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**SOCIETY DIRECTORY.**

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Estab-  
lished March 6th, 1856; incorporated  
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 Mc-  
Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J.  
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dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-  
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retary, Mr. M. E. Tansley; Mar-  
shal, Mr. D. Campbell; Asst. Mar-  
shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

# SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.

Eliza Doyle, Father James's housekeeper, was making raspberry jam in the kitchen.

Now and again, as she brought a steaming panful to cool on the table by the window she stood a second or two to watch the pacing figure beyond the tangle of apple-boughs.

"He's got something on his mind," she thought. "Lord send there's nothing wrong with Master James. 'Tis a while since he's come to see us; and there was that hussy yesterday. I didn't like the looks of her, somehow."

James Lester was Father James Barron's nephew, his only sister's only child, and dear to his uncle's heart as if he had been his own child. It was quite surprising what a difference it had made to Father James, his possession of a scapegrace nephew. Jim had been given over altogether to his uncle at six years old, when his mother died. Father James had brought him up. The child and boy had been such a joy to him that he had often wondered why he should have been selected for so much happiness above his fellows. The lot of other priests was a lonely and barren one compared with his. "You see, I'm a family man," he used to say roguishly to the other priests. And indeed his vicarious fatherhood had all the joys, all the possible sorrows of real fatherhood.

Then trouble had come. Jim had done worse than Father James ever expected of him. He had entangled himself with two girls. And each had brought her claim to Father James. And for the life of him he could not tell which had the better claim to the scapegrace.

Jim had helped him but little. He had been unlike himself, something of a mystery. He had been sullen like a child in trouble. Yes, it was quite true that he had engaged himself to Rose Maguire while he was up in Dublin studying for a profession. He had given her a ring. People knew about it. He had asked her father's consent. They had been about together as an engaged couple.

On the other hand, there was Nora Fay. Nora was a girl in a shop, much humbler than Rose. He had never intended to go so far with Nora. He was engaged to Rose at the time. Rose had been masterful and exacting; and Nora was gentle and sweet and soft. He had taken refuge with Nora, and things had gone too far between them. He was fit to shoot himself when he thought of hurting Nora.

He looked oddly haggard by the time his uncle had extracted so much from him.

Father James mused with his cheek upon his hand. In a lower social environment than that to which Miss Rose Maguire belonged Father James had known a sum of money to prove a solatium for a broken heart. It was unlikely that the young lady could be moved by such poor considerations as had affected her humbler sisters. Still, there was no knowing. And he had a little nest-egg.

Jim knew nothing about the nest-egg. He was not to know till the moment came when the nest-egg should be of great value to him—should open him some door, purchase for him some unhelped-for step, accomplish some wonder for him. Perhaps the moment had come now. It would hurt Father James to reduce or to part with the nest-egg—it was impossible to say what a fine young lady's demands might not be, if she should stoop to accepting money instead of a lover.

Father James wanted to think. He wanted to think and to act quietly, without Jim's miserable eyes upon him.

"Father Denis wants you, Jim," his uncle said softly. "I've a letter from him in my pocket here saying he hoped you'd go to him for a bit of the vacation. The sea air will do you no harm."

For a moment the boy looked hopeful, as though he had a respite, before his face clouded again.

"You wish me to go?" he asked shortly.

"Yes, Jim, I wish you to go. There's no use in your coming home with me now. You have your bag packed. Go off to Father Denis and let things be for a bit. Perhaps we'll find a way out of it."

"I would not, Father," she said, and he felt as though the secrets of a soul were laid bare to him in the confessional; "but he is never to know it. I shall do very well. I have my mother to thank of—"

"She held out her hand."

"There, there, child," he went on, soothingly. "You haven't had your tea yet, and it is a long, dusty walk back. Better wait a while till the coolness comes, and the dew. Maybe I'll be borrowing a pony and trap to take you part of the way. What, you want to be by yourself—to break your heart alone! Child, what did you think of us—of me and Jim? I think God for the revelation of a pure, unselfish love. Trust me, and trust him. He is a good boy, but you will need to watch over him. Ah, there is the tea bell!"

Three or four days after, Jim Lester, fretting his life out in the Glen to the trouble and bewilderment of Father Denis, received a small postal packet.

Within it lay the ring he had given to Rose Maguire, with a formal and very cold quittance from that young lady. Fortunately she had discovered her mistake before it was too late; she could never have been happy with Mr. Lester. She therefore sent him free and claimed her own freedom. Would Mr. Lester send her letters, and she would return his and his gifts.

Jim Lester whistled like a blackbird as he packed his bag. He had no idea at all, nor ever had, of the depletion of that little nest egg which Father James had put by for him by a few hundred pounds. Father James had shown more diplomacy than any one would have credited him with in that second interview with Rose, in which he had persuaded her that the results in hard cash of a law suit were problematical, while the depreciation in the marriage-market of a young lady who had set a money value on a broken heart was considerable. Jim asked no questions. He was too delighted with the fortunate issue of his troubles to ask how it had come about. If he was inclined to give Rose too much credit for generosity and high-mindedness that did no harm in Father James's opinion, Father James rejoiced with his nephew when Rose became a bride within the year; and was inclined to think that the shrinkage of the nest-egg was well atoned for by the excellent results.

"It was a judgment of Solomon," he used to say to himself when he was once more left to the companionship of Rex and Prince. "I had to give him to the woman who loved him best and had the best right to him, so I had, and sure the Lord guided me. The one who was ready to give him up was the right one, after all."—Katharine Tynan (Abridged.)

# COULD GET NO RELIEF

"All Father Morrissey's No. 10"  
Cured Bronchial Trouble.

Pictou, N.S.

FATHER MORRISSEY M.D. CO., LTD.  
I can testify to the benefit derived from Father Morrissey's cure for Bronchial trouble.

For some time I was a sufferer from this trouble, and could get no relief from it, until I used his medicine prescribed.

On taking Father Morrissey's medicine, to my surprise, I began to improve, and was completely cured.

With a grateful heart, I give this testimony, to the great value of Father Morrissey's prescriptions.

I remain,  
JOHN GRATTAN.

This is simply a sample of hundreds of letters which were received by Father Morrissey during his lifetime, and since then by the Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd. Do not despair, even though your cough has defied ordinary cures, but get a bottle of "Father Morrissey's No. 10" and experience yourself the relief it has brought to so many sufferers. Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 13

Roni, who once swore to kill you, and now, oh! God, you are dying for me!"

"What made me pause, Luigi, child of my heart," murmured the mortally wounded but supremely happy priest, smiling into the face of the lawyer, whose tears were streaming hot and fast; "what but the infinite mercy of God, the love of the Sacred Heart for us both."—Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

# A Huguenot Protest.

When Protestants almost unanimously flocked to the side of the French atheists at the inauguration of their war against the Church, they were told that the day would come when they would realize that the enemy was aiming at them, too, and that they would, for their own protection, be compelled to join with the Catholics in defence of religion. The prophecy has been realized. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Post, of Birmingham, England, writes as follows to his paper:

"French families of good old Huguenot stock are as grieved at what is going on as Roman Catholics themselves. At their consistories, at their meetings, in their temples, in their homes, the note is one of lamentation; and if I venture on a statement that may appear paradoxical, it seems to me, from facts that have come under my personal notice, that French Protestants and French Catholics have been brought into sympathetic contact with each other by the anti-Christian wave. It is the first instinct of common action against a common danger, and will certainly grow."

"This very week I have been appealed to by a distinguished Protestant family, well known in French society and in consistorial circles, to do my utmost in the press to call attention to a grievance that affected the sanctity of the Christian home. It was this: At the lycées the teachers gave the boys on Sunday afternoon so many lessons to prepare for Monday that the Sundays were taken up in studies, and as a consequence, divine worship, the catechism class, association with parents were interfered with. Altogether it was an indirect method of secularizing the whole week, instead of six days. My friends are not alone; a number of their co-religionists share in the same discontent, and it helps what I have been saying when I add that in the movement of protest that is being formed the Protestant pastors are seeking the active support of the Catholic priests."

"The very present situation is, to my mind, very clear. On the one hand we see in France a weakened voluntary system of primary education, struggling hopelessly in a huge even battle, and the other a network of secular schools imposed by the State, supported by the State and supplying a particular kind of instruction determined by the State. The State selects the teachers and selects the class-books. Anything that refers to the past glories of France is passed over, erased or caricatured every time it redounds to the honor of the Church or of religion. The word of God is never pronounced in a French State school. It is neutrality carried to excess. In fairness, the facts should be related and the comments withheld—that is an Englishman's idea of neutrality. But this might be borne by French parents if the State schoolmaster and schoolmistress contented themselves with going no further. Instead of which there is a deliberate campaign, noticed more or less all over France, to instill into the children's minds an aversion and disgust for Christian superstitions and observances. The most sacred things are ridiculed, a favorite method with the State teacher, because he knows how susceptible the childish mind is to ridicule and mockery. The doctrines of the divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, the Redemption are among the superstitions; going to church, baptism, communion, prayer are among the observances. What chances have the children to pass successfully through the ordeal?"

# NEWS

## FOR WOMEN

Richards Tells How  
Kidney Pills Cured  
Her.

For Twenty-eight Years  
of Weakness and Sleep-  
lessness, Dr. A. W. Chase's  
Kidney Pills the On-  
ly Remedy She Wants.

...ove, Notre Dame Bay,  
6.—(Special)—Grand  
entering women is that  
d broadcast by Mrs.  
s suffered from that  
to those agoniz-  
to many women know,  
d relief in Dodd's Kid-  
d she wants all suffer-  
to know it.

...y-eight years," says  
s. "I suffered from  
Kidney Trouble and  
got so weak I could  
do any work. Sleep was  
restless except for a few  
time. My back ached  
of sleep. I tried all  
and had come to a  
that there was no  
when reading adver-  
me to try Dodd's Kid-  
ney sleep well and  
every morning. Dodd's  
are all the medicine I

# Synopsis of Canadian North-West

**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

ANY enumerated section of Dom-  
inion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan  
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 28,  
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 home-  
steader.

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 home-  
steader 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 the  
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 payment.

W. W. CHASE,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of  
this advertisement will not be paid  
for.

# To Digest the Food

Bile in the intestines is as important  
to digestion as are the gastric  
juices in the stomach and bile is  
only supplied when the liver is in  
active condition.

The serious and chronic forms of  
indigestion are cured by Dr. A. W.  
Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills because  
of their influence on the liver, caus-  
ing a good flow of bile to aid the  
digestion and keep the bowels regu-  
lar, thereby preventing fermentation  
of the food, the formation of gas  
and all the disagreeable symptoms  
of indigestion.

Long standing cases of chronic in-  
digestion yield to Dr. A. W. Chase's  
Kidney-Liver Pills after all else has  
failed.

Here's the proof.

"I was for many years troubled  
with indigestion and headache and  
derived no benefit from the many  
remedies I used. A friend advised  
the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver  
Pills and after taking four boxes the  
result is that I am once more in the  
full enjoyment of the blessings of  
good health."—Mr. Duncan McPherson,  
Conant, Alta.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box,  
at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates  
& Co., Toronto.

**Dr. A. W. Chase's  
Kidney-Liver Pills**

# The Priest of the Sacred Heart.

In one of the poorest districts of  
Rome, attached to a little new  
church dedicated to the Sacred Heart  
and St. Dominic, erected by himself,  
there dwells a twelfth century  
saint. His days are passed in the  
service, both spiritual and corporal,  
of his necessitous and occasionally  
ungrateful neighbors. The children  
love him; there is no good work  
that does not gratefully acknow-  
ledge the benediction of his earnest  
interest, but before and above all he  
is known solely and simply as "The  
Priest of the Sacred Heart."

For the love of the Incarnate Love  
is his life's great passion. And  
this title is at once his dearest trea-  
sure and his greatest humiliation.  
For he was not always a "vessel of  
election," rather his vocation is one  
of the victricies of the Sacred Heart,  
"one of the miracles of its mercy,"  
as he himself has been heard to say.

And, years ago, thus it was that  
it occurred.

Padre Domenico's eyes were full  
of tears. And his heart was sorely  
agitated. He paced his little  
austere room, with its scholarly but  
few and unpretentious rows of neat-  
ly kept book shelves. Without the  
wind was howling dimly, and the  
rain dashed with dreary vio-  
lence upon the window panes. His  
night was dark and cheerless. His  
solitary candle flaming at the foot  
of the image of the Crucifix, flicker-  
ed fitfully in the strong gusts of  
wind that ever and anon swept the  
draughty apartment.

"Oh! poor, poor blinded soul!"  
he exclaimed aloud at last, repeating  
the words in a voice broken with  
emotion. Suddenly retracing his  
steps he cast himself before the som-  
nolent image of the Sacred Heart,  
a figure, which dominated the se-  
verely simple room that seemed no  
unfitting shrine for its unearthly  
majesty.

"Lord," he cried, fixing his stream-  
ing eyes upon the gentle face that  
appeared to bend towards him in pi-  
tiful condescension as he prayed, his  
emaciated hand clasping closely a  
cherished little image of the Sacred  
Heart. "Ah! gentle Lord, Heart of  
Love, who comest from heaven to  
this our desolate world to seek and  
to save that which was lost, be-  
hold! I, an unworthy  
shepherd of Thy flock, cast myself  
upon Thy pitiful mercy. See, Lord,  
I can do nothing for him, this poor  
one for whom I have indeed striven  
Thou knowest I have indeed striven  
Thou knowest to bring Thee back Thy  
wandering child! And woe, ah!  
woe is me! I have failed! I have  
no hope but in Thy mercy. Save  
him, who alone canst, save him  
from utter, endless misery! I car-  
not weep before Thy feet; I am an  
unprofitable servant; save Thou this

# His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or  
Cure You I Will Stand  
The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rusk,  
Orangeville, Ont.,  
writes: "I had been  
troubled with Dys-  
pepsia and Liver  
Complaint and tried  
many different re-  
medies but obtained little or no benefit. A  
friend advised me to give your Laxa-Liver  
Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried so  
many 'cure alls' that I was tired trying  
out money for things giving me no benefit.  
He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you,  
I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith  
in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was  
I believe I bought the best I ever  
used. They gave relief which has had a  
more lasting effect than any medicine  
I have ever used, and the beauty about  
them is, they are small and easy to take.  
I believe there to be the best medicine  
for Liver Trouble there is to be found."  
Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at  
all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail  
on receipt of price.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto,  
Ont.

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