

# Would any man or woman in this city refuse to give some small help to a little orphan child who has neither father or mother to provide for him? NOT ONE.

On Sunday next the unselfish Sisters of Belvidere Orphanage are asking the Catholic people of St. John's to help a little in the upkeep of

## 140 FATHERLESS INNOCENTS,

who must have food to eat and clothes to wear --- the bare necessities of life. But a few close friends of the Institution who know of the reticence of those good ladies and their dislike of publicity, have jointly arranged to extend this appeal to

### All Charitably Disposed Citizens

no matter what class or creed, who would deem it a pleasure to do something for those helpless little orphans!

Could any father or mother, remembering the sheltering care given to their own dear ones, refuse to give an extra dollar to the upkeep of these little ones?

If he who "gives to the poor, lends to the Lord," won't you fathers and mothers who love your own dear little tots, please remember kindly the BELVIDERE ORPHANS on Sunday next.

### Please Give Them All That You Can Spare!

THE PRAYERS OF LISPING LITTLE LIPS WILL BE YOUR REWARD

"FRIENDS OF BELVIDERE ORPHANS," P.O. Box 263

#### Haydn and His Misadventures in Love

(John O' London's Weekly.)  
 "Haydn," says Pohl, "was the first to assume absolute control in that realm of love which finds expression through musical instruments alone." But although love was the great inspiration of his art, and although he yearned for it as the crown of his life's happiness, it always either eluded him or brought in its train disillusion and disappointment.  
**"More Thrashings Than Food."**  
 And yet few men have ever been better equipped to win and deserve love. It is true that he was "under-sized, with legs too short for his body." But with this physical drawback he had a handsome face, framed in his inevitable wig, "with side-curls and pigtails"—a face of great sweetness and refinement; with a broad, high brow, large and eloquent eyes; a well-moulded, aquiline nose; and beautifully shaped lips with a merry, mischievous dimple at each corner. He had, too, a manner of singular charm, a clever tongue tuned to the speech that women love, and an infectious gaiety.  
 "Born," to quote his own words,

"on the last day of March, 1732, in the market-town of Rohrau, in Lower Austria," the son of an illustrious wheelwright with "a spark of musical genius slumbering in his soul." Haydn began his life-struggle before he had seen his sixth birthday, when he was sent to Hamburg, to be trained in music by his relative, Johann Frankh, who gave the child "more thrashings than food."  
**The Hairdresser's Daughter.**  
 Then followed years of hard work, made bitter by cruelty and semi-starvation.  
 Haydn carried an untouched heart to his twenty-seventh year through "innumerable mild flirtations," and then found himself helplessly and hopelessly in love with one of his pupils, daughter of a hairdresser named Keller, who, it is said, had given him a home in the days of his destitution. "She was," we are told, "a girl of no little beauty, with a very sweet, lovable nature; but she had no love to give to the young musician. Her heart and life was dedicated to the Church, and she chose the convent, not the altar."  
 The blow to Haydn was crushing. It is doubtful, indeed whether he ever fully recovered from it. In his grief and bitterness he vowed that he would never love again. And when the hairdresser proposed that he should marry his other daughter, he acquiesced, partly in despair and utter indifference, partly from a "sense of gratitude to his benefactor, who had fallen on evil days."  
 Haydn married Maria Anna Keller

in 1760. The marriage was the prelude to one of the most miserable wedded lives on record. "The lady's caprices," Carpani says, "changed the bond to chains, the pleasure to torment; and the affair went so ill that, after suffering many years, this modern Socrates finally separated from his Xanthippe."  
**A Tragic Failure.**  
 Seldom, indeed, has a union been so foredoomed to tragic failure as this between the heart-broken musician and his shrewish bride. She was older than himself, and plain almost to repulsiveness; she was without a solitary grace of mind or character; "a demon of jealousy, bigoted and extravagant." Her volcanic temper and vitriolic tongue drove her husband to distraction; her outspoken contempt of his gifts was a daily humiliation and insult.  
 "It was all the same to her," Haydn declared, "whether I was an artist or a cobbler." His compositions she would use, one day, for curio-papers; the next, she would give them away to her cronies, the priests. For thirty-two years Haydn's life was made an inferno by this virago.  
**Always Trouble.**  
 Soon after his ill-fated marriage we find Haydn blossoming into vice-chapel-master to Prince Esterhazy, attired in the splendour of light-blue and silver, with knee breeches, and peated and fussed by the ladies. But love never brought anything but trouble to the unhappy Haydn. For a time he lost both head and heart

to the lovely Boselli, one of the great singers of his day. He lavished affection and costly presents on her; he ministered, an abject slave, to her vanity and her extravagance—only to be laughed at and ridiculed for his pains. And it was with relief and thankfulness that he at last turned his back on the "heartless coquette," to bask in the smiles and platonic affection of Mme. von Genzger, in whom, too late, he found his ideal woman.  
**Mrs. Billington and the Angles.**  
 And thus it always was with Joseph Haydn. Love always came to him to mock him, either by its falseness and cruelty or with the fatal words "too late"—as when, during one of his triumphal visits to England, he once more lost his heart—this time to Mrs. Billington, of the beautiful face and divine voice, of whom the following story is told.  
 One day he went to Sir Joshua Reynolds's studio to see the portrait he had painted of Mrs. Billington as Cecilia listening to celestial music. "What do you think of it?" asked the artist. "It is indeed a beautiful picture," Haydn answered. "It is just like her, but there's a strange mistake." "What is that?" "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you should have painted the angels listening to her."  
 Mrs. Billington was to Haydn, in his old age, an angel—as worthy of adoration, and as remote.  
**MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES DYPHThERIA.**

#### Quick Return to Youth.

Mr. J. J. Tobias, chancellor of the Chicago Law School, is one of the happiest men in the United States to-day, for although 71 he has found the foundation of youth through the transplanting of the interstitial glands made famous by Voronoff. But Dr. J. R. Brinkley, of Milford (Kansas), who performed the operation, has no use for monkeys like his Paris colleague. He obtained the essential gland from the more homely goat.  
 Dr. Brinkley's patients include a judge, an alderman, a realty man, and a journalist, but these so far have shrunk from publicity. Not so, Chancellor Tobias, who, throwing out his chest and squaring his shoulders, told an interviewer: "I feel 25 years younger. I'm a new man, full of 'pep,' strong, healthy, and ready to go on with my work. I was ill, old, and played out, but the operation has revived me." The chancellor added in a serious vein: "There has been levity over the news of gland operations, but the method should be treated with the greatest respect and admiration."  
 Dr. Brinkley says:—The operations are not painful. There is a simple incision. No part of the body is removed. The goat gland is simply planted to take the place of the old one. Fifteen to twenty minutes is all the time required.  
**TYPHOID FEVER IN CITY.**—During the week three cases of typhoid fever were reported in the city. The patients were removed to hospital.

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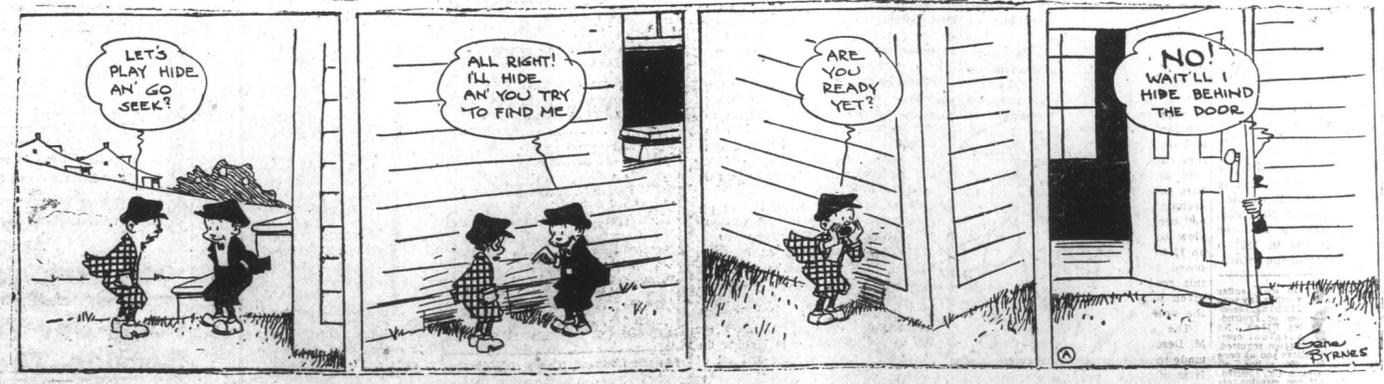
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By Gene Byrnes



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