occasion and have a quantity of lovely rials in black suitable cals in black suitable ar. Striped materials the fore, and generabape of a dense satin inch wide on a transaction accombination which in-striped grenadines od, except that these have a softness and r dreamt of in by-

e which should make dresses looks like a of a face veiling, acing threads relievacing threads reliev-by small embroider-by small embroider-try of the small embroider tiful made up over Oxidized silver has the with a rush, and usly used, especially he patterns of black try. It is also used with jet and steel, velvet for the hair

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# IN THE TIME OF THE LILIES

The moon was flooding the cane fields; a breeze stirred among the myrtles and sent the white blooms of the syringas fluttering to the ground. Down in Esme Latour's fence corner, where the sweet olive shed its fragrance, a cluster of. lilies lifted snowy heads. "Marriage lilies, Esme," Pierre Jasmin had said a few months past—"marriage lilies, sweetheart, for you and me."

They were in bloom now, and up the cypress road along the bayou a wedding party had just wound its happy way.

happy way.

Pierre Jasmin, dressed in blue,
with his broad felt hat shading his
face, had been the bridegroom, but
the white-clad bride at his side had the white-clad bride at his side had not been the little sweetheart of a short time ago, but her nearest friend, the friend who had been reared with her, who had shared her childish confidences, whose beauty no one ever thought of denying, but who was too cold, too indolent to be generally name.

was too cold, too indefent to be generally popular.

The countryside had noted Jasmin's fickleness with indignation; and seen him neglect the pretty, prown-eyed child for Jeanne Taillon, and had warvalled seesahe. and had marvelled greatly. But he had had nothing to say for himself, and as Esme sang over her flowers and laughed with the children in the lanes, they imagined that all was well with her, and that she had been the one to break the en-

had been the one to break the engagement.

But at night, when Grandmaman slept, when the lights were out and the house was still, when the frogs in the pond and the crickets in the china trees alone broke the silence, when the door of her room closed behind her and there was no one near to see, who was there to know of sleepless hours, of bitter tears, of the slow-breaking of a girl's glad heart.

That Pierre should love Jeann had not surprised Esme; in her humility she made little of the beauty that the Brule so loved. But that that the Brule so loved. But that he should be cold and stern with her, should frown when she drew near, should move away to avoid meeting her, that was the mystery and cruelty of it all.

and cruelty of it all.

He had seemed to worship her; had been so gentle, so full of thought for her. Life had been one long holiday until, alas! (how vividly she recalled the day!) Jeanne came home from the convent where she had been at school. Pierre had gone to meet her—at Esme's request. It was a long ride from the station to the from the convent where she had been at school. Pierre had gone to meet her—at Esme's request. It was a long ride from the station to the bayou and when they finally appeared around the bend of the road Esme had run down to her gate to welcome them. Jeanne had leaned from her horse, murmuring graceful words of greeting, and even in that momentary glance Esme saw that she had changed. The wild slip of a girl had disappeared; this was a woman, educated, self-possessed, accomplished. Pierre could not fail to notice her beauty. Esme glanced at him apprehensively. A sudden fear clutched at her heart, and when he turned and spoke to her shortly, without the usual smile or handclasp, she seemed to suddenly see down the long path of the future. That was the beginning. Afterwards everything seemed to go wrong. She could not please Jasmin; to-day he was savagely tender, to-morrow rude and exacting. Be-

wrong. She could not please Jas-min; to-day he was savagely tender, to-morrow rude and exacting. Be-tween his changing moods her heart

The lilies in the fence corner burst into bloom, but on Esme's little brown hand Pierre's ring, bought one happy day from Monsieur Bland at the Brule store, no longer shone. Grandmaman was grave and re-proachful. Girls were not like that in her time. Promised to-day, free

in her time. Promised to-day, free to-morrow.

Bettine, the little maid, grieved in secret, but Esme gave no sign.

The days slipped past—monotonous, cruelly uneventful days, when the mere act of living was a weariness—and now the moon was out, the fireflies dancing in the shade, and down the cypress road to Esme's window float the plaintive strains of a violin. It was Pierre's wedding night, and Armand Chere the Vieuxtemps fiddler, had come

strains of a violin. It was Pierre's wedding night, and Armand Chere the Vieuxtemps fiddler, had come to help him make merry.

The morning after the wedding, when Esme brought her grandmother's early coffee, the old woman looked at her curiously.

"You have not slept well, child; there are lines beneath your eyes." A faint blush rose in the girl's olive cheeks.

"I was tired," she said. "It was hot last night."

"Are you grieving for your lover? It is too late now to cry byer spilled milk. You should have known your own mind sooner."

"Grandmaman," said the girl, timidly. "I have a great favor to ask of you. Clare has sent me word to come and visit her. I will not be away long. Will you let me go?" She spoke quietly, but her hands were elenched, her heart leaping. The prospect of getting away from the Brule, from the curtous if kindly comments of her friends, had lifted her temporarily from the mental stupor in which she had been moving for weeks.

The old woman frowned.

"No, no, child; you must brave it out. I cannot have them saying Jamin broke your heart."

Esme picked up her tray mechanically.

"To see him every day," she said,

was heavy with dust, Jeanne came lightly down the narrow path to Esme's door.

"Esme," she cried gaily, "little brown mouse, where are you? Ah, how white you are? What have you been doing to yourself? I have come to thank you for your pretty present and to tell you a wonderful piece of news. Guess what it is. But, no, you will never guess. Esme. We are going away, Pierre and I, going away to the city to live. He has a place there in a great machine shop, and he has heard lately from his invention. If nothing interferes, he will be rich before long. Think has a place there in a great shop, and he has heard lately from his invention. If nothing interferes, he will be rich before long. Think of that, Esme, your poor friend, Jeanne Taillon, married, rich and with nothing to do but enjoy hersalf."

Esme's eyes sparkled. Going away.
Oh, the delight of it. But aloud
she said, with the pretty grace that
characterized her:
"Your friends will miss you,

will miss you, "Your friends will miss you, Jeanne, but if it is for your happiness it would not do for us to complain. Do you go soon?"
"At once. Pierre says he is tired of this stupid place, where nothing

ever happens."
Esme listened wonderingly. There had been a time when the quiet and calm of the Brule, with its great trees and still lagoons, had not palled upon Pierre Jasmin.
"You will like the city." You will like the city, Jeanne. she cried.

she cried.

"Oh, undoubtedly. I will write to you, Esme, and some day, when we are settled in our own home, you must come down and let me give you a taste of town pleasures."

"Thank you," replied Esme, trying to forgive the patronizing tone, "but I cannot leave Grandmaman very easily."

'Bah,'' laughed the other lightly, "Bah," laughed the other lightly,
"You are good, Esme; you will never enjoy yourself, if you
think first of other people. But, au
revoir." She stopped and brushed
her lips against her friend's. "Say

good-by to your grandmother me," and with a wave of the she passed out of the shaded house to the glare beyond.
Esme watched her until her Grandmaman's voice recalled her,
"Who was that, child?"

"Jeannette, my friend, Grandma

man."
"Pierre Jasmin's wife, you mean,"
was the bitter reply. "Well, well,
what did she want? She is not one
to come on other people's business."
"She came to say good-bye. They
are going away—to live in New Or-

leans."
"Dieu merci! Then you may learn
to care for someone else. Did you
know Rene Lasson had come back?"
Esme shook her head.
"Poor Rene," she said. The last
few months had made her tender of

his feelings.

Bettine knocked and entered; arms were full of water lilies.
"From Mons. Lasson for mademoiselle," she said.

"From Mons. Lasson for mademoiselle," she said.
The color (rose in Grandmaman's faded cheek. Bettine smiled sympathetically, but Esme only said, with a little droop of her brown head: "Poor Rene!"
The summer drifted by; August was near at hand; the fields were bright with wild flowers. Bettine went each morning before the dew had dried and gathered great bowls of purple-hued figs. Grandmaman gave little parties where canteloupes and watermelons and syrup made from the fragrant maypop were served to her guests. Rene was alfrom the fragrant maypop were served to her guests. Rene was al-ways present. Voisin Lagarde and Clement Delas, the doctor's son, but though Grandmaman watched Esme narrowly, she could detect no differ-ence in her manner to any one of them. She treated them all alike with a gentle courtesy that repelled while it attracted.

while it attracted.

Tidings from the Jasmin's were frequent at first. Fierre had become well known. His invention was a great success, and he was what Jeanne had prophesied he what Jeanne had prophesied he would be—a rich man. Jeanne wrote very rarely. Her letters told little of herself, but much of the gay life she led. After a time she ceased to write at all. Esme did not regret write at all. Esme did not regret her silence. Her letters always stir-red the bitter anguish she was try-ing so hard to live down to new

## **Gold Weather** Skin Troubles

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iife.

It was autumn now. Beneath Grandmaman's pecan trees groups of children gathered the nuts, showered down to them by men among the branches, Esme, with a scarlet hood over her curls, and Bettine, merrier than a child, flitted hither and thither directing the small workers.

Grandmaman had remained indoors. She was tired, she said. She would join them later. But as the morning went on Esme grew anxious, and sent Bettine to look for her. A moment later the little maid came flying back with frightened eyes and ashen cheeks.

"Mademoiselle," cried a maid, running down the path, "is that you? In. Labranche is asking for you. A poor woman who was run down by a motor car has just been brought in, and she has done nothing but call for you."

"For me?" said Esme wonderingly. "But I know so few people well," "It may be one of your patients—one who remembers you," suggested Rene, "though you have forgotten her. I will go in and, wait. I don't suppose you will be gone long, and there is something I want to say to you."

They climbed the granite steps together, and while he sat down in

will wake for me."

But Grandmaman would ever wake again, not even for Esme, whom she had loved tenderly, despite her abruptness of speech and severity of manner. Life had been more of a burden to her than those around had guessed, and now she had folded her hands and turned aside from life's dusty ways forever.

After her death, when the had been paid, the mortgage credi-tors satisfied, of the wealth that had once been hers but little remained The small sum would scarcely fice for Esme's maintenance. The neighbors were quick to respond; many a home was opened to the de-solate girl, and the hour of bereavement was brightened by the friend-ship that had nothing to gain by

being good to her.

Rene came, Voisin Lagarde and
Clement Delas, even Gaston Mire, Rene came, Voisin Lagarde and Clement Delas, even Gaston Mire, who had thought to marry for mo-ney, but she answered them all alike— she was very grateful, it touched her to know they cared for her, but Clement Delas, even Gaston Mire, who had thought to marry for money, but she answered them all alike—she was very grateful, it touched her to know they cared for her, but she had no love to give. To Pere Julian, who had gently urged Rene's claims, she answered sadly:

"It is not that I still care for Pierre, father; it is only that he has made it impossible for me to think of any one else." And the priest, looking into the beautiful, grave face, said:

"No," she answered, wondering at his severe tone.

"Good," he replied shortly. "She is not of the sort for you to know. How the sort for you to know. All at once the woman began to babble deliriously occasionally breaking into foolish laughter that sounded oddly from those suffering lips. In her hands she still clasped a spray of illies that she had held when she was run down.

face, said:
"Courage, my child, grief will not when the skies are always endure. When the skies are dark we think it will never be clear again, and yet we know that behind

again, and yet we know that behind the clouds the sun is still shining."
'Many were the surmises as to what she meant to do, but surprise was swallowed up in dismay when she announced that she meant to go to New Orleans to study as a train-

ed nurse.
"So young!" cried Gaston indig-mantly. "So beautiful!" protested Clement and Voisin Lagarde, but

hantly. "So beautiful!" protested Clement and Voisin Lagarde, but Rene sustained her.

"You have chosen wisely, Esme," he said. Then, with a touch of nervousness: "I am going to New Orleans myself. My cousin, Jacques, wants me to help him in his office. You need a friend, there am I."

"I shall not let Jeanne know," she told him. "She has long ceased to write to me, and she might think I wanted help from her." In truth she was glad of an excuse to ignore the old friendship that had once meant so much to her.

Rene's face, for some reason, had grown very grave. Esme had noted of late that whenever Jeanne's name was mentioned a shadow seemed to fell upon the convergence.

was mentioned a shadow see

was mentioned a shadow seemed to fall upon the conversation.

"That is well, Esme," said Lasson, holding out his big hand in good-by. "It would not do for you to go to her."

It would have been difficult for

It would have been difficult for Esme to have secured the position she desired had not Rene's "Cousin Jacques" of whom he had spoken proved to be not only influential, but willing to exert that influence for Lasson's friend. After a short delay arrangements were satisfactorily concluded, and the girl's new life began. It was a busy one, and in constant occupation she found the burden of disappointment and disillusion gradually slipping from her.

Brule, and that time she had never seen or heard of Jeanne. That she was separated from her husband she knew, but beyond that nothing. She was satisfied with her work, content even with life, but now and then during the sultry, long, summers the country-bred girl grew weary, her spirits fagged and her soul cried out for the cool woods and fern-filled swamps about the Brule.

One day she was returning slowly from a case when the flower woman whose stall she had passed daily stopped her to press upon her a bunch of violets massed about a spray of sweet olive. As Esme lift-dthem the tender fragrance brought back the past so vividly that the tears rose unbidden to her eyes. The woman modded sympathetically. "Esme," said a voice at her elaw, "you look worn out. It is well you are near home. You shouldn't be out in this heat." "Ah, Rene," she said, turning to twe him her hand, "duty, not pleanie, brings me out." "Doubtless. Duty was ever your arathword, but you are too delicate of stand your work much tonger. It is three years now may you left the Brule. You, look arrely a day older," bending his irnest ayes on hers, "but I am not young as I once was, and one was, and one wish and ready?" And reached the private hostily were she worked. Over its all an acade tree had thrust its and a scale tree had thrust its and a scale tree had thrust its and a scale tree had thrust its and and in its shade they pausand was separated from her husband she knew, but beyond that nothing. She was satisfied with her work, content even with life, but now and then during the sultry, long summers the country-bred girl grew weary, her spirits fagged and her soul cried out for the cool woods and fern-filled swamps about the Brule.

and fern-filled swamps about the Brule.
One day she was returning slowly from a case when the flower woman whose stall she had passed daily stopped her to press upon her a bunch of violets massed about a spray of sweet olive. As Esme lifted them the tender fragrance brought back the past so vividly that the tears rose unbidden to her eyes.

The woman nodded sympathetically.

there is something I want to say to you."

They climbed the granite steps to-gether, and while he sat down in the hall to wait she turned to a room on the left, whither the maid had guided her. Upon a couch near the window lay the injured woman—a wretched-looking creature, but whose worn and haggard features whose worn and haggard features still retained the remains of her former beauty. She was quite young, not more than twenty-five, at the utmost, but dissipation had written its unmistakable lines on cheek and

brow.

She was lying still, her head thrown back on the pillows, her breath coming in quick, troubled

gasps.

"She is quiet now," said the young doctor, "but she had been calling for you incessantly. Do you recognize her?"

Esme's puzzled glance reassured

him. "No," she answered, wondering at

when she was run down. When Esme stooped to look her more closely, she turned

caught at her arm.
"Esme!" she cried wildly, "Oh,
Esme, have you forgotten me?"
Esme shrank back; the blood flashed to her cheeks; a cry of wonder broke from her. The doctor looked

"You know her, then!"
"She married Pierre Jasmin, the electrician. I knew her years ago."
"I know Jasmin, and while the interest in her, I think is electrician. I know Jasmin, and while I doubt his interest in her, I think it my duty to telephone him to come here. He can do what he best after I have told him she is

here. He can do what he thinks best after I have told him she is dying."

Esme nodded her approval.

"The lilies, Esme." Jeanne was crying bitterly. "Don't you remember them? You told me that first night? Came back from the city that they would bloom for you and Pierre. But they were never gathered; they withered on their stems. You never understood Pierre, did you, Esme? You thought he had ceased to love you; that he had tired of you—tired of you when his every thought was of your happiness, But he was a man and credulous, and when I lied to him—"She tried to lift herself, and fell back, groaning. "When I told him you loved Rene, and would marry him only to please your grandmother, he believe me. He listened because I was your friend." She broke into sudden mocking laughter. "Friendship, Esme, it is a pretty word!"

Esme tried in vain to quiet her, and as Jeanne sobbed out the story and explained the meaning of Pierre

Jacques' of whom he had spoken proved to be not only influential, but willing to exert that influence for Lasson's friend. After a short delay arrangements were satisfactorily concluded, and the girl's new life began. It was a busy one, and in constant occupation she found the burden of disappointment and disillusion gradually slipping from her.

So well was she employed, so constantly in demand (for she seemed to carry the fresh atmosphere of the fields and gardens about with her) that the weeks slipped into months, the months into years almost imperceptibly.

Three years had passed since she had turned her back forever on the Brule, and that time she had never seen or heard of Jeanne. That she was separated from her husband she knew, but beyond that nothing. She

#### GAS ON THE STOMACH

Relieved at Once by Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets.

Many people find that no matter how carefully they watch their diet and deny themselves this, that or the other favorite dish, still after every meal gas forms in the stomach and everything seems to turn

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since using them than I had been for the last seven years. I could hardly eat anything that would not turn sour on my stomach, or cause gas. My Doctor said it was Catarrh of the Stomach. I had no pain, but gas after eating. The first tablet I took gave me relief, and I am still continuing their use."

nung their use."

If you happen to eat a little too much for dinner, or something that does not agree with your Stomach, just take a No. 11 Tablet and you will feel all right in a

few minutes.

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50c. a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

ing over the sufferer, stooped and lifted the poor marred face to her

bosom.
"She loved you," she said in

"She loved you," she said in a low voice: "be merciful—she has not long to live."
"Loved me!" he echoed scornfully.
"You do not know what wretchedness she worked. I was not her only victim—there was a woman—"
"And if that woman forgives?"
Jasmin started: the low tones

Jasmin started: the low tones moved him strangely; he turned and gazed at the still figure on whose breast his wife lay dying and recognized the childish sweetheart of other days.

"Bsme!" he cried eagerly.

"Hush—not to me—tell her you forgive her."

forgive her. He hesitated for a moment, then, bending over his wife, called her

"Jeanne, will it make you happer to know that I forgive you?"
She did not heed him. She did not heed him.
"Jeanne," he said again.
"Pierre," she cried, opening her
wide, brown eyes; "tell Esme I was
sorry; tell her I meant—and the lilies, Pierre—when they bloom again
"

Her voice broke suddenly, then died

away into silence.

The curtains stirred slightly: the acacia blooms swort their fragrance into the room, and beside the bed of her who had parted them Plerre Jasmin looked into Esme's eyes.

He moved toward her involuntar-

"Esme," he began But she smiled faintly and past him to the hall where Rene waited for her, as he had waited for her these many years of his life.

"Rene," she said.

He sprang to his feet. "Yes, Esme?"

"Yes, Esme?"

"You said you were growing old
—that the heart grew sick waiting
—always waiting?"

"I was worried—it troubled me to
see you look so white. Don't trouble about me. It is enough that
you will let me love you."

"I have been blind," she said
slowly. "Dear Rene, who have been
so faithful, so patient, will you let
me make up to you for the years you
have wasted on me?"

"You mean, Esme?"

"I have been living on memories.

"You mean, Esme?"
"I have been living on memories. I know now how little worth they were. I do not want to starve any longer."
And she smiled and held out her hand.—Josephine Hamilton Nicholls, in the New Orleans Picayune.

### Lady Barret a Nun.

The Earl of Savan, who is not a Catholic, and several members of his family, went from Ireland to Belgium recently to be present at the reception into one of the strictest convents there of his sister, Lady Maud Barrett.

### MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS