HURSDAY, MAY 12, 1910.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

HOMESTEAD REATELATIONS ANY even numbered section of Doms-sion Land in M-mitoba. Saskalcher was and Alberts, excepting 8 and 26, set reserved, may be homsereded by any person who is the sols 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 lass. Entry must be made personally at he local land office for the distant is which the land is situated.

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AY 12, 1910.

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THE TRUE WITNESS ... ND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

MY LADY HOPE.

jeweled crown glistened above

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were the queen, why and she

he was very quiet and melancholy all that evening and forgot his grand dreams for his people.

He was a great and nighty mon-arch, His subjects numbered mil-licns, and the palace was the most magnificent since the time of Solo-mon the splendid. Daty ne walk-ef through stately corridors, where the floors were of beaten gold, lined on either side with courtiers clad in velvet and silken trappings, who prostrated themselves faces to earth at his approach. His robe was of royal purple and rich ermine; his jeweled erown glistened above his He had been a sculptor of no mean attainments in the world of sense, this poor fellow who played at mimic king, and wore his gilded pasteboard crown. The day came when he finished his lifework-a glo-rious creation in marble. He called it "My Lady Hope," and it was a splendid, strong-limbed, noble fehis a fe-Jeweied crown glistened above his brows, and when he waved his scep-tre, so great was he and so mighty that even his counsellors trembled. Yet he was the wissest and most peaceful king the earth had ever prown He would have so at his did, strong-limbed, noble remale figure, upon whose face, un-der the magic of his fingers, had grown an expression at once uplit-ing and pitiful. He had put his soul into this, and the love of his soul, too-for he was wedded to a heautiful girl and he hed idealized Ing and pittini. He had put has soul into this, and the love of his soul, too-for he was wedded to a beautiful girl, and he had idealized her. When it was finished the cri-tics viewed it, and it was too mighty for them to understand. They laughed at it, and at him. They mocked it and tore it to pieces, tearing his heart also with their bitter words. Startled, he lost confidence, even in the beaute-ous thing he had wrought. His body enfeebled by much labor, grew weak, his brain. enfeebled by much think-ing, gave way under the strain. Dr. Morrison, the head of the sanita-rium, had known him before his known. He would have men at his feet because he was their sovereign -but only to raise them, to place them at his royal side, to rejoice with them, to sorrow with them, to counsel and advise them. He was the conqueror of the world. Not by war, for he abhor-red it; not by trickery or artifice, since before being king he was an of law God-given, God-imposed. Nations from near and far came to him, each after the other, yielding hom-age, for never, in this history of the universe, had there been united in rium, had known him before his misfortune and took a keen interest misfortune and took a keen interest in him now. Every one was kind to him-no one could help being so-for he was an inoffensive fellow, full he montaneous good nature, which one mortal so many graces of pre-sence and of mind. Majestic in his power, lovable in his personality, his words were hung with wisdom as the vines bend under the burden of fruition. And the people heark-oned When he realize his physics he was an inoffensive fellow, full of spontaneous good nature, which cropped up in spite of the disorder. Visitors, when they passed, turned again to look at him a second time. inquiring who he was. He had a handsome, melancholy dark face, and his carriage befitted the royal part he felt himself called upon to play in the shadowy world be they When he spoke, his phrases ened. When he spoke, his phrases were taken up, whispered from one listening courtier to another, and the whisper grew, and the murmur swelled, and, in a trice, a mighty roar from the echoing hills propart he felt himself called upon to play in the shadowy world he knew. from the echoing hills pro-d the fact that the inhabitplay in the shadowy world he knew. And wherever he went the missha-pen little being, he called his jester, rolled after him, as hideous in ap-pearance, as his master was impos-ing. The great head sunk into huge shoulders; the eyes devoid of intelligence; the hair matted across a low forchead; the under inw restclaimed the fact that the inhabit-ants of the earth were repeating his speech, rejoicing at it, blessing him. And oh, the good he did, and oh! the wonders he accomplished. There was neither, size new shore each was neither sin nor shame-each worked for the other's welfare; kindness to all was the motive of his schemes. On every side were evi-dences of his benefits—and the peo-ple were glad at heart, and their faces shone with the very joy of liv-Intelligence; the hair matted across a low forehead; the under jaw rest-ing on the breast; the tongue pro-truding. Feople shivered when they saw him, poor, discarded offshoot of humanity-many, if sensitive, like Eleanor Satterlee, grew sick or afraid. It would have fared, in-deed, ill with him had it not been for the deranged young sculptor. One thing was to him a great annoyance—and this one thing per-plexed and disturbed him—like a deed, ill with him had it not been for the deranged young sculptor. The sanitarium was not a public institution, and he was kept there through the doctor's charity only. thorn in the flesh, it stung and its pain would not be eased. It was a woman--a beautiful woman, with a white face that looked as if the moonlight were shining from within through the doctor's charity only. Knowing this, the attendants paid but scant heed to hum. His friend, however, showed infinite kindness toward the poor creature who had no power in hand or brain-no sense to direct the dormant power, ra-ther. If still living, those who were responsible for his being had long since gone out of his life, and if any one now vouchsafed him a passing glance it was curious, or filled with aversion. He had no wit to feel this, happily. His one reit, so luminous was its waxen pal-And she was always weeping. aw her very often. And being He saw her very often. And being so tender-hearted, he felt sorry for her and sat beside her, forgetful of his kingly majesty-forgetful, too, of the pain she caused him—allow-ing her to hold his hands in her litfingers. And at such times she the ingers. And at such times she put her arms about him, and cried more bitterly than ever. And that was when the pain came, for her tears hurt him. She said she was his wife, but that was absurd, he Interview of the second his whe, but that was absurt, he told her gently. She was a beauti-fur, weman-yes, he could see that herd of a king margying teneath his royal station? If she were init was touching to see him lay aside his gilded crown patiently'to

feed the poor little creature who sat beside him, looking up at him help-lessly, but with eyes of perfect trust. Privileged visitors who chanced to and rigo with him in his parade, that were the robes and the crown of gold? All this he said to ber in the tenderest of tones, ty ag to show her wherein she creed. Pho-te ewenian would but be convinced to come among them turned away with tears of pity. The physicians, used to sights as curious, pointed to this combination as one of the dispensa-tions of Providence. Sn:clung to nim s' '. with Sorrowful little sighs, and he was si-lent out of pity for her until she went away.

"There is no hope for the child," they said. "None. The man is like-ly to recover his senses at any mo-

Colds Affect the Kidneys **MOST PAINFUL AILMENTS FOL-**LOW - THEIR HEALTH AND ACTIVITY RESTORED BY DR. CHSE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

ment-or never. It is one of our strangest cases. To-morrow may find him a raving lunatic-fit for the straight jacket. Once that happens, his death will be but a question of a few days. Or his sleep to-night may restore reason to him fully." "Is that so?" the visitor invari-ably exclaimed, anxious to hear

else was gone, I still had hope. Af-terwards, when my mind dwelt on the future, the dreadful thoughts that tortured me were driven from me by the prayer. Dear Mother, let me hope.' And last night, like an inspiration, something came to me. Something whispered to me that since through her he had lost all that made life worth living, through her, by our Lady's grace, all would more. "No telling what Prank will do without him," the speaker would continue

her, by our Lady's grace, all would be restored."

"I abide the consequences!" She

physician knew that she scarcely left

her knees, until she returned again. That was chiefly why he consented to the trial having but a vague idea what she meant to do or how she meant to do it. And though he told her part of the consequences, he did not tall her that foil the total the total her she did not tall her that foil the total the total her that the the ther the total her total her the total her total he

They set up the glorious statue in he doctor's private parlor, placing

unist, if she succeeds," he said. And then he smiled. The thing seemed so impossible—that she should succeed. The mimic king was led into the little parlor alone. His clouded brain saw the bare corridors outside transformed into royal paths but the rich furnishings of this room struck pleasurably mean this

who

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he did not tell her that failure m He did not tell her that failure m

Her voice thrilled him. He looked down at her, not knowing that the tears that had come into his eyes were thick upon his lashes; for he was not easily moved—he had seen too much misery. "No hand but his dare touch him -he hears no human voice but his. It will be a good thing the day the man sees light again. We are very much interested in the case-for we hand the the transformed to the transformed t wonder what will happen Prank." "How can he bear him—how can he bear him!" moaned Eleanor Saterlee, wringing her hands in agony. "He loved beautiful things 50, he was so refired are unit. "It shall be even as you desire," he said to her. "It is a venture, but of that you are aware. You abide the consequences?"

so, he was so refined, so gentle al-ways. Oh, when I see this poor abide the consequences!" She sprang to her feet, transformed, her eyes glowing. She seized his hand and covered it with kisses. "Oh, I shall succeed, I shall succeed. I have hope and our Lady with me. How can I fail?" ways. Oh, when I see this poor cseature near him-dear God, for-give me the thought!--it seems as if it is he that is keeping him from me."

hope and our Lady with me. How can I fail?" And while Doctor Morrison felt that he had done an unwise thing now, he excused it to himself on the grounds that for the past five years he had taken more than a profession-al interest in the case, and in the woman. He had yielded, true, and even realizing what her failure meant to both, he could not say that he regretted doing so. He had seen weeping wives in his day, young and beautiful even as she, some of them. They had come, distraught and anxious, to this tomb of buried and lost ambitions Unlike this wo-man, howver, they became reconcil-ed. Some of them, indeed, the greater part, were easily consoled, and Dr. Morrison had grown scepti-cal where woman's grief was con-cerned. But Eleanor Satterlee her For five years, buoyed up by her People drove out of their way to pass the sanitarium where, per-chance, a glimpse might be had of the sculptor whose work was now deemed a masterpiece, whom un-kindness and lack of appreciation had driven mad. Week after week, the faithed the faithful woman visited hin

the faithful woman visited him, striving to bring near to him the memory of olden days. Month after month rolled by, year after year, and still there was no gleam of reason to tell her that the bond was loosening. Still did and Dr. Morrison had grown scepti-cal where woman's grief was con-cerned. But Eleanor Satterlee, her eyes shadowed by long watching and sleepless hours shining out of her moon-light face-well, she was he hold his mimic court and wear his mimic crown.

his mimic crown. And one day Eleanor Satterlee came to Dr. Morrison. "I want you to listen to me," she said, simply, looking at him with eyes that were more eloquent than any speech her lips could frame. "The years—the very best years—of his life are going one by one. And around days mere her moon-light face-well, she was different. She commanded, not alone his intense respect, but even his re-gard. She fought for this man's reason with desperate resolve. She left after her weekly visit, and the one by one. And every day m heart grows heavier and heavier, un m heart grows heavier and heavier, un-til it seems as though it pulses but feebly—too feebly to sustain me. When I think of him I feel"—the tears were running swiftly down her face—"I feel as if I, too, will go mad. Madness would be a bless-ing, Dr. Morrison, for then I could not remember—all." Dr. Morrison looked at her sym-pathetically.

he did not tell her that failure meant death to Herbert Satterlee. He was not troubled by the scruples a Ca-tholic practitioner would have in such a case, and mayhap, he thought that death would be a merciful pathetically. "My plan-I have one, you

thing-how merciful only those come much in contact with it know with a sorrowful little with a sorrowful little smile, "is this. His statue, ours, is still in my possession. I would not part with it. Supposing," she pleaded swiftly, seeing the growing wonder on his face, "supposing that I have it taken here, set up here in your room, and bring him in upon it suddenly? Do you think each it carefully in the alcove, drawing the red velvet curtains as to hide it from view. Behind the portieres that led into the inner room the doctor and his assistants concealed themselves in case, the physician told her, of some acci-dent. Dr. Morrison's lips were set, his brow hent. Now that the the test suddenly? Do you think such a thing might aid him, might help him dent. Dr. Morrison's fips were set, his brow bent. Now that the trial was imminent, his heart misgave

Her throat was very dry, and her lips grew suddenly parched, for he shook his head, averting his eyes not to see the pain on her face. him-to his surprise he became afraid of her. Not for the blighted mind that knew nothing of what was coming, but for this frail sha-dow, buoyed up by hope and Our Lady. What if she failed? The man

"It may serve to drive him to the padded cell. My dear madam, con-sider. He is at peace now, he has no cares, no troubles, he may pos-sibly recover in time. Why disturb him. perhaps condemn him to-'

"No, no, do not say it, do say that word," she cried, pr "No, h0, do not say it, do not say that word," she cried, pressing her hands to her heart. "I beg you, I beseech you, do not say that word to me. God-you do believe in God, don't you? God wouldn't be so cruel to me. If-if you knew how much-" her voice grew faint and weak--"if you knew how much I love him and how he loved me 1 love him, and how he loved me until that miserable day! I a unhappy," she went on. "Night day he is with me, night and I think of him, dream of him, I am se and day hope for him, plan for him, love him, love

for him, plan for him, love him, love him. Oh, Dr. Morrison, be pitiful. See, I kneel to you. Let me try to save him. For it means death to me if I cannot." She was at his feet indeed, her hands clasped across his knees, her face lumfnous in its pallor, raised to his, her blue eyes dark with an-guish. The professional man van-ished. His heart was stirred. Sud-denly he saw her as she had been on that day when she first realized the dreadful truth. He remembered her sorrowful and stricken, but not like dreadful truth. He remembered her sorrowful and stricken, but not like this, for her beauty then was young and sweet and fresh, pink and white and delicate, not strained to the imere shadow of a vanishing loveli-ness. like the white countenance turned up now to his pitying gaze. He felt that she spoke the truth— that present conditions meant death to her. "Women should be made of sterner stuff," she went on, sobblingly. "I should be brave and strong, I know, but I cannot. He was all I lived for. At first I was desperate. I stuff," she went on, sobbingly. "I should be brave and strong, I know, but I cannot. He was all I lived for. At first I was desperate. If and fam not brave. Because I showed myself the coward that I showed myself the coward that I howed myself the coward that I showed myself the coward that I was a strong to save him, or to be strength to save the stare he had made, the stare the target he had given it that name, is undoing. It was 'My Lady hop' he had given it that name, is dowed me then, that though all

LAID UP FIVE YEARS Until Half a Bettle of Father Morrisoy's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith Mr. jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith Mathurst, N.S., july 16, 1909. To annot let this opportunity pass in provide from your Liniment. Bur ive years I had a sore shoulder, which provide and still could find no relief, until I was advised to try a bottle of your Hiniment, which I purchased with-out felay. I not a completely cured, a now I feel as ff I nover had a nore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffer-to bottle when I was completely cured, a now I feel as ff I nover had a nore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffer-heat trial, for I cannot praise it to highly." A finiment hat will do that is the finiment you want. If is equally good fache, our a che, spins, acce sussels when comes out. Age per bottle at pour design a contrast for the start of the bottle when Start and the start banks or the spins, acce sussels and a context or cheat, backache, tooth-sach, are the, spins, acce sussels and a context or the start is the findence Co. Ltd., Chaffman, N.B.

rison marvelled at the melody, the sweetness of it. He did not know that in the old days Hubert Sat-terlee had told her that her laugh was the prettiest he had ever heard. And all the time her heart was praying. ("Mother of Christ, give him to me," she pleaded, "just this one soul. my Mother, just this one soul. Mother of the Baby God Who sat upon your loving knee, give me this, give me this!") "Famous!" her lips were saving

"Famous!" her lips were saying, blithely. "Oh, what a famous squlp-tor you will be! You will put me into marble, won't you, Hubert? Do you remember the last work you finished. 'My Lady Hope?' Can you remember?" remember?'

"No," he muttered, "I cannot re-member, Eleanor."

Her heart seemed to stop beating suddenly. Dr. Morrison leaned for-ward, a long breath parting his lips, his intent gaze on the pathetic hips, his intent gaze on the pathetic scene. The room swam before her dazzled sight. One moment of weakness now, might spoil all, one false word. But she was a woman, therefore she was brave, a woman struggling for more than life.

'You cannot remember?" And again she laughed, and again her heart ached with its prayer: "Oh, Mother Mary, help me now!" and her little hand trembled. "Do you want to see it, dear? It is g rious, Hubert. Let us look at together, husband mine.

"Where is it?" he asked. "Where is it, Eleanor?"

He was trembling, and his eyes were shining, and his breath came in hot gasps. She moved quickly to the alcove, and drew aside the to the alcove, and drew aside the red curtains. The electric light was turned on full, bathing in its brilliant brightness the magnificent figure he had created. The dazling light, after the semi-darkness of the room, startled him. He bent for-ward, fascinated. The marble im-age seemed to Electron's charging forroom, startled him. He bent for-ward, fascinated. The marble im-age seemed, to Eleanor's straining sight, as if it were endowed with feeling. Her lips were moving pite-ously. And the patient, beautiful sculptured face looked down on the man who had fashionad it and the man who had fashioned it. and the woman who was fighting for so much. Just a second they stood so, but to that living, loving woman the moment seemed almost like eter-nity, it was a whole century of tor-ture, agony, inexpressible, anguish, fear. fear.

Then a shout rang through the Then a shout rang through the room. Hubert Startlee rushed for-ward, falling on his knees at the base of the statue, sobbing like a little child. "My statue!" he cried. "My hope

room struck pleasurably upon his senses. He looked about him with evident delight. Dr. Morrison, with his keen gaze upon the patient's face, was suddenly startled. A woman's voice broke the silence, a rare con-tralto that most becautiful of Cast

else was gone, I still had hope. Af-

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A the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's beat inequently -puts a strain upon the system that pro-duces internal complications, al-ways painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysen-tery, to which many are prone in the opring and summer. The very best medicine to use its subdang the painful allment is Dr. Hallorg's Dr-sentary Cordial. It is a standard imady sold summer.



When you catch cold there is no-

When you catch cold there is no-thing better to do than to take a dose of Dr. Chase's Kidhey and Li-ver Fills at bedtime. Colds often settle on the kidneys and are followed by the most pain-ful and fatal results. By quicken-ing the action of the kidneys at this time you enable them to carry off the lurking poisons and prevent se-rious disease.

time you enable them to carry off the lurking poisons and prevent se-rious disease. Keep the back warm, avoid sit-ting with the back in a draft and regulate the kidneys by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Fills. These rules are worth following, par-ticularly at this season of the year. Mr. W. Ferguson, blacksmith, Trem-ton, Ont., states: -''In my work I am bending over a great deal, and this, together with the constant strain on all parts of the body, and the sudden change of tempera-ture when going to and from the bockache. At times I would suffer so that I would have to quit work to ease my back, and felt so miser-able most of the time I did not enjoy life very much. ''At last I decided that I would have to get relief in some way, and having heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney is using them. To my surprise and pleaure tick helped me at once and a few bores entirely removed my troubles.''

oubles." Dr. Chass's Eidney and Liver lis, one pill a dose, 25 cents n c, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bater Co., Torato.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> head, and pushed the hair away. The in old blank look settled across his fac... "Mv cood woman," he began. "My good sir," she retorted gaily, in and as she spoke she linked "set arm in nis. "Ter, us have a 'little' chat, dear. You are late to-day, it is almost time to go home, and it then grandfather will want you to play dominoes with him, and I is shan't have a chance to say another word to you. Let us talk of when you and I shall be married-yes." All through Europe, remember, you have promised me. And you are going to be famons, oh, so famous!" I She looked up into his face and langhed metrify, so that Dr Mor-

(Continued on page 7-1)