MAY 21, 1908.

Canadia[®] North-West AD REGULATIONS

numbe Dd section of ion Lands in Manitoba, and A berta, except. 6, not re sved, may be by any person who is of a family, or any the years of age, to quarter section of 160

be made person ally at office for the district land is situate. 'oxy may, however, be ain conditions by the r, son, daughter, bro-of an intending home-

ader is required to peritions connected thereone of the following

t siz months' residence. ivation of the land in three years.

(ather (or mother, if eccased) of the home-es upon a farm in the land entered for, the such person residing ettler has h ttler has his perma

upon farming land in the vicinity of his requirements as to be satisfied by resid kand.

notice in writing n the Commissioner of

ly for patent. W. W. CORY. ster of the Interior. orized publication ent will not be paid

STRUGGLING SSION se of Northampton.

ORFOLK, ENGLAND.

of St. Anthony of ted by me nearly three mand of the late Bishop nd I have now, No resbytery, no Dio-no Endowment

d to say Mass and give nean upper room. Yet, is the sole outpost of division of the County

ring 35 x 20 miles. rings of the congrega-urily small. We must for the present, or haul of the Catholic Public secure a valuable site Presbytery. We have wards the cost of build-p will not allow us to

ful to those who have ust they will continue

Weil, I hardly believed you were trying to escape the electric chair, but it is all so remarkable to me. Why,I could no more think of giv-ing up my practice and its position for that silent, sacrificing life-why, it would kill me. And as to you, the reputation, the position in so-clety you are giving up-it really ve not helped I would of the Cause give some-tle". It is easier and ive than to beg. Speed en I need no longer anent Home for the ciety you are giving up—it really heats me. Come, Peters, own up,

Peters laughed.

it's a joke.

H. W. GRAY.

kenham, Norfolk, Eng'd. atefully and promptly mallest donation, and knowledgment a beau-he Sacred Heart and

AUTHORIZATION)

hfully in Christ, W. KEATING, shop of Northampton.

SING FLOUR.

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I and the Best.

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RS WELCOME

St., Montreal.

accounted for the alms ceived, and you have rely in the names of . Your efforts have providing what is ne-stablishment of a per-Fakenham. I autho-ue to solicit alms for n my judgment, it has

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1908.

always fancied that you were the

always nanowers secretary of some great sleepless secretary of some great rust, so concise were your answers to my verbose letters."

Rafter was in very bad humor. A much-abused hand-organ had dis-turbed his siesta, and, as with in-tent to add insult to injury, had continued its treacherous machina-tions despite his entreaties to be left in peace. He was in the attitude of magniloquent gesticulation when he door suddenly opened to admit a ritor. "Go down and kill him, old area." visitor. "Go down and kill him, old man," said the newcomer, laughing at the pight of his friend. Rafter turned, amazed at the new

"There is no place I would rether "Three hundred and sixty-five trip-led, which means three years-long enough to find out if one is troubi-ed with illusions." "But what will people say? Ima-gine it, the idolized Adonis of every young lady, the envied musician of every planistand organist. Why, man, they'll say you're crazy." "I darcesay. The Catholic Church is famous for all the supposed crazy members it has. But is was so pret-ty far back. There are some lines in the Bible about such crazy peo-ple. They run something like this: "These are they whoin we held some their life madness. Behold now they "Well, well, Peters," he cried, forgeting all about the harmonies that guil floated persistently from the stret below. "Is it really you?" still hoated with it really you?" stret below. "Is it really you?" So physical was the welcome Pe-ters wondered if Rafter had mistak-enhim for the Italian organ-grindtheir life madness. Behold now they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is cast among the saints.' It's quite consoling, how do you feel about your tion?'' "Is it I?" exclaimed Peters. "Have you the idea that you are clutching at my ghost, instead of breaking my It's quite consoling, eh? But

"Pshaw, Peters, it isn't everybody that's called to lead such a Hife. I'm sure I'm not. I'm hardly pious enough."

at my series arm?" "stid Rafter; "your "sit down," said Rafter; "your hat. Well, why shouldn't I have doubt as to the reality of this vi-sion? Here I have been practicing over two years and you never came near my office. And as to letters, I near my office. And as to letters, I

that's called to lead such a life. I'm sure I'm not. I'm hardly pious enough." "A poor admission from a Catho-lic doctor, who ought too be a shin-ing light." "Yes, very well, Peters, but if a man has no faith. To be candid with you, I have little or none. Why, I had more than you once. You re-member how mad I used to get when you laughed at some legend to which I staked my life. Well, I'm above legends now. All Christianity is more or less a legend now. You would find it out if you had gone more deeply into literature instead of music. I have read almost every-thing, and done almost every-thing, and that will convey to you how much faith I have left. As to that text, well, I think it is silly. Why should a man make life miserable and make believe he relishes misery? I'm sure of this life, and I enjoy it. I'm not so sure of a future one." "But I am, Rafter. There's the dif-ference. Hoaven and hell are as real to me as the earth. I am illogical if I don't accept conclusions in keep-ing with my premises. I do accent trust, so concise vers your answers to my verbose letters." "Well, Raf, you know I was never very eloquent with either voice or pen but-well, I'm mighty glad to see you. It's been a long time since college days-these eight years. You have done well, though." "Extremely well, Peters. The ordi-nary doctor, they tell me, has hard work to make ends meet the first few years, but, with the exception of my first year. I may say that my nets have been cast in pleasant and fertile waters. No need to ask of your success, Peters. The papers here tab on you. Why, I read some

your success, Peters. The papers keep tab on you. Why, I read some-thing yesterday saying that you are the most finished organist in the "But I am, Rafter. There's the dif-ference. Hoaven and hell are as real to me as the earth. I am illogical if I don't accept conclusions in keep-ing with my premises. I do accept them, Honce my determination to make myself surer of salvation." "Well, it's your choice, not mine. As for me, it's life and love. Ah, Peters, if you had met the charming Moma Blair, you would stick to the ountry." "Well, I daresay I can't deny it, "Well, I daresay it so. Howwell, I daresay I can't deny it, since the papers have it so. How-ever, the papers are right for once. I am certainly the most finished or-ganist in the country. I have fin-ished."

ished. "Finished? You are going abroad, I suppose. All you fellows do soon-er or later." Peters, if you had met the charming Mona Blair, you would stick to the organ and the world. Don't you think it's high time I married?" "It's not too early, provided you got a good wife." "Good as gold. A true Catholic, commutibut "No, you misunderstand. I have

NO, you misunderstand. I have finished my musical career forever. I amgoing-horror of horrors-to the Trappist monastery." Rafter jumped from his chair. "Trappist!" he exclaimed, with fter jumped from his chair, uppist!" he exclaimed, with a of astonishment. "Horrors in ty. You are not serious, boy? convent-bred, weekly communicant, and all that. I like religion in a

wom reality. You are not serious, boy? What have you done or what has anybody done to you to drive you to such a jail?" "But why in woman more than in being. If religion is true at all, he ought to excel in that also."

man? Man claims to be the superior being. If religion is true at all, he ought to excel in that also." "Don't preach, Peters. It's as bad as that hand-organ. Mona and I have one point of religion in com-mon, we love each other. But really, Peters, religion is not an agreeable out of the superior "How entremes, I sup-pose. Better to discover the incom-pose. Better to discover the incom-said, not darifig to look at him. She was suffering, and she knew that he, too, in spite of his bravado, was suffering. "Well, what a ridiculous speech," he said. "Have you that silly idea that all men who leave the world that all men who leave the world have committed a great crime and are looking for obscurity to atone for it, or again, that unrequited love furnishes the vocations 'for monasteries and convents? Shame on you, Rafter!' Peters, religion is not an agreeable topic of conversation. I don't feel at home in it."

at nome in it." "Which tends to explain the old adage about a guilty conscience, and so on. But as you wish. What do you think of the Democratic chances this fall?" Well, I hardly believed you were And so the topic was changed.

And so the topic was changed. It was two hours later when Peet ters rose to leave, after listening to his friend dilating upon a dozen dif-ferent subjects with which he showed great familiarity. "So I suppose we will never meet

ferent subjects with which he showed great familiarity. "So I suppose we will nover meet again," said Rafter, as he held the hand of his old college chum. "You to the solitude and I to the thick of the battle." "Nover?" echoed Peters. "That's rather long, isn't it ? I hope we'll meet again-at least in the here-after." Not quite to me. It's serious. I'm not going there for a good time. I have had plenty of good times, and

they don't count for much in the long run. I've seen so much of the

-Longfellow stands known before. Stands J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Miss McLeas, 182 Centre st., Pt. St. Charles. Mrs. McNally, 845 St. Antoine st. H. McMorrow, 278 Carriers st. E. Weskin Etches, 44 Bleury st. Miss White, 680 St. Denis st. G. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. West. Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st. A. W. Mulcahey, 825 St. Antoine st. Mrs. Lavac, 1111 St Catherine st. Mrs. Chran, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Lahaie, 1007 St. James st. Jas. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Redmond, 488 Notre Union Wort Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St. atMest rine West. James McAren, 28 Chaboilles Syd. Society was astounded at the news of the defection of the celebrated Pe-ters. How could he do such a thing? He with so much to live for; bril-**Common Cold** A HYMN. At morn, at noon, at twilight dim, Maria, thou hast heard my hymn; To Purify Protestant Poets. He with so much to live for; brill Hamt, handsome, a genius—and now to sacrifice all for a sentiment of re-ligion. The world could conceive the sanity of such a course no more than. could Doctor Rafter, and yet in the depths of its heart it had an admir-ation, even if only an artistic one, for a man who sacrificed so much for an attachment to the spiritual. Such a proceeding had the real Middle BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS Maria, thou hast heard my nymm; In joy and woe, in good and ill. Mother of God, be with me still, When hours flew brightly by. And not a cloud obscured the sky, My soul, lest it should truant be. Thy grace did guide to thime and these Now, when storms of fate o'ercast Darkly my present and my past. Let my future radiant shipe MATTER IF NEGLECTED. Whatever may be the opinion of the average Protestant as regards the Catholics' homage of the Blessed Vir-gin and our unfattering faith in the power of her intercession for our PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARBH or CONgin and our unfailtering faith in the power of her intercession for our sins, the fact remains that Protest-ant poets from the most cynical to the most religious have in their in-spired moments breathed her praise in unmistakable language, uttering words which would lead one to be-lieve that within their higher gifts they must have possessed the one which enabled them to discern the glory of the Mother of Christ as she presents herself to our spiritual senses. SUMPTION IS THE RESULT. ation, even if only an artistic one for a man who sacrificed so much for an attachment to the spiritual. Such a proceeding had the real Middle Age flavor. It stamped Peters as the true poet, a really romantic ge-mins. "I think he is a hero," said Mona Blair, holly, in reply to a sucering re-mark from her lover. "All sacrifice is heroic. Has he not been a genius in sacrifice?" "You think so?" questioned Raf-ter. "Why, everybody says he's a fool." "But can everybody judge in such a case? The world has often failed in judging." "And also a duty to himself," she replied. "His first duty is the sal-vation of his own soul. If he feels that the world is too much for him, and God calls him from it, he is do-ing his first duty in answering the cull of his beatt, and therefore tight." Get rid of it at once by taking With sweet hopes of thee and the -Edgar Allen Poe. Dr. Wood's Norway HYMN TO THE VIRGIN. "Ava Maria!" Maiden Mild! Listen to a maiden's prayer; Thou canst hear thought from Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St. and rine west. James McAran, 28 Chaboilles Suga. Aristide Madure, 2 Beaver (St. 2016) Miss Scanlan, 63 Bleury * Miss Elis, 375 Wellington St. Mrs. Sicotte, 149 Dorchester st. Pine Syrup the ¹Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful mothing action, and in the racking, per-istent cough, often present in Consumptive asses, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronohitis it is a successful Appedy, rendering breathing easy and materal, enabling the sufferer to enjoy re-tracting leep, and often effecting a per-manent oure. wild. presents herself to our spiritua-senses. The following illustrations of this assertion will be of interest not merely to the student of literature but even more so to the thinking Ca-tholic who is sufficiently well versed with the characters and writings of the poets named to realize the guid-ance of the inspiration which has led them to the expressions of a per-sonal homage bnotwithstanding their own professions of faith or acmosti-cism as the case may be: THE ANGELUS. Thou canst save amid lespair. Thou can't save almu acspan. Safe may we sleep beneath thy care, Though banish'd, outcast, and revil-ed: Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer: Mother, hear a suppliant child! "Ave Maria!" They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Ner-vous affections are usually attribut-able to defective digretion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vecetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action releve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them, and in the cor-rection of irregularities of the di-grestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as cen be testified to by thousands. They Soothe Excited Nerves. manent cure. We do not claim that it will cure Con-sumption in the advanced stages, but if taken in time it will prevent it reaching that stage, and will give the greatest relief to the poor sufferer from this tarrible maked. "Ave Maria!" undefiled! The flinty couch we now must share Shall seem with down of eider piled, duty to the world." said the doc-tor. "And also a duty to himself." she replied. "His first duty is the sal-vation of his own soul. If he feels the world is too much for him, and God calls him from it, he is do-ing his first duty in answering the call of his heart, and therefore right." "That's very well in those saints of the Middle Ages." "God and the soul are the same to-different customs do not change the relations of God and man." "It is easy to moralize in the pb-Shall seem with down of eider piled, If thy protection hover there. The murky cavern's heavy air Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled! Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer Mother, hear a suppliant child! "Ave Maria!" malady. Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine troos the trade mark. Mr. Wm. O. Jonkins, Spring Lake, Alta, writes: "I had a very bad cold stilled on my lungs. I bought two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup but it saly required one to cure me. I have ever met with any other modioins as good." Price 25 ots., at all dealers. THE ANGELUS. "Ave Maria," o'er the earth and sea That heavenliest hour of heaven i worthiest thee. THE TRUE WITNESS is neinted and published at S15 Lacauchatten street west, Montreal Car by Mr. G. Plunkett Magenn Teron-"Ave Maria!" stalless styled! Foul demons of the earth and air, From this their wonted haunt exiled, Shall fice before thy presence fair. "Ave Maria"; blessed be the hour. The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft Have felt that moment in its fullest

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

me leave you," he said, "upon a mis-taken notion that I could save my me leave you," he said, "upon a mis-taken notion that I could save my soul better elsewhere than with you?" She said nothing. She knew from his tones that he reproached her. She had spoken the truth from her heart: she could have said nothing else. There was a moment's pause, pain-ful to them both, and she was in-duced to meture the arrunation.

ful to them both, and she was in-duced to resume the argument. "John," she said, "you may think it a strange kind of affection, but as your betrothed, much as I love you, I would be willing to sacrifice it all for the return to you of the simple faith of which your pride has robbed you. By the side of you Mr. Peters is blessed a thousand-fold." "And you call this—love?" he said, with a sneer he could not conceal. "It is the truest love, is it not?" she asked, almost inaudibly. "In my estimation—no!" he ex-claimed. "True love is not willing to sacrifice the one loved."

claimed. "True love is not willing to sacrifice the one loved." "Not even to God?" she asked. "God does not exact such things," he said. "It's all a platitude to come between us. With such sentiments on your part, distrust of me, we could set he happy."

your part, distrust of he, we could not be happy." "You are right, John, as to that;" she said. "Your irreligion did not strike me till to-day, till I read of the conversion of Peters. Then I rea-lized that it is a crime for a man to lose his faith voluntarily, and I sould not be happy with—with—" "With a criminal, you mean. Very well, as you say." "I do not mean to hurt you,

Johr

But you do hurt, deeply. Not so deeply, however, as to drive me to a monastery. One fool a week is enough. You spoke of duty, John, a while

since, it is my duty, I couldn't marry an avowed agnostic. Our sym-pathies are entirely different. Heli-gion is all to me. I should not have encouraged your suit. I did not rea-

"Oh, it makes no difference, I sup-

"How otherwise?" he said. "But I

suppose I must seek solace among the

She did not answer. She knew that he was indignant and she dreaded his anger. But he restrained himself. Slowly he arose and whispering a goodby, without looking at her, he

lighted to delve in, and took in exchange the boon companions, who, like himself, found God an inconvenient burden. He tried to forget Mona Blair. He was angry with her at first, angry that he should be cast aside on such a slender excuse as re-

meet again—at least in the here-after." aside on such a slender excuse as re-ligious barriers, and he sought $\frac{1}{200}$ and $\frac{1}{200}$ bersude himself that he cared no-thing for her. But the task was a for your sempiternal pertinacity I you oven in this sphere. But you're so dogged I think you would die under the lask rather than give in." "I hope so," said Peters seriously. "Well, good-by, Raf, and let me add, God bless you!" "Good by, old man, and—well, if you want you can pray for me." "Society was astounded at the news of the detection of the celebrated Pe-ters. How could he do such a thime? world's vanities already—but don't think I'm a bit sour. I'm not. I en-joy life, nature's glories, art, and as to music, you know I adore it. It broke my heart almost when I sold my plano. But I expect to get a golden harp in exchance some des ing more Than this example of all womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so my piano. But I expect to get a golden harp in exchange, some day. So what's the use of complaining?" "What illusions, to be sure, Pe-ters! Can I do anything to wake rice 50 cents per bez, er 8 for 61.55 THEN T. MILBORN Co., LANSING good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure, This were enough to prove it highe The "True Witness" can be and truer ONLY A Than all the creeds the world had had at the following

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST! MAGIC BAKING POWDER **GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE** GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR. 11

10.00

HIM!

Dower

tant tower,

Ave Maria,'' 'tis the hour of prayer ''Ave Maria''; 'tis the hour of

tove; 'Ave, Maria''; may our spirits dare Look up to thine and to thy Son's above;

Ave, Maria''; oh, that face so fair;

the

dreamer,

draw near

confession, And she for them in heaven makes

Mary

Sink k o'er and soft,

When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, **STOP HIM.** That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

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E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED MONTREAL. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG. PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

with Mona. The sound of the tele-phone bell broke in upon his feverish meditations, and he took up the re-ceiver languidly. Another call! He

STOP

ceiver languidly. Another call! He was getting tired of the life of a doc tor. "Could Dr. Rafter come to aloft, And not a breath crept through the th City Hospital immediately? A crazy man had shot Father Bryant while he was preaching. The bullet had not been extracted. The patient was rosy air, And yet, the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.

very low. Certainly. He would go immediate lv.

ly. He was soon at the hospital and in consultation with the other doc-tors. It was a serious case. There was very little hope for the innocent vietnet. victim. "It is an interesting case," he said

"It is an interesting case," he said to the other doctors when they had finished. "I will stay by him 4 for the night." So he sat long into the stillness of the night, broken only by the breathing of the priest and an occasional moan from the ad-joining ward, noting the various phases through which the sufferer

passed.

Ips of his friend Peters. "There are they whom we held some time in derision—and their lot is among the saints." Doctor Rafter, who qualled not before the most trying surgical case, wineed under the words of the un-conscious priest. Could he not escipe from that text? Everybody as-sciled him with it. But as if comconscious priest. Could he not es-cope from that text? Everybody as-saled him with it. But, as if com-jelled by a superior power, he gave ear to the words of the saintly man who knew not that he was dying; knew not that he was preaching to an attentive audience the words of eternal life. It was a simple sermon, mechodorical but it was the word of

eternal life. It was a simple sermon unrhetorical, but it was the word of unrhetorical, but it was the word of God, and the word of itself preaches better than the eloquence of man. The vanity of life, of human glory, of riches, the blessings of the soul that sacrifices self for God, that was the sermon heard by the agnostic in the hospital room on that November night.

night. It seemed a new doctrine to him. intercession. And if our Faith had given us noth-

We bow us to our lot of care, We bow us to our lot of care, Beneath thy guidance reconciled! Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer, And for a father hear a child! "Ave Maria!" --Sir Walter Soott. the earth so beautiful While swung the deep bell in the dis-Or the faint dying day-hymn stole

THE VIRGIN. Mother, whose virgin bosom was uncrost With the least shade of thought to

with the least shade of thought to sin allied; Woman, above all women glorified, Our tainted nature's solitary boast; Purer than foam on central ocean tost: Brighter than eastern skies at day-

break strewn With fancied roses, than the up-blemished moon Before firef ware begins on heaven's blue coast: Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend As to a visible power, in which did blend All thet was mixed and reconciled in

All that was mixed and reconciled in thee Of mother's love with maiden purity, Of high with low, celestial with -Wordsworth.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.

a specific for all diseases are arising from a run-down of the heart or nerve system Palpitation of the Heart, Dinny Spells

"Ave, Marna"; oh, that have so har; Those downcast eves beneath the Almighty Dove— What though 'tis but a pictured image strike, That painting is no idol—'tis too -Lord Byron. THE GOLDEN LEGEND. This is indeed land! passed. Hush! The priest was speaking. He was beginning the sermon where-in he had met his death. He was giving out the text which the doctor Virgin and Mother of our dear Re deemer; All hearts are touched and softened All hearts are touched and sortened at her name; Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand, The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant, The man of deeds, the visionary decement had sneered at as it came from the lips of his friend Peters.

Pay homage to her as one ever pre-Pay homage to her as one ever pre-sent! And even as children who have much offended A too-indulgent father, in great shame, Penitent, and yet not daring unat-tended

To go into his presence, at the gate Speak with their sister, and confiding wait, T'ill she goes in before and inter-cedes; So men, repenting of their evil deeds And yet not venturing rashly to

With their requests an angry Fa-ther's ear, Offer to her their prayers and their