
 ity towards them to all of us, to  
 last to the end of time.  
 The festival will be celebrated with  
 joy and gratitude by the Catholic  
 deaf throughout the country and in  
 Europe, for acknowledgment of this  
 special mark of divine love grows  
 and spreads with the years.  
 Hasten the day when the multitude  
 of our times shall treat this afflict-  
 ed class with more consideration,  
 shall cease to regard them as a  
 mental and moral blight, what is  
 a merely physical defect, and lead-  
 ing the many neglected ones to our  
 Savior that the ears and tongue of  
 their souls being freed, they may  
 bear His words and praise His holy  
 Name.—Church Bulletin.

Life is not resting, but moving; let  
 the life be good, or dead.  
 Success comes as the result of honest  
 toil and persevering effort.

**FATHER MORRISCY'S  
 REMEDIES.**

**Cured a Truro Lady of Both Lung  
 and Kidney Troubles.**

Truro, N.S., Jan. 14th, 1910.  
 Father Morriscy Med. Co., Ltd.  
 For some time I had been troubled with  
 a very dry cough and pain in my lungs. I  
 made up my mind to try your medicine,  
 and had used one bottle of No. 10 (Lung  
 Tonic) when the pain left me and I felt  
 much better.  
 My kidneys troubled me quite a lot also,  
 and I purchased a box of your No. 7 (rheu-  
 matism and kidney cure) and since taking  
 the tablets I have had no pain in my side  
 or back. I spent quite a lot of money in  
 medicine, but none of the remedies I tried  
 ever helped me, until a lady friend showed  
 me your advertisement. I am now fat  
 and healthy, and your remedies have  
 saved me from the grave.  
 (Miss) MARTHA WHITE.  
 None of Father Morriscy's remedies have  
 ever been heralded as "cure-alls." The  
 wise priest-physician prescribed a special  
 remedy for each kind of disease—a remedy  
 skillfully devised to cure that particular  
 trouble and that only.  
 No. 10 (Lung Tonic), besides curing  
 colds, inflammation, pneumonia, bronchi-  
 tis and other diseases of throat and lungs,  
 strengthens these organs and gives them  
 vigour to resist a return of the trouble.  
 No. 7 Tablets stimulate weak kidneys so  
 that they can properly perform their func-  
 tion of filtering from the blood the impu-  
 rities that cause rheumatism.  
 The action of both these remedies is  
 hastened if Father Morriscy's Liniment is  
 applied freely externally.  
 No. 7 Tablets for Kidneys and Rheuma-  
 tism are put up in 50c. boxes; No. 10 (Lung  
 Tonic) in 25c. and 50c. bottles, and Father  
 Morriscy's Liniment in 25c. bottles. At  
 your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy  
 Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 97

**To-Morrow.**

What a multitude of people are  
 watching for "To-morrow." "To-  
 morrow I shall be better," murmurs  
 the invalid. "To-morrow I shall  
 have better luck, shall do better  
 work, shall be sharper in my argu-  
 ments, shall beware of former mis-  
 takes," thus say the unfortunate,  
 the careless, the speculative, the re-  
 morseful. Yet commonly, to-morrow  
 becomes to-day, and unfortunately  
 the invalid dies, the unfortunate utterly  
 ruined, the speculator desperately  
 disappointed, the sinner deeper in  
 his crimes.  
 We are too much inclined "to reckon  
 without our host," in regard to  
 the illusive "to-morrow," and we  
 dispose of it in advance, as though  
 it were our own, whereas there is  
 naught on earth so uncertain as that  
 mysterious day that lies so near us  
 in the future.  
 Charles Reade illustrates this ad-  
 mirably well, in his story of Noah  
 Skinner, the fraudulent bank clerk,  
 who falls, the author states, into a  
 sleeper's languor, in the midst of  
 his resolutions to make restitution  
 "to-morrow." By-and-by, waking  
 up from a heavy doze, Noah took  
 a last look at the receipts and mur-  
 mured aloud, brokenly, "I'll take it  
 —to—Pembroke street—to-morrow-  
 to-morrow—to-morrow." The to-  
 morrow found him, and so did the  
 detectives—dead.  
 Would you call that a happy death  
 my dear Catholic reader? It was  
 frightfully desolate, was it not, to  
 die in a dreary counting-room, the  
 very scene of his fraudulent trans-  
 actions, at the very desk where he  
 had shouldered the sin of his life,  
 with all its burdens of darkness, mis-  
 ery and dread? Desolate? Ah,  
 hideously so, to die alone, without a  
 friend