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SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY unnumbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 80 and 200 acre parcels, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months residence upon cultivation of the land for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands situated by him in the vicinity of the homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
- (4) The homesteader is required to give the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, or the Deputy Minister of the Interior at Winnipeg, notice in writing of his intention to apply for a homestead.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

The Real Liver Pill—A torpid Liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

The Test.

There was a sudden stir in the dense crowd about the Capitol. It was 2 o'clock, and a rumor went around that the Governor-elect had arrived and the inauguration exercises would begin promptly at half-past two.

A mighty cheer went up. A door in the second story, on the east side of the building, opened and the man for whom they had waited came out alone.

He thanked them warmly for their support, and promised them in return that he would serve them faithfully, renewing once more the pledges he had made, for the fulfillment of which they had elected him. They laughed together over the humorous incidents of the campaign, laughed a little sadly, for the fight had been a hard one, after all.

At 5 o'clock the ceremonies were over, and the new Governor went to the office, that was to be his, leaving word that he wished to be alone for a while. But scarcely had the door closed behind him when it was opened again, and Dixon LaVelle, the great criminal lawyer, stood hesitating on the threshold.

"You have your democratic ways to thank for this unseemly intrusion, your Excellency, but I have been waiting all day for a word with you. First of all permit me to repeat my congratulations. We are all proud of you. Eight years from now I shall be hailing you as Mr. President. I have no doubt."

The Governor laughed, and his boyish face flushed.

"I have no such great expectations, LaVelle, I aspire to no such dizzy heights."

"Mark my word, you'll be offered the nomination, and you're safe if you take it. The people love you."

"And I love the people," said the Governor, simply. They fell silent a moment.

"But we have time enough to think of that. I came to lay before you a pressing matter, to say that your first official act shall be one of mercy. Mark Gannon is charged with death, as you know, and will be hanged to-morrow—unless you pardon him."

There came into the Governor's eyes a look that LaVelle had never seen there before. He walked the length of the room and back.

"Mark Gannon will be hanged to-morrow—unless I pardon him," he repeated, slowly as he went. "Then let him hang; I will not pardon him."

LaVelle did not know the voice. It was hard and shrill, and the blazing gray eyes that looked into his were steely, pitiless.

"But you have followed the case, Harrington; you believe him innocent? You must believe him innocent with your knowledge of technicalities; and he is not a young man, Phillip."

"Innocent of this crime, yes, no doubt he is."

"Then you are not the man we thought you, not the man for the office," LaVelle was at the door, white-faced, hurt, bitterly disappointed and angry.

The Governor went slowly back across the office, walked as one who is weary in heart and mind, and sank down beside the great table in the centre, burying his face in his folded arms. An hour passed. When he looked up again the gray shadows of dusk had fallen on the room, and the outer chill had crept in with the gathering darkness.

"God," he said softly, "God, and on the very first day!" He had been facing the thing that had lain in his heart all these years, and the mighty grip and strength of it, terrified him. It was the final struggle, the great test.

He left the office and went out down the long corridor to the street, answering mechanically the greetings of those he met. He took an east-bound car that went out past the city to a quiet suburb. He lifted his face to the cooling rain as he went down the dim avenue to the little house at the end. It was an unpretentious dwelling, but the Governor looked at it as if he loved it. There was about it an air of peace and quiet and contentment, and this impression was intensified within its walls. The brow of its owner cleared and his face regained somewhat its wonted expression as he went upstairs to his mother's room.

Mrs. Harrington greeted her son with a smile that lit up her kindly old face to a rare loveliness.

"So my boy is the Governor," she said, and there was tender pride in the tone.

"Mother, I think you shall have to be Governor, too. You remember how I used to come up to you with my cases. You always helped me straighten out the tangles, never failed to find the common sense view, no matter how wrapped round it was with legal sophistries. Things don't get easier higher up, mother."

"No Phillip, they won't get easier but you have more knowledge and strength to bring to them."

The Governor sighed.

"You are tired, my son. Can you not take a rest now, even a short one?"

"I am not tired, mother; I cannot rest. Mother, do you remember the old days when I was a boy and we lived in the little house of Lane street in two rooms?"

"Yes, I remember, Phil."

had ever been spoken? They knew, they had always known.

"You mean that you can save him—you—"

"I not only can, but will. I am going to Dixon LaVelle now, to-night, and you need not fear; all will be well."

She held out her hands to him, tried to thank him, but it was no use; the words would not come. She sank down at his mother's side to sob out in those tender arms the bitterness that had frozen about her heart in the long, terrible hours.

And he left them so when he went out, his best beloved together.—Anna Cecilia Dorly, in Extension (Abridged).

Mr. Roosevelt in Egypt.

Although Mr. Roosevelt remembered his claims to the broncho and the Wild West, when he was in Rome, yet we must not forget that, at the bottom of his heart, he is a staunch admirer of the Church. In fact, he has proved that he is in a hundred ways and under many a trying circumstance. His idea of citizenship may be of the "spread-eagle" type, he may be no statesman, a better sharp-shooter than diplomatist, and yet his courage is by all admitted to be true and genuine. Bigoted organs would have rejoiced had he taken Rev. (?) B. M. Tipple seriously, but he has nothing in common with the cowards and hypocrites responsible for printed slander against the all-enduring Church of Christ.

The following from the London Tablet shows Theodore in a light better in keeping with his true character. It deals with his doings in Egypt. Says our London contemporary:

Mr. Roosevelt has been making a triumphant journey down the Nile. Naturally there has been the greatest eagerness to see and hear him. Among the Arabs he appears to be regarded as the Emperor of America. Unusual importance, therefore, attaches to the speeches which he has been persuaded to make. With his usual courage the ex-President spoke some very wholesome but unpopular truths when he addressed the students of the Cairo University. Those who realize what a hot-bed of racial and religious fanaticism the University is will be in a position to appreciate the moral fearlessness which led Mr. Roosevelt to go out of his way to speak such words as these on the burning subject of self-government in Egypt—we quote Reuter's report: "Wisdom and sincerity, financial and educational management, and, above all, character, were more important than mental subtlety. Substantial education, whether of an individual or of a people, was only to be obtained by a process, not by an act. No man was educated by a curriculum. Were, then, the people ready for self-government by the gift of a paper constitution?"

Self-government was not a matter of a decade or two but of generations. Nobody could give self-government any more than they could give an individual self-help."

He then went on to refer to the recent assassination of the Prime Minister, saying that a good man of every nation whose respect was worth having had been inexpressibly shocked by the recent murder of the Premier, Boutros Pasha, which was even more a calamity for Egypt than it was a wrong to an individual. The type of man that turned out the assassin was a type alien to good citizenship, producing bad soldiers in time of war and worse citizens in time of peace. Such a man stood on a pinnacle of evil and infamy, and those who apologized for or condoned his act, either by word or deed, directly or indirectly, whether before the deed or after it, occupied the same bad eminence. Whether an assassin was a Moslem or a Christian, or of no creed at all, whether his crime was political or industrial, its abhorrence in the eyes of all decent men was in the long run equally damaging to the cause to which the assassin professed to be devoted. He earnestly hoped that those responsible for the beginnings of the University would frown on every form of wrong-doing and would stand with firmness and courage for the immutable principles of justice and merciful dealing between man and man, without which there could be no growth towards a really fine

"Teresa told me to come up, Mrs. Harrington; that you were alone. It is a long time, but you see, I haven't forgotten the way."

It was the voice of a girl, sweet and low, and very sad. The Governor turned and saw her standing there in the dim light, and his heart leaped and he caught his breath sharply.

"Why, it is Margaret Gannon!" his mother was saying. "My dear, I am glad you remembered. Come and sit here when I can see you. It is a long time to be sure."

"I cannot stay, only a moment." She went forward as she spoke and stood by the older woman's chair.

"I came from father," she said slowly, "and he is about to die. And he sent me to you to beg you to forgive him for the past." She stood straight and slender in the bright firelight, its glancing flames shining upon her dark, beautiful face. "He would give me no peace until I came. I did not like to leave him. He told me to tell you that he would undo it all if he could; that—that—" A great, tearless, sob shook her and her voice broke.

"Margaret, my child, I forgive him long ago. And Vincent, my husband, forgave him, too. Tell him that; it will comfort him."

"I don't know what it was all about," the girl went on drearily; "no one would ever tell me. But I no longer care. I only know that he is the best father a girl ever had, and that I—an losing him. There is no justice anywhere, no mercy."

"No justice, no mercy?" Mrs. Harrington repeated, wonderingly. "But you said he was dying, Margaret. There is no injustice in death, and it is often merciful."

Mrs. Harrington was leaning forward, looking at her in bewilderment.

"Margaret, what is it? You said he was about to die?"

"Yes," she answered in a strange, stifled voice. "In the morning, everything we did was in vain. Dixon LaVelle was sure he could save him. He had some great hope. I don't know what it was, but it failed him. He has given up."

"Then he gave up too soon; it has not failed him." The Governor came forward out of the shadow, and they were looking into each other's eyes. And as they looked they knew that their love was a deathless thing; that the years and silence had no power over it. All that had come between them, the things that the girl could not understand, that the man understood, went too well, might hold them apart, but it could not destroy their love. They had not willed it so; peace lay another way, but they could not change while life lasted. What did it matter that no words

LAI'D UP FIVE YEARS

Until Half a Bottle of Father Morrisey's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith of Bathurst, N.B., July 16, 1909: "I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit I received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which prevented me from working or from sleeping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief, until I was advised to try a bottle of your Liniment, which I purchased without delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffering from Rheumatic pains to give your Liniment a trial, for I cannot praise it too highly."

A Liniment that will do that is the Liniment you want. It is equally good for sore throat or chest, backache, toothache, ear ache, sprains, sore muscles, cuts, bruises, burns, frost-bites, chapped hands or chilblains. Rub it in, and the pain comes out. 25c per bottle at your dealer's, or from Father Morrisey Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

THE PRIEST AT THE SICK BED.

Peace of Mind Follows His Spiritual Ministrations.

Occasionally,—though fortunately, very rarely,—one hears of a clash between the Doctor and the Priest in the sick room. On this subject Dr. Charles W. MacCarthy, the eminent physician of Sydney, Australia, has written the following interesting letter:

"I cannot understand how any section, however limited, of those lamentably ignorant of the physical benefit to the patient which naturally accrues from that peace of mind brought about by the services of a priest at the bedside. But if this benefit arises, the converse is also clear, namely, that physical harm must result from the denial of such services. Let us suppose a religious person who, during illness, craves inwardly for spiritual comfort, or, on the other hand, a patient overburdened with the weight of wrongdoing, and who longs to be relieved. In either case it is not right and reasonable that the wish should be gratified, and, if not gratified, can ought be expected than mental suffering and resultant physical harm? Without considering spiritual benefits, in which all Catholics have a right and reason to believe, the psychological aspect alone is of sufficient import not in some but in all cases of illness, to claim our attention. I speak absolutely from conviction, the result of thirty years' experience of all phases of illness. Everyone nowadays knows of the effect of mind and body—how, for good or ill, the various bodily functions are influenced by the mental condition. Insomnia through worry, or the sudden removal of appetite by the reception of bad news at meals, are instances showing the effect of mental disturbance. Examples of the converse are also frequently seen.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who came into unpleasant collision with former President Roosevelt, is to some extent a Londoner, for he was born about forty-five years ago in Portman Square, where his father, descended from the Irish family of Morry, was secretary to the Spanish embassy. He also received his early education in England in a private school near Slough, where his propensity for playing practical jokes procured for him the punning nickname of "Merry Devil." The cardinal-secretary of State is one of the few members of the sacred college who can speak English with fluency, and is the only Cardinal who plays golf. Westminster Gazette.

Papal Audience.

The Pope gave an audience on Monday last to sixty American and Canadian pilgrims led by Bishop Lenihan of Great Falls, in the Consistorial Hall. The Bishop read a Latin address of homage and devotion to the Holy Father. The Pope, in reply, thanked the pilgrims for coming to see him and praised their loyalty to the Holy See. He recalled their visit to the Holy Land some time ago. The Pontiff entrusted them to bear a message to the Americans to the effect that he loved them and that although they were the most distant from Rome they were nearest his heart.

Catholic Club Will Form Guard or Honor.

At the instance of Archbishop Farley, 600 members of the Catholic Club will act as a guard of honor at the public procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which will close the ceremonies attending the twenty-first International Eucharistic Congress in September next. The guard will be drawn from the most prominent members of the Club, and will include such well-known citizens as Messrs. Morgan J. O'Brien, John J. Delany, Hugh Fox, Dr. Francis J. Quinlan, Dr. James J. Walsh, Victor Dowling, Judge O'Sullivan, nearly all of whom have been decorated by the Pope. Mr. Frank Gorman, president of the club, will lead the delegation.

Home-seekers.

The Grand Trunk Railway are planning excursions to the Canadian Northwest. These have been christened Home Seekers' Excursions, and bring to mind the thought that there are thousands of new homes yet to be found in this ever-growing country—particularly along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has acquired sufficient land to make nearly 100 town sites between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The lots are now placed on the market for sale, and are being rapidly picked up.

Since last September, between Winnipeg and Edmonton, the G.T.P. have been operating passenger and freight services. This is a distance of 703 miles, and all along the line there are villages and towns springing up with surprising activity.

There are four or five divisional points within this mileage that are showing marked development, and would well engage the special attention of those seeking a home or an improvement of their financial condition.

These Excursions will be run on April 5th, 19th, May 3, 17, 31, June 14, 28, July 12, 26, August 9, 23, September 6, 20. Good for return within two months of date of issue.

Other and full particulars may be obtained on application to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Montreal, or any other G. T. representative.

Many Forms of Nervous Troubles

All yield to the blood enriching, nerve building influence of DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Picture yourself the thousands of cases of nervous prostration, of locomotor ataxia and of partial paralysis that have been cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Then doubt if you can the effectiveness of this treatment in the cure of minor troubles, such as headache, sleeplessness, nervous indigestion, and tired, worn-out feelings of the brain and body. Don't look for mere relief from this treatment, for it does not work on that principle.

Its benefits are both thorough and lasting because it supplies to the blood the elements which are needed to rebuild the worn out human system.

The appetite is strengthened, digestion is improved, all the organs are quickened into action by the restored nerves, and you feel yourself regaining the old time vigor and strength. 50 cts. a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.