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PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley, Established in 1856.
General Contract Plastering. Repairs of
all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

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Caterers and Confectioners
412 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL
Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Cakes, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal
Attention. PHONE MAIN 3301.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished March 6th, 1856; incorpor-
ated 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-Presid-
ent, 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 Sec-
retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conolly.

Synopsis 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 personal
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 such lands.
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 night upon a sleepless bed.
Their eyes do not close in the sweet
refreshing repose that comes to those
whose heart and nerves are right. Some
constitutional disturbance, worry or ir-
ritated disease has so debilitated and irritated
the nervous system, that it cannot be
quieted.
Mrs. 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 cur-
iosity than should rightfully belong
to one small person.”

Book in hand, Marie Campbell
crossed the grassy terrace and seat-
ed herself in a rustic bench under-
neath a giant apple tree, its bloss-
oms of delicate pink forming a
fragrant canopy, while all around her
nature and spring rioted, the
pear and plum trees laden with frag-
rant 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 sor-
did 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 trou-
bling me, little bird? Aunt Marg-
aret 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 nat-
ure—that brought you and your
little mate together; but this is dif-
ferent. You see, I am an orphan
and penniless. I owe Aunt Marg-
aret 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 dif-
ferent, as I said before.”

“Scuse me, but are you talking
to the fairies?” asked a politely in-
quisitive 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.
“Has such a splendid head.”
The child's face glowed with en-
thusiasm.

“Isn't he grand!” he cried. “Fath-
er is a soldier—he is Captain Ray-
mond Strong.” The little figure
drew itself up proudly. “He led a
charge at San Juan and was wound-
ed.”

“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 whis-
pered 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
little feet for him, can you not?”

“Yes, and I read to him.”
“Look!” whispered the girl sud-
denly, 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?”

wonder what was become of his
wife?”

In a short time Aunt Margaret re-
turned 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 child-
ish 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 anx-
iously 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 ex-
claimed sympathetically. “I had
hoped, so hoped she had come home
to stay!”

“Come to stay!” he repeated in
bewilderment.
“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-Ameri-
can war sent our regiment into ac-
tive service and Hubert's father
was mortally wounded. Just be-
fore 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 respon-
sibility of any kind, and never loved
the little fellow, and rather re-
sented 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 fu-
ture. Go, and God bless you!”

The moon rose fair and glorious in
a clear sky of soft dim blue, and
touched a beloved and silvered head
with its shimmering light. A mock-
ing-bird sang drowsily to his nest-
ings high in the branches of a
steadily pecan, and, uprising mysteri-
ously in the evening air, was the
fragrance of crushed and dew-damp
roses.

The reverie was broken by foot-
steps, and from the deepening twi-
light shadows came the greeting
voice of Marie Campbell.
“Why did you come?” he deman-
ded sternly. “You should not have
come, Marie.”

She dropped on her knees by his
side, clasping the arm of his chair
nervously.
“I refused to marry Robert Reid.
I told him all—and he understood. I
have loved you since—oh, ages ago,
when I first learned to know you;
but I did not then guess that you
cared for me—that you loved me!
But I gave you no encouragement. I
stuffed the love of my heart, and
refused your hand. But I have
come back to return your love and
to care for you even until death.”

Irish China Made in America.

China is not the only Irish prod-
uct that is now manufactured in
this country. Belleek ware is be-
ing 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 Bel-
leek, a hamlet in County Fernmanagh,
where the pottery is operated by
a band of monks. A Belleek cup
is the color of rich cream on the in-
side, and a soft white on the out-
side. 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 de-
ludes only the inexperienced buyer.
The Irish workers have the excel-
lence which comes from generations
skilled in the finishing of the pecu-
liar and almost priceless clay, which
so far has been found only in Bel-
leek, and there, too, in limited quan-
tities.

France is a government-ridden na-
tion. Its civilian employees num-
ber 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.

ECZEMA CURED
THROUGH THE BLOOD

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

Eczeema or salt rheum is a dis-
ease 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 in-
tensely 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 eczeema
simply because they are the one me-
dicine that acts wholly on the
blood—the seat of the trouble.

Among those cured by these Pills
is Mrs. Chas. Davidson, of Am-
herst, N.S., who says: “I suffered
greatly from salt rheum or eczeema
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 dis-
appeared and my hands were entire-
ly 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 eczeema and salt rheum but for
eruptions and pimples, chronic crys-
talline, scrofula, and all other mal-
adies 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 obser-
vation of the Protestant clergy,
some of whom became thoroughly
alarmed when a new Catholic Pa-
rish was created, and asked with
bated breath if something couldn't
be done about it. The pastors of the
Unitarian Church, with the laud-
able intention of allaying the excite-
ment of his brethren, prepared a
sermon on the matter. He review-
ed the situation with care, and re-
garding that nothing at all could be
done to prevent the increase of Cath-
olic population or the multiplication
of Catholic churches, made a
plan for religious toleration! Which,
of course, was a ludicrous thing to
do, considering the changed condi-
tions in Dorchester. We suspect
that the good man has been delv-
ing 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 Al-
len 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 civiliza-
tion together. For if the influ-
ence 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 ro-
man civilization working toward the

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 cough-
ing, 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.

common coming of the kingdom for
which every earnest man and wom-
an is striving, each in his own
way, and, by striving, becomes the
brother of all men.—Ave Maria.

The Busy Vatican.

Prof. Rudolph Marschall, the fam-
ous painter, just returned from
Rome, where he did a portrait for
Pope Pius in oil, said to a corres-
pondent:
“I have been in many royal pa-
laces 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 re-
ports of one kind or another. The
majority were delivered by tongue,
and I never heard more concise lan-
guage in my life. And the Pope's
answers and decisions were just as
brief and to the point as the mes-
sages delivered. In the Vatican pa-
lace all languages are heard, morn-
ing, noon and night. Aside from
the regular ambassadors accredited
at the Holy See, delegations from
foreign countries are constantly re-
ceived. 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 news-
paper 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 show-
ed them my work. He seemed
pleased when they agreed with his
own conception of art.”

Lent.

This year, Lent will begin on Febru-
ary 9, fifteen days earlier than it
did last year, so that Easter Sun-
day will fall on March 27 instead of
April 11, as it did in 1908. Inas-
much as Easter is fixed as the Sun-
day 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 begin-
ning, 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
results 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
doctors and patients have tried to imitate it.
Don't be misled by cheap imitations.
Get Dr. Wood's. Put up in a yellow
wrapper. Three glass bottles for 50 cents.

Eye Strain
Headache

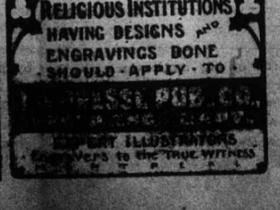
Manitoba lady tells how head-
aches disappeared with the
use of Dr. A Chase's Nerve
Food.

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 Edmanson,
& Co., Toronto.



Sayings.

TO RESORT TO
MEMBERS.

us talking the school
many children have
ages of six and”—
she broke in. “There
an Annie an' Lucy
Rob an' Jake an'
an' Jim an'”— she
anath, and her caller
say:
if you could just
them—
snapped. “Num-
commenced number-
We sin't run out

quently away from
the habit of getting
with his wife and
his absence. Once,
so unexpectedly
that he had no time
provision for them.
ny brave until night
courage began to
sustaining every rea-
staying up, she
bed with the in-
especially for
during father's ab-
will do that to
little girl, “but the
will make better an-