MAY 19, 1910.

little wiser day by day, my mind and body to ny inner life both clean ng, y life' from guile, my' om wrong. door on hate and scorn en, to love, the windows th cheerful heart what me, e's discord into har. some weary worker's oad, me straying comrade to

at what I have is not I am never quite alone I pray, to day, know I flow til will I go.

ED TO BANDON WORK

re case of St. Vitus red by Dr. Wil-' Piak Pills

nce is a common dis-m and is also found ung men and women. Hes in plenty of pure pure blood is the life ves. And Dr. Wil-tills is the only medi-his life food because the elements that ac-new, rich, red blood, has been proven over and now from Port and now from Port , comes another reof evidence of the Williams' Pink Pills Mr. Lyndon E. Por-he best known resi-town. He suffered attack of St. Vitus attack of St. Vitus no help from medi-egan using Dr. Wil-ills. He says: ---''My ually bad. I was andon work. I found b sleep, and night ld toss about in bed. g medical attention Id toss about in bed. ag medical attention, careful treatment I v worse. My limbs bed to such an ex-bed to such an ex-d not cross the floor or coming in con-e piece of furniture. e a glass of water d shake. I cannot d shake. I cannot vere suffering and un one endures who unce. My father be-new of the many Dr. Williams' Pink d me to try them. Dr. Williams d me to try them. the most happy that the most happy than two months began the use of well man, and I

had had the slightest trouble."

orld, Dr. Williams' making just such orter's. They go e cause of the dis-In this way they housands of cases headache and back f, lumbago, neural-indigestion, decline llments of growing Sold by all medi-mail at 50 cents 7 mail at 50 s for \$2.50 s' Medicine 50 cents from Medicine Co.

of Lourdes.

ent occurred only ore his Majesty's ming from Biar-Lourdes, in the and reverently vi-shufne, with its mentoes of won-e there, the king op file slowly to-1, and the great-world bowed his reverence as the marched by. Con-

A May Petition.

AV. MAY 19, 1910.

(written for the True Witness.) It was a bright May morning in heland, a morning shining with all the beauty and treshness and radii new of the first days of summer, a beauty and treshness and radiance the bawthorn lay like perfumel word be needed badly enough at home to manage the farm for . her and his father, who was no longer young, and had of late years fallen into delicate health. How different-ly all her cherished dreams and hopes had turned out, for even to herself she could not but acknow-ledge that the boy had been a bit-the discord richly embroidered and ming in the sun; the pipe of the hackbird and linnet and thrms are from the woodland, and at time from the woodland, and at time the first days of sectary and her the lease of ecstary and her the hore her and light she prayed

and the woodland, and a tiny lark thrilled a song of eestasy and exultation high up in the deep blue sty in County Clare.

Mrs. O'Neill was by nature not at all a melancholy person; indeed cheerdunces was part of her religion and seldom a day passed but she many a time lifted up her heart and eried with the psalmist, "All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise and magnify Him for erer!" She had a keen apprecia-tion of the beauty of everything, of earth and sea and sky, of flower and bird and beast; in this wonderful erer." She had a keen apprecia-tion of the beauty of everything, of earth and sea and sky, of flower and hird and heast: in this wonderful world of ours; and perhaps this it was which made her eyes shine with such a pleasant. rosy cheerful-mess as left her at forty years of age to look as though she were at least ten years younger. But to-day her accustomed look of But to-day her accustomed look of

But to-day her accustomed rook of cheerfulness and good humor seemed to have deserted her; and it was not easy after all to wear a smile and a Joing father at heart, was a strict and unbending taskmaster, holding strong and severe convictions as to what was the best way to bring up his son

Something in his well-laid plans. had gone agley, however, for Mich-ael had suddenly developed a spirit of obstinacy and self-will; what was or opschargy and serievin; what was much worse, had acquired a taste for evil company and strong drink, and in a surprisingly short while seemed to be in a fair way of breaking both his father's and his mother's heart.

mother's heart. Of course it could not go on, and though the poor mother did all in her power to avert the catastrophe, it was inevitable that an open rup-ture should take place between fa-ther and son in the end.

ther and son in the end. So one day, after a bitter and angry quarrel between the two, Mi-chael had gone away, and they had not heard anything of him for near-ly a year. Day after day his mo-ther watched the post for news of him, without avail. Even his fath-er seemed dul and broken down since the boy's departure, for he was the only son of the house, and no one could have believed how terribly logesome and sad and silent the ome and sad and silent the seemed to all of them, but es-

pecially to the mother, without Mi-chael's cheery laugh and ringing If only she knew that the boy was

If only she knew that the boy was safe and comfortable! But a dread lay on her heart that something had happened. Perhaps he was drown-ed, lost in his sins-something sure-ly must have happened, or else he would write. Compared with the fear of his death, the thought that he might have 'listed, as he had lately threatened to do, seemed wel-come. And yet, it was all so dif-

Yet, outcast and all as he was, Michael was still and always would be ineffably dear to his mother's heart. Day and night she prayed for him, day and night she offered him up again to the Blessed Mother A lovely world it was truly. Mrs. A lovely world it was truly. Mrs. O'Neill said to herself, as she lifted har face gratefully to the soft breeze hat blew down from the misty pur-ple hills; and no one at all had any ple hills; and no one at all had any ple hills; and no one at all had any to be down-hearted on a morn-whet to be down-hearted on a morn-with the gradeness. Here a solution is how and his pa-rents again. Here a solution is how and his pa-rents again. Here a solution is how and his pa-rents again.

A lovely world it was truly, Mrs. 0 Neill said to hersel, as she had done in bis innocent bat blew down from the misty pur-ple hills; and no one at all had any right to be down-hearted on a morn-ingsuch as this, with the goodness of God showing itself as it did in a hardred and one ways; in the springing corn, the waving mea-dows, the blue skies, in the exqui-lite beauty and craftsmanship of eren the merest flower that blossom-et by the vayside. Mrs. O'Neill was by nature not at all a melancholy person; indeed all a melancholy person; indeed ad seldom a day passed but she may a time lifted up her heart and ried with the psalmist. "All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the lord, praise and magnify Him for ren the meaning, the sellar and magnify Him for rent'. She had a keen apprecia-to the beauty of everything, of special month; she and her daughters

during this month of all months. And now the month was nearly at an end. Almost the last special pe-tition of the long thirty days had been said, and still there was no sign, no word from the missing boy any more than if he had never exist-ed. Was it any wonder if his mo-ther's heart should feel heavy, that her unwavering courage and faith should begin to flicker and die down? down?

All during the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice that morning, her spirit felt weary and oppressed. Surely the worst must have happen-ed; all the fears which had kept her lying awake at night for weeks be-fore now returned to her again in the full light of day. Michael must be dead or else he would, oh, he would never cause her this suffer-ior this suppress. ing, this suspense!

scood far within the shadow of the porch, somebody with tremulous lips and eyes as misty as her own, who came forward with a little cry of "mother!" to find himself almost at the same moment enveloped in that mother's arms.

"Oh, Michael, my boy, my dear son," she was crying. "Thank God, thank God and His blessed Mother,

who have restored you to me. How long have you been waiting?" "I arrived by the first train this morning and came straight to the church—you see, I knew I should find you here."

"If I had known, I should not have delayed..." "I am glad you did not come out with the rest," he said, shyly. "I

wanted to see you-alone; you and only you, mother."

"You did not go home, Michael?" His face flushed.

"No. I dare not go there-after-after all that happened. My father, he will never forgive me-you know,

the earth put on a new, a greater aspect of joy and radiance for Mrs. O'Neill, as well as for her son. For the whole world seemed singing a paean of praise and of gratitude to God and the Blessed Mother who had not disdained her prayers; while her own heart echoed the song: "All ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord, praise and glority Him for ever!" for ever!'

THOS. C. KEANE, 41a Barre street.

THE FLIRT.

(Continued from Page 3.)

(Continued from Page 3.) Kevin brightened a bit. He hesi-tated, however, at the thought, of her cousin. "What about Father O'Grady?" he inquired. "Oh, he's safely intent on the po-litical situation. He won't be ready for hours to go home, and they have forgotten me entirely." They took the Carraigmor road and were half a mile beyond the town before either spoke. At last Kevin, swallowing hard, asked; "Well, Molly, what is it to be?" The girl paused and went over to-

Well, Molly, what is it to be?" The girl paused and went over to-vards the wall that skirted the oad. Kevin followed her and tried o take her hand, but she drew it

Thinking it only part of her co-

Thinking it only part of her co-query, he coaxingly said: "What is it, girleen? Sure, you have decided the right way?" He turned her gently toward the moonlight to get a look at what he expected would be a modestly flaming face. He saw, instead, an impish and tantalizing grin.

"Yes. I have decided, Kevin. It is skidoo: to the tall timbers with you. I'm going back to Cheyenne a ou. I'm going back to Ch ree American maiden lady.'

With a quick movement she laugh-ngly slipped under his arm and tood in the middle of the road again.

again. The young man was rooted to the spot. This was not the girl he had grown to love—this wicked, heartless woman! He stared at

heartless woman! He stared, at her stupidly for a moment. Then an ungovernable rage filled his heart -rage against her, against all wo-men. So this was the way of Ame-ricans-to lead a man on, and then to make a fool of him! The old wo-man back in the bog had been right after all. She had been making game of him, and she did not care a thrawneen for him! Oh, what a fool he had been! He could not speak. He was afraid to speak. He fool he had been! He could not speak. He was afraid to speak. He had never been so angry in his whole life. For two straws he speaking. She was laughing no be saw her face, white and frighten ed. Irishman that he was, he found pity replacing the thought of ven-

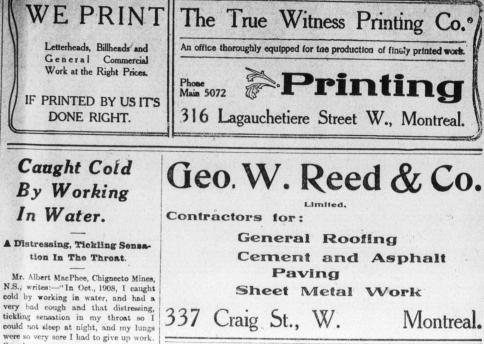
"Yes," she was saying, "it is al-ways, hard to decide the right way, especially when one is young and life before one ? he heard

"You'd make a great philosopher." ie heard himself say, sneeringly, ind his voice sounded to him like he voice of a stranger. In a flash the girl's mood changand his the voice of

"Why, Kevin O'Malia, you know in "No!" he thundered at "Not" he thundered at her. "Thank God, no. I'm not in love with you, now that I see what a despicable flirt you are. I would not believe the others when they told me of your flirting ways, and you knew better than to try cheap tricks on me. But you had some thundered at tricks on me. But you laid plans most carefully. I admit are clever. All heartless women are clever. Y Poor Kevin, His in-experience with women was apparexperience with women was appar-ent. "I was in love with you. I was throwing away all that I had held dear before I met you, and for your sake, and—and this 's my re-ward—" He broke off in a choking sob. The girl's face was tense; but sh

held her position in the road, stand-ing with head thrown back and hands clasped behind her and she answered him:

answered him: "Let me speak plainly to you. Let me tell you that you never were in love with me—that is, not truly in love. There are many kinds of love, Kevin. There is a love of young, romantic people who are only acting the parts which they have read in story-books; there is the love of men and women who are thrown much in each other's company with



PUBLIC NOTICE: PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by J. EMILE VANIER, Civil Engi-neer, of the City of Montreal; AR-THUR ST. LAURENT, Deputy Mi-nister of Public Works of Canada, of the City of Octaverse of Canada, of the City of Ottawa; ERNEST BE-LANGER, Civil Engineer, of the City of Montreal; SIR GEORGE GARNEAU, Civil Engineer, of the City of Quebee; and PIERRE CHAR-TON, Civil Engineer and Provincial and Faddral Surveyors of the City and Federal Surveyor, of the C of Montreal, all in the Dominion City of Montreal, all in the Dominion of Canada; that they will petition the Legislature of the Province of Que-bec, at its next session, to consti-tute them and others under the name of "THE ASSOCIATION OF POST GRADUATES OF THE POLY-DECHNIC, SCHOOL M. M. 1997 insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 TECHNIC SCHOOL Montreal," with power to develop friendly and scientific relations between the Post Graduates of said school; to admit temporary and permanent members, to acquire properties, both real and personal, and for other purposes. Montreal, March 1st, 1910.

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87

When one is a sufferer from muscul-ar rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. There is clean. Take a couple of minutes in the morning and again before re-tiring and see what benefit you will derive from bathing your eyes in water as hot as you can bear. Red **eyelids are ugly. They will seldom** appear if you take this simple pre-cation. clean. Take a couple of minutes in In a bottle of it than can be fully 'se-bottle of it than can be fully' es-

The use of toilet powder is sadly abused. A little powder is sadly abused. A little powder will cover a multitude of blemishes is that theory upon which some people go, and instead of removing disfigure ments which would yield readily to

The care of the teeth demands more attention than the average per-son usually gives it. It isn't suffi-cient to use the tooth brush just while it is hardly practicable for all persons to clean their teeth af-tor age meal which is which is what they are adverted by the teeth af-self.

Stomach, Liver or Bowels. Mrs. J. C. Westberg, Swan River, Man., writes: Suffered — "I suffered for years, for Years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble. H it id several kinds of medicine, but could got no relief until I got Mithum's Lass-Laver Fills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me."

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day, that it is almost unaccountable why so many of us should begrudge the half hour or three-quarters of an one's person.

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We walk through life fearing this and fearing that; praying to be guarded from this danger and de-

livered from that peril, and making

ourselves uncomfortable and unfit

ourselves uncomfortable and unfit and those around us unhappy. Day after day we meet and pass the causes of these fears. To-day it is something we have been dreading for a week. To-morrow it will be some-thing we have been dreading for months. And the remarkable part of it is this-that nearly all our fears are proved baseless!

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come. And yet, it was all so dif-ferent from what she had hoped for him.

he will hever lorgive me-you know, he told me never to dare return..." "There is many a rash word spok-en in anger, my boy," his mother said, smiling softly. "If that is all that kept you away..." "That was all, that and the themate of my me followed in me one. And yet, it was all so dif-ferent from what she had hoped for him. As Mrs. O'Neill walked quickly down the white country road of her way to Mass this sumny May morn-ing a tear trickled down her cheek and fell on the work-stained hand clasping her rosary. She was think-ing of the morning, another May morning so long ago-twenty years of the morning, another May morning so long ago-twenty years of the morning another May morning so long ago-twenty years of the morning the source of the dichalene, then a lovely blue-cycle bit source of the blow of the same village church, to have him dedicated to the Blessed Mother of of the same village church, to have him dedicated to the Blessed Mother of his little white and blue cashmere track and white mushin pinafore—the had coad and laughed and stretched out his little pink fists to the dear Virgia, and sought naughtly to cluch the lovely lilles that offered in their intenses at her feet! More when the solution to looking down during the ceremony she had felt bor the priest when on looking down during the ceremony she had for and trolic had kicked both had moding and shoe, and left them fund and trolic had kicked both which and tho he had kicked both when the floor in the centre of the church. Old Mrs. Normile had what the baby would one day be a priest. And his mother had selocied in the thought thome long years inter, when Michael had shown no maination for the Church, she had removed hardel by thinking that at said, smiling softly. "If that is all that kept you away-" "That was all, that and the thought of my own folly and ingra-titude. But I thought of you every day, every hour of the day and night, mother. And I have not been so bad, so wicked, as you might think. And as soon as I realized what I had done, I took the pledge, and have never touched drink-never will touch it again, with the help of God I in ever missed Mass once since I left home, though I have known hardship, have known what it was to be hungry, since I left you. And as last night, with a very sore and despondent heart, I said the Blessed Virgin in the church near my lodgings, it seemed as though somthing told me to return, that you would forgive me, mother-" "Oh, Michaeleen, my heart, did you ever doubt it?" she said, smil-ing through a mist of tears. "Of course I love you, of course I forgive you, and so does your poor father, you may be sure. For though he seems hard and unbending at times, he loves you, Michael, and indeed has been well nigh broken-tearted based of this welcome." Bo the two went happily home together, and as they climbed the shill towards the beloved Httle home

much in each other's conpany with no other influence to tag at their foolish hearts; there is the passion-ate, flaming love of a moment, that which is born of a quick impulse that will afterwards be regretted for a lifetime; and there is the rightful love of the serious man and woman who are mature and who know that there are greater things to be con-ous a wa miserable much in each other's company with love of the serious man and woman who are mature and who know that there are greater things to be con-sidered than one's own miserable self. Kevin, you are older by a year or two than I, but you have lived in this little village or spent most of your life at college, out-side the association of clever wo-men, and you do not know what love is at all. This is only a phase, and some day you will thank me for this. Shall we go back, or would you rather cross the fields to your home?" "Is that all you have to say?" he demande. "Yes, except that I hope you will the American Hit." For a moment the young man he-sinted. Then, throwing himself over the wall, he burried across the fields toward the Cilleiaran road and Catty's housheen in the bog-the housheen where peace and satis-faction would reign once more for Gatty, who had sacrificed so much and so well. The girl stood motionless, her eyes following his dark form until it dis-appeared. Then with a sob she

ter each meal, which is what they

ter each meat, which is what they really need, everybody can and should use the tooth brush at least twice a day. Dentifrices are not absolutely ne-cessary, pure water answering most requirements. Nevertheless, the use of powdered pumice stone applied on the end of a match is recommended for the use of smokers, whose teeth invariably become discolored from

A red nose cannot be cured toilet powder. It may be seriously harmed.

A red nose is really one of na-ture's danger signals. It indicates that the possessor is suffering from indigestion or alcoholism. If the former is the case, get the advice of your doctor, and aim directly at the cause of the trouble. If alcohol-ism is responsible, the remedy is obvious. Few people have trouble with their accurate uplace they serievely

for the use of smokers, whose teeth invariably become discolored from tobacco. A good tooth powder, of which the principal ingredient is prepared chalk, may be used to advantage, "A woman's crowning glory is her hair," but a man's hair is almost equally as important to his general appearance and health. The state of the scalp determines the condition of the hair. The state of the scalp determines the condition of the hair. The state of the scalp determines the condition of the hair. The dulged in to invigorate the hair foliticles and stimulate the old glands. The natural oil secreted by these glands help to give the hair fits tribution of this oil will be promoted by good, brisk brushing. If the head is kept clean and a hand brush is used two or three times a day, there will be no need for brilliantines or hair preparations of any kind. Nature has been in the busines of hair dressing a long while, and it is presumptuous to try to improve on her methods. The yea has been described as "the window of the soul." You owe fit to your soul to keep your windows the body. Local troubles will, of course, appear occasionally, but if the general system is properly taken care of, the complexion will take care of itself. Cosmetics should be used sparingly and it is better to have them prepared on the prescrip-tion of your doctor after an ex-amination of the conditions peculiar to yourself, than to use the pre-parations on the market which are intended to answer the requirements of every Tom, Dick and Harry. The condition of the finger nails marks the lady and the gentleman. Five minutes a day is all it will take to do-your own manicuring, and there is no excuss for unsightly hands.

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Billy had been promised twenty-five cents if he would not use the word "darn" again. A short time after he came in saying: "Oh, mo-ther, I know one that is worth fifty cents."—Delineator.

"My good woman, does the sys-tem of visualization seem to take with your children at school?" "Not all of 'en, mum. The doctor said wid Mamie and Tommy it has took fine, but Billy's ain't took a bit."

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