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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished March 6th, 1856; incor-
porated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's
Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first
Monday of the month. Committee
meets last Wednesday. Officers:
Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald Mc-
Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J.
Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-Presi-
dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-
President, W. G. Kennedy;
Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corre-
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nham; Recording Secretary, Mr.
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retary, Mr. M. E. Tunney; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY even numbered section of Dom-
inion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,
not reserved, 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 sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local 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 homestead-
er.
The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:
(1) At least six months' residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the homo-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
waived by such person residing
with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent
residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for sections.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be paid for.

Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible.
There is many a man and woman to-
night after night upon a sleepless bed.
Their eyes do not close in the sweet and
refreshing repose that comes to those
whose heart and nerves are right. Some
constitutional disturbance, worry or
anxiety has so debilitated and irritated
the nervous system, that it cannot be
quieted.
Mrs. Calvin Stark, Rosemont, Ont.,
writes: "About two years ago I began
to be troubled with a smothering sensa-
tion at night, when I would lie down, I
got so bad I could not sleep in the dark,
and would have to sit up and rub my
eyes, they would become so numb.
My doctor said my heart and nerves were
responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to
try them. I took three boxes and can
now lie down and sleep without the light
burning and can rest well. I can recom-
mend them highly to all nervous and run-
down women."
Five 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25.
All dealers or mailed direct on receipt
of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP.

Father Hilary—he was of the
O'Shaughnessy clan and stalwart
like them all, with the same mystic
blue Celtic eyes as his people—had
finished his little Lenten supper,
well earned after a long day on the
hills. It had been a hard day, for
he had been fighting to heal a feud
between Catholic landowners and
Protestant tenant, and his spirit
was bruised with the bitter atti-
tude which had been forced upon
him. And so he was very glad to
forget the people of the earth,
though the Irish card itself was so
beautiful in its vast wide stretches
under the stars that he would not
let his housekeeper draw the little
red curtains of his cottage. So he
sat gazing out at the hills under
the stars, following in imagination
the curve of the now invisible road
to the point where it reached the
horizon and dipped into the hollow,
where stood a largish, empty man-
or, house. How often in years past
he had wished that this house was
occupied, tenanted by a young man
and his wife and their children—peo-
ple of leisure, with warm hearts
and a purse ready to help the poor
folk! But though the owner was
presumably quite a young man, he
had, they said, other and bigger
houses—one in Dublin and one in
England—and he had no use for
this one. Once, five years ago, he
had come there to settle a land dis-
pute, but Father Hilary had not
seen him on his flying visit, and
the caretaker himself scarcely knew
his employer by sight. The house
had a garden, all run wild, and into
it Father Hilary often wandered. He
thought to-night once more of that
silent, shuttered house, and then his
thoughts left the earth and soared
to the stars, which he loved even
better than the earth. It was an
extraordinary night for stars. It
was said that his telescope—it was a
legacy from an old Dublin professor,
his uncle—should be out of order to-
night. He opened the door and
let in the night wind, strangely
warm for this time of year, and
carrying with it a fragrance as of
the sea. He strolled down the well-
known road, looking up at the plan-
ets, almost hearing the stars sing
in their courses. And lo! a figure
came towards him. It was a woman
with a little lamp, red and
green, like a lamp that might hang
in a foreign shrine. She was very
tall and dressed in soft black. Her
hair was fair—or was it grey?—and
it floated a wrap of black lace.
"Father," she said in a curious
whisper, "you are wanted—want-
ed. A man is on the eve of death
at The House. Come. Get your
hat. . . . Come. . . . She point-
ed down the road to the hidden
manor in the hollow.
"The holy vessels," he began.
"There is not time," she said.
"Come, follow! I will go before
you with my lamp." She turned
and went back again while he plun-
ged indoors for his hat and hurried
way ahead along that mile of rough
road. He saw her waiting at the
gate, her lamp glowing like a tiny
red and green jewel. The wind blew
her drapery across it suddenly and
hid it. But he knew she waited.
He could have sworn she waited
there at the gate, though the lamp
did not show. But there was noth-
ing! And yet she had surely
passed through it somehow, though
he had missed hearing the click of
the latch; for there was no other
way into the wilderness of the gar-
den. He saw lights in several of
the windows, and he marvelled
afresh: for the caretaker did not
sleep in the house. Something un-
usual was surely on foot. It was
with a prayer on his lips to quell a
curious misgiving that he knocked
at the door. It opened by a
middle-aged man in a courteous and polished
air of the trained servant of a gen-
tleman. He spoke with a slight
Italian accent it seemed. To Father
Hilary's enquiry he gave a surpris-
ed negative. When pressed he showed
amusement as well as astonish-
ment. His master, he explained,
was the only inmate of the house
besides himself. Both were perfect-
ly well and strong. They had ar-
rived for a short business visit, and
did not wish to make the fact pub-
lic. During the conversation a door
opened and the master came out.
When he heard the meaning of the
father's call, he burst out laughing.
He was a fresh-faced, genial young
gentleman, and his laugh did the
heart good.
"It must be a trick lamp!" he cried.
"A lady with a bright lamp? The
thing is impossible! Someone is
masquerading to tease us all. Come
in, Father, come in."
And he drew the priest gently
into the brightly-lighted parlor. It
was full of odd, old, dark-looking
furniture, but the presence of this
much-travelled, gay fellow and the
flame of the leaping log-fire filled
the place. Father Hilary looked
curiously about him. In one cor-
ner was a packing-case half open.
Some foreign curios, which had evi-
dently come out of it, were lying
on a table. And leaning against the
wall behind them was a woman's
portrait. The father stared and
turned to his host.
"That is the lady who called me
so urgently just now," he said.
"Impossible! That is my mother,
who died in Italy when I was a
little boy. You have never seen
her. I was born in this house be-
fore you were appointed here, and
my father took her to Italy soon
after. This portrait of her has just
been done in Florence from a photo-
graph. It was sent here in error,
really—for the case should have been
despatched to my house in Eng-
land. As it was here I could not
resist opening it."

mother surely wished you to give
me—that I must live more among
my tenants. I promise you that it
shall be so. At least a third of
the year I will spend here. And I
hope to bring my bride here. . . . I
hope my firstborn will be baptized by
you."
Presently they parted and Father
Hilary took the road home. The
stars were shining more brightly
than before, the wind carried a
stronger fragrance of the sea, and
his pulses beat high. He was so
wideawake and so exhilarated that
he was forced to read till his mind
grew quieter. He fell asleep with a
phrase sounding in his ears—a great
phrase from the writings of the holy
Spaniard, De Molinos, in praise of
silence.
Certainly it brought him good
sleep, for he was up and off to his
work early next day. A happy
day! It ended with the healing of
the feud which had caused him and
others so much pain. At sundown
he was on his way home again. It
was necessary that he should pass
"The House." He was bursting
with the impulse to impart the suc-
cess of his mission to the happy
breezy young man who would soon
be his resident patron. So he turned
in at the gate, striding merrily.
The house was darkened, the blinds
down. Surely, surely, his friend
his newly-found parishioner, had not
departed in secret? Surely he
would at least write, or return
quickly to keep his promises? It
seemed long before the door was
opened, once more by the Italian
servant. His handsome face was
haggard, his grey head bowed.
"My master is gone," he said,
with a broken voice. "He is here, up-
stairs, but he is gone. It was last
night, in his sleep, I sent for you,
but you had gone out too early. The
doctor came. From twenty
miles away they fetched him. But
I knew it was too late. The heart
was weak, he said. My master died
just like his father before him. No
one could foresee. And there is
color still in his face. Come and
see."
"It is a blessed passing," whisp-
ered the servant, as they stood,
by his master. "Look—the smile, the
color in his face! I found him so!"
—he leaned his cheek sideways on
his hands, one under the other—
"exactly as he slept as a little boy. He
has always been happy, and he has
carried happiness with him where-
ever he travelled. And now the
happiness is gone away with him."
"Nay, some of it remains with
us," said the priest. "Come, we
will give thanks."
Soft night winds, fragrance of the
sea, light of the stars, and the super-
sense of spiritual actualities—
these were the great facts for Fa-
ther Hilary to-night. He was full
of a deep joy, for years he had
known it—the actuality of the things
which people regard as "supernatu-
ral," of which they are afraid, and
at which they leer simply because
they are stupidly afraid. For years
he had preached the beauty of the
hidden things, talked to his people
of the "eyes of the soul," "the music
of holy hearts," the "invisible world,
which is the real world. But his
mysticism was beyond many of
them, and they always needed a mir-
acle to convince them. A miracle!
When the greatest miracle in the
world—heavenly love and earthly
deeds—were always at their
doors! Here—here was a miracle
indeed, the miracle of the messenger
with the lamp, who called a priest
to shrive her son on his last night,
who gave Father Hilary that glimpse
of the shadowing wings of happy
angels, who helped him to that hap-
py meeting with a happy man—hap-
py in his life, happy in the way
that he had, in the Oriental phrase,
"changed his life." What a beauti-
ful phrase! The young man had
quoted it last night. Father Hilary
made a note of it in his book. Then
he set down briefly, with the dates
and hour, the story of the lady with
the lamp, that it might be a testi-
mony to the unbelieving. Lastly,
he put away pen and tablet and sat
still, quite still, with the little red
curtains blowing in the breeze, and
thought again of what De Molinos
had written of silence: "There are
three silences: the first silence of
word; the second, silence of desire;
the third, silence of thought. The
first is perfect, the second more per-
fect, the third most perfect. In the
first, virtue is acquired in the
second, quietness is attained; in the
third, internal resolution is gained.
By not speaking, desiring, thinking.
One arrives at the true and perfect
and mystical silence wherein God
speaks with the soul, communicates
Himself to it, and in the abyss of
His own depth, teaches the most
perfect and exalted wisdom."—Maud
Stepney Rawson.

"The lamp which hangs over her
head is a shrine lamp."
"Yes," the photograph was taken
of her in the little recess of her
bedroom, which she used as an ora-
tory. It was an amateur photo-
graph taken by my father, who
adored her. He would not have a
painted picture done from it, but I
wished it."
"It is just like the lamp the lady
carried to-night." The young man
smiled again.
"It must be a sort of brain wave
between us," he said. "How strange!
For we have never met till to-
night. We must be capable of what
they call 'sympathetic vibrations,'
Father."
"I hope so, my son."
"Just before you came, as I un-
packed the picture, I was thinking
of the way she used to bend over
me in the night, holding that lamp,
when she returned from a dinner-
party or a ball. I generally awoke
—for she always brought me sweet-
meats to eat in the morning, I used
to love the beautiful scent she used.
Sometimes—the speaker gave a
roguish smile—"sometimes I was
greedy and used to break my prom-
ise to her and pull the crystallized
fruit from under my pillow and be-
gin to eat it. But I generally fell
asleep in the middle and woke in
the morning with my cheeks all
stained and sticky! Then I was
scolded."
The guest laughed with him. Never
had Father Hilary felt so young
for years.
"And now you are alone?" he asked
presently, "and master of your
great possessions."
"Yes—but I hope I shall not be
alone for long. I shall marry!" his
face was brisk and resolute—"and
then"—he sighed for the first time—
"I must come and manage my prop-
erty."
"You will not forget your respon-
sibilities here, I trust?"
"Indeed, I will not."
"You have enjoyed some years of
freedom from trouble, at least,"
said the priest, with a little pathet-
ic smile, in which there was some
irony.
The host spread out his hands to
the blaze gaily.
"Yes, I have been very happy,
Father. My mother said to me—
almost her last words as she laid her
hand upon my head—"Be happy; you
were meant for happiness. Love me,
and I will never leave you. If I go
away for a little now, I will come
back." Afterwards I knew, I under-
stood."
"She has come back, my son; she
called me to you," cried the priest,
taking his hand. "She thinks you
need me. Perhaps, though you are
so happy, you still have need of me.
Tell me, my son, have you need? Is
there anything in your soul which
grieves or burdens you, any desire
that hurts you, any fear which gath-
ers?"
The host thought for a moment,
and then he said: "There is nei-
ther fear nor burden, nor desire which
burns me; but in my heart is a little
heap of faults. I have not fought
them as I should. They are like a
dust heap which grows ever larger.
My mother warned my father—I re-
member it though I was such a
child—"We must sweep away the
small faults lest they become so
high that they shut out the 'Beauti-
ful Mountain.'" That is how she
put it. . . . It is long since I have
confessed, Father. . . . I have been
travelling in the East, where there
were no priests of my church."
"You shall confess to me now."
"With gratitude."
When the confession was ended
fresh logs were piled upon the fire,
and the host called for a foreign
cordial and made a spiced drink,
very light and refreshing. And
again Father Hilary felt that woe
had come back to him while he
tended to tales of adventure and voy-
age and examined the beautiful and
symbolic things which the traveller
had brought home. They talked,
moreover, of the country-side, of
the neighbors, poor or rich, and of
the sadness of closed houses and
tangled gardens. The host colored
and said:
"This is part of the message my



Rev. Father Morriscy

Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Cures Stomach Troubles.

When your stomach is working right you never know it is there. But when it feels as heavy as lead—when you have Heartburn, Belching of Wind, Sourness, a gnawing hunger, with distress after eating—when you feel irritable and depressed—then you may know that the digestive fluids in the stomach are not sufficient to digest what you eat.

Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Tablets supply these fluids in concentrated form. Each tablet, dissolved in the stomach, will digest 1 1/4 pounds of food, which is more than an average meal.

Read what Father Morriscy's treatment did for Mr. Gosline, of Salmon Lake. He writes Nov. 30, 1908: "I was troubled with indigestion, so severe that I really thought I had cancer of the stomach. I took much doctors' remedies, till I was forced to seek another resource, and this was the Rev. Father Morriscy. His treatments worked miracles, until I have been entirely cured, so that now I do not look to the quality of the diet but to the quantity."

50c. at your dealer's. 53
Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

"At Least You, My Friends."

The "Month's Mind" was over. The priest had invested and was making his thanksgiving before the altar in the little basement church. The widow and her two little girls in deep black still knelt in the seats at the top of the aisle. The sacristan removed the catafalque and stowed away under the organ the six tall candlesticks with the yellow candles.
I met him in the porch as I went out "John Callaghan," he said in answer to my unspoken question. "He drove a wagon for Bedford's, the coal people. This is the widow and two girls. The boy works in Schultz's, the grocer. The lady—then would't have him free to come to the month's mind this morning! The Lord reward him—and he will, too. When his turn comes he'll know what it is to be a friend. Purgatory'll be terrible lonesome for some people—if they're lucky enough to get there."
"Mike," said I pointedly, "how long do you think anyone will remember us?"
"Well, sir," said Mike, "I'm thinkin' it'll be just about as long as we remember them."
"If that's all, then the Lord be merciful to us, for we'll need it." I meant it, too, for only a couple of days previously I had heard from Thomas a Kempis some searching truths on the point.
"Well who knows?" said Mike. "Listen now—Morrin, James, 'tis a beautiful day."
His salutation was addressed to an old man coming out of the base-
ment. His face was abundantly familiar to me, seeing that every morning he occupied the same seat at the back of the center aisle. It was such an old man's face as one sees often in Ireland, on which the peace of childhood seems to have softened the marks of time and struggle that the lines are all re-
solute and harmonious. The sacristan presented me formally to Mr. James Nolan—a County Cork man like yourself, sir!—and we ex-
changed conventional greetings.
"Well, James," said Mike, some-
what suggestively—not as I protest-
atively, "John Callaghan's rest
easier to-day."
"He will so," said James. "Lord
ha' mercy on him! He was a good,
steady man. I knew his father in
old St. James's down town. He
went after Paddy Sheehan and be-
fore Molly Joyce. Lord be good to
him! There's a great plenty one
since this."
"We've more friends that side than
this," said Mike, surreptitiously
pulling my coat sleeves.
"Beor, we have that!" said
James with a laugh. "I'll have tin
more names in me envelope next
Sunday for this year."
"An' how many'll that make,
James?" Mike's voice dripped simu-
lated nonchalance while his face
worked with the strength of his
desire that I should see the point.
"A hundred an' thirty-four last
year an' tin this year—that'll be a
hundred an' forty-four," answered
James with perfect simplicity.
"Well now, look at that!" said
Mike with a perfectly natural air of
surprise. "A hundred an' forty-
four! It bates me how you can re-
member them all, James."
"Tis aisy enough to remember
them when they're yer friends," said
James.
"I suppose ye could call the roll
any time," said Mike endeavoring to
infuse yet more indifference into his
tone.
"Deed I could," said James,
"why not?" and then and there to
Mike's undisguised joy in that
church porch, the old man commen-
ced the litany of his dead. It went
somewhat as follows:
"Grandfather an' grandmother, Un-
cle Pat, Uncle James, father, Aunt
Brigid, Aunt Mollie, mother, Lord
ha' mercy on her! Cousin John,
Mist' Malone, Mary Chen, Father Pa-
ter, Owen McGuire, Father Sheridan,
Owen O'Neil, Peter Brown, John
Byrne, Mary Byrne, Doctor Ford,
Willie Clancy, Willie Murney, Dick
Crow, Little James, John Molloy,
Bridget Mahony, Little Mollie,"—and

so on.
"His wife's name came late in the
list. He called her his 'darlin' Mol-
lie." I could hardly repress a start
when he named "Charles Stewart
Parnell," and a little later "William
Ewart Gladstone." For what seem-
ed many minutes he stood there
his eyes closed, the names coming
rapidly and without a shadow of
hesitation. It took him perhaps
three minutes to recite the roll—at
last came— . . . John Callaghan,
an' Richard Loneragan, an' certain
others an' them that has none to
pray for them."
We had prayed the first time for
Loneragan's soul the previous Sun-
day. Mike looked at me with tri-
umph in his eye and James came
to himself with a jerk.
"That's a long list," I said, jame-
ly.
"Tis not mammy for sixty-six
years, sir," said James. "an' there's
them I've forgotten, too. Lord ha'
mercy on them! An'—I hope they'll
forgive me when my own time comes
—'twont be long now, ayther, Mike.
Well, good mornin' to ye, sir—morn-
in' Mike!" and off he trudged down
the street.
"Well," said Mike, "what d'ye
think of that?"
"Oh! Mike—there's them he's for-
gotten—he said so himself. May the
good Lord forgive us—me, I mean!"
As I spoke Father—came through
the porch on his way to breakfast.
He caught my last words.
"What's the matter?" he said.
"Father, I'm tempted to wish I
was dead and on James Nolan's
list," I said. Mike left us, and
went back into the church, grin-
ning widely as he went.
"You might be worse off. He'll be
in with five large sheets of fool-
scap next Sunday. Did he call the
roll for you?"
"He did," I said.
"And did you stop to ask your-
self how he was able to do it? al-
most without drawing breath and
without a stop?"
A great light poured in on my
mind.

"Every morning of his life he calls
his roll at Mass. Some of the peo-
ple on it are dead these sixty-
to seventy years. I suspect 'twould
be a waste of good prayers for most
of them only there's no such thing.
No, I don't mean what you think—
I mean they're in Heaven long ago
if they're James's kind, and James's
prayers are undoubtedly distributed
somewhere else. I hope James is in
my parish when I die."
He stopped in hesitation a mo-
ment.
"I'll tell you something more if
you'll promise not to laugh. How
did he finish his list?—I mean after
the names stopped?"
I told him.
"I thought so. How do you sup-
pose he came to put in the phrase,
'certain others'? Well, I'll have to
tell you—it's too good to keep. When
I first came to this parish and
James's list came in, I made a busi-
ness of getting acquainted with him
and he told me about it. Just for
devoity, I said to him—'James,
there's a big list of deaths every
day in the Herald—why don't you
pray for them, too?' 'Tis a good
notion,' says James. And every
day he puts them in the 'certain
others' part of his list and com-
pletes his intention later by going
to the sexton's office and borrowing
the Herald to read them over.
James has many friends in the next
world, I fancy, that he knows no-
thing about."
No! It was not laughing that
threatened me.—Andrew Prout, in
America.

"The Ills of Life" appear under
many guises. Many of the physical
ones and some of the mental could
be prevented or even cured by a
course of treatment with the saline
waters of the "St. Catharines Well."
A mild climate and pleasant envi-
ronment aid in the process. Reached
via Grand Trunk Railway System.
A booklet with full information
will be sent by addressing Manager,
"The Welland," St. Catharines, Ont.

To Strengthen the Nerves

Nerve force, like electricity, is hard
to explain.
One thing is certain. Nerve force
can only be created from rich, red
blood.
Make the blood right and you cure
diseases of the nerves such as head-
ache, indigestion, sleeplessness, ir-
ritability, weakness of the bodily
organs, prostration and partial pa-
ralysis.
This is the only way actual
cure can possibly be brought about and
because Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve
Food is a wonderful blood builder it ac-
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cure of diseases of the nerves.
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and general debility, brought on by
gripes. When the doctors failed to
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This comfortable and attractive re-
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is situated twelve miles from White
River Junction, Vt., and is reached
from Montreal by the Grand Trunk
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all that is to be desired for a com-
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season of the year. The Grand
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Cambray, France, have re-opened
340 schools to take their place of
the 443 primary schools closed by
the "Religious Congregations" law.