



Highlanders, who still

replied, "I'm a Me-

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BACKS ACHE

Seldom to Blame

Due to Blood

Impurities.

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act not one backache

anything to do with

Most backaches come

weakness and kidney

possibly cure that. You

to brace you up and

strength and that is

Dr. Williams' Pink

Other backaches are

of Pink Pills have cured

of rheumatism by

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY,
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished March 6th, 1866; incorporated
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Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first
Monday of the month. Committee
meets last Wednesday. Officers:
Rev. Chaplain, Vev. Gerald Mc-
Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J.
Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-Pres-
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P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Sec-
retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
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 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 home-
steader.

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 cultivation of the land 20 weeks year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader 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 permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of the homesteaded requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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

W. W. COBY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

"B.—Unauthorized 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 bags returned to our Office.

10 Bleury Street, Montreal.

Through indiscretion, 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 intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain.

In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

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 rueful 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 belief.

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. "Oh, 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 muffled 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 blighted, 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-

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 strong. "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—"

"Oh, no, no," she cried sharply. "Don't say another word. I will not listen. I will not turn you from the higher path, Mr. Lane, even if I am a giddy, foolish girl. Don't think of me any more, please. Please forget me, remember me only—only as a passing shadow. There, there lies your way!" she pointed with trembling hand upward to the stars. "I would not hold you back, oh, no, no!"

"I don't—don't understand!" said Robert Lane in bewilderment. "I have loved you ever since we first met, little Patty. It has been the dearest, fondest hope of my heart to win you for my wife. And I fairly broke away from good Uncle Dan, who had carried me off to St. Martin's for a few weeks' vacation, which I sorely needed, to come and tell you—"

He stopped short as two little hands clasped his arm eagerly. "Vacation, vacation!" cried Patty, breathlessly. "Did you say vacation, Mr. Lane?"

"Why, yes, vacation, little Patty, with Uncle Dan, you know. There's fishing and swimming and all sorts of sport at St. Martin's. Why Patty, little Patty!" for she had begun to sob and tremble strangely.

"Oh, Mrs. Flaherty said vacation," she cried. "And I thought, I thought—"

"That you were turning me down from the stars!" exclaimed Lane, as a sudden light bursting upon him, he caught the little trembling figure to his heart. "A vocation! Blessings on good Mrs. Flaherty and her mixed-up vowels! Yes, I have a vocation, Patty, and so have you. It's the double affair that stands for life and for death, for earth and heaven, too, Patty. And my book is done, and the printers can't rush it off the press fast enough. The roses about Manor Hill want a

Stomach Troubles
OFTEN COME FROM WEAK, EXHAUSTED NERVES—GREAT RESULTS FROM USING DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

When the nerves become exhausted, the first sign of trouble often comes from the stomach. The nerves which control the flow of digestive fluids fail and the result is loss of appetite, indigestion, nervous headache and sleeplessness.

Opiates and narcotics cannot possibly do more than afford temporary relief, and aids to digestion are merely makeshifts. To get well you must get the nervous system back into condition by such treatment as Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Here is a letter which illustrates the point.

Mr. John McLean, 316 Hunter street, W., Hamilton, states:—"My trouble was principally with my stomach. As a result of weak nerves my appetite was poor and I had severe attacks of indigestion. I found that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food relieved me and since using it regularly for some time my digestion is excellent, my appetite good, my nerves strong and vigorous, and I feel an altogether different person. I feel very grateful for the benefit I have derived from this medicine."

If you are in earnest about a cure why not make it thorough by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food regularly and persistently until the whole nervous system is restored and you can know again the joys of living.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AT WORK IN 3 WEEKS

\$4 Worth of Father Morrisey's "No. 7" Cured Her of Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Mrs. Agnes Edgar, of Grand Falls, N.B., had a terrible time with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Anyone who has had this most painful disease will understand her suffering—and her joy when she found Father Morrisey's "No. 7" had cured her. She says:

"I took Father Morrisey's Prescription for Inflammatory Rheumatism. I had suffered everything with it, but in three weeks after starting Father Morrisey's Prescription I was able to do my work, and after taking four dollars worth of medicine I was well. I highly recommend it any sufferer with Rheumatism."

Rheumatism comes from bad kidneys. The poisonous Uric Acid which they should remove stays in the blood, accumulates in joints and muscles, and causes agony. Father Morrisey's "No. 7" puts the kidneys right, removes the Uric Acid from the blood and the whole system, and cures the Rheumatism, so, a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morrisey Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.
The chapel is bright with its myriad tapers. The fairest and freshest of blooms are there: High o'er 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 hallows 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 heaven 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.

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Shrine of Canadian Martyrs.
The Shrine of the Canadian Martyrs near Wauaubeshene, 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 6 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. Rusak, 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 Lax-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."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.