



A VOCATION

Belmont was in its summer bloom. Roses ran riot over porch and pillar; the quaint old box-borders were a maze of color, the syringa hedge a drift of fragrant snow. The clover-fields stretched, a mist of purple, to the shining river. Jewel-winged humming-birds were feasting in the scarlet trumpet-flowers; all the sweet warm earth was aglow with beauty and light and love.

And Patty was back in the dear old Virginia home, the fairest, sweetest of sovereigns, with three trunks full of feminine ammunition for a summer campaign, that, judging from the brief but triumphant record of the past season, could only result in a sweeping victory.

The only granddaughter of the old home where Aunt Letty still lived in gracious if impoverished state, Patty was a bewitching composite of all the Wycliffe cells that looked down from their faded canvases in the wide hall; from Mistress Mari-gold Wycliffe, who had poured tea for "Colonel" Washington, to her later namesake, who, mounted on her black mare, had "scouted" fearlessly for Stonewall Jackson in the valley.

Yet, with all her heritage of beauty and bravery, it was a useful Patty that, perched in the deep-seated window of Aunt Letty's big room, read and re-read the close-written pages of the letter she had received by the morning's "rural delivery"—a letter that held tidings too bewildering for beller.

It was from Adele Marvin, her dearest friend and room-mate at St. Anne's. Adele was going to be a nun. A nun! Patty found the announcement paralyzing beyond credence or comprehension. Adele! dear, darling, beautiful Adele with her eyes, her hair, her money-wise little Patty was not blind to the advantages of a bank account—with everything to keep her in this gay, glad, charming world—a nun!

"And I am so happy, dear Pat, so happy," the letter went on. "I don't suppose you will understand, for you have very different hopes and dreams."

The wild-rose hue deepened on Patty's cheek. Yes, Adele knew—too much, perhaps. For Patty had no sister, and there had been sisterly confidences in that little room at St. Anne's the last year at school, after—the Christmas when she had met Mr. Lane. Oh! how, how, when there were such beings as Mr. Robert Lane in this blissful outer world could Adele think of cutting off her golden hair and giving up French-heeled shoes forever!

The letter went on: "And why this great blessing of a vocation should have been given to me, Pat, I can not see. I think it must be the prayers of my dear dead mother, who, everybody says, was a saint. I have not a doubt or fear! Oh, it is a sweet, wonderful thing, this vocation, Pat! It makes life so calm, so clear! I enter the novitiate at St. Anne's next month, and though this may seem to part us in a way, dear Pat, I will always love and pray for you, as you must love and pray for your old friend."

"Adele," And as she read the last words, Patty, to her own surprise, burst into a flood of passionate tears. "My dear, my dear!" exclaimed the pale, stately lady who had just entered. "What can be the matter?" "Oh, Aunt Letty, Aunt Letty!" Patty slipped from the window into a hopeless little pleading attitude at the speaker's feet. "Read that, Aunt Letty," she cried tragically. "Just read that."

Aunt Letty read, and over the pale, proud, faded beauty of her face there came a strange look—whether of pity, regret, or remorse, Patty's tearful eyes could not tell. "Adele, lovely Adele!" sobbed Patty. "To think of her being nuffed up in a black veil and habit all the rest of her life, when she could have real Paris gowns. Oh, can't we do something to stop it, Aunt Letty?"

"My dear, no, we can't," was the low answer. "And if we could, I would not dare." "You would not dare!" repeated Patty, looking up at the pale face wonderingly. "I did it once, Patty," Aunt Letty's voice was low and shaken. "I was young and vain, and in the pride of my beauty and power I tampered with a vocation even higher and holier than Adele's. Do you remember your Uncle Keith, Patty?"

Patty's arms tightened in tender sympathy about the speaker's waist. Ah, yes, she remembered Uncle Keith, the husband who had brightened, darkened Aunt Letty's life! "He had a vocation, too, Patty, so he felt, when I met him during a visit to his father's house. He was just planning to enter the seminary, but I—I turned him from the higher path, and it seemed as if he could walk no other firmly. I led him into flowery ways, where he strayed, Patty, strayed from his Faith, his God, into darkness, depths beyond my reach." A low sob choked Aunt Letty's utterance. "Oh, Patty, dear," she said, brokenly, "don't tamper with a vocation. Never tamper with a vocation."

"Oh, Aunt Letty, dear, dear Aunt Letty!" murmured Patty, full of awe and sympathy for the heart-break which this pale, proud woman had had in cold, stern silence all these weary years. "I never will, Aunt Letty, I never will." "But though the subject was drop-

ped tenderly then and there, Patty's warm young heart had been stirred to its woman's depths. Adele's renunciation, Aunt Letty's remorse, gave her new views strangely sobering. Life, that, until now, had seemed a joyous dream, took on a pale cast of thought. It was as if the foam and sparkle and rainbow mist had been swept suddenly aside and she had her first glimpse of the strong, deep, rushing waters below.

All the invitations that came pouring in upon her from every side, all the cavaliers who came dashing so gallantly up to Belmont at news of her arrival, all the incense, in short, that rises at the shrine of an acknowledged belle, Patty found strangely unsatisfactory.

For there was one who neither came nor sent greeting, glance, or word, one whose dark, grave glance and low, deep voice had held place in her rainbow dreams since the last Christmas at Belmont one year and a half ago.

Robert Lane was a student, a writer, busy in scientific work in the great University near by. He was not one to play "the light game of hearts," which had been Patty's pastime until now. And so, when, last Christmas, he had sent her a great wreath of holly berries in memory of their meeting the year before, she had felt there was meaning in the gift, that made her heart leap as she read the brief accompanying note.

"Dear little Christmas fairy, a Christmas wreath for you from Manor Hill. "Every berry on it glows with glad greeting. I hoped you would come to Belmont this winter, but your aunt tells me you will not be with her until June. I will have something to tell you then, a secret, very solemn and sweet. It will surprise you, perhaps, though I do not know. Your eyes are very bright and keen and I am a dull, sober-sided fellow, unused to women's ways. But whatever happens, little Christmas fairy, remember I am your friend—the friend that nothing in life or in death will change."

"Robert Lane," Was this a love letter, Patty had wondered breathlessly. All the documentary evidence gathered from the multitudinous epistles in her pretty writing-desk declared no. And yet—yet it was this letter that had quickened her southward flight and brought her to Belmont for a season and springs.

For three days Patty waited and wondered, too proud to question even Aunt Letty. Then she could wait no longer. Putting on her most bewitching flower-trimmed hat and linen gown, she strolled down the linden-shaded road that led by Manor Hill to gather laurel blossoms. She paused as she came in sight of the house. It had the look of a dead face. Every window was closed, the rose leaves lay in fragrant drifts on porch and driveway, the gate was barred, all was silence, desertion. But across the road the Flahertys' little cottage stood wide open to the sunset, and Mrs. Flaherty, with her ruddy arms resting on the fence, was ready for the gossip in which her soul rejoiced. Mrs. Flaherty could be questioned without fear, and after a friendly greeting poured out information in an inconsequential flood.

"It do look lonely, indeed, miss, shut up like that. Mr. Lane has been gone this two months, and we miss him sore. Always so pleasant and friendly, miss, with a pinny or a pat on the head for the childer, ragged and dirty though they might be, and he so knowledgeable and wise, miss. Sure, it's to Mt. St. Martin he's gone, miss, the grand place where they make priests, for vocation."

"A vocation!" gasped Patty, wondering if she heard aright. "Mr. Lane has a—a—" the word of dreadful significance died on her trembling lips, but Mrs. Flaherty took up the theme blithely. "A vocation, yes, miss, God be praised for that same! For it's what he's wanted this many a year. But what with the trouble and sorrow, his poor mother so long ailing and all, it seemed as if he couldn't get off. And betwixt you and me and the gate post, when all the bills were paid the poor gentleman was hard pressed for money. And so he had to put it off, miss, every year, and kept at his writing day and night until, as Flaherty often said, it was a wonder how mortal head could stand it. And God only knows how it would have ended but for his uncle, Father Donlon, a fine man and holy priest as well, coming down six weeks and setting things with a word and a nod as such holy min can."

"You've been talking vocation long enough," says Father Donlon, "it's time to try it. So come off with me, now and here." And praise God he went off, miss, that very night."

Patty heard like one in a dreadful dream, a dream that took in past, present, future in its bewildering phantasms. A vocation! Robert Lane with a vocation! Oh, she might have known, she might have known—he was so different from all the rest, so grave and thoughtful and kind! And the letter—oh, foolish, foolish girl!—the letter that had made her heart leap; this was the meaning, this was the secret he had to tell her, the secret that was so solemn and sweet! Oh, she might have guessed, as he had said. Surely,

after reading Adele's letter, she might have guessed. And now it was all over. He had turned into those high paths of which Aunt Letty had spoken, those high, holy paths beyond her reach. It was all over, and the rainbow spray swept in a trembling mist from little Patty's life-stream forever.

"Miss Patty, Miss Patty!" her heart leaped and stood still at the voice, at the strong, swift step on the darkening road. "Little Christmas fairy, where are you flying so late? Mrs. Flaherty told me you had come this way, and I dropped my grip-sack at her gate, and followed on the wings of the wind. This is luck, indeed! You came early to Belmont this year. I did not expect you for another week."

The old, rich, deep tone, the old, cordial handclasp, the old charm! But Patty thought of the vocation and Uncle Keith and was vocation. "Yes, I came early. But my visit will be short. I leave—" Patty made a sudden upheaval in all her summer plans. "I leave to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night!" Mr. Robert Lane caught his breath in dismayed surprise. "Surely not so soon. I thought you always gave Aunt Letty a month at least."

"It will not be possible this year," was the measured answer. "Something of very special interest calling you away?" he asked eagerly. "Something of special interest—yes—" "I suppose," he hesitated, "it is beyond my privilege to inquire what?" "I—I think it is, Mr. Lane." There was a moment's pause. They had turned homeward and were walking through deep gathering shadows. "Don't, don't take that icy tone with me, little Christmas fairy," he said, and there was a tremor in the deep voice. "Let us be friends at least, as I said in my letter—friends even though our ways turn apart. But I will be mad enough for one moment to plead for more, Patty. To tell you that I love you, love you, my little girl—"

AT WORK IN 3 WEEKS

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Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The chapel is bright with its myriad tapers. The fairest and freshest of blooms are there: High on the altar, the incense-vapors float through the hush of the perfumed air. The sweet-voiced choir cease their singing. Resplendent rays from the Monstrance dart. And the bell of the Benediction ringing. Hallow the feast of the Sacred Heart.

O dear, dear feast! we have watched thy coming Through the long, glad days of this golden June. While the birds sang clear and the bees were humming Over the flower-beds, morn and noon. From the sunrise-glow till the stars were burning, Like glittering lamps in the summer skies,— Our hearts to the great Heart ever turning.

Longed for its festa with prayers and sighs. Welcome, O day of supreme salvation Welcome, acceptable time of grace, Beautiful hour of love's reparation, Hither, dear souls, to the light of His face. Haste, while ye may—'tis a pitiless craven. That sports with the pleadings of Infinite Love:— Cras, cras, is the cry of the raven. Nunc, nunc, is the note of the dove.

What though the spirit be steeped in sorrow? What though the soul be heavy with sin? To-day, if we call, He will hear; to-morrow His Heart may be closed, would we enter in. Swift from the fetters of hell He frees us, Washing us white as the snowiest fleece; Deep in the glorious Heart of our Jesus, Grief is forgotten, and all is peace!—Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Sunday Companion.

Shrine of Canadian Martyrs.

The Shrine of the Canadian Martyrs near Wauaubushene, was re-opened for the summer season on Thursday, June 2nd. On that day there was, and every Thursday afterwards till the end of September, there will be Holy Mass and sermon at 9 o'clock in the chapel. There will also be this year a boarding-house nearby where pilgrims can have their meals. A few beds will also be at the disposal of those who would wish to prolong their stay at the shrine.

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rusk, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and tried many different remedies but obtained little or no benefit. A friend advised me to give you Laxa-Liver Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried so many 'cure alls' that I was tired paying out money for things giving me no benefit. He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you, I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best I ever used. They gave relief which has had a more lasting effect than any medicine I have ever used, and the beauty about them is, they are small and easy to take. I believe them to be the best medicine for Liver Trouble there is to be found."

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Monday of the month. Committee
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shal, Mr. P. Lloyd, Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Connolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY one numbered section of Dom-
inion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 5 and 20,
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.

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 perform
the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:

- (1) At least six months residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
sub 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 reading
with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent
residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by res-
idence upon said land.

Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for patent.

W. W. COOY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
*B. Unauthorised publication of
this advertisement will not be paid
for.

Holloway's Corn Cure

takes the corn
out by the roots. Try it and
prove it.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated
Self-Raising Flour
is the Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bag
returned to our Office.
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Through indigestion in eating
green fruit in summer many children
become subject to cholera morbus
caused by irritating acids that act
violently on the lining of the intes-
tines. Pains and dangerous purg-
ings ensue and the delicate system
of the child suffers under the drain.
In such cases the safest and surest
medicine is Dr. J. C. Kellogg's Dys-
entery Cordial. It will check the
inflammation, soothe the child's
life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People
will take part in the
mission hall!

Oh, no, sir, I'm
playing the pandemo-
nium!

replied, "I'm a Me-
sunday Evening Post.

Highlanders, who
sailed at times, settled
a country north of To-
day Dr. Rutherford, lo-
was, was looking for some
work for him. He
village blacksmith shop
several of these Scotch-
mechanic?" he asked

And now, Mrs. Mil-
how your son is get-
hope he's steady, and
to the public-house on

ew—"Oh, no, sir, I'm
playing the pandemo-
nium!"

anne d'Arc Play.

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rammergau.

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persons, 150 of them
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year. Two perform-
will also be given in
and August.

rain service will con-
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BACKS ACHE
Seldom to Blame
Due to Blood
Impurities.

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than any other dis-
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belief that every back-
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rubbish. As a matter
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anything to do with
Most backaches come
weakness and kidney
possibly cure that. You
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Dr. Williams' Pink
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of Pink Pills have cured
of rheumatism by
poisonous acid out of
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the ordinary ailments such
indigestion, constipa-
complaint. In we-
often come from the
follow so surely on
or irregularity in the
apply. The one way
backaches is to strike
the trouble with Dr.
Pills, which enrich
bring strength to
and weak nerves. Mr.
three years ago I suf-
from backache. I con-
and took his medi-
a plaster, but it did
of relief. Then I got
as useless as
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Then one of
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of Pink Pills, and I
some improvement in
and I got three boxes
time I had taken
signs of the pain had
has not since re-
that the cure is per-
only regret is that I
Dr. Williams' Pink
not only would
the pain sooner
have saved some
uselessly spent
cents."

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in medicine, or may
at 50 cents a box
\$2.50 from
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Pills Co., Brock-