"What is it?" she asked.
Madam Weir waited a moment, not ooking at her, but at the garden, and even seeming to forget her al-

rine, I'm old."
The girl looked at her amazed. This

tirely honest.
"Why no, you're not old!"
Madam Weir smiled a little, still looking at the garden. If she was not old, she was tired.
"I had to see whether the still looking and the see was tired.

"I had to see you to-day," she yent on. "I wanted to tell you

went on. "I wanted to tell you about my will."
"Don't!" cried Mary Catherine, in-

it since he's been

Canadia North-West AD REGULATIONS

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notice in writing n the Commissioner of nds at Ottawa of inlý for patent W. W. CORY,

ster of the Interior. orized publication of

STRUGGLING ISSION

se of Northampton. ORFOLK, ENGLAND.

of St. Anthony of ted by me nearly three mand of the late Bishop

and I have now, No Presbytery, no Dio-, no Endowment el to say Mass and give

men upper room. Yet, is the sole outpost of division of the County tring 25 x 20 miler, erings of the congregatily small. We must for the present, or had

of the Catholic Public Presbytery. We have owards the cost of build-op will not allow us to

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akenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

H. W. GRAY.

ratefully and promptly smallest donation, and knowledgment a beauthe Sacred Heart and AUTHORIZATION)

y accounted for the alms eccived, and you have trely in the names of s. Your efforts have providing what is neestablishment of a pert Fakenham. I authors to selicit alms for

establishment of a per-trakenham. I autho-nue to solicit alms for in my judgment, it has d. thfully in Christ, W. KEATING, sishop of Northan pton.

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Common Sts.

ORS WELCOME Wednesday Evening 'alent invited. The y pay us a visit. o a.m. on Sunday.

den interest.

legacy.

'Ves You understand what

Yes. You understand what to see garden is to me. If I leave it to you it shows how much I prize you. It means a bite right out of the estate, but I want you to have it. Besides, it shows how much I trust you. I know you'll take care of it."

Mary Catherine nodded. Her eyes

Mary Catherine noduce.

Were full of tears.

"If you should marry or go away, or shouldn't feel like tending it, that's another thing," said the old lady, with a rallying of her great good sense. "Then you must abandon it at once. Plow it up. Grass it over."

it over."
"I shan't plow it up," said Mary Catherine soberly. "It won't be grassed over."
Madame Weir awakened to a sudden inter

maname weir awakened to a sudden interest.

"I want to tell you two or three things about it," she continued. "II I were leaving children to be taken care of, I should like the people in charge of them to know all about their peculiarities. Well, you're going to adopt my garden. Now there's that lilac down by the fence-splendid great bush, but it won't bloom. Child, don't you get out of patience with it. Promise me you won't."

"No," said Mary Catherine, "I won't ever be impatient."

"Then there's the ladies'-delights. Over and over I've tried to transplant them into some other part of the garden, but they're very wilful. They just won't go. But don't you force them. Let them stay where they take root. They like it better."

"They shan't be interfered with,"

Provence Roses.

(By Alice Brown.)

Why," said Madam Weir, "I want to talk to you, that's all. When I see anything as choice as you coming toward me, don't you suppose I want to hurry it?"
Mary Catherine sat down on the step and put her cheek for a moment on the old lady's knee. Madam Weir laid a hand on her hair, and the hand trembled. She seemed different, in some way, a little wistful and very frail. Mary Catherine, without definite reason, felt alarm. She got up, and took a chair at her old friend's side.
"What is it?" she asked.
Madam Weir waited a moment, not

dear."

Mary Catherine walked slowly down the garden path, the letter in her hand. When she reached the grape arbor, she turned aside and went through it to a secluded corner of the plot. There was no hurry for the mail would not go out until afternoon. She mounted the wall in the corner, and sat there on a flat stone she knew. It had been an armchair ever since she was seven. looking at her, but at the garden, and even seeming to forget her altogether. Out among the flowerbeds the great pageant was beginning, not in bloom alone, but the hurrying promise of it.

"Everything looks so young," said Madam Weir, at last. "Mary Catherine, I'm old." armchair ever since she was seven. and had chosen this corner for the "best room" in her playhouse. She looked up toward the garden with a seriousness equal to Madame Weir's in her retrospective survey. Mary Catherine thought of that, and smiled. It seemed as if the troubles of me girl looked at her amazed. This was a woman who lived quite simply without complaint of ailments or weaknesses, as if it were a part of the decorum of life so to live. Mary Catherine spoke with an impulse entirely honest. ed. It seemed as if the troubles of youth and age weighed very much the same.

the same.

Then she glanced down at the letter in her hand. It was addressed in Aunt Ellen's delicate, old-fashioned script, full of minute quavers now of late, and Mary Catherine, in her of late, and Mary Catherine, in her stiff and painstaking French, repeated street and number aloud. The words put a thought into her mind, and she flushed red, as if the thought had not been a good one. Would it be wrong to write on a bit of paper, "Your grandmother is lonesome," and tuck it into the letter? She need not sign, the message or sign.

voluntarily.
"Of course Dick will have the and tuck it into the letter? She need not sign the message, or, if twere better to sign it, she could truly add, "Your friend, Mary Catherine." She and Dick were old cronies, although their direct inter place."
"I should think so. Your only grandson."
"My only relative," the old lady specified. "He'll have most of the money, too. I don't suppose he'll need it. They say he's painting better pictures every minute." course had ended when she was ten and he was twelve.

and ne was twelve.

Yet they had kindred joys to remember—kite-making on rainy days, and live-forever-pudding bags and rosy-cake on fair ones. Somebody was walking by, and peering out beter pictures every
"How long is it since he's been
here?" asked Mary Catherine, artfully, figuring out a number of sidetracks they might take, to the avoidance of darker topics.
"Five years."
"Is he coming this summer?"
"There was a letter this morntween the grape-garlands, her father. He was a ta ther father. He was a tall, clean-looking men, even if he was covered with earth accumulated while he pursued his eager tendance of plants. He was soowling and he muttered to "Is he coming this summer?"
"No. There was a letter this morning. He's going into the country, sketching—into Provence. That reminded him of the old Provence roses down by the wall. He wrote, They'll' be in flower now.' They are in flower, you see.'' She spoke uncomplainingly, yet as if she was suffering pain, and Mary Catherine understood that this was the pang of loneliness. "I wish he'd come!" she said hotly. himself as he walked.

"What's the matter?" called Mary

"What's the matter?" called Mary Catherine, from her perch.

He stopped. Then he came a little nearer and peered through the vines, and his face relaxed.

"You there?" said he. "I've been over to Ira Finley's. He's transplanting lettuce with the noon sun on it. I had to come away. He was going to hang over the fence and talk and let the plants lie there withering."

ly.

'No, child, no. Why should he?
Dick's young. He's a gemius.
got things to do. It's very important to paint pictures, if you naint as nobody else can. But now my will. Of course I have left you a legacy." "You hate cruelty to plants don't you?' said his daughter, smiling an him through the leaves until he be-gan to smile in answer. "Aunt Ellen does."

a legacy." "Don't!" said the girl again. "But besides that, I've left you another legacy, a funny one. I've given you the garden!" "The garden!" Mary Catherine knew it for the pride and the everyday delight of the old lady's heart. "You Von understand what, the a Cough or Cold

IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT or LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

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Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is sure up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mrs. Henry Scabrook, Hepworth, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy hown for the cure of colds. It has cared all my children and myself."

"I hate things done wrong end

"Why didn't you tell him how?"
"No," said her father, "I've dor "No," said her father, "I've done telling folks unless they ask me. If I've learned one thing, it's to mind my own business."

Madame Weir sat on the porch, where the white pillars and the bitters were vines, thick with dark leaf-taymed a faulties background for a bloom for years. Foonies are olf olks, but splendid to deal with once you know wheir ways. That one out by the gate—I always feel as if it liked to sit there and see the young can adore alore have a seen to young an adore adoring her as the young can adore adore and her gently young the waiting. It liked to sit there and see the passing. You won't move it."

"I promise you," said her finden, blooms out of her lap. Suddainly her own business."

"I won't move it."

"Young you know wheir ways. That one out by the gate—I always feel as if it liked to sit there and see the passing. You won't move it."

"Young the passing. You won't move it."

"I won't move it."

"Young the passing. You won't move it."

"You't move it."

"You't said of the wheir ways. That one out by the gate—I always feel as if it liked to sit there and see the passing. You won't move it."

"You't an over the garden, plant by plant, and allower a species few of them are young, only a year or two old. But some—why, Mary Catherine, they are the children of the larkspur and the sweet-william I had when I began housekceping and gardening, fifty years ago."

"Like this year's kitten,"

Mary Catherine did hurry. When with hatte and smiling anticipation. "What is it, Aunt Ellen?" she asked. There was no real kinehily between them. The old lady was a mittel girl."

"All aways liked a Maltee," was a mittel girl."

"All aways liked a Maltee," said Mary Catherine sat down on the step and put her cheek for a moment to talk to you, that's all. When I see anything as choice as you come to the laft with a passed of the larky's doings, cooking and the farm. When farm when I bear housekeeping and string in the passing the passing the passing the passing the p

things were not going on right, beg-ged her to come out and oversee old Jake while he weeded the garden. "You see to it, dear. It'll be yours pretty soon now." Mary Catherine slipped hastily out

Mary Catherine slipped hastily out of the room, not to oversee the weeding, but to sit in a dark corner of the stairs and cry. When she went back the old lady looked at her smillingly, and beckoned her to come

down here, dear," said, indicating the chair by her bedside. "I've just had the prettiest thought." 'What is it?" asked Mary Cathe-

T've been thinking how nice it is that when we die we can give the things we've liked to other people. You know I've loved this place, dear. It's been a happy home to me. Well, now, I'm going to pass it on to you and Dick, and that takes away the crim of leaving it."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about passing things on," said Mary Catherine, in her shaking voice.
"I've got to. Any way, I've got to think about it. No matter what the New Jerusalem is like, it isn't, this, and I do love every inch. this, and I do love every inch of this. I do, child. It's no use pre-tending I don't. But it's lovely to this. this. I do, child. It's no use pretending I don't. But it's lovely to
give it to you and Dick, lovely! I
shall feel as if a little bit of me has
stayed on the earth, as long as you're both here. But there's one thing
I want to do."

"Let me do it for you," tegged
here tringed.

"Let me do it for you," begged her friend.
"No, I've got to do it for myself.
To-morrow, no matter how I feel, I'm going to get up and go round the garden with you, and tell you about the plants. Then I shall give them over into your hands, and I can say to myself, 'I have donewith earth."

Mary Catherine put her head down counterpane and cried softly on the Madam Weir laid that kind hand on

her hair.

"Don't yougrieve, child," said she.

"It comes to all. I'll be dressed by ten o'clock tomorrow, and you and Jane can help me into the garden. I feel pretty weak, but that's a thing three into the garden in the mext morning Mary Catherine came up the road, but instead of going on to her friend's gate, she stepped over the wall, and sat down in her armchair of stone. She knew Very werk little about death, but it seemes Already the was a legacy from her old friend's weakened hand, a sad legacy to the young.

A clock in the house struck ten, and she rose laggingly, and stepping back into the road again, went on there were no tears in Mary Catherine eyes this morning. She was too deeply sad. Somebody was waiting there at the gate, and she quickened her steps. She was a little nearsighted, and now she began to run, at the fear that Madam Weir was worse, and the maid had come out to summon her the sooner. A voice came calling:

"Mary Catherine!"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "I'm coming."

In a minute she was a little mark the fear that made were out to summon her the sooner. A voice came calling:

"Mary Catherine!"

"Yes Yes!" she cried. "I'm coming."

In a minute she was a little mark the fear that was quickened the steps. She was a little near sighted, and now she began to run, at the fear that madem Weir was worse, and the maid had come out to summon her the sooner. A voice came calling:

"Mary Catherine!"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "I'm coming." her armchair of stone. She knew very little about death, but it seemes to fier quite natural that the old should have premonition of it, and she was sick with anticipated pain of parting and loss. Already the earth was a different place because Madam Weir had come so near to leaving it. All the beauty about her was a legacy from her old friend's thinking it was just the looked were serious. "Granny," he said, "I certainly shouldn't have come home this summer if it hadn't been for the rose." "The rose?" asked Madam Weir. "Yes, the one you sent me." "I din't remember I sent you one," said grandmother absently. She was looking at his hair, and thinking it was just the



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MADE IN CANADA.

young. Seems pretty babyish to me." young Seems pretty babyish to me."

"Are we going over the garden?"
asked Mary Catherine, supidly.

"Garden? The garden can take
care of itself. He's going to paint
that corner over there for a back-

ground, and he asked if there wasn't some sweet pretty girl to go into the

"He?" faltered Mary Catherine.
"I told him there was Mary Catherine. He says he wants you to have a little tight white cap,—you know, like a Puritan maiden,—and be in among the roses, picking leaves

in among the roses, picking leaves into a jar."
Mary Catherine thought she never had seen any one look so gay, not so much excited as all alive and wholesomly happy. She tried to remember Aunt Ellon as she had seen her yesterday. That old lady seemed to be gone for good; as if she had actually diad. This was her radiant tually died. This was her radiant young sister. A man's voice came

Madam Weir laughed out.
"Tired!" she said, "Who would be tired a day like this? See, Dick, there are the Provence roses. They were in their glory two or three weeks are."

weeks ago. Dick fell on his knees among them,

Mary, Our Lovely May Queen.

Again the season of flowers has came, and with it thoughts of her whom we love to crown, Mary, Queen of May. We bring her spotless lilies in honor of her purity, and lovely roses to tellher of our love. We illumine her shrine with numerous lights to bespeak the devotion we feel toward her, and to testify the faith we have in the power of her prayers. we have in the power of her prayers. Let us contemplate our Blessed Mothrefaires to fearth's creatures in soul and body. She was the worthiest to give God-made man to the world. Born to beget the King of Heaven and earth, she became the Mother of God and Owen of the Universe. The and Queen of 'the Universe. The whole human race was lifted up in tually died. This was her radiant whose numan race was litted up in young sister. A man's voice came ringing from the nouse:
"Grandmother, where are you?"
Madam Weir called vig. rously tack again:

"Grandmother, where are you?"
Madam Weir called vig. rously tack and as we recognize that His perfections are to be imitated in our lives, therine's here!"

A young man ran out of the house and down the walk. The sun was on his yellow hair, and he looked very splendid. Mary Catherine shrank a little, and wondered whether, for what to the were a treasure of great price, rescued from the distance and all the views and all the views and sweet many to be defined, her purity, her purity, her were a treasure of great price, rescued from the distance and views, and all the views and sweet mess, and all the views and sweet mess, and all the views and sweet mess, and all the views are to be imitated in our lives, we must acknowledge with even still greater reason that her perfections are to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far Heis away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though tull of grace, is very much nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer, that it gives us courage and we strive to mittate her humility, her purity, her views are to be imitated in our lives, we must acknowledge with even still greater reason that her perfections are to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far Heis away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though tull of grace, is very much nearer to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far Heis away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though tull of grace, is very much nearer to be opied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far Heis away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though tull of grace, is very much nearer to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far Heis away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though tull of grace, is very much nearer to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far Heis away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Virgin Mother, though tull of grace, is very much nearer to be copied by us. Our Lord's divinity makes us feel how far Heis away from us even in His humanity, but our Blessed Vi splendid. Mary Catherine shrank a little, and wondered whether, for sucli a meeting, her pink dimity was good enough. He was beside Madam weir and weir, smiling, and Madam weir laid alid a hand on his arm, as if he were a treasure of great price, rescued from the distance and the turn.

"Here she is, Dick," she was saying, "best of neighbors, best of friends—well, we're great chums, Mary Catherine and I, but I Jon't know how to describe her"

"So this is Mary Catherine," said being both is Mary Catherine, to the hand that could paint waves and before the clouds and trees.

"You won't get tired," ventured Mary Catherine, timidly, out of her confused remembrance of yesterday's old lady saying farewell to earth. Many Catherine, timidly, out of her confused remembrance of yesterday's old lady saying farewell to earth. Madam Weir laughed out.

"Tired!" she said, "Who would be tired a day like this? See, Dick," infinitely nearer, that it us, aye, infinitely nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer, that it us, aye, infinitely nearer, that it us, aye, infinitely nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer to us, aye, infinitely nearer to dispers and wooline, her purity, her purity, her purity, her purity, her purity, her purity, her cobdience, her gentleness and sweet-nebal, and it the virtues of her humility, her purity, her obedienc ld be most chaste, and sinless and imma-Dick, culate would she have all her child-

a day like this? See,
are the Provence roses.
They ren be, and to reach this end will be
her loving care through the graces
she will obtain for us, especially if
we ask these graces at her hands.
With purity founded in humility, all
the others virtues will cluster around and form a fitting frame work. Let us honor, then, our spotless May Queen. Let the lily and the rose bespeak our virtues, and that we are her worthy children.—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

English Converts.

having it. All the beauty about her was a legacy from her old friend's was was at the gate, and she quickened her steps. She was a little near-sighted, and now she began to run at the fear that Madam War out to summon her the section. A voice "Mary Catherine!"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "The common and the made have at the gate, and she was a little near-sighted, and now she began to run at the fear that Madam War out to summon her the section. A voice "Mary Catherine!"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried. "The common she was at the gate, and the made have the same that the secure. A voice "Mary Catherine!"

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, "The common in the cold image, and the made have the same that the gate and she was at the gate, and the made have the same that the fail of light, and over her gray dress she wore for no reason of the cut was an all little and eagerness, she see to laugh, and through the condition of th

ways and broad sympathy with men ways and broad sympathy with men, that just as soon as the bitter spirit ol intolerance faded somewhat his blood should flow in the veins of fer-vent believers.

Probably the greatest thing that

Probably the greatest thing that England is proud of in the mineteenth century is her primacy of effort and incentive in bringing about the emancipation for slaves. One name more glorious in that movement than all the others is that of William Wilberforce. There are now in the world more Catholic than Protestant descendants of this glorious pioneer of anti-slavery, and the incentive that made him the liberator of slaves brought them into the freedom of made him the liberator of slaves brought them into the freedom of the Catholic Church. Perhaps the more surprising thing of all is that the descendants of the Lord Chancellors of England adorn this list of Catholics in larger proportion than is afforded by any other class. The Lord Chancellors of England are reporting called the keepers of the The Lord Chancellors of England are sometimes called the keepers of the King's conscience. It is the one office in England, besides that of the king, which is closed against Catholics. In spite of this, which would seem to preclude the possibility of such an event, since it would man that the man selected for the Lord Charactership secured by supporting that the man selected for the Lord Chancellorship would be unbending in his Protestantism, the descendants of such men as Kenyon, Cottenham, Encombe, Law and Bethell are now Catholics. Those who talk about the Catholic Church appealing only to the ignorant should read this list. Those who talk about the Church likestwing read the Church likestwing read to the Church likestwing read the Church likestwing read the Church likestwing read to the Church like the Church likestwing read to the Church like th discouraging real progress and edu-cation because she is active against that modern sham progress which pretends to much and means so lit-

pretends to much and means so ittle, will find plenty of good for reflection in this list.

At the present moment Catholicity
is the only form of Christianity that
appeals to educated people. Intelligent Protestants are realizing the
lack of logic in the position that gent Protestants are realizing that they hold, and se we hear much of the passing of Protestantism. The freer a country is the more progress does Catholicity make. The more educated the population the more of an appeal it has to them. All that we need is lack of intolerance, and we need is lack of intolerance, and the people find for themselves the autiful consolation of our Mother

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and their beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poorman and those who wish to escape doctors' bills.

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