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MAG16

BAKING

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Makes Baking Easy, Dependable and Economical,

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D REGULATIONS

Lands in Manitoba, and A berta, exceptnot re greed, may be any son who is of a family, or any cears of age, to the uarter section of 160

se made personally at office for the district and is situate.

And is situ

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eccased) of the homeland entered for the to residence may besuch person residing or mother.

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n the Commissioner of nds at Ottawa of inly for patent W. W. CORY. ister of the Interior. norized publication of ment will not be paid

### STRUGGLING ISSION

ese of Northampton. NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

or of St. Anthony of arted by me nearly three mmand of the late Bishop and I have now, No Presbytery, no D.o.

e). iged to say Mass and givea mean upper room. Yet, is is the sole outpost of a division of the County suring 35 x 20 miles.

ssarily small. We must lp for the present, or haul ty of the Catholic Public to secure a valuable site of Presbytery. We have towards the cost of build-shop will not allow us to

ateful to those who have trust they will continue

have not helped I would ke of the Cause give some-little". It is easier and to give than to beg. Sped when I need no longer ermanent Home for the tent. R H. W. GRAY.

gratefully and promptly ne smallest donation, and acknowledgment a beau-of the Sacred Heart and

AL AUTHORIZATION)

rey,
Iuly accounted for the alms
e received, and you have
ecurely in the names of
tees. Your efforts have
ds providing what is nee establishment of a pernat Fakenham. I authonatione to solicit alms for itinue to solicit anni li, in my judgment, it has ined.
faithfully in Christ,
† F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

# Sailors' Club.

ILORS WELCOME ry Wednesday Evening

- Talent invited. The City pay us a visit. 9.30 a.m. on Sunday.

oncert on Sunday evek days from 9 a. m. to

ys from 1 p. m. to 10

& Common Sts.

RAISING FLOUR celebrated -Raising Flour

Street, Montreal

Original and the Best.
given for the empty bags
med to our Office.

BOYS AND GIRLS \_\_\_

SONNY'S SOLILOQUY.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1908.

We've got a parlor in our house
That's scarcely used a bit;
I tell you, even Pa himself
Don't dass go there and sit.
An' if I dared to step inside
Her temper Ma would lose;
Sav's what's the good o' havin'
things
That people dassent use?

My sister's got a cushion, too,
All stuffed up nice and fat,
An' not a person in this house
Can put their head on that:
It has a real invitin' look
All worked in reds and blues;
Say, what's the good o' havin'
things

things That people dassent use?

An' over at Aunt Martha's house
They've got a satin chair;
I tried to sit down on it once.
But she said: "'Don't you dare!"
An' if ljust go near the thing,
She fusses an' she stews;
Say, what's the good o' havin'
things ш. things

That people dassent use?

—Elsie Duncan Yale, in Pittsburg

NO BUTTER FOR BREAKFAST.

reamination and was coming home. I got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast, ran to without waiting for breakfast, ran to without waiting for breakfast, ran to without waiting for breakfast around her neck. She buried wrinkled face in her old.

"Mr. Hammer laughed. "If he does not go through, it is no use for you to try, Uly."

to try, Uly."

"Promise me you will give me the chance, Mr, Hammer, anyhow."

"Mr. Hammer promised. The next day the defeated lad came home, and

day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman, laughing at my sharpness, gave me the appointment."
"Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being without butter that made me general and president."
But he was mistaken. It was his own shrewdness to see the chance and the promptness to see the chance and the promptness to seize it that urged him upward.
He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon—sturdy and capable of hard knocks. If he said, "I can do that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but that he had

that," he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was an unusually determined boy, and as a man he did not begin on anything funtil he understood it, and when he began he stuck to it till it was accomplished. Marden nplished.—Marden.

THE DESTRUCTIVE GIRL.

The girl who is destructive generally finds it hard to understand herself. Why is it that dishes should slide through her fingers when she is wiping them, and lie in fragments on the floor, is a mystery for which she can find no explanation. Why her can find no explanation. skirt is always catching on projecting

rean find no explanation. Why realized is always catching on projecting knobs, and ripping off the braid, why her elbows have such an unconquerable tendency to knock over whatever happens to be standing near, are among the unsolved problems.

The destructive girl is apt to lay the blame of her countless mishaps on some unkind fate. But it is to be deared that there is no way for her to evade the responsibility. Pleasant or not, she must shoulder it. Destructiveness is, as a rule, the result of carelessness. If you took as much pains as your sister does, the chances are that you would not break any more dishes or upset any more than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither than the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither the lack eyes fairly danced as she proffered the little service. And the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither the lack eyes fairly danced as she proffered the little service. And the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither the lack eyes fairly danced as she proffered the little service. And the disclosed rows of white teeth, which looked still whither the lack eyes fairly danced as she proffered the

more dishes or upset any more flower-pots, or stumble over any moore foot-stools than she does.

Absent-mindedness is an explanation for a good many household accidents. If a girl is trying to decide what she will wear to the surprise party next week, it is not strange that she gives the tumbler a squeeze which brings it apart in her hands. If her thoughts are absorbed in the wild-flower expedition after school, it is no more than might be expect-

ed if she runs into Aunt Mary in the front hall, and comes near up-setting her. People who do one thing while thinking of something else must look out for accidents.

WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

What are your hands for-little "To do each day the Lord's com-mands."

What are your feet for—busy feet? "To run on errands true and fleet." What are your lips for—rosy sweet!
"To speak kind words to all I meet."

What are your eyes for-starry bright?

A NOBLE BOY

A NOBLE BOY.

A certain boy matriculated in one of the universities of the south. He was poorly clad. When this boy paid his board, tuttion and the price of second-hand books, he had just five dollars left. At the end of the fourth year he took the "A.B." degree, and the next the poor, old widowed mother sold one of the plow horses to pay him through the fifth year. But at the end of that the sat among the graduates—

1 year he sat among the graduates—

2 year he sat among the graduates—

3 year he sat among the graduates—

4 year he sat among the graduates—

5 year he sat among the graduates—

6 year he sat among the graduates—

9 year he sat among the graduates—

1 year he sat among the graduates—

2 year he sat among the graduates—

3 year he sat among the graduates—

4 year he sat among the graduates—

5 year he sat among the graduates—

6 year he sat among the graduates—

9 year he sat among the graduates—

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1 year he sat among the graduates—

2 year he sat among the graduates—

3 year he sat among the graduates—

4 year he sat among the graduates—

4 year he sat among the graduates—

5 year he sat among the graduates—

6 year he sat among the graduates—

9 year he sat among the graduates—

1 ye

"When I was a boy," said General Grant, "my mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast and sent me to borrow some from a neighbor. Going into the house without knocking, I overheard a letter read from the son of heard a letter read from the son of a neighbor who was then at West Point, stating that he had failed in by the door, sat a homely old woman in black, and tied the blue year he sat among the graduates—dressed in his plain brown linen coat and pants, and no vest. But he was the honor graduate, and at the head of the class. When a beautiful gold medal was handed to him he stepped from the restriction and valled straight. to the back of the room, where, right by the door, sat a homely old wo-man in black, and tied the blue ribbon with the great glittering medal the office of the congressman for our district.

"Mr. Hammer," I said, "will you seppoint me to West Point?"

"No; Davis is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail—will beyond, and the picture of here. drawn years to serve."
"But suppose he should fail—will beyond, and the picture of her noble son hangs on the wall of his alma

BILLY'S VACATION.

(Billy is the horse belonging to the San Antonio Humane Society.)

Tired? Are you tired, Billy?
Well surely you've earned a rest.
And I know of a place where meadows

In tenderest green are dressed; Where fields of dewy clover Reach out to meet the sky, And there to-morrow early We're going, you and I.

and Billy, the humane worker All that a horse could do
He's done with a tireless patience,
Faithful, tried and true.
Out on the errands of mercy
I'd driven him night and day,
And now he was eld and tired. And now he was old and tired, A duty before me lay.

I took him where cool grasses By his tired feet were pressed,
And left him knee deep in clover,
Now surely his heart could rest
Not so, for he pined and sickened, Refusing to eat, they said, And stood there limp and listless With weary, drooping head.

I brought him back to the city,
And did he his duty shirk?
Why he pranced like a colt in harness
So proud to be back at work!
And so in our Band of Mercy,

D GIRLS — should come first. But when the tail young lady handed her the gourd without a glance, she made up her mind that it would not do to

on.

ner mind that it would not do to wait longer.

"Yo's welcome, miss," she said, with a respectful bend of her agrie in little body, and then she trotted upaway satisfied, but the pretty tourist away satisfied, but the pretty tourist who was seeing the southern country for the first time, grew suddenly red and uncomfortable. She had forgotten the thank you. She had accepted a kindly service without any recognition of its kindliness, but the little colored girl in the red cotton, and guiltless of either stockings or shoes, had not been so unmindful of her politeness. The graduate of the expensive finishing school was forced to confess that in this unexpected corner of the world she had been given a lesson in manners. had been given a lesson in manners.

TALKING FACES.

"I didn't say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her temper. "I know you didn't, Annie; but

"To be the mirrors of God's light."

—Mary Butts, in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

—we see the mirrors of God's light."

"I know you didn't, Annie; but your face talked."

What volumes our faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of What volumes our faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, and others still of selfishness.

We cannot help our faces talkings

but we can make them say pleasant things, and all should try to have them do so.

He paints a little, writes a fit Takes four magazines, Owns tennis suits and blazers, "Sweaters" and veiveteens. He owns a shotyun, rifle, A lantern, set of slides, A pony cart and pony On which he sometimes rides

He owns a paper shell and rows,
Plays polo, golf, baseball,
He has a lathe and scroll saw,
A dynamo, a motor, and an electric call.

A tool box holding tools enough To build a railroad car, A pantagraph, a violin, Typewriter and guitar, For winter a toboggan,

For summer a canoe: And if there's something I've for-

got.
Be sure he's got that, too.
But yet, amid his many fads,
He leads a duller life Than came to many an old-time lad With just his pocket knife. -The Independent

The Breastplate of St. Patrick.

Authenticity of Famous Hymn Being Established. It Was Sung in Irish Churche, 1300 Years Ago.

The question of the authenticity of The question of the authenticity of the famous old Irish hymn, known variously as the "Lorica or Breastplate of St. Patrick," and as "The Cry of the Deer," seems likely soon to be definitely settled. It is established, for instance, from the Book of Armagh that the hymn was attributed to St. Patrick in the seventh century. At that long distant date—4300 years ago—it was sung date-1300 years ago-it was sung in the churches of Ireland in honor of

in the churches of Ireland in honor of the great apostle.

Dr. Healy in "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars," declares that the original is still chanted by the peasantry of the south and west of Ireland as a preventive against all natural and supernatural danger. A writer in The Peasant, however, points out that Dr. Hyde believes there is a confusion between the "Breastplate," the "Marainn Phadraig." also attributed to the saint, "Breastplate," the "Marainn Phadraig." also attributed to the saint, and still recited all over the west in the belief that there is remarkable virtue attached to it. Dr. Hyde bases his conclusion on the fact that he has found no such trace of the "Breastplate," whilst the other is widely used by native speakers. However that may be, the hymn is being traced back with historical certitude, and it is the hope of many scholars that further researches will show it existing up to the days of

show it existing up to the days the saint himself, and for all t fixed as to its authenticity. THE ORIGIN OF THE HYMN

the saint himself, and for all time fixed as to its authenticity.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HYMN.

The story of the origin of the hymn is that St. Patrick, having been summoned to Tara to explain his new creed after defying the power of the Ard-lik by lighting the Paschal fire on the Hill of Slane, set out for Laoghaire's residence in company with his white-robed companions. It was Holy Saturday, A.D. 433, and the saint was wearing his mitre and carrying his crozier, the famous Bachall Josa, or "Staff of Jesus." On the way the Christians chanted the Easter litanies and a hymn invoking God's protection against evil, Paganism and the danger of assassination. The assassins sent by Laoghaire to murder St. Patrick, thinking it was a herd of deer that passed them, allowed St. Patrick, thinking it was a herd of deer that passed them, allowed St. Patrick and his companions to pass on in safety to the Hill of Tara. Since that memorable Easter the hymn has been known as "The Cry of the Deer," or "The Breastplate of St. Patrick."

The name Lorica, or Breastplate, was given to the composition because it was used as a spiritual breastplate to protect those who recited it from spiritual or temporal dangers.

ENGLISH RENDERING OF THE

"LORICA OF ST. PATRICK." The following is a literal transla-ion into English of the "Breast-

The strong virtue of the invocation of the Trinity.

The faith of the Trinity in unity,
The Creator of the elements.

TORONTO, ONT.

the Dominion.

All Canadian Dealers Have It.

I bind to myself to-day The virtue of the Incarnation of Christ with His Baptism, The virtue of His Crucifixion with His Burial,

The virtue of His Resurrection with His Ascension.

The virtue of his coming to the sentence of Judgment.

I bind to myself to-day The virtue of the love of the sera

phim.

In the obedience of angels,

In the hope of resurrection unto reward, In prayers of Patriarchs, In predictions of Prophets.

In preaching of Apostles, In faith of Confessors, In purity of holy Virgins. In deeds of righteous men.

I bind to myself to-day The power of Heaven,
The light of the sun,
The whiteness of snow,
The force of fire,
The flashing of lightning, The swiftness of wind,

The depth of the sea, The stability of earth, The hardness of rocks. I bind to myself to-day The power of God to guide me, The might of God to uphold me, The wisdom of God to teach me, The eye of God to watch over me,
The ear of God to hear me,
The word of God to give me speech,
The hand of God to protect me,
The way of God to lie before me,
The shield of God to shelter me,
The shield of God to shelter me, The host of God to defend me, Against the snares of the demons.
Against the temptations of vice,
Against the lusts of nature,
Against every man who meditates in-

jury Whether far or near, Whether few or with many

I have invoked all these virtues Against every savage hostile power Direct against my body or my soul, Against the incantations of false prophets, Against the black laws of heathen-

Against the black sim,
Against the false laws of heresy,
Against the deceits of idolatry,
Against the spells of women, e
smiths and druids,
Against all knowledge wh
blinds the soul of man.

Christ protect me to-day Against porson, against wound, That I may receive abundant re-

I bind to myself to-day
The strong virtue of an invocation of the Trinity,
The fath of the Trinity in unity,
The Creator of the elements.

Iteland's Tax Burden Increases.

does not necessarily involve equality of burden. That whilst the actual tax revenue

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

of Ireland is about one-deventh of that of Great Britain, the relative taxable capacity of Ireland is very much smaller, and is not estimated by any of us as exceeding onetwentieth.

Mr. Asquith, speaking in the House Mr. Asquith, spenking in the House of Commons, declared that "He found no one ready to dispute the findings of the commission, and that the real facts were that Ireland was overtaxed to the extent of two and a half millions dollars a year."

ment has increased from \$6.00 to \$8.75, an increase of \$0 per cent.

This increase has been wrung in disproportionate measure out of the very poor. £602,000 of the whole is accounted for by the tax on sugar. Of the six millions which this tax produces, Ireland in her poverty pays one-tenth.

Add two significant facts to this record. Since 1894, over half a million persons, mostly the young and strong, have emissibled from Ireland. Nearly 250,000 acres have gone out of cultivation.

### POOR BLOOD **BRINGS MISERY**

Pale Faces and Pinched Cheeks Show That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Needed.

Anaemia is written on the features of ninety women and girls out of every hundred. Unmistakable are the signs of "too little blood."

the signs of "too little blood."
The weaker sex is assailed at all ages by the cvils resulting from bloodlessness, from the girl who is weak and languid with dull eyes, pale, pinched cheeks, fitful appetite and palpitating heart, to the woman who feels never well, with gnawing pains in the back, aching limbns and nervous headaches.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are specially valuable to women of all ages, for they possess the power of malking in abundance the rich, red blood without which no woman can have per

which no woman can have per-health. They fill the starved out which no woman can have perfect health. They fill the starved veins with new blood so that enfeebled bodies are strengthened, weak, nervous systems are fortified, and robust health restored.

That I may receive abundant ward.

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ within me, Christ above me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me, Christ beneath me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left.

Christ in the front.

Christ in the front.

Christ in the poop.

Christ in the poop.

Christ in the poop.

Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me.

Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me, Christ in every eye that sees me, Christ in every eye that sees me, Christ in every eye that hears me, I bind to myself to-day

That I may receive abundant reports above me, cobust health restored.

Miss Rose D'Aragon, Waterloo, Que., follows the profession of teach, miss more than ordinary strain to all who follow this calling.

Miss D'Aragon says:—"It seemed as the cardinal mistake of his life that he made the selection of an expedition to Egypt instead of to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland," Had I but gone to Ireland, "Had I but gone to Ireland I but g I bind to myself to-day
The strong virtue of an invocation of the Trinity.
The faith of the Trinity in unity.
The Creator of the elements.

Salvation is of the Lord,
Salvation is of Christ.
May Thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us.

Dr. Williams' Pink Fills and I determined to try them. In a few weeks there was a decided improvement in my condition, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was again in the best of health, and able to enjoy myself as well as any of my young friends."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wonderful Longevity

In 1897 the Financial Relations Commission appointed by a Liberal Government, and consisting largely of famous English financiers and statisticians, was practically unanimous in finding.

That the Act of Union imposed upon Ireland a burden which, as events showed, she was unable to pear. That the increase of taxation laid upon Ireland between 1853 and 1869 was not justified by the then existing circumstances.

That identity of sates of taxation.

Famous Jesuit Pupils.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Rev. James P. Monaghan, S. J., a native of Detroit, who has spont the past four or five years in the Philippines as a missionary, expres-ses himself as being most favorably impressed with the native Filipino and believes that, judging from the rapid progress he has made, self-go-vernment is not an impossibility of the future.

"At the present time," says Father

Monaghan, "everything is very quiet.
Occasionally a few natives start a
small rebellion, but they are rapidly

small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly small rebellion, but they are rapidly rounded up by the native constable lary, whose full complement numbers 5000 men."

Father Alonghan's first year in the islands was given over completely to the study of weather conditions, as the government observatory who are instructing the young natives in the study of the terrible typhons that sweep that country. As these boys complete their studies they are boys complete their studies they are sent to the various weather substations throughout the archipelago.

#### The Round Tower of Kilcullen.

The reproduction in the Irish Vil-The reproduction in the Irish Village which is now being constructed at the Franco-British Exhibition of the famous Round Tower of Old Kilcullen, in the County of Kildare, will awaken not only religious but highly patriotic associations. Unser that Round Tower and in the ancient burial place in which it is situated was fought one of the fiercest engage ments in the early period of the Insurrection of 1798. The picemen who were fighting for faith and Fatherland were beaten by the overwhelming numbers of the British soldiery, who were armed with the best weapons of precision of the time. They made, however, a gallert standard service was a standard service of the service of best weapons of precision of the time. They made, however, a gallant stand and gave a good account of themselves. The men who fell sold their lives dearly, and the "rebels,"- though compelled to retreat, retired in good order, taking with them their dead and wounded.

The writer of this paragraph, says the Dublin Freeners's Journal sport

the Dublin Freeman's Journal, spent some time in Old Xilcullen in the late sixtles and early seventies of the last century, and heard graphic ac-counts of the fight from old people whose fathers had been eye-witnesses and in some cases actual combinators. and in some cases actual combiatants. Several of the leaders of the period, notably Lawless, Napper Tandy and Arthur O'Connor—rose high in sub-sequent years in the military service of France. Hoche, Napoleon's great rival, who died early in life—on the very day of "murdered Orr's" conviction—always believed that the best method of attacking England would

had at the following

Stands

J. Tucker, 41 McCord street.
Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., Pt. S4
Charles.
Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st.
H. McMorrow, 278 Carriers st.
E. Watkin Etches, 44 Bleury st
Miss White, 680 St. Denis st.
C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig St, weel.
M. Shaw, 789 St. Catherine st, week
Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st.
A. W. Mulcahey, 325 St. Antoine st.
Mrs. Levac, 1111 St Catherine \*ass.
C. A. Dumont, 1212 St. Denis st.
Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st.
Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st.
M. Labiate, 1097 St. James st.
Jas. Murray, 47 Univarsity st.
Mrs. Redmond, 438 Notre Dame week
Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St Jather
rine west.
Jemes McAran, 28 Chabolilez Sun,
Aristide Madore, 2 Beaver Hall Fills,
Miss Scanian, 63 Bleury st
Mrs. Slootts, 149 Dorchester st.

As a vermituge there is nothing so

As a vermituge there is nothing a potent as Mother Graves' Worm Enterminator, and it can be given the most delicate child without feating to the constitution.



It makes bread tasty and nourishing.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED