

Play the day surprise soap... and it is plain that genius were hereditary... and it is plain that genius were hereditary... and it is plain that genius were hereditary...

M. J. Morrison J. Hatcher
MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.

Hon. Sir Alexandre Lacoste, K. C.
KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LAROSE
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, ETC.

H. A. Kavanagh, K. C. Jules Mathieu, L.L.B.
G. G. Lajoie, K.C. Alex. Larose, Jr., L.L.B.
BROSSARD, CHOULETTE & TANSEY

H. A. Cholette, L.L.B.
BROSSARD, CHOULETTE & TANSEY
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors.

BELT TEL. MAIN 3395, Night and day service.
CONROY BROS.
333 CENTRE STREET

Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters.
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To
Lawrence Riley
PLASTERER

Successor to John Riley, Established in 1860.
D. H. WELSH & CO
Caterers and Confectioners

10-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL.
Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Brand Caramels and Toffees.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, 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 section of 160 acres, more or less.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

Chronic Dyspeptic.—of consideration of the many persons allow digestive apparatus they become chronic, it nights with suffering a course of Parle Pills is recommended and speedy way. These pills are intended to combat dyspeptic many ills that follow, and they are successful.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour
is the Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.

Garrett Kennedy's Home - Coming

True patience and true love, and the reward of both.

To Garrett Kennedy, as he slowly passed through it, his native village seemed strangely odd and unfamiliar. A neat, brand-new, two-story terrace of red-brick artisan's dwellings had taken the place of the straggling row of whitewashed, straw-thatched, and, be it admitted, usually ill-kept cottages which had formerly stood there.

So many great changes in a few short years, not more than eight or ten at the most! But then, of course, he himself had changed also; would any of his old friends now recognize in the gray-headed, haggard-faced man who passed through morning the handsome, curly-haired, light-hearted Garrett Kennedy, who had been the idol of the girls and the envy of the boys? The finest strong-wight-thrasher of his day in the whole wide barony! With a queer feeling of shyness, an almost poignant sense of loneliness, he hurried his footsteps, relieved to think that since the hour was so early, and the village—save for one unknown man harnessing his horses by a stable door—still asleep, there was little fear of his being recognized or intercepted by any of his old friends and comrades.

Once out of the white winding road that led to the mountains he felt surer of himself, more at home and at ease. The fields, at least, had not changed, the dear, familiar, peaceful fields of his childhood. Nor the hills, with their brown and purple crests lying dark against the sky, and their sides showing now alternately green and golden under the soft cloud shadows that passed swiftly over them. Deep lush meadows spread broad seas of restful green on either side of him, fields of tender young corn rippled and waved on the sunlit slopes. A lark sang somewhere above in deeps of blue, the hawthorn spread its fragrant white mantle on the hedge-rows, the very air sparkled and scintillated in the sunshine of the bright May morning.

Yes, surely it was good to be home again in Ireland, back once more and forever from the noise and heat, the unending stir and bustle, the disheartening squalor and unloveliness of life in the poorest quarter of a great English city. Yet for what had he returned? Chiefly in compliance with the advice of the doctor, who advised him to get back without delay to his native air, to the ease and restfulness of a quiet country environment, where he must take things gently and undisturbedly as he might for a while.

God knows he wanted a rest, too, if any man did, after all those years of strenuous hard work spent as a common dock laborer on the quays of Liverpool, unloading heavy cargoes of timber till his back ached and bent, and in time even his great robust constitution broke down under the constant strain on body and muscles and heart. And for what had he been doing it all? First of course, there was a reason—two great reasons—his poor mother and Rose. For if the work was hard it had been well-paid, much better paid and more remunerative work than any he could obtain at home. And since, unlike so many of his fellows, he neither smoked nor drank, he had hoped in time to be able not only to support himself and his mother and the young ones at home in Ireland, but to save something as well toward the founding of a small domestic establishment for Rose and himself by-and-by.

It was just as well, he often thought in the lonely, dark days after his mother died and his Rose had married another, that he did not drink like the other men about him, for surely, with this new, terrible cloud of black hopelessness and bitterness weighing heavily on his heart and his spirit, there was every temptation for a man to seek forgetfulness and a tempting solace in that way. He had had to struggle against it for a time, in the chill dreariness of his unhome-like lodgings, or as he lay awake, restless, feverish, and depressed, in the long hours of the night when not even the exhaustion of hard work seemed able to bring him sleep. But thank God he had won in the end, and even though he was broken down in bodily health, he had at least managed to keep himself wholly clean and sane, morally and mentally, despite his most unfavorable surroundings.

And now, what had he come back for, again? To make a home—but there, what had he to do with home—a solitary wanderer, an exile, "one of life's surest failures." To find, rather, some corner of the world in which might be rest and peace and health—not love or human companionship or any of the tender, beautiful things that the word home once meant for him. Luckily he need have no fear yet as to ways and means, for the savings of these last solitary years would keep him comfortably, and by-and-by, when he felt better and rested, he would doubtless find some way employment to interest and occupy him as well as to help to "keep the pot boiling."

asked, with sympathetic concern. "Ere he could answer or withdraw his wasted hands from the close grip of the little pink fingers that held to them, the door of the cottage opened and some one came quickly down the path, some one a little older, a little more matronly, a little sadder and more thoughtful looking than the Rose he knew, yet seeming still to his hungry eyes even lovelier, sweeter, more rose-like than before."

She gazed anxiously at the stranger, then, as she came closer: "Garrett, is it you?" she cried, in tones of deep feeling, while a warm wave of color swept over her face, and left it as suddenly pale.

"It is myself, Rose, and no one else," he answered sadly. "But I didn't mean to disturb you. The little one here—" "She stopped him. "It is no disturbance, Garrett. It is—it is a great joy—to see you again," she went on, with a hint of her old, shy, wild-rose air.

"It is joy to me, too—and a pain!" he said simply, looking her straight in the face. "But I'm real glad all the same, Rose, to see you so well, and so comfortable, dear heart. And this sweet, lovely little girlish!" with an envious glance at the child. "You don't look well yourself, Garry," she told him, using the old name. "Won't you come in and rest and have something to eat?" The temptation he felt betrayed itself in his eyes. "I'd like to come in, Rose," he said, "for a minute or two. But"—hesitatingly—"maybe myself would not like it."

"Himself!" she repeated and looked at him wonderingly. "Did you not hear, Garrett: don't you know I'm a widow these three years?" His heart gave a violent leap and throbbed so violently that for some moments he felt himself unable to speak. "No, Rose, I did not know. I was never told," he said at last, very quietly.

It seemed the most wonderful, unbelievable thing in the world that ten minutes later he and his old love should be sitting together at breakfast in Rose's immaculate, sanded kitchen, with only the child between them—for with tender maternal insight and true Irish hospitality Rose had insisted on his coming in to rest and partake of the meal he was plainly so badly in need of. She was not unhappy, she told him, and her husband had always been good to her, and left her at his death very comfortably off. Still—even with the child—she often felt lonely, and the farm, small as it was, was a bit more than she was able to manage unaided. And yet somehow—up to the present at least—she had never felt tempted to change her estate.

"Perhaps you might—some time—Rose?" Garrett pleaded hopefully. "Perhaps I might, indeed," she admitted, flashing a smile and one of her old, bright roguish looks at him. "I didn't come back empty-handed, Rose, even at the last," he went on. "And I'm not so broken down in health as maybe I look, dear. The doctor said all I wanted was a little rest and quiet. But I'm thinking myself, Rose, that a little happiness might do me more good than all his medicine and rest. I've waited long enough for it, goodness knows, long and of late without hope. But God is good, and now, perhaps, the sun is going to shine at last."

"You look as though you had suffered enough, dear," she said, resting her glance very tenderly on his haggard, pain-lined face. "But—God was very good to bring you back to me again. And if it is I that can give you sunshine or happiness, Garry—well, it is not your own Rose that would deny it to you."

Crippled - With Lame Back

THIS RESULT OF LONG STANDING KIDNEY DISEASE WAS OVERCOME BY DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

This letter gives you some idea of the definite and certain results you obtain by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills for kidney disease. This medicine is very prompt in action and very direct in effecting cure. You do not need to keep up the treatment long before you find most marked improvement. Mrs. Richard Patterson, Haldimand, Gaspe Co., Que., writes:—"I want to tell you that I was cured of kidney disease of long standing by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills. I used to suffer a great deal not knowing just what was the cause of the trouble and got so bad that I was almost crippled with lame, sore back."

"Before I had used two boxes of these pills I found my back better and less than three boxes made the cure complete. I have never had a sore back since and believe the cure to be lasting."

And with that, to the mingled astonishment and delight of the small rosebud beside them, they leaned their cheeks together, and kissed each other with tears above her shining curls.—Nora Tynan O'Mahoney, in Benziger's Magazine.

Dollard des Ormeaux.

1660-1910.

'Twas a gloomy day in fair Ville Marie, The pallid sun sank low, But more gloomy yet with stern faces set, The folk went to and fro— For news had come, "There have 'ta'en the trail A thousand braves, and of what avail Our feeble strength"—"But we shall not fall," Cried Dollard des Ormeaux.

Ev'ry inch a man and a hunter bold With hope his face aglow— Now he strode along through the hopeless throng, The dreadful truth to know. "Besides," quoth he, "by our Lady's name, To strike no blow will but crown our shame!" "To play with Death is a losing game Friend Dollard des Ormeaux.

"They have feasted late," 'twas the courier's voice, "Have cursed the hated foe They have cleft the sky with their savage cry, And strung each banded bow, Inhuman hunters of human prey They shall not spare for they come to slay And none there be can e'er save the day" Spoke Dollard des Ormeaux.

"In the peace of God sleep my kindred all, (Thank Him who willed it so), Neither child, nor wife, nor the love of life, Doth bid me stay or go, And I shall choose from among you all, Whoso can answer to Duty's call, And rise to Christ, though in death he fall, With Dollard des Ormeaux. So he picked his men, Nigh the priest at dawn They knelt them down full low, And he shrived them there with the fervent prayer "God help ye, as ye go." They heard the Mass that would be their last, With Christ's own Body they broke their fast, "O! shade of Death! with our shadows pass," Prayed Dollard des Ormeaux. On the foamy crest of the tossing waves Their boats rocked to and fro, Yet their ev'ry stroke of the paddles broke The pathway to the foe, And none there wondered an' he should die, They felt no pang and they heaved no sigh, But "Ave Maria! be thou nigh," Sang Dollard des Ormeaux.

Thus they sped along on the shining track, No rest was theirs to know, By both day and night, till they saw the light White foam that capped the Sault, To beach the boats needed no command, They'd come at length to their Promised Land, The curling smoke told the foe at hand To Dollard des Ormeaux.

"Let us make a wall of the spreading boughs On yonder trees that grow," So they piled them high there against the sky, A fair and goodly row, "An' life we sell, they will dearly pay, With tears of blood they shall rue the day, On Ville Marie they e'er sought to prey," Spake Dollard des Ormeaux.

From the leafy shade where they lay unseen They saw the watchfires glow, And still ever prayed, "Now, sweet Mother, aid, God's mercy to us show." O! Mary, Mother, swift heard their prayer, Yea, took them all 'neath her tender care. They saw not Death, but her face so fair, By Dollard des Ormeaux.

How the savage horde sought and found them out, Sure ev'ry child doth know, How they fought and fell, still the wild winds tell, The river's ebb and flow, With might and main through the awful night, Till dawn of day, when the morning light Alas! shone down on a gruesome sight To Dollard des Ormeaux.

They had sung the song of the clashing steel, 'Twas death at ev'ry blow, They had drained life's draught with each winged shaft, These comrades staunch, I trow, Yes, each had fought as though he were ten, And each had slain nigh a score of men, And none had died but would die again With Dollard des Ormeaux.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA AND BRONCHITIS

Brought Mrs. Baker to Death's Door. Father Morriscy's No. 10 Saved Her.

Of the many hundreds of cures wrought by Father Morriscy's No. 10 (Lung Tonic) few are more remarkable than the saving of the life of Mrs. John S. Baker, of 104 Rockland Road (North End), St. John, N.B. She wrote on Oct. 18, 1909:

"I wish to express my gratitude that I am living to-day, saved from the grave by Father Morriscy's No. 10 (Lung Tonic). This time last year I had pleuro-pneumonia and bronchitis, and had been given up to die, and had my lungs tapped in the City Hospital, and never expected to walk again; I was continually getting worse every day. I came home from the hospital, and everyone was watching for me to die. I tried everything but there seemed to be no cure for me. "I began taking Father Morriscy's No. 10, and the second day I could eat without pain. I used 22 bottles of No. 10, as I was run down right into consumption, and for six months was just a shadow until I began to use it, and now I am in good health, and surprised most of my neighbors by gaining so quickly. I feel it my duty to publish it everywhere I can, as with all I can say I cannot recommend it too highly—it was a life saver to me, and I am very thankful to recommend it, as it is worth all it is said."

Father Morriscy's No. 10 is very different from the many preparations that simply relieve a cough. No. 10 relieves the cause of the cough, restores the membranes of throat and lungs to a healthy condition, and tones up the whole system, giving strength to resist future attacks. Trial bottle 25c.—regular size 50c. At your dealer's or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 92

Oh, they fought to hunger and thirst a prey Ten days of bitter woe, Both by day and night, till (a hapless plight), The breastwork gave below— Then bounded over with savage yell Each painted demon like fiend of hell, They slew the last of the band who Round Dollard des Ormeaux.

Yet they kept no feast, though they made no moan, For gripp'd in death's fierce throes Whom they held as brave, had but found a grave, Hard by the swift Long Sault, They sought the cove where their war-boats lay, In baffled rage paddled fast away, So left untouched e'en the lifeless clay Of Dollard des Ormeaux.

Oh! the years roll on and the seasons change, New faces come and go, Yet both old and new is the debt still due— The time-long debt we owe The gallant band who thus freely gave Their all of life to a nameless grave, Who shed their blood Ville Marie, to save, With Dollard des Ormeaux.

Till the rocks be rent and the seas run dry, The mountains be laid low Oh! thy sons shall tell how they fought and fell, Our Lady of the Snow— Shall sing the song of that daring quest, The heart that beat in that valiant breast, The soul that ever with God doth rest Of Dollard des Ormeaux.

LOTIE M. MORGAN. 152 Fulford street, Montreal, June 15, 1910.

PAPA WOULDN'T MIND. After being tucked in bed little Madge begged her mother to stay with her until she got to sleep, "for," she pleaded, "it is all dark, and Madge is so afraid." "But there is nothing to be afraid of," her mother assured her. "Mamma must go right down stairs, for papa is there alone waiting for her. Now try to go asleep and remember that the angels are right here with you, and will take care of you." "Oh, but mamma," wailed the little voice, "I'd rather have you. Please, mamma, send the angels down with papa, and you stay here with Madge."

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The promise of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and you will only give it a trial, we are sure, will do for you what it has done for thousands of others. Mrs. John Gannon writes:—"I have suffered from headache, neuralgia, and constipation, and Burdock Blood Bitters cured. I feel like a new man."