

## Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick

Retirement from Political Life.—Appointed Chief Justice of Canada.  
—Sketch of His Career.—A Strong Personality.

(By an Observer.)

On Saturday last Sir Wilfrid Laurier received the resignation of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick as Minister of Justice, and the Cabinet at its regular meeting appointed the hon. gentleman Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in succession to Sir Henri Elzéar Taschereau.

The newly appointed Chief Justice has been recognized for the better part of the past decade the foremost member of the legal profession in the Dominion. Whilst his loss to political life is felt and acknowledged on every hand, there is but one opinion regarding the high office he has just assumed, that the country could not have supplied any one more eminently qualified for the judicial duties belonging to the Chief Justiceship of the highest court of Canada.

The predecessors of the new Chief Justice have all accepted the honor of Knighthood. The title and the position are linked together by precedent. Although Chief Justice Fitzpatrick could have had this distinction years ago, it goes without saying that his personal desires, which are characteristically democratic, may not interrupt the custom of conferring upon the head of the chief Court of Appeal a distinction direct from the King that gives an added dignity to the office.

For the first time in the history of Confederation an Irish-Catholic holds this prestige. With the exception of Sir Elzéar Taschereau, the

most of the Supreme Court is final. The first session of the Supreme Court of Canada was held in 1876, although Chief Justice Richards had received his appointment in 1875. Sir W. B. Richards, who came from Ontario, served until January, 1879, when he was succeeded by Hon. W. J. Ritchie (New Brunswick), who was the first of the associate judges appointed in 1875. Chief Justice Ritchie gave place in 1892 to Hon. S. H. Strong, an Ontario appointee to the original tribunal; and Sir Elzéar Taschereau, who was a later appointee from Quebec (1878) became Chief Justice in 1902. Sir Elzéar Taschereau was the only one of the Chief Justices who received the honor of Knighthood previous to the date of his elevation.

Chief Justice Fitzpatrick, though not the youngest man who has occupied a place on the Bench of the Supreme Court, is, however, the youngest to reach the Chief Justiceship. There is not perhaps in the public eye another man whose advancement to the highest places in his profession in statesmanship and in popular confidence has been so rapid and splendid.

Except Sir Wilfrid Laurier, no other member of any of the Liberal Ministries since 1896 has received the same degree of public attention as this Irish Catholic who came into the Government from Quebec, but who almost instantly was hailed as the representative of his race and

indifferent wherever printed concerning him stood without gainsay. In two of the more recent pen-pictures presented of him in the opposition press he is spoken of as a man of unmistakable determination and method, whom no one cared to encounter in debate, because his only purpose was to knock his adversary down, and if he did not succeed with argument, his manner suggested his inclination to do the job with his fist; besides that, if once stubbornly opposed, he never forgave the enemy. The real man is totally unlike either of these flights of fancy.

Though he spoke with intense sympathy and earnestness on occasion, there was always a reserve of consideration and good humor which was most effective in discussion when suddenly revealed to some opponent who had caught the excitement of jousting with a giant. Very often when cross-fire on the floor of the House or in a Committee was getting hot, the air was cleared by a rapid flash of suavity or generosity at the end of a speech by the Minister of Justice. There is not the slightest doubt the Minister had his enemies. What Irish-Catholic holding his influential place in the Government and constantly enhancing it by his intellectual superiority in Council and Parliament could possibly escape envy and ill-willed opposition? But this can be said of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, that no enemy ever knew him to do any act

the mark to say that during the whole of that period no one else in the country held Charles Fitzpatrick's confidence except the Premier. About a year ago outside Mr. Fitzpatrick's family none except the doctor and Sir Wilfrid Laurier knew that the Minister of Justice was in such a state of health as to give cause for the gravest alarm. A strong will alone enabled him to pull through, unremittingly discharging the heavy labor of his Department and his place in the House of Commons.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick leaves political life at the age of fifty-three as poor as when he entered it at thirty-seven. He has ever been a man of generous but most unobtrusive charity. He was born at Quebec on Dec. 19, 1853, being the son of the late John Fitzpatrick, a Quebec lumber merchant, who was also the son of a merchant of the city of Waterford, Ireland. Young Charles Fitzpatrick was educated wholly in Catholic schools. He entered St. Ann's College as a lad and passed to the seminary, finishing in Laval University. His academic distinctions marked his earlier promise. He is a B.A., and B.C.L., and was called to the Bar in 1876, being made a Q.C. in 1893. He was called to the Ontario Bar in 1896 to enable him to plead certain important cases in that province, in which he was engaged.

Charles Fitzpatrick was Crown Prosecutor in Quebec district at different periods and his name became known throughout the Dominion as counsel for the defence in the celebrated trial of Louis Riel for high treason in 1885. He also defended the late Honore Mercier in the prosecutions by the Government following the fall of that able man's clouded administration. Another big case was that of Hon. Thomas McGreevy before the Standing Committee on Privileges and Elections of the House of Commons in 1891, in which Mr. Fitzpatrick was counsel. He represented the Dominion of Canada before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England in the notable case involving jurisdiction of federal and provincial authorities over the ownership of beds of rivers, lakes, harbors and fisheries. He visited England in June, 1898, as Canadian representative in the proposed arbitration between the Governments of Russia and the United Kingdom with reference to compensation for the seizure of Canadian sealing schooners.

Patriotic attachment is certainly one of Charles Fitzpatrick's strongest heart strings. He is a patriotic Canadian, a lover of Ireland and of the Irish race, and a stalwart local patriot, wherever the welfare of the city of his birth is concerned. In the wide or the restricted field patriotism to him means duty; and he would not reckon time or money devoted to the interests of Canada, of Ireland, or Quebec.

The writer heard a story once from a new member of the Press Gallery at Ottawa, who after the close of the session was taking a well-earned holiday with his young wife and found himself in Quebec. Walking the street on the day of his arrival, he saw the Minister of Justice striding along in his direction. He had never spoken to the Minister and was surprised to find himself recognized. After a few minutes' conversation in which the newspaper man conceded that he liked Quebec, the Minister went off; but at the hotel the reporter was informed that there was a carriage for himself and wife as long as they were staying in the city.

"Who ordered it?"  
"Mr. Fitzpatrick."  
The Minister of Justice was doing good by stealth for Quebec.

Charles Fitzpatrick's associations with Irish interests began in his boyhood. He was president of the Quebec branch of the Irish National League and Crown Prosecutor when William O'Brien visited the Ancient Capital upon a memorable occasion. Charles Fitzpatrick received the visitor and the reception disappointed only some ridiculous persons who could see no room for dignity or consistency in the arrangements. Mr. Fitzpatrick was named in 1896 by the Irishmen of Quebec as the delegate from their city to the Dublin Peace Convention of the Gaels. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick has by invitation addressed the Irish real-

dents of all the leading cities of the Dominion. But he has been the darling of a French speaking constituency all the time.

Last Sunday, after sixteen years of unbroken confidence, there were tears shed on both sides when the parting took place in Lorette. Mr. Fitzpatrick sat for Quebec County in the Legislature from 1890 to 1896, when, at the request of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he resigned and was elected to the House of Commons for the seat. He was appointed Solicitor General in 1896, and was sworn in Minister of Justice in 1902.

In the Justice Department he has realized the high public conception of what the office should be. Though in the conventional sense he is no respecter of persons, there was never a humble or poor petitioner who came to him to plead the cause of a husband, son or brother in prison but knew what true respect and courtesy meant. Often when official clemency could not be strained personal charity was kindly and generously proffered.

The Chief Justice has a large and happy family. His gracious and warm-hearted wife was Miss Corinne Caron, daughter of the late R. E. Caron, Q.C., Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec from 1873 to 1876.

### Funeral of Michael Davitt.

Dublin, June 2.—The love and respect in which Michael Davitt was held in Ireland, and the widespread sorrow at his death, were amply evidenced by the scenes in the streets in Dublin on Saturday morning, when the body of the "Father of the Land League" was removed from the Clarendon street chapel, where it had lain over night, to Broadstone Station, for conveyance to the peaceful country graveyard at Strade, County Mayo.

The business places closed their shutters, the shades were drawn down in the private houses and the streets were lined by enormous crowds of people, the men doffing their hats as the coffin, which was almost hidden by beautiful floral wreaths, was borne by. The funeral cortege included many Nationalist members of the House of Commons, and clergymen representatives of every religion and political creed. John Redmond, John Dillon and other members of the Irish Nationalist party, were among the mourners, who closely followed the hearse. While the procession stretched out to enormous proportions, another vast crowd awaited the arrival of the body at the station, and on all sides a feeling of the deepest sorrow was apparent among the people. Numbers of mourners joined the train conveying the body at Mullingar and Athlone. An enormous crowd awaited the arrival of the train at Fuxford, and a procession of vehicles nearly a mile long followed by a big gathering of persons drawn from miles around, started for Strade, the family burying place of the Davitts, five miles from Fuxford. The ceremony was most impressive. The old graveyard is near the ruins of one of the western abbeys, and the grave is under an ash tree, and with in sight of the birthplace of Mr. Davitt. A large body of peasantry was awaiting at the cemetery and many persons threw wreaths on the coffin when it was lowered into the grave.

### A Protestant Boy who Sang the Choir.

(Rev. R. W. Alexander, in the Missionary.)

Wherever there is a Sunday school and a train of altar boys, methinks, if they heard the following true story, some souls might be brought to the Master, and a little child would lead them!

About two years ago, when my choir boys were standing in the sacristy waiting for services to begin, I noticed for several Sunday evenings a little fellow about 12 years of age looking in the open door and wistfully and earnestly watching the train of red cassocks and white surplices that were ready to march into the sanctuary.

"Who is that boy?" I asked on the third Sunday evening.  
"Father, he's a Protestant. He is Charlie X—" I looked around, but Charlie had disappeared. However,

the next Sunday night he was there, and when I went towards him he stood his ground like a man.

His big blue eyes widened when I spoke pleasantly to him.

"Glad to see you, Charlie! Do you like to watch the choir boys?"

"Yes, sir," and an unspoken wish shone on his face. He was a bright, manly-looking lad, and I was pleased with his appearance.

After a moment, during which he never took his eyes from my face, he said:

"Could I be a choir boy?"

"But you don't believe in the Catholic Church, Charlie!"

"Won't you give me a chance, father?"

The words struck me particularly, and the lad's earnest face impressed me. I turned away to look up a spare cassock and surplice in the wardrobe, but the boy mistook my movement for a refusal, and was turning slowly and sadly away when I called him: "Yes, my boy, I will give you a chance; put these on." And I helped him.

No king robed in ermine could have been more grave, even reverent, than this boy when, fully equipped in cassock and surplice and hymn book in hand, he stood beside a companion in the middle of the lines.

"Now, do as the other boys do," I whispered, as the train started into the sanctuary. I watched him from the door. He was reverent and attentive, even surpassing his Catholic companions in respectful devotion and listening breathlessly to every word that fell from the lips of the priest who preached the sermon. Sunday nights we have sermons of a doctrinal nature followed by Benediction. Charlie never flagged in attention. Every Sunday evening he was there, and the boys never once referred to his being a Protestant, at least in my hearing.

One evening he lingered after the boys had said good night.

"Well, Charlie," I said, "tired of being a choir boy?"

How he looked at me!

"Oh, father! No, indeed; but, father, may I be a Catholic?"

I put my arm around him. I couldn't help it, the little face was so serious. "Certainly, my son, but your parents must be consulted and give consent."

"Why, father, I brought them to church every Sunday to see me in my choir clothes, and mother says she would be glad if I were good enough to be a Catholic."

I inquired his address, and I went to see his parents soon after this. I found they were unbaptized Protestants, and, of course, not one of the six children had ever been baptized.

I talked about Charlie and found both parents were not only willing to see Charlie instructed and baptized, but wished the same for themselves and the rest of the household.

The end is soon told.

I instructed the little apostle and his father and mother and baptized them and all the brothers and sisters, eight in all. He was soon confirmed and made his first Communion, and then encouraged and helped the rest. All are now fervent converts, and the little choir boy still is seen each Sunday in the sanctuary rejoicing in his new-found treasure of faith and lifting his innocent heart in prayer.

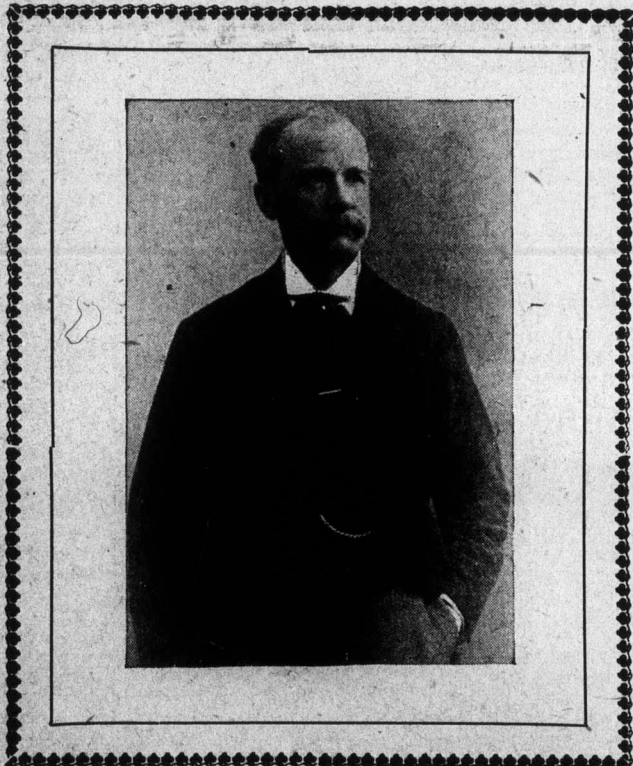
Who knows but some day he may stand on the altar steps and break the Bread of the Word to starving souls who are yearning for just such an apostle?

Friends of the mission work, pass on this true story. Perhaps somewhere there may be another father and mother who need "a little child to lead them."

In the Right Direction.

The trend of the Catholic press is toward something broader and deeper than the featuring of parish gleanings. A Catholic paper should take on something of the nature of the institution to which it is consecrating its powers. The events that loom up big on the Church's horizon the problems that are agitating men's souls, above all else the instruction and edification of its readers are the proper objects of a Catholic journal.—Catholic Transcript.

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HON. CHIEF JUSTICE FITZPATRICK.

past Chief Justices of the Supreme Court have been English-speaking Protestants. Because of the attention that will naturally be given by Irish Catholics to this matter, it may not be amiss to devote a few words to the Supreme Court and to the place it occupies in connection with the government and administration of the laws of this Dominion. The jurisdiction civil and criminal of this tribunal is, of course, appellate. In controverted election cases it also possesses appellate jurisdiction, and its powers cover the examination of any private bill or petition in election cases. Controversies between the Provinces of Confederation and between any of the provinces and the Dominion come within its jurisdiction; and since 1891 the Governor-in-Council may refer to the Supreme Court for an opinion upon any matter affecting the public interest. The only appeal is to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of England. In criminal cases, however, the Judge

electoral element. He came in as Solicitor-General and made his way to the Ministry of Justice after a brief interval. Distinguished and commanding in appearance, with that unmistakable personality which, in the common phrase, is called magnetic, Charles Fitzpatrick was always a sort of enigma to friends and opponents. The most likable of men, his manner was not devoid of a general suggestion of aloofness and reserve. A first impression of him, when seen either in the House or on a public occasion, was apt to be contradictory. The Fitzpatricks were princes in Munster, and there is a veritable dash of knightly bearing about this scion of a proud race. Some of his confidantes never knew how to take him. Many members of the House on his own side scarcely knew him. To the press he was a subject of extensive character-sketching, and because he never noticed anything said of him if it were unkind or malicious, the result was that everything good or

or speak any word for enmity's sake. Nor did he purposely ignore the enemies he made. He simply possessed the faculty or mental discipline that allowed him to forget them without bitter thought. If they came in his way they never could complain of any special want of courtesy. It is not our intention to intrude upon the private side of a living man's character. Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick from his boyhood is correctly known as a strictly living Catholic. The influence of his rigid personal habits upon his public life could not, of course, help making itself felt to some extent. In public life he was not only the great lawyer, but much of the soldier and Christian also. Indeed a combination of all three high characteristics must be present in the character of a statesman, who should be at once strong in intellect, courage and faith. It was Sir Wilfrid Laurier who, some sixteen years ago, personally induced Charles Fitzpatrick to take up politics, and it would be within

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Whether it is the home of the multi-millionaire or that of the humblest clerk in his employ, the amount of money to be spent on running the house should be carefully thought out and systematized.

dress on the bed, and ironed it in this way, making it look quite presentable.

DO NOT IRON EMBROIDERY.

I wonder how many girls know that embroidery should never be ironed? Well, it should not.

FOR GARDEN LOVERS.

Early plants of marigold flower in pots before replanting and never stop until frost.

TO LAUNDRY SUMMER DRESSES

White and figured organdies can be washed successfully through bran-water without using soap or starch. The bran-water is prepared by boiling two quarts of wheat bran in two gallons of water for half an hour, and then straining through a coarse cloth into enough cold water to wash one dress.

Annual phlox is the best dwarf plant for general purposes. It self-sows. It is a good pot plant.

MILBURN'S

LAXA LIVER PILLS, CURE CONSTIPATION, CURE BILIOUSNESS, CLEAN COATED TONGUE

Here is a hint for sojourners at summer hotels. A resourceful woman ironed her gowns with a hot water bag.

FANCY WORK OF IRISH WOMEN.

In recent years, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, the Irish women have been turning their attention largely to fancy work in the way of lace handkerchiefs, crocheting, knitting and other home work, selling their products to the many societies which in recent years have been organized to dispose of these native Irish products in England and the United States.

Nearly every large passenger vessel that touches at Queenstown allows these witty Irish women to come aboard with great baskets of their homemade wares to sell.

TIMELY HINTS.

A little borax in the last rinsing water will make handkerchiefs easier to iron and look better when done.

Finger marks on doors look very unsightly, but they may easily be removed with a little borax and water.

A saucepan in which rice, oatmeal or anything sticky has been cooked may be very easily cleaned by putting in a cupful of ashes when you take it off the fire and then fill with water.

A person who purchased an old, long-vacant house was dismayed to find the windows so spattered with hardened paint that it was almost impossible to clean them.

Pumice should never be used on the hands. A bit of lemon will answer its purpose without making the fingers rough and calloused.

RECIPES.

Fruit Salad.—An attractive salad is made of oranges and white grapes. Slice the oranges and press a candied cherry into the centre of each slice.

Tomato Surprise.—Cut in halves round, firm tomatoes, without peeling them. Scoop out the inside smoothly, filling with small dice of cooked celery, dry, cold, and well salted, mixed with mayonnaise.

Pineapple Salad.—Among fruit salads there is a wide variety of new combinations. This pineapple affair makes a dish attractive to the eye and warranted to stimulate the appetite on the warmest, most wearing summer day.

Molded Fruit Salad.—Fill a circle mold with bits of white grapes, grapefruit pulp, pineapple and blanched English walnuts. Fill the mold with a tart lemon jelly.

Orange Salad.—An orange salad can be prepared easily by cutting fine seedless fruit into thick slices, only three or four to an orange, and lay on a plate of white lettuce with a spoonful of thick mayonnaise on the slice.

Strawberry Jelly Salad.—Cut very fine, large berries into halves and fill small molds with them. Make a plain orange jelly, being careful to have it tart rather than sweet, and fill the molds. Turn out on lettuce and serve with a mayonnaise made with whipped cream.

FUNNY SAYINGS

THE REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, OF Boston, told this story at a recent banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

"What do you sell these for?" enquired the woman, wondering if the proprietor would dare call them chickens. "We usually sell them for profits, Marm," was the tart response.

WHERE JOY TRESPASSED ON SORROW.

Hans is a German resident of Eastern Pennsylvania. Recently losing his wife by death, his grief and loneliness knew no bounds.

His friends, according to the custom of the community, surprised him by a rousing calthumpian serenade.

"Tommy, did you give your brother the best part of the apple as I told you to?" Tommy—"Yessum; I gave him the seeds. He can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."

SO GENEROUS.

Little three-year-old Norma had been unusually lively at the breakfast table one morning during grace, and her mother said, "Norma, I shall spank you."

SHE WAS SAFE.

"Madam," said a nervous passenger to the mother of a howling imp in the express train, "is there anything any of us can do to pacify your little boy?"

MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

"Oh, thank you, yes," said the mother of the spoiled child. "You see, the dear little pet just wants to throw his jam tart at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Please to stand where you are. Now, stop crying, darling. This kind gentleman wants to play with you."

The Results of Weak Blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

In the spring the blood is lacking in the red corpuscles wherein is found the life-giving principles which put snap and energy into the system—making the body active and the mind alert.

These ingredients are so combined in this great restorative as to act mildly and gently on the system, instilling new vigor and vitality into the blood and nerves through these mediums reaching with a beneficial influence every vital organ of the body.

Mrs. Riddle, Davidson street, Galt, Ont., states: "One of my children was pale, weak and sickly. The least excitement or exertion seemed to affect her nerves and at times she complained of very severe headaches."

THE POET'S CORNER

TIME AND THE CHILDREN.

Where they play among the grasses, If perchance a dark cloud passes O'er their places.

Through the lilacs straying, playing, What the children hear them saying, All the aches

Time! The days are short for reaping Mirth, but ah! so long for weeping! And the wreath

Life. Is it so small a thing To have enjoyed the sun, To have lived light in the spring,

PLANTING SWEET PEAS. These generally prove most satisfactory when planted as early in the spring as possible.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets is not for babies only. It is a medicine for children of all ages.

YESTERDAY.

Ship of to-day, I watch you sail Across the lessening hours to me! What storm can those brave wings assail?

Little arms, so tightly clasped "Round my neck at dead of night, When some unexpected sound Wakes my darling in affright,

Little arms whose tender touch Dearer grow from year to year, As to mother's love you turn,

LOST OPPORTUNITY. "There is a nest of thrushes in the glen; When we come back we'll see the glad, young things,"

We do not pass the self-same way again, Or, passing by that way, nothing we find

Dear Aunt Becky: It is so long since I have to you I think I will write my letter with Edna's.

Dear Aunt Becky: Will you let another letter in? My papa takes the news, and I love to read in the Corner.

Such a lot of nice letters were last week. How so are to hear of Winnifred, and hope she will soon be home, for it must be here to be in bed all day!

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I must thank Stella M. for kind invitation to visit with her. I really must say I do not envy her and her brother Vincent their work of destroying the caterpillars' nests.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is so long since I have written to you I think I will write and send my letter with Edna's. Edna has written once before since poor mother died, so you will know why I have not written.

WINIFRED M. Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you let another little cousin in? My papa takes the True Witness, and I love to read the letters in the Corner. I live in P. E. I., on the bank of a lovely river. I just wish you could come to visit us in the summer.

Your loving nephew, STEPHEN H. P. E. I., May 28.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Such a lot of nice letters as there were last week. How sorry we all are to hear of Winifred's illness, and hope she will soon be able to go home, for it must be tiresome for her to be in bed all day.

M. EDNA M. Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I would be very glad to have you come and visit us all. I am going to try for the third book in vacation if I can. Vincent and I are busy those evenings burning caterpillars' nests out of the trees.

Your loving niece, STELLA M. Lonsdale, May 28.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I was not busy I thought I would tell you the news of this week. I was away visiting last Sunday and had a lovely time. We had five miles to go and did not start until the afternoon.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, June 1.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so happy to see the nice little letter you wrote me that I will try again. Yes, I will remember—no more blots. No I would not hurt the squirrel, only try to tame it and have it.

Your nephew, JOSEPH. Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was glad to see so many letters in the corner last week, but was sorry to hear of Winifred being in the hospital, but I hope she will soon be able to run around like all the rest of her cousins.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Ont.

A GARDEN SONG.

Oh, ho! Little knight of the big straw hat! Now, how does your garden fare, With peas and beans and turnips and corn

Now sing of the shovel and sing of the rake, And sing of the trusty hoe!

Oh, fie! little man, don't dig them all up— Just give them a chance to sprout!

Then sing of the shovel and sing of the rake, And sing of the trusty hoe!

HERBERT'S CAMPING.

"It's too mean for anything," wailed Herbert, in spite of his seven years. "They might take me along just as well as not."

"What would I do without my little man?" asked mamma, but Herbert refused to be consoled.

Herbert was so delighted that mamma had to say yes, and hurry to make a big bundle of clothes up for her small son.

Somehow mamma didn't cry as hard as he expected her to do, but the fun of rumbling along in a big farm wagon made Herbert forget everything else.

"I like my potatoes mashed," stammered Herbert, "and I never eat fat meat."

"He's as sleepy as he can be," said an older boy, looking with pity at the tired little figure.

"Come back, Carlo!" shouted the boys, for they did not wish to see the cunning thing caught.

"What's the matter?" she chirped. "I hid a nut in the ground somewhere about here," said Bunny.

"I hid a nut in the ground somewhere about here," said Bunny. "Then I had to run because of those great boys and dogs."

"O, never mind that," said Mrs. Robin. "It'll grow and make a tree. This is Arbor Day. Everybody is planting trees, and now you've planted one."

"Why, your great-great-grandchildren will have thousands of nuts off the tree you planted," said Mrs. Robin.

for mamma, and wheel the baby in her cab up and down the walk, but there was no grocery here, nor babies to take care of.

"Hello! Anybody at home?" called a familiar voice, and there in the dusk were papa and mamma with old Dobbin and the buggy.

"I thought maybe you came after me," said Herbert, with a sigh, throwing his arms around mamma's neck.

"Well, there's such a lot of you boys, and mamma has only one. Get up, Dobbin!"

All the children and all their parents had gathered at the schoolhouse.

The fence touched the back of the schoolhouse. From it he ventured to climb up on the corner of the house, and then along the ridge-pole of the roof.

He watched and listened. There was a great deal of planting and talking. He did not know what it was all about.

Nothing was to be found except nutshells and a few crumbs of bread and cake. As he sat mournfully fanning himself with his tail, a robin came and perched on one of the newly planted trees.

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A. L. WISNER & CO., Inc., Bankers OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY, Manager for Canada 61-62 Confederation Life Building, Toronto. "I—'pose so," said Bunny, as with a "chip, chip, chip," Mrs. Robin flew away.—Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Boils, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.



### Shamrocks the Victors.

Once again the hearts of the supporters of the Irish Catholic team were delighted at the success of their favorites on Saturday. Their victory, too, was one well worth rejoicing over, for they defeated the Tecumsehs, the pride of the West, and avenged the check received in the exhibition match at Toronto on the preceding Saturday.

Another reason for congratulation exists in the manner in which the victory was achieved. The penalty list is one of the smallest on record for teams of the calibre of those which met on Saturday, and this despite the fact that the referee, Mr. William Bramley, is considered quite strict, while his assistant, "Bob" Taylor, of the Montreal Club, is a keen player himself, and one who would not be likely to miss any work which was against the rules.

Tecumsehs started in after the manner of the Western teams, with a great burst of speed, and they looked dangerous for a time. Some of the supporters of our team felt a little nervous at the opening of the first quarter, but before the quarter had finished it was clear that the men wearing green were

quickly transferred his shot over the goaler's right shoulder was a marvel in coolness and strategy.

The same Clarke, however, proved a redoubtable adversary, and with less strong and determined players than those on the Shamrock home, it would have been exceedingly difficult to negotiate many games, but even he and Graydon, and Davidson, and the other sterling players composing the visitors' defence had, to succumb to the combined attacks of the Brennans, Hoobin and Hogan, who were irresistible.

Hoobin, however, was unfortunate. Early in the second quarter he fell and his sore knee went back on him. After a rubbing by Trainer Tom Moore, he was able to go on again, and for a while played as in the good old days, carrying the ball right in and missing a score by a matter of inches. In the third quarter he was again unfortunate, and in running into Graydon, again went down, this time for good, so far as the match was concerned. The whistle blew, but the players kept on and Durkin scored, but the game did not count, as some of the Shamrock defence were aware of the signal. In the second quarter Tecumsehs attacked again and again, but all they could do was to circle around the Shamrock goal, and

and again, but without the desired result. At last, however, his efforts were rewarded and a quick shot did the trick, making the score four to one in favor of the champions.

In the fourth quarter the Shamrocks attacked with greater pertinacity than ever, and while the Tecumsehs had our old friend Querrie, who is as strong and quick a player as ever, and Felker, the centre man, who, though young, is a most promising player, three Shamrock home men, the Brennans and Hogan, succeeded in sending in two games more, making the score a sure thing.

O'Reilly had been growing weaker, and during this quarter he went into the goal, giving Kavanagh a chance to run out as in days of yore. Towards the end of the quarter, the Tecumsehs, driven to desperation, made a splendid attack. O'Reilly was not equal to the occasion, and Adamson scored, while a minute later Felker, who was now playing like mad, repeated the operation, making the score six to three, and there it stayed.

Mr. L. A. Rivet, M.P. for Hochelaga, faced the ball at the outset, and afterwards was photographed with the boys, along with Ald. Tom O'Connell, Mr. H. J. McLaughlin,

Then the guesser points with his wand, and the player at whom he points must advance and catch hold of its other end.

The guesser then imitates the sound of some bird or animal, and the player holding the other end of the wand must make the same sound, trying to disguise his or her voice so as not to be identified. The guesser may make three trials of this kind, and if not successful in telling who the player is he may touch him with the end of his wand here and there, but the player may crouch or stand on tiptoe to deceive the guesser as to his height.

If the guesser calls the right name the player takes his place in the circle and the game begins again with the new guesser. If he fails to guess the name the game goes on until he succeeds.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children, and should be expelled from the system.

### The Holy Father's Love For First Communicants.

Our Holy Father is anxious to render first communion more impressive in the life of Catholic children. He has prescribed that in Rome the first communion is to be received in the parish church, and is to be preceded by a special instruction lasting some thirty or forty days, and by a retreat of several days. But the impressiveness of the occasion is not to be confined to Rome. Pius X. has granted throughout the universal Church a plenary indulgence to the first communicants and to their blood relations down to the third degree inclusively, provided they join the children in the reception of the sacraments and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father.—Sacred Heart Messenger.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

### The New General of the Jesuits.

In well-informed circles in Rome it is stated that the election of the new General of the Jesuits will take place in Rome. This superior is nominated by a general congregation which includes all the Provincials and, for each Province, two professed members of the Order who have taken the four vows, chosen by the Provincial Congregation. The election takes place after a week's retreat, during which the electors live on bread and water. An absolute majority decides the election, and the priest elected must accept the Generalship. Elected for life, the General has absolute powers. He names a general secretary, who is assisted by under-secretaries.

### BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF

### St. Michael's Parish, Montreal.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1002 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

(All contributions acknowledged.)



THE SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB, COMMITTEE AND GUESTS.

still the masters of the situation, and fully capable of trimming their doughty opponents.

It is no disrespect to the Tecumsehs to say that the first quarter was largely a contest of mind against matter. The visitors were in better condition; they had weight and youth in their favor, and they were determined to obtain a lead at the very start. The Shamrock organization realized that at the very outset, and determined to take advantage of these things to equal the chances. Currie spared himself, as did Robinson in the field, and the game was largely an affair of both ends, now at the Shamrock poles with big Jim Kavanagh stopping everything that came his way, and occasionally taking a little excursion to keep himself from growing stiff. In fact, the Shamrocks just worked enough to thaw out and prepare for the second quarter, while the visitors' red shirts were flying in all directions with the result that the wearers at the end of the first quarter were fairly worn.

Then the Shamrock home, too, saved themselves in that first quarter. They took no chances, but shot steadily, whenever the ball came their way, trying out their opponents, taking each man's measure for the real struggle, which they had decided was to come at a later stage. The cool and deliberate manner in which John Brennan picked his way, rolling the ball ahead of him for a moment, while looking for the best place to put the sphere, and "Plucky" Hogan's cool move, when, after a feint which caused Clarke, the Tecumseh goaler, to reach down towards the right, while Flock

shoot from away out. Kavanagh took care of what came his way, while Howard, Kenny, and even Relly, who had a lame back, were careful to keep their antagonists far enough out to make their shots ineffective. It was inspiring to see the manner in which the green-shirted men gradually shoved their heavier opponents a few feet farther from the poles each time a new attack came in.

There was genuine regret among the supporters of our boys at the absence of Harry Smith, who in years gone by did such splendid, unselfish and effective service for the team. Robinson was there, however, and his rest of last season seems to have improved him, for he was faster than ever, and fully as heady and tricky. Johnnie Currie, well, he was the old Johnnie—never tiring, and even when Fitcher hit him on the head, almost putting him out of business, he merely turned around a couple of times, and started off after the ball as if nothing had happened. The same Pitcher was the man who suffered most in penalties. Whether he is too hot-headed to take his checks like the other players, or received more than his share of the punishment inevitable in a game between giants of the field, he did poor service to his team by having himself ruled off no less than three times. The other penalties were of the usual kind.

In the third quarter, O'Reilly went to point, and tired a great deal. The rest of the team played the harder to make up for him. Spike Hennessey was in great trim, and his runs contributed not a little to the result. Hogan ran in on Clarke again

Mr. William Hinphy, Mr. P. J. Kavanagh and other directors. Messrs. A. Dubeau, M.P. for Joliette, and E. Lapointe, M.P. for Kamouraska, were, with Mr. Rivet, the guests of the Shamrock Club, and expressed their admiration of the splendid work of the team.

A decided improvement has been made about the grounds this year. Paint has been applied to brighten things up. A new press stand has been built opposite the grand stand, and when the gong and officials are moved over to that side of the field and a fence finished about the press stand to keep the kids from climbing over the scribes, the Shamrock field will be about as comfortable for ordinary spectators and the reporters of the game as it could be possible to find. As usual, the officials of the club were on hand, and showed the greatest courtesy to all.

The Tecumsehs were so well pleased with their treatment, even though they suffered defeat, that they proposed an exhibition match in Toronto for next Saturday, and their proposal was accepted.

Before the senior match, the intermediates achieved a victory over the Sherbrooke team, which had the redoubtable L'Heureux, formerly of Nationals, in goals. Of the seven goals scored, five were put in by Roberts, while J. Hennessy and T. Currie emulated their big brothers of the seniors by scoring one apiece. The youngsters are a promising lot, and the supporters of the Shamrocks need have no uneasiness about securing the material to supply the places of those of the senior team who may drop out during this or coming seasons.

### SHE WON HER UNCLE.

Uncle Harry was a bachelor, and not fond of babies. Even winsome four-year-old Helen failed to win his heart. Every one made too much fuss over the youngster, Uncle Harry declared.

One day Helen's mother was called downstairs and with fear and trembling asked Uncle Harry, who was stretched out on a sofa, if he would keep his eyes on Helen. Uncle Harry granted "Yes," but never stirred from his position—in truth his eyes were tight shut.

By-and-by wee Helen tiptoed over to the sofa and leaning over Uncle

### Harry softly inquired:

"Peepy?"  
"No," growled Uncle Harry.  
"Tired?" ventured Helen.  
"No," said her uncle.  
"Sick?" further inquired Helen, with real sympathy in her voice.  
"No," still insisted Uncle Harry.  
"Dus feel bum, hey?"  
And that won the uncle!

### Happy is that Man who Walketh in Shoes that Contain "Foot Elm."

Foot Elm satisfies feet that yearn for comfort.

### GUESSING.

A party of boys and girls may have a good deal of fun in playing this game. The first thing is to select one of their number as the "guesser," and then blindfold him and give him a walking stick to serve as a wand.

The other players now form a circle around him, and some one at the piano strikes up the air of some familiar song. Then the players, holding each other's hands, begin to march or dance around the guesser, all singing the song.

Suddenly the piano stops, and all the players in the circle stop singing and stand perfectly silent and still.

## COLONIAL HOUSE Phillips Square

# Great Annual June Sale.

10 p. c. Discount For Cash

In addition to liberal discounts on specials in every department.

## MANTLE DEPARTMENT

100 Ladies' Silk Moirette Black, Colored Underskirts, value \$4.00 to \$7.50. Prices \$1.50 to 2.50.

Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Jackets, special \$1.50 to \$3.00.

### COLORED DRESS GOODS.

Centre Tables contain choice assorted lots, 33 1-3 off.  
32 pieces Vigoreaux Serge, 46 in. wide, all fine shades, regular 75c value, 33 1-3 per cent off.  
75 pieces All-Wool Fancy Cream Canvas, to clear at 35c per yd.

### CORSETS.

P.D. Corsets, \$1.25, for 63c.  
P.D. Corsets, \$1.60, for 80c.  
P.D. Corsets, \$2.00, for \$1.00.  
P.D. Corsets, \$3.75, for \$1.88.  
P.D. Corsets, \$4.00, for \$2.00.  
P.D. Corsets, \$4.50, for \$2.25.  
P.D. Corsets, \$6.00, for \$3.00.  
ALSO.

Liberal discounts on all our regular stock of CORSETS,

consisting of the latest styles now being worn, viz.:  
P.D. Corsets, R. and G. Corsets, A. La Spirit Corsets, Ferris Waists, Equipoise Waists, Bustles, Dress Forms, etc., etc.

### CHINA DEPT. 2nd Floor Gallery. Special Offer

25-97 pieces Dinner Sets, English Semi-Porcelain, Limoges decorations, regular \$15.00, for \$10.50.

15-112 pieces Dinner Sets, latest shapes and designs, regular \$22.50, for \$17.50.

300 Doulton Jugs, regular \$1.00 to \$2.00, for 50c.

### OPTICAL DEPT.

Opera Glasses and Field Glasses special lines, less 20 per cent.  
Telescopes, less 25 per cent.  
Stereoscopes and Views, less 10 per cent.  
Entire stock of Lognettes, less 20 per cent.  
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Magic Lanterns and Microscopes, less 25 per cent.

### PYROGRAPHIC DEPT.

Entire stock of White Wood, less 25 per cent.  
Special tables half price.  
Pyro Outfits, less 10 per cent.  
Special orders taken at low prices.

### STATIONERY DEPT.

5 Quires of the best Cambric Linen for 35c.  
Also 125 Cambric Linen Envelopes for 35c.  
200 only Boxes of Envelopes and Note Paper. Regular prices, 45c to \$1.00, for 25c.  
Special Discount of 20 per cent off on all our fine line of Leather Bags, etc.  
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SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

"Indeed, I know the creature," said Peter gruffly, "and so do you, Frances. That Mrs. Merrion, a bold—"

"O Mr. Carter!" Frances broke in with a gesture. "All right, if you'll have it so; but I know her."

"You have but one instance," said Frances, "and exceptions only prove the rule."

"There's a tendency among females," Peter went on, "to make matrimony the end of life. That was another idea in the novel."

lighter complexion of the poet did not make the likeness striking or impressive, but on acquaintance it increased forcibly, and the invariable question was, Are they brothers or relatives? When Florian saw for the first time the features of his supposed father, the prince in the count's portraits, he was struck by the remarkable likeness to Paul Rossiter.

"But you have the soul of the prince in your face," said the count shrewdly, "which he has not."

"I do not," said Frances, "and I cannot see why it should be so, unless in a community where marriage is the crown of a woman's life. If marriage is to be so regarded, then the conditions of her existence must be changed."

"Just so," said Florian; "and she must be permitted to do half the wooing in order to prevent unhappy and unnecessary blunders."



A Result Of La Grippe.

About three years ago my mother had the grippe, which left her body and mind in a weakened condition. At first she complained of sleeplessness, which developed into a state of melancholia, then she could not sleep at all.

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new in this country to be played safely, although if any one could do it cunningly you are that one. No, my Nicholas, you must be more careful of your master's character. He relies on you chiefly. There must be no blood cast on his honorable name."

"There are ways of killing without shedding blood," said Nicholas—"without steel or rope—if I might try."

The count pretended not to hear him and went off into an inner room, while with an evil smile the man departed to execute his mission. He was very well fitted to perform the task of ferreting out Paul's antecedents, and still better adapted for such delicate work as assassination;

husband as Merrion. He can support with equanimity the rival attentions of a court and a Congressman."

"What a face you put on those matters!" said Florian in displeasure. "It is not in America as in France. Here there are no lovers of married women, only admirers."

"You have no sincerity," said Florian, "and she is beyond you."

"I have sincere admiration and esteem, and I am a sincere count. Is not that enough for you. Au revoir. When you can come to the little games of chance let me know; and there is a great regret in my heart that you will not let me introduce you to some lady friends of mine."

"Nonsense!" Florian said airily. "I have too much to do now, and I shall not add any acquaintances to my long list."

"Once more au revoir. You will soon come to your senses. Life is a bed of flowers and we are the bees. What shall the bees do but sip the sweets? Eat, drink, and be merry."

He went out while he was reciting his favorite maxim of human philosophy with a smiling face and a gay air, and betook himself to his favorite haunts of pleasure. Going through the hall, Frances happened to meet him, and he bowed as he stood aside to let her pass, thinking, with sudden interest, that the young woman had a very beautiful face.

"And of course she is in love with Florian," he said; "they all are. Lucky man! And he does not know how to value his own luck, or how to use it."

The face haunted him somewhat, as a fresh and innocent face is apt to haunt men of his kind, and he carried back to his rooms a determination to know more of Frances. The gentleman whose peculiar features had already caused so much disturbance in many places was waiting for him, and began to speak in a slow, sullen, dull way before greeting him. The conversation was in Russian.

SURPRISE SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'The name "SURPRISE" stands for Pure, Hard, Solid Soap. The best value in Laundry Soap.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

Business matters began of a sudden to go very poorly with Paul. From the night on which his first comedy had been presented in the boarding-house parlors he had met with fair success in the dramatic world, but at that time fair success meant only steady employment for one or two or three theatres at the rate of twenty dollars a week during the season.

"They seem to like it to-night," she said, "and I can make the new manner as taking as the old. It is a more womanly manner, and such as your mother and sisters practiced, I believe."

"He could not deny that, and cast about for another argument. 'In a short time I shall have need to consult you about my entrance into the church,' she went on. 'I would have mentioned it to the count but that he is not a very good Catholic. I shall take him for my sponsor, perhaps, so that he may not utterly despair, and then, having a sort of responsibility concerning my spiritual welfare—'

"Oh!" said Florian, when she finished the sentence with an arch smile, "there is a glimpse of the good time when you were not spiritual. Do not lose it altogether."

"What advice from a Catholic," she cried with spirit. "It is shameful, as my conduct was before all the world."

"And you mean to do penance now?"

"Perhaps; but you shall advise me. And tell me, how does your suit progress with Miss Lynch? Are you following where your heart leads?"

Overcome by a great and sudden wave of feeling, which seemed to be a compound of regret and longing, he answered tremblingly:

"No, I am not following where my heart leads; but we shall soon be married, I trust, when I have asked her."

Business matters began of a sudden to go very poorly with Paul. From the night on which his first comedy had been presented in the boarding-house parlors he had met with fair success in the dramatic world, but at that time fair success meant only steady employment for one or two or three theatres at the rate of twenty dollars a week during the season.

He had lately finished a drama after the old fashion which popular taste demanded. For some weeks before he brought it to the manager, that gentleman had been hinting obscurely at a coming change in the character of the plays produced at his theatre, but he had talked of such a change so often that Paul paid no attention to him.

"It will never do, Mr. Rossiter," said he, tossing the manuscript back to him. "The new system requires an entirely different style of play—less of fancy; more of poetry. It will never do, as you can easily understand."

Then your talk of change meant something," said the poet, aghast at this rude blow of fortune.

"Well, when a man talks," said the manager stiffly. "I suppose he talks to a purpose."

"Except managers," said Paul, with indignation. "Don't attempt the professional rigmarole with me, Aubrey. Why didn't you let me know at the beginning what kind of a play you needed. I could have written it as easily as this."

"I did let you know many times, and you just admitted I did."

"See here—" began the angry poet, and then he stopped, for a sudden suspicion flashed on his mind.

"Your tones—" began the manager frigidly.

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints take Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Includes illustration of the product box and text: 'Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction.'

How to Build a Warm Home. Includes illustration of a house and text: 'Wooden frame work, covered with METAL SHEETS of imitation stone or brick, make a house that is warmer in winter and cooler in summer, than stone or brick. With metal walls, ceilings and shingles—the house will be damp-proof and fire-proof—and far cheaper in the end than any other building material.'

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