



MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.
7th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers,
87 ST. JAMES STREET.
Main 314.

Hon. Sir Alexandre Lacoste, K.C.
LACOSTE & LACOSTE
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, ETC.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
J. KAVANAGH, K.C. PAUL LACOSTE, LL.B.
G. G. GARDNER, K.C. J. J. MATHIEU, LL.B.

H. A. Cholette, LL.B.
ROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors
166 ST. JAMES ST.
Guardian Bldg.
Main 1197

Barnard & Dessurtes
ADVOCATES
Savings Bank Building, 150 St. James
Bell Telephone Main 1769.

Bel Tel. Main 3554. Night and day service.
Conroy Bros.
193 CENTRE STREET
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley
PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley, Established in 1866.
General Contract Plastering. Repairs of
all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

D. H. WELSH & CO
Caterers and Confectioners
412 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL
Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Garnishes and Erection Toffee.
Banquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal
attention. PHONE MAIN 3301.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished March 6th, 1866; incorpo-
rated 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. E. J.
Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-Presi-
dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-
President, W. G. Kennedy;
Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corres-
ponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-
nemann; Recording Secretary, Mr.
P. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Se-
cretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conolly.

**Summary of Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**
ANY even-numbered section of Dom-
inion 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 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 homestead-
er.

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 homestead-
er 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 perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of the
land to be homesteaded, the require-
ments may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon such lands.
- (4) Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be per-
mitted.

**Could Not Sleep
In The Dark.**
Doctor Said Heart and
Nerves Were Responsible.

There is many a man and woman to-
night after a sleepless night. Their
eyes do not close in the sweet and
refreshing repose that comes to those
whose heart and nerves are right. Some
constitutional disturbance, worry or
disease has so debilitated and irritated
the nervous system, that it cannot be
quiescent.

Mr. Calvin Stark, Rosemont, Ont.,
writes:—"About two years ago I began
to be troubled with a smothering sensa-
tion at night, when I would lie down.
I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark,
and would have to sit up and rub my
limbs, they would become so numb.
My doctor said my heart and nerves were
responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to
try them. I took three boxes and can
now lie down and sleep without the light
burning and can rest well. I can recom-
mend them highly to all nervous and run-
down women."

Price 50 cents per box or \$3 for 12 boxes
at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt
of price, by the T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

THE HERO OF SAN JUAN.

By E. Tatum.

"Now where shall I settle myself for the morning? There are several friends waiting for cosy confidential chats—mocking birds nesting in the orange tree, and the red birds over yonder in the apple trees. My inclination leads me to the red birds because from there I can overlook my new neighbor's garden. I'll have to own up to a larger share of curiosity than should rightfully belong to one small person."

Book in hand, Marie Campbell crossed the grassy terrace and seated herself in a rustic bench underneath a giant apple tree, its blossoms of delicate pink forming a fragrant canopy, while all around her nature and spring rioted, the pear and plum trees laden with fragrant snow, and the white stars of the dogwood gleaming against tender greens. The girl leaned her chin in her hand and fell into a reverie; the sweetness and the beauty of it all enfolding her and sank deep into her soul, shutting out for a space the world—the little world or sordid cares and mean ambitions.

Suddenly across her vision there flashed a vivid flame of scarlet. "Ah, there you are!" she cried, instantly alert; "I thought you would soon find me out—and there is your little mate; you are nest-building, aren't you?" In seeming answer to her query the red-bird dropped down near her feet and, the apple tree; in a moment he was picking up a straw, flew high into the apple tree; in a moment he was back again, swaying on a pink bough near her.

"We are old friends, aren't we?" she said to him, reflectively. "You've been coming every spring for so long and you've taught me more than I ever learned at Madam La Mont's school. Do you know what is troubling me, little bird? Aunt Margaret wants me to marry Robert Reid—and he wants me, too. And I—I don't know what I want."

"No, I don't know—and I'm afraid. It was love—love and God and nature—that brought you and your little mate together; but this is different. You see, I am an orphan and penniless. I owe Aunt Margaret everything, and Aunt Margaret has notions. Do you know what notions are, my friend? I hope not, for they are such uncomfortable things."

The birds twittered responsively and the girl nodded at him approvingly.

"You understand, I know you do. Aunt Margaret likes him so—he is rich, awfully rich, and aristocratic, and I like him very well myself, for he is really a very fine young man, but you see love is something different, as I said before."

"Scuse me, but are you talking to the fairies?" asked a politely inquisitive little voice.

The girl started and looked around her in surprise. "No," she answered laughing, "but one is talking to me, I think. Goblin, sprite, elf, where are you?"

"Up here in this tree!"

A big pecan tree grew up on the other side of the wall and in its overhanging branches was perched a tawny-haired boy.

"Ah, there you are! Well, come down and pay me a visit and I'll show you the fairy I was talking to."

The child slowly swung himself to the ground and, coming to her side, gravely lifted his cap and held out his hand.

"Good morning," he said, with an odd little accent. "I am Hubert, and I live next door."

"You are my little neighbor, aren't you?" she said, making room for him on the bench.

"Yes—father and I. I live with father now, you know."

"Your father is such a fine looking old gentleman," she said, cordially.

"He has such a splendid head."

The child's face glowed with enthusiasm.

"Isn't he grand!" he cried. "Father is a soldier—he is Captain Raymond Strong." The little figure drew itself up proudly. "He led a charge at San Juan and was wounded."

"Yes, I see him always in a wheel chair. I am very sorry; but I hope he will soon be well."

Her voice was very tender and sympathetic. Instinctively he drew nearer to her.

"He will never be well," he whispered in an awed tone, "he can never walk any more."

She did not answer, but put her arm around the child and held him close. Presently she said, speaking brightly, "What a great comfort to him you must be! You can be a little feet for him, can you not?"

"Yes, and I read to him."

"Look!" whispered the girl suddenly, and she pointed to the red bird searching for a straw in the grass. "There's the fairy I was talking to."

"Isn't he a beauty?" replied the child in the same guarded tone. Then after a silence: "Do you believe in fairies?"

Before she could answer a shrill whistle sounded. Hubert sprang to his feet. "Father wants me—good-bye! May I come again?"

"Every day!" and she smiled at him invitingly.

At the wall he hesitated. "Won't you please tell me your name?" he asked shyly.

"Guess!" But seeing his look of disappointment, she added, "I'll tell you to-morrow. Good-bye."

Soon she saw him wheeling his father's chair into their shaded garden, followed by a negro man carrying a small table, whereon he later placed books and writing material:

Irish China Made in America.

China is not the only Irish product that is now manufactured in this country. Belleek ware is being turned out in Trenton, the clay being imported from Ireland for the purpose. Belleek china is of a fineness and daintiness hardly matched in the world at present. The china takes its name from Belleek, a hamlet in County Fermanagh, where the pottery is operated by a band of monks. A Belleek cup is the color of rich cream on the inside, and a soft white on the outside. Held up to the light, objects show in outline through it, and the china is the delight of all experts. In Belleek one of these dainty little cups may be bought for twelve cents while here \$2 to \$5 is cheerfully paid. Trenton is turning out a pretty good imitation, but it deludes only the inexperienced buyer. The Irish workers have the excellence which comes from generations skilled in the finishing of the peculiar and almost priceless clay, which so far has been found only in Belleek, and there, too, in limited quantities.

France is a government-ridden nation. Its civilian employees number over 900,000. In the last year of the Empire they numbered only 250,000. Yet the population has not materially increased. These 900,000 employees cost \$260,000,000 a year.

Don't Cough! It's Dangerous!

"Father Morrissey's No. 10" will stop the Cough and Cure the Cold

Are you one of those who say, "O, it's only a little cold," and let the cough hang on, doing nothing for it? If you are, just think a minute. It is true that most colds, if left to themselves, will leave you after a while—but they leave you with the delicate lining of throat and lungs weakened—an easy prey to the next cold. Every cold you neglect makes it easier to catch the next one, and harder to get rid of it, and it doesn't take many such colds to give you Catarrh or some serious lung trouble.

"Father Morrissey's No. 10"—Cough Cure and Lung Tonic—is a preparation of roots, barks and Balsams that will prevent all this. It promptly clears away the mucus, removes the irritation and inflammation that causes the coughing, and heals and strengthens the delicate membranes. Besides, it tones up the whole system and gives you strength to resist the next attack.

Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size, 50c. At your druggist's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Eczema Cured THROUGH THE BLOOD

By the Aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—That Wonderful Tonic Medicine.

Eczema or salt rheum is a disease of the skin which shows itself in small, red watery blisters—these blisters break, and leave a scab which may be rubbed off by the hand. The affected parts are intensely itchy and the victim cannot bear the touch of any article of clothing over the parts.

The disease is caused by bad blood and must be cured through the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema simply because they are the one medicine that acts wholly on the blood—the seat of the trouble. Among those cured by these Pills is Mrs. Chas. Davidson, of Anherst, N.S., who says: "I suffered greatly from salt rheum or eczema and my hands were badly cracked. I tried several ointments but they did me no good whatever. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and had only used them for a few weeks when the trouble disappeared and my hands were entirely healed. I am very grateful for what the Pills have done for me, and would advise other sufferers from this trouble to try them."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Mrs. Davidson they have done for many others—not only in cases of eczema and salt rheum but for eruptions and pimples, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, and all other maladies which arise from poor blood. They banish these troubles simply because they clear the blood of all impurities and leave it rich red and health-giving. The Pills are sold by all medicine-dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Notable Instance of Protestant Decline.

Dorchester, Massachusetts, used to be a sectarian stronghold, now there are eight Catholic churches in the district, and half of them have been erected within the last decade. As to the population, less than one in five is Protestant. So remarkable a change within so short a time could not fail to escape the observation of the Protestant clergy, some of whom became thoroughly alarmed when a new Catholic Parish was created, and asked with bated breath if something couldn't be done about it. The pastors of the Unitarian Church, with the laudable intention of allaying the excitement of his brethren, prepared a sermon on the matter. He reviewed the situation with care, and realizing that nothing at all could be done to prevent the increase of Catholic population or the multiplication of Catholic churches, made a plea for religious toleration! Which, of course, was a ludicrous thing to do, considering the changed conditions in Dorchester. We suspect that the good man has been delving too much in divinity of late. Our advice to him would be to lay aside his theologues and attend to what contemporary writers have to say about the Catholic Church. These few words of Mr. William Allen White might be meditated upon with the greatest profit all winter long by every Protestant minister in the United States.

"The Holy Roman Catholic Church—whether we like it or dislike it—still must be admitted by serious-minded persons of every faith to be the cement that is holding civilization together. For if the influence of the Catholic Church were removed, barbarism and anarchy would arise rampant in the world.... The debt of civilization to the Catholic Church is the greatest single debt in the world.... Perverence is due to this great fundamental force in modern civilization working toward the

The Busy Vatican.

Prof. Rudolph Marschall, the famous painter, just returned from Rome, where he did a portrait for Pope Pius in oil, said to a correspondent:

"I have been in many royal palaces in my professional capacity, but never saw such a beehive as the Vatican. The Pope's palace is a house of work. There seems to be nothing but worship and work going on there. The Pope, his secretaries, officials and prelates are forever busy with business of state on Church. Even while the Holy Father sat for me he was receiving reports of one kind or another. The majority were delivered by tongue, and I never heard more concise language in my life. And the Pope's answers and decisions were just as brief and to the point as the messages delivered. In the Vatican palace all languages are heard, morning, noon and night. Aside from the regular ambassadors accredited at the Holy See, delegations from foreign countries are constantly received. The Papal Secretary of State's business hours are from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., and he told me he has the hardest time in the world to secure sufficient leisure for meals.

"A story was printed some time ago picturing Pius as a great newspaper reader. He told me more than once that the longer he sat on the Papal throne the more he felt the necessity of keeping up with the daily press. Very frequently he has a secretary read the papers to him while promoting in the Papal gardens or during dinner.

"The Pope has his own ideas about art and told me exactly how I must paint him before I started the work. When the picture was done he sent for a number of Cardinals and showed them my work. He seemed pleased when they agreed with his own conception of art."

Lent.

This year, Lent will begin on February 9, fifteen days earlier than it did last year, so that Easter Sunday will fall on March 27 instead of April 11, as it did in 1908. Inasmuch as Easter is fixed as the Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox, which falls on March 21 of each year, it is evident next year will be near the record for early dating.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be misled into taking anything but Dr. Wood's. Put up in a yellow wrapper; three glass bottles, each bottle 25 cents.

Wonder what was become of his wife?

In a short time Aunt Margaret returned from her visit, bringing with her a number of guests, and Marie was so occupied that for several days she found no opportunity to talk with her little friend. But one afternoon, growing weary of the gaily and chatter, she picked up a book and stole to her favorite seat under the apple tree. Looking in the invalid's direction, she suddenly exclaimed: "She's come!"

Sitting near Captain Strong was a woman with auburn hair, clasping Hubert in her arms. They both looked radiant, but the Captain's face was hidden by his hand.

"Now—now they will be quite happy without me," and she walked slowly and sadly back to the house.

"This is the first day of June," she said to herself next morning— "Hubert's birthday. He has been telling me of it so long; I am sure he will be disappointed if he does not see me to-day."

So, before the household was astir, she slipped down stairs and over into the other garden, with gifts for the child. Save for the chirping and twittering of the birds silence enfolded the place—the sound of flying footsteps nor silvery childish laughter greeted her, and she wondered at the strangeness of it. She found the Captain sitting alone on the vine-covered veranda.

"Good morning, Captain Strong," she said brightly; "I have something for Hubert—where is he?"

Not receiving any answer, she turned her gray eyes full upon him and was shocked to see the tragic despair of his face.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried anxiously as she tremblingly laid down her gifts.

"Didn't you know?" he answered slowly, controlling his voice with difficulty. "His mother has taken him away."

In that simple sentence there thrilled a deep and patient suffering that touched the girl's heart with an answering pain, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed sympathetically. "I had hoped, so hoped she had come home to stay!"

"Come to stay!" he repeated in bewilderment.

"Yes, your wife, I—"

"My wife!" he interrupted. "Did you think that? But after all, why not? It was only natural that you should. What a fool I was not to have thought of that possibility!"

Then, seeing her wondering look, he went on more quietly: "Hubert was the son of my best friend. His parents were never happy together, and separated when he was a baby. Soon afterwards the Spanish-American war sent our regiment into active service and Hubert's father was mortally wounded. Just before he died he gave the baby to me—neither of us dreaming that his mother would ever want him. She was a gay, careless young thing, averse by nature to care or responsibility of any kind, and never loved the little fellow, and rather resented his existence."

"Perhaps I did wrong to allow him to call me father, but he was as dear to me as my own son; and it prevented unnecessary talk and gossip to call him by my own name—but his mother has taken him away and I am to be alone the rest of my life."

The tears gathered in the young woman's eyes, and she dared not trust herself to speak.

"But I am selfish to lay my grief on you," he continued, "to mar your happiness. I'll get along some way, for I have my books, you know."

With a cry she flung herself on her knees by his chair and hid her face against its arm, sobbing bitterly. He lifted her gently and begged her not to grieve for little Hubert and him.

"You must go," he said, and his voice was very grave, "and only remember that you have cast a ray of light into a darkened life. I shall be better and stronger for having known you, and let no thought of me or my desolation dim your future. Go, and God bless you!"

Eye Strain Headache

Manitoba lady tells how headaches disappeared with the use of Dr. A Chase's Nerve Food.

Women who use their eyes much for reading or fine needlework are sure to find eye-strain and nervous, sick headaches among the first symptoms when the nervous system gets run down.

As a positive cure for headaches, not merely relief but cure, Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food stands without a rival because it gets at the cause of the trouble and builds up the nervous system to health and strength.

Mrs. Geo. Fuller, Lakeland, Man., writes:—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cured me of Nervous headache, from which I was a great sufferer, and I am no longer troubled with twitches of the Nerves in the arms and legs."

The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmanon, & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Religious Institutions

HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVING DONE SHOULD APPLY TO

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food cured me of Nervous headache, from which I was a great sufferer, and I am no longer troubled with twitches of the Nerves in the arms and legs.

The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmanon, & Co., Toronto.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVING DONE SHOULD APPLY TO

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

50 CENTS PER BOX