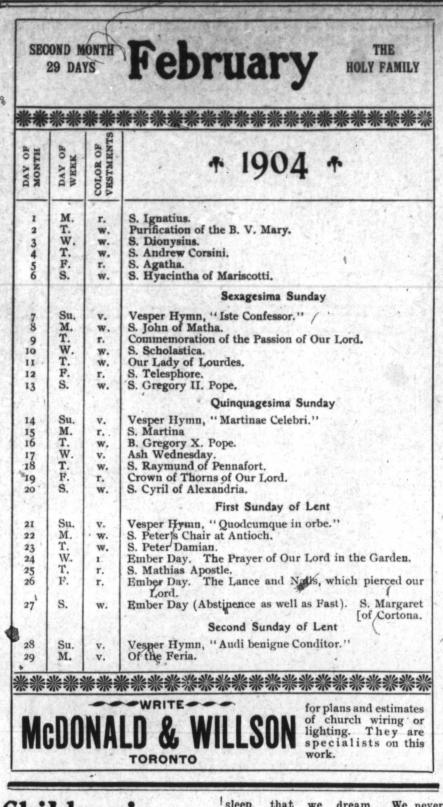
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4 1904

cave, very tired, she threw herself

upon the grass and was soon fast asleep. Her golden hair glittered in

the sunlight as it was blown about





(S. S. Times.)

Dreams are of all sorts,-some so

that we dream. We never this is the story of its birth. dreams guide them, or, in other words, that sey, a little girl called Lisabean meetings with the fairy. dreams are all sorts of thoughts over Bialleul, the youngest and dearest "Oh, no, ma mere, or which we have no control. Some- child of a fisherman, a vain, idle, times they are very plain and con- lovely creature who gloated over the

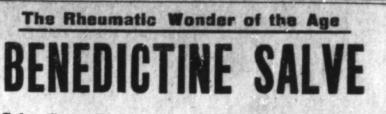
THE LEGEND OF THE "GUERNSEY LILY"

by the breeze which comes up with a rising tide; her red lips were At first sight and first thought it parted, her long lashes swept her cheeks, and her lovely form reposed seems almost absurd to imagine that anyone, in our very advanced com- in almost fairy-like grace upon the mencement de Siecle, could take an flowery turf. She never knew how interest in such long-forgotten, fad- long she slept, but suddenly she was ing, eighteenth century childishness awake, her dark blue eyes wide open ing, eighteenth century childisnness as folk-lore and fairy legend. We, Before her stood a fairy prince, a who pride ourselves upon our solid little man in green, with sparkling foundation of science and reason, jewels in his cap and tunic, and bow our agnostic scorn of all things sup- and arrow in his hand. He was speaking to her, but no sound came ernatural, sweep away with ruthless from the fairy lips, and the ear of hand the lovely cobwebs of the past, Lisabean's spirit heard what he said. and bare all hidden corners to our They were alone, far from the cotmicroscopic view. How much we tages, and busy hum of life, alone with the sea and sky, and wild, great rocks; at their feet was a gentle laplittle we add to the sordid common. ping, it was the sea coming up the place of every-day existence, by this channel which is the entrance to the flagrant inartistry, only the elect Creux des Fees. The fairy waved among us realize; the chosen few his bow and pointed to the cave. whose delight is to wander in the Lipsbean stood up and peered over spirit world, gathering its flowers, the edge of the common; deep down drinking from its pure streams, beneath her was the opening of the dreaming through its leafy mages. dreaming through its leafy mazes. cave, the sea just washing the The inhabitants of the island of pebbles at its base with a glimmer as Guernsey may be counted among these chosen few; and small wonder, enter now, the tide was too high, she for are they not themselves descend-ants of the lairy folk? In times long She looked at the fairy, her blue eyes past, too long for counting, a great speaking for her lips; he listened forest spread itself where the beauti- and answered again, talking in his ful Bay of Vazon now opens its arms silent voice long and earnestly. The to the sea, and grand breakers, fresh wind blew her long hair and her blue from the Atlantic, sweep over the petticoat about her, but she heeded once mossy paths on their way to nothing, so intently was she listening embrace the shore. Their feathery to the fairy tale. At last he doffed spray now tosses where the green his jewelled cap and sped down the trees waved, and white horses come rocks, disappearing into the cave, galloping in where blue bells and Lisabean, fiushed and bright, with primroses held revelry. This forest, a wild joy in her eyes, ran home to was the home of the fairy folk, little her mother. men in green, whose bows and ar_{-1} "Mother, I have seen! mother, it rows shot death at many a foreign in-, is true! he is little, but he is beautitruder, and "who snatched wives from the island, filling, it with fairy children." Their good and bad fairy had awakened her from sleep, deeds, their wonders and their disap-pearance, are they not still talked of and told her of a wondrous world around many a cottage hearth dur- under the sea, where there is no ing the long winter evenings, when death, no drowning; and where gold the Sea of Vazon is roaring and a and precious stones and all sorts of strong gale hurrying it over the sub- pleasures were given to those who merged forest? And as we listen we would leave this world for that. seem to be born again in fairyland, Her mother laughed, and said these were Lisabean's dreams. as these descendants of the fairies tell us how the Guernsey Lily was But again and again she came hcme

yorn on the sands of Vazon Bay. And with the same tale, and one day with an emerald ring on her hand, so beautiful that it seemed to be all dream during sound sleep. It is easy knowing this, to understand that not so long ago but that they may be one emerald. Then her mother's occur when thoughts are counted, there lived at L'Eree Point | fears were aroused, and she asked running loo's without any will to on the south-western coast of Guern- Lisabean if she had confessed these

"Oh, no, ma mere, or I should be forbidden to go to the Creux des Fees."

At this the mother's fears grew nected, and we are sufficiently awake reflection of her pretty face in the to remember them; sometimes they tock pools and he shimmer of her greater, and she remembered that her darling had ever an excuse to avoid are odd, mixed, and what we call little white feet on the sands. Her, pleasant that we like to think about them; some so unpleasant that we try to forget them; others are so mixed up that we cannot make out the weaken, and, think hard as we may, try to forget them; others are so mixed up that we cannot make out the base of the sands. Her solute white relet on the sands. Her golden hair was wreathed with cora-line by her elder sisters and threaded tiny shells were her necklace and day being Saturday, confession-day try to forget them; others are so dreamed. If we do not remember a dreamed, if we do not remember a the base of the sands. Her solute water was wreathed with cora-ine by her elder sisters and threaded tiny shells were her necklace and day being Saturday, confession-day bracelets; "dressed in a short blue take her daughter with her. So they went together but as they walked "la masse de Dimanche" at St. Apmixed up that we cannot make out the head or tail of them. They will always be wonders to us until we un-derstand why we dream, and what dreams really are. Then we will be much more comfortable in knowing that they are brain weeds, that they, do not mean or amount to anything, and the time noted. Persons have been kept from sleeping for a long



This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Toronto, Sept. 18, 1998,

John O'Connor, Toronto:

Dear Sir-I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was complete, ly cured. S PRICE, 212 King street cast.

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1982, John O'Conner, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR-I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to man when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at ins tervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatismis I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable wash fit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amonut of bodily as tivity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the cacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1961 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimone ial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free ef pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give if a trial. I am. Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON,

288 Victoria Street, Toronte, Oct, 61, 1991,

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of you: Benedictine Salve. has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to de for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for aine weeks; a friend recent mended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatics right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on

the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN

478 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901, John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont .:

DEAR SIR-I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedicting Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recom it to any one suffering from Lumbago. I am, your truly,

(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE,

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1991, John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont .:

DEAR SIR-After suffering for over ten years with both forms at Piles, I was asked to bry Benedictine Salve. From t' first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was th roughly cured. Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with can strongly recommend piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

whatever upon our lives.

Because dreams are such odd things wakened to tell what they dreamed. wondering thoughts, suggested by hung limp, a many persons believe they are signs one man, on a railroad train, dream-father's tales and mother's and were white. will soon learn that signs are hum- our bodies busy. Boys who have set off as usual for a night's fishing, bugs which give lots of worry and been fishing will remember that they she went to the shore with them, trouble to those who believe in them, are apt to dream of fishing. If we carrying in her little arms the brown and they will learn, too, how foolish will make it a point to carefully barley loaf, while they were burdened more." it is to rely upon them. It would work out the cause of our dreams, with the cider barrel and their creeks; given the right sign for them. But which we can trace the dream. the thing does not happen for which out guide and without meaning. Ne-we think we have the sign. Such ver let a dream have any effect up the sands into a lake of rose. The a bas!" cond of our future lives or the lives Take a good hold on the present, Jean," called Lisabean's musical abean!" or movements of anybody. We might remedy mistakes, and go ahead with voice, and "Adi adi," echoed back. She was gone. as well expect the pump or the gate- a will. These are the true signs of from the boat rocking on the waves. All night long her mother wanderpost to tell us what we shall have for success ahead. dinner to-morrow.

To understand what dreams are we must understand something about

course of life. Everything we do nets," J. Harrison. It promises to At break of day a sudden squall fort her. But there was no com-grows from a will to do it. We are make a very interesting and excitsay "Ouch!" it takes to think to do these things Chance Idyl," by Antonio Fogazan- wander over the rocks, or sit upon flower that she saw. has been measured. It takes but a no, a well-told love-story. The spe-very small part of the tick of a cial articles have been carefully se-playmate brothers, dreaming of the light, she had found a flower, the We often jump out of bed lected, and are of more than passing fairies. watch. in the mornings, or get up from a interest. "A Religious Painter of Thus she grew, as a flower grows, shores; "a scarlet lily sprinkled with nap, and are not able to remember, To-day" is the critique, comparison, sweet and wild and pure till she gold dust, whose fine, curled-back what will gave the thought of rising, and appreciation of one of the great reached her seventeenth year. Her petals showed a golden heart."

or what thought made us rise. Yet European artists. It is handsomely sisters, Gotton and Judith, would we had the will to get up and the illustrated with reproductions from often complain of her idleness, and mother sobbed. Then she told her thought to do it.

know, no matter how much asleep we It has four illustrations. The Stor- ("Leave her, leave her alone then, love and remembrance, a flower from are, that we breathe, that our hearts beat, that our hair grows, and that many other parts of our bodies are wake and at work. Our nerves, the watchmen of our bodies, are always on group due to the body of the bistory of an interesting of the bistory of a nitreesting while watchmen of our bodies, are always on group due to the bistory of a nitreesting while the crypts of St. Peter's." "Dolls far over the rocks, amongst the pools, whitting as she went, and peering for the bistory of a nitreesting while the crypts of the bistory of a nitreesting while the crypts of the bistory of a nitreesting while the crypts of the bistory of a nitreesting while the crypts of the bistory of a nitreesting the bistory of a nitreesting while the crypts of the bistory of a nitreesting the bistory of a nitrees on guard. A noise startles the ner- study of the history of a play- down into the lovely coloured depths sence, the soul of her child, it was ves in our ears, and wakens us; a thing as ancient as the history of a play-smoke irritates the nerves of our fashion. It is well illustrated. "The nose and lungs, and they tell us of Making of Music in Many Lands" was the rocky promontory of Hou- fume." danger; a very sound sleep may be is an unusual subject, and in addition met, for there was the Creux des Fees! In entering fairyland Lisabean har disturbed by the tickling of a fea- to the instructive text has eight pic- (the fairies' cave), and at low water exchanged for her soul her own wilful

disturbed by the ticking of a fea-ther. If we try hard to watch ourselves going to sleep, we shall find that first comes drowsiness, then a helter-skel-ter running about of our thoughts; then, puzzle as we may, we cannot remember any more about it. Of one then, puzzle as we may, we cannot remember any more about it. Of one thing we are sure—as we go to sleep, our will lets go of our thoughts; they. do as they please. The same thing happens just as we waken, excepting that, as we waken, our thoughts are that, as we waken, our will as the source that, each month, seem to that, as we waken, our will as the source that as the standing de-that, as we waken, our thoughts are that, as we waken, our thoughts are that as we waken, our will as that as a month as the source of the large and all night and that as the source of the large and all the source of the large and th still loose, and it takes our will a grow brighter and better. Humorous hurried across the country instead of mation of the lungs and all throat little time to get hold of them and little stories and interesting items climbing the rocks, as was her wont, and chest troubles. It promotes a hold them in order. Now it is when are always to be found in each num- to reach the Creux des Fees in time. free and easy expectoration, which imwe are passing to sleep, or are not ber. The subscription price is \$2.00 It was a long walk, and when she mediately relieves the throat and sound asleep, or are passing out of a year.

do not mean or amount to anything, and that they should have no effect while, then allowed to sleep for half came her way, only catechising in the blue eyes were dim with tears, the whatever upon our lives a minute, a minute, two minutes, and little chapel of St. Appoline's, and coral lips were closed, the golden hair hung limp, and the sweet pink cheeks

of good or evil, and tell wonderful committed it, was caught, imprison- et blancs'' (wizards and witches, day night. Lisabean had gone to stories about them, which do not ed, tried, and hung-all while h2 was black and white), and sounds and ap- the village of the King's Mills, some grow smaller as they are told. If passing through a tunnel which took paritions in the "Creux des Fees" two miles inland, while her mother the readers of The Synday School the train he was on one minute. (the fairies' cave). Where had those went to St. Appoline's, expecting to Times will carefully keep an account of the number of times all sorts of dream of that which has very much one fine summer's evening when and the chapel was closed. Still But she did not come; one by one left, when and the chapel was closed. Still she

of the number of times all sorts of dream of that which has very much signs do not come true, as well as occupied our thoughts during the day, of the number of times they do, they, but we do dream of what has kept of the number of times they do, they, but we do dream of what has kept set off as usual for a night's fishing: she had come. "No, she has gone." she had come. "No, she has got "Gone home?" the mother said. "Home? No, never more, never

She was not at home, she was not

be strange, indeed, where so many we shall not often fail to remember and nets. The air was still and soft, at the Creux des Fees, she was not things are daily happening in our that we have either done something, the great sea slumbering; the glow wandering over the rocks, the tide was lives, if certain things did not hap- or heard something, or said some- of sunset tinged the seaweed with high and sweeping them all with pen when something or other has thing, before we went to sleep, to gold and lighted up the cottage win- great bounding billows. Here the right sime for them. But which we can tree the draw

dows with a ruddy flame. Purple' in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred Dreams are romps of thought, with-the thing does not happen for which out without meaning. No waters and the red of the sky turned abean!" What was that? "a bas,

senseless things as knives and forks on you, especially an unpleasant one. boat was launched, her sail unfurled, I It came on the wind, it tossed back looking-glasses, clocks, cannot look Every moment spent in worry over and she sped over the sea like a bird. to the sea, the waves brought it and ahead; they cannot point out one se- what we cannot help is lost time. "Adi mon pere, Adi Pierre, Adi carried it; no, only the echo "abean!

A long "adieu," the longest had ed and wept, the weary days crept by been said. Still Lisabean stood, and still she wept; and at sunset and shading her eyes with her little brown moonrise she would call over the hand, as she watched the tacking of rocks, "Lisabean! Lisabean!" but thought, The most trifling thought we have when we are awake has more effect upon our actions than we think of. A fly lighting on a nose, a mad whack at it, may change the a was may change the a mad whack at it, may change the a was may change the a mad whack at it, may change the a was may change the a was

not always able to recall the will that gives us a thought, or the thought that causes us to do some. Julian Sermet, is the tragic romance thought that causes are trammed on and in a whirl of tossing fort. Waves the boat was dashed up on the ocks, and bye-and-bye, one by one, and in the morning awoke with a the bodies of the dead father and smile; calling Judith, she bade her thing. If our toes are tramped on, of a bell; "Not Mentioned in Des-our nerves carry a message to the patches," by Theo. Gift, a true story shingle of Rocquaine Bay. Desola- that wide bay which overlay the brain. In the brain we will to pull of the Boer War, dramatically told; tion reigned in the cottage home, and fairy forest-where high up on the toe away and make the tongue "My Friend Eugene," by Tom Jar- Lisabean in passionate grief which sandy bank she would see a flower, maybe more. The time man, is a humorous tale, and "A could not be comforted, would only and she must bring it to her, any

> the light, she had found a flower, the loveliest ever seen on those rocky shores; "a scarlet lily sprinkled with

"Ma Lisabean, ma Lisabean!" the

some of the artist's famous paint- chide her for her careless living; but dream. No one knows exactly what sleep is, ings. "A Glimpse into 'Ole Kane-or what causes it. If every part of tuck'" gives us, as much as can be for her adored child. "Laisse la," her "she was in the fairy kingdom our bodies was perfectly or sound contained in an article, a little about she would say, "laisse la donc, la and never might return; but she had asleep, we could not be awakened. We the Blue Grass State and its people. garce est bian comme alle est." brought her dear mother a token of fairyland; she would find it on the

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 18, 1902,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the

marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism, There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation, I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit, Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON,

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1909. John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East:

I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on aThursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that, you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains.

Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN,

Toronto, Dec. 60th, 1993,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me Iwould have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now compl cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me athorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was, It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I and

> Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry,

3561 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901,

John O'Connor, Eaq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days a the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days. I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to ge to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

Toronto, April 19, 1992,

Mr. John O'Connor:

DEAR SIR-I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism," as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so had that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a boxof it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.

Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING.

18 Spruce street, Toronia Toronte, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR-It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify . the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was make to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable.

Three days after using your Salv as directed, I am able to pe work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours,

J. J. CLARKEL

