

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

What right has a girl to marry and go into a house of her own unless she knows how to superintend every branch of housekeeping?

HARDY FERNS.

Among the hardy ferns are varieties greatly differing in size and form, from a hairlike creeping stem bearing a few simple moslike leaves to the vigorous growing plants with large leaves, attaining a height of two or three feet.

Many of them require a warm temperature, while others do well in cool and shady places. Of the 400 or more species of ferns not more than about forty species are suited to outdoor culture in ordinary soils and situations.

Hardy ferns are best planted in the Spring, but they can be planted in the summer if the fronts or leaves are cut back, making it easier for the plants to establish themselves before the winter sets in.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

To wear with tailored gowns are smart waistcoats elaborately trimmed with buttons.

A smart accessory to a woman's toilet is the coarsely woven cravat of white silk to be worn with the belt of the same material.

Leather continues to be used in novel ways. The latest thing is the leather hatpin. The head of the pin is cone shaped, embossed and stained in a unique design.

A novelty which can be approximately worn with the simple lingerie waist is a dog collar of white coral beads, with barettes of filigree Roman gold studded with baroque pearls.

DAINTY KEROCHIEFS.

The following hint, if followed, might soon deplete brothers' and husbands' handkerchief boxes. An exchange tells us that four handkerchiefs may be made from a man's large size handkerchief, cut into quarters.

ed), and a lace edge, one will be well repaid for a few busy moments by four costly little articles with little expense.

A New York girl of eighteen has asked the court to increase her annual allowance, finding it impossible to live on \$13,500 a year. That young lady has missed too many spankings to ever be of any use to herself, or anybody else in this world.

Two years old, and going on three, Square and chubby and bold was he, Gladly he heard his mother say: "Don't bother me, child; go out and play!"

He asked a man in a touring car, But the man was busy, as tourists are; He asked a coachman in livery trim, But the coachman only glared at him;

One fine morning—the air was clean— Sammy thought that the hill seemed near; And while he was halting a truck-man grim His baby feet proved false to him.

Test Gin Pills at Our Expense

A CURE—OR MONEY BACK

We don't ask you to buy GIN PILLS—but to try them. We simply want you to see for yourself what GIN PILLS will do for you. A cent for a post card is the only expense.

Starrat, Ont., Feb. 16, 1906. "Your Gin Pills" as I am nearly out of the drug store at Burks Falls, where I got my supply, was turned down a couple of weeks ago, and I do not know where to get them except by writing to you.

Always send your child to bed happy. Whatever cares may trouble your mind, give the dear child a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow.

DRINK Blue Ribbon Tea

dered, shepherds, and welling up in their hearts will rise the thought, "My father, my mother, loved me!" Lips parched with fever will become dewey again at this thrill of tender memories.



"THIS IS IT— St. George's Baking Powder —the baking powder that makes the best Bread—the whitest Biscuits—the lightest Cake and Pastry—you ever saw."

HOW TO MEND KID GLOVES. Very few people really know the art of mending kid gloves so they will be wearable for some time.

One old lady, however, seemed to follow him closely, and frequently nodded approval. Accordingly he directed the rest of the lecture at her, and found great satisfaction in her interest.

TO CLEAN GARMENTS WITH GASOLENE. The reason so many people are not successful in cleaning fabrics with gasolene is that they do not use enough of it.

John Wanamaker superintends, as all the world knows, one of the largest Sunday-schools in the world—Bethany Sunday-school in Philadelphia.

Let stand a half hour. Then do not rub or wring, but pick up the garments carefully and dip back and forth in the gasolene. When clean, put in another vessel, cover with fresh gasolene which takes away all soap, and rinse thoroughly.

TEACHERS' JUBILEE. The Catholic Teachers' Association of Montreal will celebrate their golden jubilee at Jacques Cartier Normal School on Friday, May 31st.

TIMELY HINTS.

A pair of sharp scissors is a kitchen convenience desirable in every household. For trimming bacon and ham rinds, skinning parts of fowls and trimming salads scissors are very serviceable implements.

After doing dirty work do not at once wash the hands in water. First rub a little grease well into the skin, more especially the dirty parts.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Professor Huxley was much disturbed one night, while lecturing on the brain to a popular audience, says Sir H. E. Roscoe in the story of his life. The audience seemed all at sea.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children travelling. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc.

John Wanamaker superintends, as all the world knows, one of the largest Sunday-schools in the world—Bethany Sunday-school in Philadelphia.

By what means," shouted the preacher, "do our society ladies cross the river that connects earth and hades?"

The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) stated that if a means could be devised to bring nutrients to the hair follicles (hair roots), without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved.

THE POET'S CORNER

WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES.

In the spring, when the green gits back in the trees, And the sun comes out and stays, And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze,

When the green gits back in the trees and bees Is a buzzin' aroun' again, In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please"

When the whole tail-feathers o' winter time Is all pulled out and gone, And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,

THE ROSE-LIGHT LINGERED.

The rose light lingered on the hill, And turned to wine the waters at our feet, The leaves that prattled by our sides were still,

Before her time, the silver moon Crept shyly, all ashamed, into the light, A star beyond the hills arose—too soon,

Her veil of mist to hide the deeps

That once were warm. Upon our spirits, too. A silence fell e'en as the cool air steeped The grass with dew.

If I could see you once, but once, as in the days of yore, how would my heart rejoice!

To God and good. . . If I once more might look Upon your strong, pure face and gather there,

LONGING.

If I might see you once, the thought is vain And full of bitterness, for those clear eyes

That you, pure, stainless spirit, would not think Me worthy thus to gaze upon your face.



Remarkable Invention FOR THE CULTURE OF HAIR

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL!

An EVANS VACUUM CAP will be sent you for sixty days' free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself.

THE SECRETARY, EVANS VACUUM CAP CO., LTD., Regent House, Regent Street, London, W.

Our BY

The Secret

By Henry Frith, Author

CHAPTER X.—Cont

"Seems to me they did to prevent our entrance. no guards, and young men cape must have been dispatched for this. So if they were mischief they would have before," said an elderly Scout.

"Very good, my boy," father. "You hear, friends go and rescue the Scout. der we are not attacked!"

"There is something to be feared," remarked Mr. "Do be careful! We shall an ambuscade. Let us be the ditch."

"Charge!" cried Mr. Mr. took the leadership of "Hurrah! Scout! Scout!"

They formed themselves in square, the boys in the made up their minds to lives as dearly as possible suddenly the chief stopped and in commanding tones brown warriors.

"What do you think he asked Mr. Belton of his I "He wants some confers haps he has taken the S oner, and wishes to tal Shall we go?"

"I think we had better of the party. "If he chief he could have killed the dark. Besides, his the Scout as interpreter. have all gone away. Le

LUBY'S advertisement with logo and text describing hair restorer.

28, 1907.
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Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under Bayard's Banner," "For King and Queen," etc.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Seems to me they did not intend to prevent our entrance. There are no guards, and young master's escape must have been discovered before this. So if they meant any mischief they would have met us before," said an elderly Scotsman of the party.

"Never mind: we are in the 'pah' now, and that is half the battle gained," said Mr. Manton. "Be very cautious. Ernest, which is the way?"

Ernest looked around him, and then pointing to his right, rather in front of where the party stood, said—"I think our hut is over there. The chief's house is there," he continued, indicating its direction. "We shall most likely find the Scout bound in our hut."

"Very good, my boy," said his father. "You hear, friends? Let us go and rescue the Scout. But I wonder we are not attacked!"

"There is something very unusual to be feared," remarked Mr. Manton. "Do be careful! We shall fall into an ambushade. Let us keep within the ditch."

This suggestion was acted upon. The invaders, as we may term them, proceeded in the "covered way," or ditch, while Ernest looked around every now and then to mark his place.

"There is the hut," he whispered; "that old tumble-down shanty."

"I cannot distinguish it," replied his uncle. "Which hut?"

"This one by the ditch on your left, near the palings," said Ernest. "I am sure of it."

"I see! Now, men, to the attack. Steady: have your fire-arms in readiness. Go gently. Get up, form into line and charge. Hush!"

Hush! Anything stirring? No, all is quite still. The gloom is rather alarming. Along the ground the darkness is thickest in the centre of the camp. The party peeped out. No one saw them, they felt sure; one by one the men got up and stood in a line: twenty-two only! Twenty-two men against a host of Maoris, who would resent any insult, and who, when fully aroused, are as cruel as death, and very revengeful.

But the brave fellows did not think of these things. They were intent upon the rescue of their friends—and on that only.

"Charge!" cried Mr. Manton, who took the leadership of the party. "Hurrah! Scout! Scout!"

Everyone dashed on, crying "Scout! Scout!" and were actually in the open space in front of the huts, when suddenly, and with a most surprising swiftness, a circle of fire enwrapped the invaders of the "pah." The whole village was brilliantly illuminated. In front and behind the Europeans, and all around them in a circle, stood a line of dusky warriors, nearly every third man holding a burning torch which shed a lurid smoky light upon the "pah" and the surrounding scenery.

The travellers were immediately discovered; they stood gazing around them, almost dismayed for the moment at the success of the trick which the chief had played.

While they were deliberating and wondering what would happen to them, a number of warriors advanced quickly, and made as if they would surround and take the Europeans prisoners. This the Englishmen were determined to prevent. They formed themselves into a tiny square, the boys in the centre, and made up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as possible. But suddenly the chief stopped forward, and in commanding tones checked the brown warriors.

Then he beckoned to the Englishmen, and made friendly signs, inviting them all to enter his wharfed with him. But they naturally hesitated.

"What do you think he intends?" asked Mr. Belton of his brother.

"He wants some conference. Perhaps he has taken the Scout prisoner, and wishes to take us also. Shall we go?"

"I think we had better," said one of the party. "If he meant mischief he could have killed us all in the dark. Besides, his men have the Scout as interpreter. See, they have all gone away. Let us chance

off. We shall not be molested now, but in a few hours we may be seized and tortured."

"Well, I am ready," replied Mr. Manton. "My lads," he continued, turning to his men, "we must all put our full confidence in the Scout. We shall perhaps have trouble and we may have to fight; but we are near the Silver Lake, which, I believe, contains riches enough for us all. The Scout will guide us. Will you follow the directions my brother and I may give you, or will you choose another leader?"

"No," they cried. "We will follow your lead, Mr. Manton."

"Very well. My niece and nephews must be our first care. The Scout here will find us provisions, I daresay."

Bond, who had been conferring with the old woman, nodded, whispered to her, and said as she quit the large hut—

"She will not go with us; she will not betray the heritage of the tribe. I confess I have no such sentiment. The tribe must soon disappear as the white man advances, and I am more white than Maori. So let us try to find our way. In half an hour we must go. I will take care that we are not molested."

The pretended chief sent a runner round, commanding all men, women and children to remain indoors until after sunrise, as the White Queen would go forth to greet the rising sun. The message was received by the guards, who attended to it; and in half an hour—the time the day began to break—not a native was to be seen in the "pah."

But in spite of this command, a curious eye or two beheld the departure of the chieftain and the White Queen. The English had carried her off! But why, then, did the chief accompany them? This caused the spies some uneasiness, and as soon as possible they communicated their suspicions to the chief men and to the priests, and a search was afterwards begun; which ended in the discovery of the real chief in the deserted hut, and then all the facts became apparent to the Maoris.

Their first act was to torture the poor old woman, who would not betray her son, just as she had declared that she would not betray the cavern and the underground passage leading to it. The cruel chief could not obtain any information from her dying lips; so, collecting a band of fifty followers, he set out in pursuit of the settlers and the White Queen, who would no doubt lead them to the happy land—to riches and power!

Meantime the explorers, guided by the Scout, quitted the "pah" without any difficulty, and made their way in the direction of the Maori Lake, which looked like a sheet of ice in the early dawn: cold, unrippled and perfectly still.

"Where are we going, Scout?" asked Mr. Manton, who was greatly excited at the prospect of realizing his dreams of silver-mining.

"Beneath yonder lake if we find the cave," replied the Scout.

"Have you sufficient food for our journey?" inquired Mr. Belton. "It will be difficult to procure if we remain underground."

"I have plenty of Maori food," replied Bond. "What do you say to mutton-birds and kumeras?"

"What are mutton-birds?" inquired Ernest. "Are they anything like mutton chops?"

"Quite as nourishing, and a good deal more oily," replied the Scout; "they are not unlike mutton, though. The kumera is a kind of potato. But if they fail we can chew the fern-pith and the pig-face leaves, which are very nourishing."

"This is a curious country," murmured Stephen. "Mutton in birds, and pigs' faces in plants! We shall have puddings in trees next!"

The Scout was leading the way as rapidly as possible up the rugged slope beyond the spot where the party had camped. He then went down the opposite side, keeping rather to the right above the little lake. Then suddenly he plunged into a gully or ravine, separated from the lake by a considerable hill. Thence he made his way, after many a pause, through the scrub and tangled vegetation, over rocks and boulders which had fallen from the mountains in bygone days, and at length came to a dead stop before some thick shrubs which concealed the boulders effectually.

"The cavern is somewhere here," said Bond. "Many years ago my father was shown the place, and he told me that within the rock is a passage which leads underground, and under the lake, to a small pond or pool in the depths of the earth, where he was told silver can be obtained. Now the entrance is blocked up, but it is a very curious fact that the tribe should have a tradition that the silver would be discov-

ered by a white stranger—a girl. Missy here is the young lady who will help us. Let us look for the cavern."

Some of the men exchanged incredulous glances. "Was it likely that any such place would have been permitted to remain unsought for if there were riches in it?" they said.

"It is not unknown," said Mr. Manton. "As some here can testify, I have been trying to find the place, and would have discovered it, too, before long. My information led me so far as these hills."

"Well, suppose we set to work to clear away these plants?" said Mr. Belton.

This suggestion was acted on at once. They all plunged into the overgrowth, and for some time their efforts were not successful. Amy, with her brothers, kept rather to the left, facing the hill, at a little distance from the others, preferring to escape the thorns and burrs of the thicket.

"Boys," cried Amy suddenly, "look here! here is an opening, isn't it?"

"I believe Amy has discovered the cave!" cried Stephen. "Holloa, father—uncle, here is the cavern!"

All hurried up, and in a moment the Scout plunged in.

He returned in a few minutes and said—

"I believe it is the cave. Now, let us twist up some twigs into torches, and penetrate as far as we can. We may find something. I wish we had candles."

"We can make some of this pine wood burn very quickly. Now, my men, to work!" cried Mr. Manton.

He was greatly excited. His long-wished-for silver mine, he fancied, was at length within his grasp. Fortune for himself and all his relatives and friends would result. The mine could be worked, and then hurrah for home!

"Suppose you find the mine inside the mountain, or suppose you find the traces of silver, you will have to purchase the land," said the Scout.

"From whom?" asked Mr. Manton.

"From the Maoris—or the Government will!" said the Scout. "Don't be too sure of it. Now come along!"

(To be continued.)

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold misery every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from a sick kidney, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. F. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and ointments but they were no use. At last I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three or four of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 62 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.95, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

LIGHT COMEDIAN.

Prof. Brander Matthews, the spelling-reform advocate, was ridiculing at Columbia College high-sounding names for commonplace things—tonorial parlor for barber-shop, funeral director for undertaker, and so on.

"Two scrub-women were talking the other day," he said.

"What's your son Billie doin' now, Mrs. Smith?" asked the first.

"He's on the stage," the other answered.

"Drivin' a stage, do you mean?"

"Drivin' a stage? Nonsense! Willie is an actor. He's a light comedian."

"A light comedian? What part does he play?"

"He plays a silent part behind a black curtain, with his mouth to a hole forst a candle, and when Abanil Ike shoots at the candle, Willie blows it out."

He—So they got married and went off in their new motor car.

She—And where did they spend their honeymoon?

He—in the hospital.

Frank E. Donovan

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is second to none in the City. We have the most ample and modern equipment for first-class, artistic printing. We offer to those requiring such work, quick and correct service. We respectfully solicit the patronage of our readers.



The True Witness Print. & Pub. Co.

Time Proves All Things

One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time.

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Broadway, 36th and 37th Sts., Herald Square, New York



Most Centrally Located Hotel on Broadway. Only ten minutes walk to 25 leading theatres. Completely renovated and transformed in every department. Up-to-date in all respects. Telephone in each room. Four Beautiful Dining Rooms with Capacity of 1200.

The Famous German Restaurant

Broadway's chief attraction for Special Food Dishes and Popular Music. European Plan. 400 Rooms. 200 Baths.

Rates for Rooms \$1.50 and upward. \$2.00 and upward with bath. Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$3.00 and upward. \$1.00 extra where two persons occupy a single room.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

SWEENEY-TIERNEY HOTEL COMPANY


E. M. TIERNEY, Manager

The King of Spain's Throne.

The throne room of Spain, which the civilized world is now watching with more than usual interest, outdazzles in splendor any in Europe. The ancient throne stands in the apartment known as the Room of Ambassadors. The decorations of this apartment include vast crystal chandeliers, huge tables inlaid with precious marbles, vast plate glass mirrors, gildings, rich hangings—and above all the painted ceiling representing the long line of Spanish Kings, in the various picturesque costumes of the provinces. Here Spanish kings receive on state occasions and here, too, their bodies lie in state after death. The throne is of rich velvet, embroidered. Around it are grouped four great silver lions, with their heads turned away as if guarding the occupant. Four broad steps lead up to the throne from the polished floor of the room and the crimson covered footstool is in itself a work of art.

In this room have been gathered for ages curios and gems from Spanish possessions the world over, at a time when Spain was mistress of the world. And here in front of the throne hang chandeliers of rock crystal, which have for generations been the envy of other European rulers—New York Globe and Commercial Advertiser.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup



Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes: "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Sometimes when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold."

Price 75 Cents

THE MAGNIFICAT

The Story of a Pretty Mexican Custom.

When we returned from our walk I heard a subdued but restrained humming that seemed to come from within the house.

"What is that?" I asked.

"The family," answered Don Pancho, "has just finished reciting the Rosary and begun the Litany."

"Why did you not tell me that before? I would have greatly enjoyed joining in the devotions."

"I will ask you to join us, then, some other time—I am afraid we are too late now; so we will have supper," said my host.

During supper I was exceedingly delighted by the interesting conversation of Don Pancho, and even more by the good manners and behaviour of his children, who had evidently been well trained, and to whom, my dear reader, I shall take this opportunity to introduce you.

The oldest, named for his father, was a young man about eighteen years old; then came Lola and Lupe, two charming girls fourteen and sixteen years of age respectively; and, finally, a baby girl.

Supper over, Pepe and Luis kissing their parents' hands, requested their permission to go to bed, respectfully shaking my hand before doing so, and gracefully bidding me good-night. I shook hands as well with the baby, who was in Lupe's arms. Lola accompanied the boys to see them safely tucked into bed, and Don Pancho's wife, excusing herself, left us for a few moments.

After a while Don Pancho said to me: "Come with me, and, without being seen ourselves, we will watch the boys preparing for bed."

Parting the curtains that draped a glass door, I gazed upon a beautiful picture. Pepe, robed in a long, silk nightgown, was kneeling upon his knees, his hands reverently joined, saying his prayers. During his devotions he made the sign of the cross several times, and, finally, before lying down, kissed the picture of Our Lady that hung upon the wall.

On the other bed knelt Louis, and Lola was beside the little fellow reciting the prayers, which he repeated after her. At last she took his hand, and guided him in making the sign of the cross, then gave him the picture of the Blessed Virgin to kiss. When both boys were tucked under the covers, the mother entered the room. Stopping at Pepe's bed, she leaned over him, whispered something to him, made the sign of the cross on his forehead and kissed him. These movements were all repeated at the bed of Louis.

"What is she whispering?" I asked with interest.

"Come," said Pancho, "and while we are enjoying a cigar I will tell you a charming story about this practice which we learned from our mothers."

When we had seated ourselves comfortably, my host began his tale.

What my wife whispered to the children was the Magnificat, the song of Our Lady. You recall the story I told you about "La Calle de Olmedo"—now let me tell you the sequel to my tale. When I went to bed that night listening to the legend recounted to me by aunt, I could not sleep. I was so frightened by the relation. To shut out the frightful visions she had conjured up, I buried my head under the bed-clothes, grasping my head in my left hand, while I blessed myself time and again with my right. Suddenly I felt a gentle pull at the pillow that covered my face, and, thoroughly frightened, I closed my eyes and crushed the beads in my hand! A second passed, and then a soft hand crossed my forehead. Opening my eyes, I saw, not the hobgoblin I expected to see, but the smiling face of my mother. Kissing me, she said: "Be quiet, my child, you must go to sleep at once. It is too late for you to be awake." And whispering the Magnificat, she made the sign of the cross on my forehead.

Before leaving, she gave me her hand to kiss, but grasping it between my own, I clung to it and did not release it until sleep overcame me.

During the night no ghosts appeared to disturb my slumber, but in their stead there came two angels as white as the driven snow, who showed me the most beautiful scenery in paradise—doubtless they were my mother's guardians angels and my own.

On the following day, when I returned from school, after kissing my mother's hand—a universal custom, by the way, among Mexican children—I asked her indignantly: "Mamma,

CANADIAN PACIFIC COBALT DEVELOPMENT CO. LIMITED

THE ORE IS HERE

971 Acres of Rich Mining Lands in the Very Heart of Cobalt District—Immense Opportunities Await Wide-awake Investors—Remarkable Success of the First Issue of Treasury Stock at 12½ Cents a Share—Stock Will Positively Advance June 1st to 15 Cents a Share—Properties Strongly Endorsed by Reputable Mining Engineers.

971 ACRES OF MINING LANDS in the very heart of the richest Cobalt district. 27 claims in all. Surrounded by mining properties which have already made their owners and stockholders rich men. Not one of these noted properties offered as promising prospects as the lands of the CANADIAN PACIFIC COBALT DISCOVERY DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, LIMITED. Think of it, Mr. Investor, 971 acres, 27 properties, which have already been passed upon by the most trustworthy engineers in Cobalt, and who state upon their reputation as responsible mining engineers that "Every one of the 27 claims should prove valuable mining properties if systematically developed."

"As the Presence of Cobalt, Silver and Gold is Certain."

Treasury stock has been offered openly and publicly at 12½ cents a share for the past week. Results have demonstrated a larger number of shares sold in the same length of time than any other stock, large or small, ever offered on the Canadian market. This, at a time, too, when stocks have been quiet.

It emphatically demonstrates that the people, rich and middle classes, have the utmost confidence in this great mining proposition and realize its immense importance as a safe investment. Without the shadow of a doubt, fortunes are going to be made by those who are quick enough to buy stock at 12½ cents. Remember,

Only 500,000 Shares Treasury Stock is Offered at 12½c a Share, and You Should Buy Now.

The advance takes place June 1st to 15 cents a share. The low rate of shares gives the large buyer the chance to purchase and does not keep out the man of moderate means. It distributes the stock widely—which is best for all concerned.

Authorized Capital, \$3,500,000. Par Value of Shares \$1.00, Fully Paid and Non-Assessable.

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body of the old woman, but lying in a cradle filled with snow they found the baby safe and uninjured—the protection of Our Lady had saved him!"

"This is the story my mother told me," concluded Don Pancho. "and now, my dear Faustus, you know why Mexican mothers do not forget to bless their children before retiring, and to murmur the Magnificat."—Faustus, in Benziger's Magazine.

Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL. "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

Many Happy Returns.

Judge Edgell hurried into his house as usual at half-past six, threw off his coat, washed his hands and hastened into the dining-room. At the threshold he recoiled in surprise. A blaze of light dazzled him. The best silver and glass were laid out. Candles burned at the four corners of the table. Cut flowers filled the room with a fragrance that extinguished the usual smell of cooked food.

At the table his wife bloomed like a young girl. Her best gown of white voile trimmed with lace—her mother's wedding lace—showed her fine throat and arms. His little daughter sat with the self-conscious smile of party correctness, wearing blue ribbons on her "pigtail," and his son beamed behind a great deal of glistening shirt-front. His older daughter was busy giving a last touch to things on the sideboard. She was the most serious of all in her grave officiousness.

"Goodness! Well! Well! Who's coming? Have I forgotten a dinner engagement?" The Bryces aren't coming till next week."

"The week after next," corrected his daughter soberly.

"Then who? What? My, what a handsome spread!"

"Daddy," observed the youth in the white shirt, "I thought judges never got surprised at anything, and here you are like a minister at a slipper party."

"My son," said Mrs. Edgell, "you are not quite old enough to make comments of that sort on your parents. Charles," she said, turning to her husband with a cool but gentle smile, "you need not dress; this is not time. This is rather a special event, but I will not explain until dessert. Sit down, dear, and enjoy it with us."

Judge Edgell's training as a lawyer taught him not to ask futile questions of his wife. He sat down, ate one good thing after another, admired his wife, talked with his son

about football and school, and came completely out of the abstraction into which the lingering memory of cases in court sometimes plunged him during meals.

When angel-cake and colored ice-cream came in, the handsome lady across the table smiled and said: "Charles, Don Carlos,"—it was the name she had used playfully in their youthful courtship, and threw him back twenty-five years.—"Don Carlos, this is a birthday celebration."

"Oh, it isn't mine, mamma," came from the little girl. "I had two last winter."

"No, my dear, it is mamma's."

"Mamma's!" cried Judge Edgell. Then, as his son would have said, he "tumbled." Everybody, he certainly, had forgotten the dear lady's birthday. The self-contained if not venerable justice left his seat, strode round to his wife and kissed her heartily. The woman glowed. The elder daughter brushed away a tear. Seeing the tear, the small daughter began to cry. Mr. Edgell looked distressed, and his more manly son pootch-pootched at the fuss. "That's a nice way to end a good dinner!"

"My boy," quoth the father, "it's a good way to end a dinner which has in it a little repentance, and it is a good way to begin now for other dinners, about one a year. No, we won't wait a year. This one does not count. To-morrow night we'll have a real birthday celebration for mother, and she shall not have to superintend it. We'll have a caterer to do the job. It is a poor stick of a husband who makes his wife get up her own birthday celebration."—Youth's Companion.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

A Reporter's Error.

The daily paper is very often unconsciously funny when it gets to reporting anything connected with the Church. Recently one of Boston's enterprising sheets had the following:

"Rev. Joseph Rathner, by his presence of mind at the 7.30 Mass last Sunday in St. Francis's Church, Trenton, N.J., averted a panic by throwing a blazing sacristsy, set fire by a candle, out of the church before the flames spread."

Now, a sacristsy, according to the Standard Dictionary, is "a room attached to a church or religious house in which the sacred vessels and vestments are kept, and in which the clergy robe." Hence it will be seen that the reporter who saw the priest throw a "blazing sacristsy" out of the church must have been "seeing things at night."—Sacred Heart Review.

DOCTORS USING PATENT MEDICINES

The Honest Physician is Anxious to Cure and Uses the Best Available Remedies.

The proposed legislation through the Dominion Parliament for the regulation of the manufacture and sale of patent or proprietary medicines is of the utmost importance, and it is receiving a great deal of attention, not only by the proprietary medicine manufacturers, but also by the leading doctors and druggists. Every manufacturer of reliable and high class remedies welcomes the bill as a step in the right direction. The discussion has brought out the fact that the best physicians in Canada and on the continent approve of and prescribe Psychine in cases of the most difficult character. In a recent instance of a very serious throat and lung trouble the patient had been using Psychine. Two leading United States specialists were consulted, in addition to two eminent Canadian physicians. Upon learning what the patient was using, a sample of Psychine was taken and analyzed, with the result that the physicians advised its continuance. They prescribed no other medicine but Psychine, with the result that the patient has fully recovered and is a splendid walking and talking advertisement for the wonderful curative power of a remedy that will "stand up" before the keenest professional criticism and analysis. As a builder up of the system and restorer of all wasted conditions, Psychine has no equal, and the best and most earnest physicians recognize this fact.

"At the age of 25 my lungs were in a terrible state. I had a grippe the year before; it settled on my lungs and I kept steadily growing worse till I got down so low I was in bed for six weeks. I had a consultation of doctors, and they said they could do nothing more for me. Then I started to use Psychine. I took the medicine for more than a year. It certainly did wonders for me. I am low as strong as I was before my sickness."

MRS. E. HOPE, Norpeth, Ont.
Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is the greatest of tonics, building up the system, increasing the appetite, purifying the blood, aids digestion, and acts directly upon the throat and lungs, giving tone and vigor to the entire system. At all druggists, 50c and \$1, or Dr. T. A. Slooem, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

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