

AUGUST 6, 1908

Canadian North-West  
REGULATIONS

numbered section of Dominion  
Manitoba, Saskatchewan,  
Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,  
may be homesteaded by  
no is the sole head of a  
male over 18 years of  
age, more or less.  
We will call the six figures in each  
subdivision clusters, and refer to them  
as such during the explanation.  
This is the problem again:

BOYS and GIRLS

Uncle Joe expected to hear from  
quite a number of boys and girls in  
answer to the problem in long divi-  
sion given two weeks ago, and it may  
be that the mistake made in the print-  
ing was the cause why so few an-  
swers were received. As he promised,  
the problem will now be explained.  
We will call the six figures in each  
subdivision clusters, and refer to them  
as such during the explanation.  
This is the problem again:

TL RRROROA  
NCC (OCKAR  
HTO  
HNO  
HBR  
OTH  
HAO  
HCR  
NNA  
NNA

First of all, R, H and N are each less  
than T, otherwise there would be no  
need of three figures in the dividend  
in the five clusters. Take a pencil,  
then, and put down R is less than T,  
H is less than T, N is less than T.  
Let us examine to find out where I  
and O are. In the second cluster we  
have O from O leaving B, which must  
be the cipher, as O from O leaves no-  
thing, then in the same cluster we  
find H less H, nothing again, showing  
that T less than N leaves H, or,  
in other words, H plus N equals T, so  
that H and N are less than T which  
put down for reference. Take now  
the first cluster: here we have RRR  
NCC

with two figures in the remainder.  
This could not be without one being  
carried to N, which made it equal to  
R, showing the difference between the  
figures N and R to be 1, which places  
the two together in the solution. N  
first, therefore we have NR next to  
R separated. Again we see that R  
less C in one case in the first cluster  
is T and in the second case H, showing  
that one must have been carried  
from the units (R being less than  
T) which makes H less than T by  
one, or, in other words places HT  
together, not to be separated. In the  
third cluster we see one carried to O  
which subtracted from H leaves no-  
thing; therefore we have OH and con-  
sequently OHT since H and T have  
already been proved to be together.  
We have already seen that H plus N  
equals T, now since H and T are to-  
gether, the difference between them  
being 1, N must be 1. Then, since  
NR are together, R equals 2 and since  
C plus T equals R plus 10 (first  
cluster), C plus T equals 12, C plus  
O (which is less than T) equals 10.  
Now, boys and girls, listen! When  
the units of a number which is multi-  
plied, added to the units of the  
product make ten, the multiplier is  
either 9 or 4: for example: 9x1 equals  
9; 9 plus 1 equals 10; 9x2 equals  
18; 8 plus 2 equals 10; 9x3 equals  
27; 3 plus 7 equals 10; therefore  
36; 4 plus 6 equals 10, and we find  
that to be the units in the first cluster  
(C) and multiplying number in the  
quotient (O), the multiplier L  
must be 9 or 4, consequently the H  
and K in a similar position in the  
third cluster must also add ten, sim-  
ilarly the R and A in the fourth and  
fifth cluster will be ten. We have  
then R plus A equals 10, but R  
equals 2, therefore A equals 8 and  
N (preceding R) equals 1. Now in  
the fourth cluster we have R under  
O with a difference of 1, which  
proves that R is less than O and  
next to it. Therefore O equals 3,  
and H equals 4 and T equals 5, be-  
cause OHT, and L not being 4, must  
be 9. The rest is easy: OXL equals  
C (first cluster), i.e., 3x9 equals  
27; therefore C equals 7, Kx9 equals  
4, therefore K equals 6 and the word  
stands NROHTKCALB, which please  
read backwards and see a handy  
implement. The problem this week  
is easier still, and now that the  
boys and girls have learnt a trick in  
figures they will feel more courageous  
and win the prizes which will be given  
when the problems become harder.

Answers received from L. E., I.  
Quinn, Joseph McCormick, Aloysius  
Slattery and Agnes Murphy did not  
satisfy Uncle Joe because the good  
little people forgot that they had to  
prove every movement and take no-  
thing for granted. It is not in find-  
ing the answer that the art lies, but  
in its working out. This week's prob-  
lem has no cipher; just the figures  
from 1 to 9. Here it is:

PR GER (PRUR  
GPD NEWDU  
PUP  
NRU  
NUR  
URP  
NOU  
NPN  
RE

Answer will appear in two weeks,  
and the best answer received will be  
the one that will be published.

RECIPE FOR A SPLENDID TIME.  
One little girl and one little boy;  
A room or a garden—no matter  
which;  
Two hearts of content and two  
smiles of joy,  
And a basket of luncheon—not too  
rich.

An hour of fun at some pleasant  
play;  
A little politeness, gentleness,  
grace;  
A womanly sweetness, a manly way,  
A little nonsense, a merry race.

A rest and a luncheon spread for  
two;

Voices and laughter in happy chime  
And somebody'll say, when all is  
through:  
"Oh, we have had such a splendid  
time!"

WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

While one boy is regretting his  
want of opportunities, his lack of  
means to get a college education,  
and remains in ignorance, another  
with half his chances picks up a  
good education in the odds and ends  
of time which other boys throw  
away. From the same material one  
man builds a palace and another a  
hovel. From the same rough piece  
of marble one man calls out an an-  
gel of beauty which delights every  
beholder, another a hideous monster  
which demoralizes every one who  
sees it.—Success.

MAKING THE BEST OF EACH OTHER.

We may, if we choose, make the  
worst of one another. Everyone has  
his weak points; everyone has his  
faults; we may make the worst of  
these; we may fix our attention con-  
stantly upon these; but we may also  
make the best of one another. We  
may forgive, even as we hope to be  
forgiven. We may put ourselves in  
the place of others, and ask what  
we should wish to be done to us,  
and thought of us, were we in their  
place. By loving whatever is lov-  
able in those around us, love will  
flow back from them to us; and life  
will become a pleasure instead of  
pain; and each will become like  
heaven, and we shall become not  
unworthy followers of Him whose  
name is Love.

UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.

"If children, when they grow up  
in their teens, would only show ap-  
preciation of their parents' care for  
them, the sufferings, anxieties, sac-  
rifices and labors required to rear  
them would not seem so hard!"  
said a good woman only yesterday.

That mother's complaint is only  
too well founded. Most sons and  
daughters take the care that they  
receive from their parents as a mat-  
ter of course, for which they must  
not be expected to show any grati-  
tude or offer to make any re-  
turn. The old folk can slave from  
dawn to darkness year in and year  
out, but when the summer-time comes  
the first plan for the vacation must  
be given to the young. The daugh-  
ter could save their mother many a  
step, many a stitch, many a pain,  
but some of them forget that they  
offer to do a thing for her. What  
she bids them do, they may do or  
they may not do, but anything they  
are not driven to, they avoid. Moth-  
er will attend to it, they think—  
let her do it.

If they go out and get employment,  
they want every possible cent of  
their wages to spend on themselves.  
They don't scheme to buy father an  
occasional treat or mother some  
dainty trifle. Self, self, self, that  
is their one idea, after sixteen to  
twenty-six years of daily and hourly  
benefits received from their parents.

But if father or mother die, these  
same selfish and thankless children  
cry and carry on as if they were  
sorry. A little of this sorrowful  
manifestation of bogus affection is  
put into the form of actions of love  
while the parents are living, would  
be more profitable for all concerned.  
If children are really fond of their  
parents, they will show it in action  
—in waiting on them, in providing  
little pleasant surprises for them,  
in making sacrifices to get them a  
present, and in a hundred other ways.  
Love is worse than worthless.

An affectionate, grateful, consider-  
ate son or daughter is a great com-  
fort. The other kind is a curse.—  
Catholic Columbian.

DICK'S CHUM.

A newsboy sat on the curbstone  
crying when a pedestrian halted and  
laid his hand on the youngster's  
shoulder.

"What's wrong, sonny—lost some-  
thing?"  
"Naw, I ain't. Oh, oh, me chum  
is dead."  
"Oh, that's too bad! How did he  
die?"  
"Runned over!"  
"So! Was there an inquest?"  
"Inques' nothin'! He just hollered  
onset, and rolled over dead and I  
wisht I was dead, too, along of  
him."  
"Cheer up; you can find another  
chum."  
"You wouldn't talk that way if  
you'd knowed Dick. There warn't  
nothin' Dick wouldn't a done for  
me, and now he's d-dead and buried.  
I'm a-wishin' I was, too."  
"Look here," said the man, "go  
and sell your papers, and take some  
poor little ragged boy and be chum  
to him. It'll help you, and do him  
good."  
"Pshaw, mister! Where's there a  
boy what'd go round nights with me,  
and be cold and hungry and outen  
doors and sleep on the groun' like  
Dick? An' he wouldn't tech a bite  
till I'd had enough. He was a Chris-  
tian, Dick were."  
"Then you can feel that he's all  
right, if he was such a faithful friend  
and a good boy."  
"Boy? Dick a boy? Dick warn't  
no ragged, good-for-nothin' boy,  
mister. Dick were a dog."  
"HER FACE WAS A DOWEL."

Not one of us, even the most  
good-natured, likes to have his mis-  
takes pointed out. We may appear  
not to mind corrections and accept  
them with a smile, but it is human  
nature to smart under correction, al-  
though some of us may be clever  
enough to conceal the smart; hence,  
the fewer mistakes we call attention  
to in others, the better. Two-thirds  
of the mistakes we make are trivial.  
Their correction is unimportant. Why  
then notice them? Yet some people  
do, and do so constantly.

A person speaks of having done a  
certain thing on Thursday, when, in  
reality, it was done on Wednesday.  
If no important point is involved,  
why call attention to the mistake?  
What good does it do to have the  
exact day set right? It is a mat-  
ter of no importance, so why insist  
upon correcting the trivial error?  
Staunch friendships have often been  
pricked by this needless of useless cor-  
rection. It is a great art, this art  
of learning to allow others to be  
mistaken when the mistake is unim-  
portant. Few learn it, but those  
who do are among the most com-  
fortable friends one can have.

HER FACE WAS A DOWEL.

Some time ago a little West Phila-  
delphia girl went to Tioga to spend  
the day with her aunt, and while  
they were seated in the den the fam-

ily cat rambled in and began wash-  
ing herself with her paws after the  
manner of the felina species.  
"Look, Bessie," said the aunt,  
pointing to the cat, "pussy is wash-  
ing her face."  
"No, she isn't," stoutly asserted  
little Bessie.

"Why, Bessie," returned the aunt  
in a surprised tone, "what is she do-  
ing, then?"  
"She is washing her feet and wip-  
ping them on her face," was the  
prompt reply of the youngster.

HOW JOHNNY WAS CURED.

Johnny was a great brag. A brag  
is a boaster. If he heard a play-  
mate tell of something he had done,  
no matter what it was Johnny would  
give a snort and exclaim:  
"Pooh! That's nothing! Who  
couldn't do that?"  
One evening the family sat around  
the fire in the sitting-room. Papa  
was reading, grandma and mamma  
were sewing, Alice and Joe were  
studying their lessons, when Johnny  
came strutting in. He took a chair  
by the table and began reading "Ro-  
binson Crusoe."  
Presently Joe, who was younger  
than Johnny, went up to his bro-  
ther, saying, "Look at my draw-  
ing. I did it to-day in school. Isn't  
it good?"

"Pooh! Call that good! You  
ought to see the one I drew. It beats  
yours all hollow!"  
Joe was rather crestfallen, and lit-  
tle Alice, who had a sympathetic  
heart, pitied her brother. Going to  
Joe, she asked him to let her see  
his drawing.

"I wish I could do as well as you  
do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive  
her brother's drooping spirits.  
"Pooh!" sneered Johnny. "You  
needn't try? To draw, girls can't  
make even a straight line."

It was not long before Mr. Boaster  
left the room for a few moments.  
When he came back everything seem-  
ed to be going on as when he left.  
"At last I have finished my hom,"  
remarked grandma, fofding the nap-  
kin she had been hemming so indus-  
triously.

"Pooh!" said mamma, contemptu-  
ously, "that is nothing. I have done  
two while you were doing one!"  
The children looked up quickly, for  
who would have believed she would  
have spoken so?

"Papa, look at my examples,  
please. I have done every one of  
them, and haven't made a single  
mistake," said Alice, crossing the  
room to where her father was sit-  
ting before the open grate fire.

"Pooh! That's nothing," replied  
her father, not even taking her paper  
to look at it. "You ought to see  
the way I used to do examples when  
I was your age!"

Poor little Alice was greatly as-  
tonished to hear such a discouraging  
and boastful remark from her gen-  
erally kind father, and she was about  
to turn away when he drew her near  
him and whispered something in her  
ear which brought smiles to her  
face.

"My flavors look so well! I be-  
lieve the granitums are going to  
bloom again," remarked mamma.  
"Pooh! They are not half so  
thrifty as those I used to raise. Why  
I had flowers all winter long, and  
you have had only a few blossoms in  
the whole winter," said grandma,  
contemptuously.

"What was the matter with every-  
body?" thought Johnny. He had  
never known them to be in such a  
humor as they were that evening.  
The papa remarked presently that  
he had stepped into the grocer's and  
been weighed that afternoon, and  
that he "lipped the beam" at 168  
pounds, and that was "doing pretty  
well" for him, mamma said crossly:

"Pooh! You call that doing pret-  
ty well? Old Mr. Benson weighs  
225 pounds, and no one ever heard  
him bragging at it."  
Everybody laughed. Papa shouted,  
"It was such a surprise, and grandma  
got up and left the room to keep from  
choking with laughter."

Johnny saw them all look at him  
and after a minute or two began to  
"smell a mouse," as the saying goes.  
"Papa," said he, "what are you  
all laughing about? Is it at me?"  
"Well, we were not exactly laugh-  
ing at you. We thought we would  
try your way of boasting of our ac-  
complishments and see how you  
thought it sounded; but mamma  
spoiled our game before we had fin-  
ished it."

Johnny looked rather sheepish the  
rest of the evening. He wondered if  
he was as disagreeable as the older  
folks that he could do or had done. He  
was forced to admit that boasting  
sounded very unpleasant, and he re-  
solved to break himself of the habit.  
—Our Morning Globe.

A MISTAKE.

The two girls who sat on the  
sands had only been acquainted for  
a week. But youth and proximity  
and similar tastes had drawn them  
into something like intimacy. Each  
of them loved the quiet nooks about  
the popular resort, the tall rocks  
against which the breakers beat  
themselves into spray, the smooth,  
wet sand bearing on its shining sur-  
face the curious tracks of some crea-  
ture of the sea, crawling back to its  
native element, the sunrise over the  
water touching the crests of the  
waves with opal tints. Each was  
comparatively indifferent to the at-  
tractions of the crowded bathing  
beach, and the board walk, where  
the ceaseless promenade went on.

The similarity of liking had paved  
the way for a closer acquaintance.  
Maude knew that Alice was an or-  
phan, with no nearer relations than  
the second cousins with whom she  
was spending the summer. Alice, for  
her part, had heard much of Maude's  
home in the middle West, her father  
and mother and younger brothers and  
sisters. As the days passed, each  
learned more of the other's tastes,  
ambitions and character.

This particular morning, as they  
sat on the sands after a week of ac-  
quaintance, they felt well on the  
way to be friends. One was reading  
aloud a short story by a favorite  
author, and as they cried together  
over the touching tale, each felt that  
a new step had been taken in intimi-  
sity. Suddenly a third figure came  
noiselessly over the sands, and a  
laughing voice spoke.

"So here are you two runaways!

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And when Maude stole away to pack her trunk she was not pitying herself so much as the other girl who would not be called away from any pursuit by the need of dear ones at home.

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Her voice broke, and she glanced at her friend as if for sympathy. But the other girl was looking away over the restless water.  
"I suppose it is hard," she said, "only I can't help envying you. It seems to me I would be so happy if only there was someone who really needed me."

STRUGGLING  
SSION  
e of Northampton.  
DORFOLK, ENGLAND.

of St. Anthony of  
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