

er section of Domi-
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notice in writing
the Commissioner of
at Ottawa of in-
for patent.
W. W. CORY,
of the Interior,
ized publication of
t will not be paid

STRUGGLING SSION

of Northampton,
RFOLE, ENGLAND.

of St. Anthony of
d by me nearly three
and of the late Bishop

I have no doubt
Noesytery, no Dic-
No Endowment

to say Mass and give
an upper room. Yet,
s the sole outpost of
vision of the County
ing 35 x 20 m.

the congregation
small. We must
for the present, or haul

the Catholic Public
eeds a valuable site
resbury. We have
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will not allow us to

to those who have
they will continue

is not helped I would
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It is easier and
ve than to beg. Speed
I need no longer
ment Home for the

W. W. GRAY,
Enham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

efully and promptly
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nowledgment a beau-
Sacred Heart and

THORIZATION)

accounted for thealms
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Your efforts have
obviving what is ne-
evidencing of a per-
Fakenham, I autho-
to solicit alms for
my judgment, it has

fully in Christ,
W. KEATING,
Shop of Northampton.

OFFER

Month of Sep-
r, or until our
sted.

g with the ren-
we will give
Fruit Bowl on
one returning
Dozen 6 lb.
Self-Raising
and for less
6lb. Bags one
ature.)

& Harvie

ry St., Montreal

ed 1864.

BRIEN,
Decorative Painter
DECORATIVE
HANGER

very advanced age,
of Rathdowney, in
dury.

there is no prepara-
Mother Graves"
or. It has saved
less children.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908.

BOYS' AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

Farewell, farewell, is a lonely sound,
And always brings a sigh,
But give to me when loved ones part
That sweet old word, "good-by."

That sweet old word "good-by,"
That sweet old word "good-by,"
But give to me when loved ones part
That sweet old word, "good-by."

Farewell, farewell, may do for the gay
When pleasure's throng is nigh,
But give to me that better word
That comes from the heart, "good-
by."

Adieu, adieu, we hear it oft
With a tear, perhaps with a sigh,
But the heart feels most when the
lips move not,
And the eyes speak the gentle
"good-by."

Farewell, farewell, is never heard
When the tear's in the mother's eye,
Adieu, adieu, she speaks it not,
But, "My love, good-by, good-by."
J. C. Englebrecht.

THE USE OF SLANG.

Language, like everything, is sub-
ject to abuse. This abuse is three-
fold. First, there is the abuse of
language for immoral and profane
purposes; secondly, there is the abuse
most pardonable of the three—for
some unfortunate persons—of inaccu-
racy in speech; thirdly, there is the
abuse of speech in the shape of slang.
Upon the use of the last mentioned
we wish to say a few words:

The use of slang has become so
prevalent of late years that it is af-
fected by many who would not be
guilty of making grammatical blun-
ders in their conversation. The rea-
son for this is a desire at times to
be free from restrictions in the mat-
ter of correct speech or a desire to
emphasize one's statements, or a fool-
ish desire of appearing deliberately
careless, funny and insouciant. Pos-
sibly at times this sort of thing is
pardonable; but as a matter of fact,
indulgence in the license of speech
leads to the habit of using slang con-
stantly, and one may suddenly and
much to his chagrin find himself using
slang at most inopportune moments.
And to be reprimanded on such an
occasion for the use of slang is de-
cidedly embarrassing.

Slang is inexcusable. There are
plenty of good solid expressions, even
timely and correct expressions, that
should suggest themselves when one's
speech is to be plain and familiar.
To be satisfied to express some of
our thoughts in slang causes us to
forget how to express them other-
wise and good thoughts are surely
deserving of a good dress.

There is a little crusade being
preached against the use of slang,
and what is needed is a larger num-
ber of crusaders. Let only each in-
dividual addicted to this form of lan-
guage-abuse eschew it once and for-
ever and discourage it among his
friends. The result will be that every
self-respecting person will learn to
abominate its use both in himself
and in others.

Someone in the house has a bad
headache, (writes Madame Cecilia),
an 'it is a little thing to shut the
doors quietly: yet it shows a kind
heart to think of the sufferings of
others and to strive to alleviate
them. It is a little thing to write
a letter to an absent member of the
family, or to send a few flowers to
an invalid, but both give pleasure.
A penny is not a large sum, but the
bread it will buy may save a per-
son from starvation. Be on the
lookout for these little opportunities
of giving pleasure or doing good.

HELPING OTHERS.

On a very cold day in winter two
travelers in Lapland were driving
along in a sleigh, wrapped up in
furs from head to foot. At length
they saw a poor man who had sunk
down benumbed and frozen in the
snow.

"We must stop and help him," said
one of the travellers.

"Stop and help him," replied the
other. "You will never think of
stopping on such a day as this! We
are half-frozen ourselves, and ought
to be at our journey's end as soon
as possible."

"But I cannot leave this man to
perish," said the humane traveller.
"I must go to his relief." And he
stopped the sleigh. "Come," he said,
"come, help me to rouse him."

"Not I," said the other. "I have
too much regard for my own life to
expose myself to this freezing atmos-
phere any more than is necessary. I
will sit here and keep myself as
warm as I can till you come back."

His companion hastened to the re-
lief of the perishing man. The ordi-
nary means of restoring consciousness
were tried with complete success.
And what was the effect upon the
traveller himself? Why, the very ef-
fort he had made to warm the
stranger warmed himself, and thus
he had twofold reward. He felt
that he had done a benevolent act,
and he also found himself glowing
from head to foot by the exertions
he had made.

And how was it with the other
traveller, who had been so much
afraid of exposing himself? He was
almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding
the efforts he had been making
to keep himself warm.

And that which is true in the nat-
ural world is true in the spiritual.
We cannot engage in any work for
the good of ourselves. In stretching
out the hand to help another, we
are increasing our own spiritual
strength.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

To be a little girl of ten
Seems nice enough—to boys and men.
I wonder if they've ever tried
To argue from the other side?

I don't suppose they'd ever guess
The stiffness of a starched white
dress.

I wonder how they'd like the hooks,
Let alone the way it looks.

They'd never sit at home and sew
And watch their brothers come and
go.

I should not even like to say
That they would bear it for a day.

They do not know how hard it seems
To be a girl still in one's dreams.
To feel that one can never be
A drummer boy or go to sea.

Our brothers say we're hard to
please

Because we long for things like
these.

They think it is a pleasant life
To wait until you're some one's wife.

When I'm a wife I'll gladly sit
At home and cook and sew and knit,
But there's a lot of waiting when
You're but a little girl of ten.

Our brothers do not seem to know
That waiting can be very slow.

You see, they've never really tried
To argue from the other side.
—Westminster Gazette.

TROUBLESOME MASTER TIM.

He was twelve years of age, or at
most thirteen, and he was not very
large for his age. His slightly
feckled face was chubby, and there
was abundance of mischief and jo-
lity in his eyes. There was a little
more than tan and freckles, and his
morning ablutions had been at least
hurried, as a darker shade around his
neck gave evidence. It was for-
tunate that he was to wear white
gloves in the procession, because—
well, you know the general condition
of a real, live and lively small boy's
hands—and it is safe to say in de-
scribing them that his finger nails
were in more than half mourning,
but then a good shot at marbles
cannot bother about so small a mat-
ter as finger nails.

In the sacristy he threw his coat
in a heap on the floor and pulled
down from the pegs at least six pur-
ple cassocks before he secured the
one that suited him, leaving the
others in a pile on the floor of the
cupboard. Then the little white
net surplice was put on wrong side
foremost. The ubiquitous sacristan
sister, Sister Annette, called him to
bring up the cassocks he had thrown
down, but he was already out of
doors throwing at the birds behind
the church.

Suddenly he remembered he was
thirsty and re-entered the sacristy
and took a drink at the faucet and
could not resist the temptation to
tilt the overflowing cup so that the
next boy waiting for a drink—they
had all become thirsty by suggestion
—got two or three spoonfuls down
his collar. Of course it was an ac-
cident. Angel-face altar boys don't
do such things on purpose.

The sister attending to the proper
vesting of the smaller members of
her beloved altar boys' society, and
she forgot all about calling Master
Tim to account for his untidiness in
the cassock cupboard.

It was the feast of Corpus Christi
and there was to be a solemn High
Mass and afterwards a procession
around the grounds of the church,
where the Benediction would be given
at the various temporary altars.

There were about forty boys to man-
age and any one who has any know-
ledge of sacristy work will appreci-
ate the troubles of the sacristy sis-
ter for half an hour before Mass be-
gan.

Timothy Sheehan, after the drink,
remained quiet for the space of ex-
actly one minute. Then he caught
sight of a boy larger than himself
lighting a flat square of charcoal at
a gas jet. He went across the sac-
risty.

"Say, that ain't the way to light
de charcoal, kid."

"What do you know about it,"
asked the offended taller boy.

"Vespy, I lights it every Sunday for
Vespers, and you ain't doin' it
right."

The larger boy had ignited one cor-
ner of the cake and was vigorously
blowing the glowing spot.

"See here, youse got to light all
four corners—ain't he, Sister?"
The priests, they'll want the incense soon
in the Mass, won't they, Sister?"

"Timmy is right, John," said the
Sister. There will have to be more
fire in the censer than you can get
in the time by lighting only one cor-
ner."

"Didn't I tell you, Smarty?" said
Timothy, elated at his success over
his rival. "Say, Sister, can't I

have you suspected your
Kidneys as the Cause of
Your Trouble

If you have backache, swelling of
the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed
urine, painful sensation when urinating,
specks floating before the eyes, great thirst,
brick-dust deposit in the urine, or any-
thing wrong with the urinary organs, then
your kidneys are affected.

It is really not difficult to cure kidney
trouble in its first stages. All you have
to do is give DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS a trial.

They are the most effective remedy to
be had for all kidney and urinary troubles.

Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que.,
writes:—I feel it my duty to say a word
about your Doan's Kidney Pills. I suf-
fered dreadful pain across my back so bad
I could not stoop or bend. After having
used two boxes I feel now most completely
cured thanks to your pills. I highly
recommend Doan's Kidney Pills.

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

have the censor? 'Tain't fair to give
it to John when he don't come regu-
lar, an' I'm here every Sunday. He
don't come half the time."

Unfortunately for Tim's desires,
owing to the importance of the oc-
casion the Sister had decided that
John and his companion, who were
the biggest boys in the school,
should act as censor bearer and in-
cense boat bearer in the sanctuary
during the Mass.

"Not to-day, Tim," she said, "but
you shall have it next Friday week,
the feast of the Sacred Heart."

Tim grumbled a good deal, but he
had to accept the decision, as he
knew from past experience that the
Sister's word was law.

The defeated Timothy Sheehan did
not retire gracefully. He managed,
accidentally, of course, to inflict a
rather sharp kick on the ankle of
John as he passed him. The same
John gave a great scream, and Tim
grew frightened for the consequences
of his act. What if he should be told,
by Sister Annette to take off his
surplice and cassock and not be al-
lowed to serve at the Mass or walk
in the procession of the Blessed Sac-
rament! Such a thought was too
dreadful to contemplate, and, slight-
ly pale and frightened at the thought
of such a possibility, he turned a
pleading, appealing eye to the Sis-
ter, who was becoming vexed at the
turn affairs had taken. It is dif-
ficult to say what might have been
Tim's fate on the great feast day
had not one of the assistant priests
hurried into the boys' sacristy and
ordered the line to be formed—at
once.

"Here, Timothy Sheehan, and you,
Johnnie Ryan, you two are to serve
Mass to-day. Now do not hurry the
prayers, and do not spill the water or
the wine."

"Gee, Sister, you're—you're good!"
said Master Tim, now delighted at
this decision in his favor. "May I
ring de bell?"

A nod from the Sister as he pas-
sing on into the priests' sacristy
wreathed Tim's face in smiles. What
altar boy is not happy if, when serv-
ing Mass, he be allowed to ring the
bell or sound the gong?

The Sister from the sacristy watch-
ed the altar boys in the sanctuary.
She did not observe that Master Tim-
othy Sheehan was particularly at-
tentive to his duties, or that he ap-
peared particularly devout. His "me
culp, me culp, me max! culp" was
as hurried and indistinct as usual,
and she was quite sure that he had
not pronounced all the words of the
"Misericord," notwithstanding she
had trained him long and often. He
made several small mistakes in serv-
ing, at which the good and patient
Sister sadly shook her head in dis-
approval, but Master Tim took par-
ticular care not to look towards
the sacristy door on those occasions.

So happened later that Tim oc-
cupied a seat opposite this sacristy
door and he had a good view of the
profile of the priest.

Did the boy's thoughts during the
discourse fly off to the ball field, to
the hedges where the birds' nests
were, or to the swimming pool?
Watching him, Sister Annette, had
she been interrogated, would have
answered these questions in the af-
firmative, and patient as she was,
she was beginning to lose hope that
the lad would ever do better. Was
he not the most troublesome boy in
her class, and the most ill man-
nered in the sacristy? Did he not
have a real fist fight with Tom Jones
yesterday afternoon just before all
the children were taken to church for
confession? Did he ever come pre-
pared with his lessons? And it was
he who had put the stone through the
corner of one of the stained glass
windows in the church.

She began to shake her head at the
remembrance of the youngster's cata-
logue of crimes, and it is to be
feared, was missing much of the ser-
mon. She suddenly stopped in her
mental condemnation of Tim, for
she saw something in the boy's face,
across the sanctuary, she had never
seen before. The young rattle-pate
was sitting tense, his large, open,
hot eyes fixed upon the speaker in
the pulpit, who in mellowed but im-
passioned cadences told of the love
of Christ for man in the great gift
of the Blessed Sacrament. Tim's
hands were unconsciously clasped
tightly and there was an occasional
catch in his breath. Sister Annette
saw a look on his face and beneath
the dusk and—yes, grime, if you
will—that transformed the boy. She
lost sight of his perennially tow-
seled hair and his freckles,
and obtained a glimpse of the real
time Tim behind all this.

Timothy Sheehan later did not ap-
pear different from the other boys
during the procession of the Blessed
Sacrament. It was all very beau-
tiful and devotional, yet he did not
seem to be unusually impressed, and
as the Sister watched him from afar
she apparently forgot what she saw,
and her former judgment of him re-
asserted itself.

After the religious observances of
the day there was no school. The
boys played a game of ball in a
neighboring field, and Tim was not
the quietest in the game, nor the
least vehement in settling the peren-
nial disputes which arise in a closely
contested game. Towards evening
the field gradually cleared of players
and witnesses of the game, but Tim
delayed his departure.

"Come on home to supper," Tim
Sheehan, I am going your way," said
a boy.

"Oh, you just go on. I'll be
along presently."

"Come on! Come with us, Tim!"
"No, I'm going round behind the
church. Don't you wait for me."

The other boys left him and walk-
ed on up the road. Sheehan watched
them until they were out of sight and
then quickly approached the nearest
outdoor altar where the last Benedic-
tion had been given before the pro-
cession re-entered the church. There
was no one in sight now that he

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Always look for the name "Gillett's."

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could see; nevertheless he looked al-
round cautiously. He then went
to the little altar and with one
more glance around in all directions
to make sure he was not observed, he
reverently bent down and kissed the
altar where the Blessed Sacrament
had last reposed.

Father John happened to be look-
ing through the lace curtains of his
study window at the moment, and
he was correct when he remarked to
his assistant: "Did you see that?
That's the real American boy. As
good as gold at heart, but he does
not want to be found out or seen.
I'll bet you a box of Havanas that
when the time comes I'll have to
send that young madcap to the se-
minary."

"What? Tim Sheehan! I'll take the
wager, father."

But old Father John was a proph-
et and knew the American boy well,
and this summer Father Timothy
Sheehan said his first Mass.—Rev. J.
E. Copus, S.J., in New World.

MAKING OF A CAKE.

In Molly's eyes lay a purpose grim,
On Molly's head a cap;
Around her waist an apron trim—
Audacious thing! Then clap!
When spoon and basin and she said:
"You'd best yourself betake
To regions less occult and dread;
I'm going to make a cake."

She took off all her shining rings
And round the kitchen flew!
I cut the raisins—sticky things!
But something I must do
To find excuse to keep my seat
And watch fair Molly bake:
And take a toll from every sweet
That went into the cake.

She pondered o'er the recipe,
And murmured, line by line,
As might some vestal devotee
At sacrificial shrine.
The victim, I; but oh, 'twas nice!
For she made one mistake;
And with the sugar and the spice,
Stirred love into the cake!

Upon my coat—a tell-tale score—
Lay finger prints of snow:
On Molly's lips lay something more,
But, faith, that didn't show.
Success is sweet—such sweet success
(Though it does courage take).
And 'tis a glorious business,
This making of a cake.

—Gladys H. Sinclair, in The De-
signer.

To Build Up After Grip

There is no restorative treat-
ment comparable to Dr. A. W.
Chase's Nerve Food.

Few, if any, diseases so quickly and
thoroughly exhaust the human
strength and vitality as the gripe
and pneumonia. A few days sick-
ness and then weeks or even months
are required to get back the old vi-
gor.

But by means of Dr. A. W. Chase's
Nerve Food to sharpen the appetite
and to supply in condensed and easily
assimilated form the elements which
go to form rich, red blood you can
hasten recovery and restoration to a
remarkable degree.

Without such assistance many drag
out a miserable existence of weakness
only to become victims of some dread-
ful disease.

When the blood is thin and weak
and the nervous system exhausted, no
matter from what cause, Dr. A. W.
Chase's Nerve Food can be positive-
ly relied upon to gradually and natu-
rally build up the system.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50
cents a box, at all dealers, or Ed-
manson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.
To protect you against imitations
the portrait and signature of A. W.
Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt
Book author, are on every box.

The Dream of Gerontius.

"The Dream of Gerontius," by Car-
dinal Newman, is the Christian poet's
study of death and afterwards. Not
argumentative, for in the pale sha-
dow of death arguments fail, but
filled with the genius of a faith that

is stronger than death. The eminent
singer follows the soul in its flight
from the couch of pain, gives it
words to answer the angel greeting,
and songs for the choir to sing, as
through space the soul of Gerontius
sweeps onward to the great white
throne for judgment and mercy.

In this very beautiful poem it is
Gerontius, the youth of saintly life,
who, lying there on his death bed,
feels at last the summons has come—
he may not remain—that terrible in-
ward sinning, those pains and that
sense of dissolution—falling—falling.
"Oh, Jesus have mercy on me. Mary
pray for me."

Then the assistants there around
begin their litany of the dying. Al-
ternately the chant goes on—the
prayers of the attendants and the
soliloquies of the dying—Gerontius
would make his profession of faith
and scarcely is it ended before the
shadows deepen, and doubts and
strange fears begin to assail him.

He begs those around him to pray
for light to guide him—for strength
to endure and to resist—so the chant
continues, "From all evil good Lord
deliver him."

"From the perils of dying,
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God; or relying
On self. At last
From all that is evil,
From power of the devil
Thy servant deliver
For once and forever.

And now, worn out with struggle,
Gerontius faint would rest, would
sleep.

And the priest as the face pales,
and the pulse throbs dies, and the
eyes grow fixed in death, bids, in the
language of the ritual, the spirit de-
part.

"Depart, Christian soul, in the name
of the Father who
Created thee; in the name of the Son
who redeemed thee.
May thy place be one in peace and
dwelling with the holy ones of
Zion."

And now the work is over; the day
is done.

Gerontius sleeps; but that sleep for
him is short-lived. He awakes re-
freshed; there is light and freedom all
around him; a strange freedom. He
would cry out, but can not. He hears
the whispers, "He is gone," and so
he wonders, "Am I alive or dead?"

Not dead, surely for still there is
with him the power of thought, con-
tinuous. Yet it is not the life that
was; but somehow a life where all is
changed save in inward essence.

WORLD BEGINS TO RECEDE.
The world, he finds, begins to re-
cede from him, and the strange, rush-
ing motion, as if with wings of
light. Light and life and music fill
the air, and angel voices are heard
by him calling him home.

The angel that guarded his life sings
for him.

Of the work that is over, and the
task that is done,
For home returning the crown is
won.

Henceforth