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## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Those of you loyal to St. Patrick will be having some kind of celebration to-day. We in Montreal take the lead for a glorious time, with a large procession, service in the grand old parish church of St. Patrick, and concerts and banquets in the evening. Too bad the little folks who live outside our city could not be with us to-day, and see if we do not know how to do honor to our patron saint. Shamrocks are visible everywhere and mirth is in every heart.

Your loving friend,

AUNT BECKY.

### PLANTING HIMSELF TO GROW.

Dear little bright-eyed Willie, Always so full of glee, Always so very mischievous, The pride of our home is he.

One bright summer day we found him Close by the garden wall, Standing so grave and dignified, Beside a sunflower tall.

His tiny feet he had covered With the moist and cooling sand, The stalk of the great tall sunflower He grasped with his chubby hand.

When he saw us standing near him, Gazing so wonderingly At his babyship, he greeted us With a merry shout of glee.

We asked our darling what pleased him, He replied with a face aglow: "Mamma, I'm going to be a man, I've planted myself to grow."

### SHAMROCK DAY'S CHILD.

By Shiela Mahon.

A blare of trumpets and the measured tread of many feet, as a contingent of the St. Patrick's Day procession marched on its way to join the great parade on Fifth Avenue, heralded the entrance of Sarah Ellen Maloney into the world. The kind-hearted neighbors had just left. Sarah Ellen's mother clasped the little stranger closer to her breast as her eyes wandered round the scantily furnished room on the top floor of a tenement house, the burning tears rolled down her pale face as her thoughts wandered to the golden-thatched cottage nestling midst the Wicklow hills, where her childhood days had been spent. And then came the sadder thoughts of the husband who had not lived to see the child. Sarah Ellen lay in her snug shelter unconscious of the bitter memories that stirred the heart of her mother. The noise and racket would have disturbed most babies, but Sarah Ellen seemed to like it. By and by it ceased, and quietness reigned, broken only by the faint tick-tac of a little clock on the mantel above the wretched fire. The hours passed; shadows filled the room. Now and again came a low cry from Sarah Ellen—then a strange silence. Later on a neighbor, coming in from her work, found her way into the room. One glance at the still figure on the bed was enough; Sarah Ellen's mother's troubles were over, and Sarah Ellen was wailing disconsolately, as if she understood.

Sarah Ellen's life was gray from the beginning; later on the atmosphere was black. Almost from babyhood she had to earn her own living. She was named Sarah Ellen by the neighbors in accordance with the express wish of Mrs. Maloney, who had confided to her next-door neighbor that her only sister, who lived in Ireland, was called Sarah Ellen. The wish was remembered, and the child was taken to the nearest church and baptized with pomp and ceremony. Other babies had flowers and lace robes and christening cake; but these were not for Sarah Ellen. The want of them didn't seem to bother her in the least. It was only when in the church at the time when she was carried from the baptismal font, went forward and placed a tiny wreath of shamrocks on her baby brow that she showed the least sign of feeling. A smile flickered over the little puckered face, and her tiny hands instinctively clasped the thumb of the stranger.

It was decided by the neighbors that the little orphan should not be sent to the workhouse. So each of them took a turn at bringing her up. "She kind of growed," like a

weed, with nothing special to nourish her. She was scarcely more than a baby when she was sent out to sell matches; then she reached the dignity of shoe laces, two for a nickel; until finally, when she was about twelve years old, a good Samaritan took pity upon her, and engaged her as maid of all work. This was the first time in her life that Sarah Ellen got enough to eat, and was clothed any way decently, in the cast-off garments of 'Melia Winkle, a niece of the good Samaritan. Sarah Ellen hated 'Melia, because the latter would turn up her snub nose expressively and call out, "Here comes Cast-Offs," when she met her in the street. The iron ranched early in the soul of Sarah Ellen.

It must have been from her Celtic mother that she inherited her vivid imagination, for Sarah Ellen dreamed strange dreams, in which music and flowers and sunny skies and gorgeous figures played their parts, and retired after leaving fairy-like impressions on her brain. She had never experienced any of the things she dreamed; her life had been so commonplace and sordid; and yet they seemed like second nature to her. Sometimes it frightened her, these deep plunges into space in which her soul revelled, and she was usually aroused from these flights of fancy by the high-pitched voice of Mrs. Winkle: "Sarah Ellen, have you made the beds?" or "Sarah Ellen have you swept the stoop?" and sundry other questions, all bearing on the one important theme—work.

"I was meant to be a lady," she often thought dejectedly.

The years went round monotonously; childhood passed, girlhood came. At this period her dreams were usually of a hero who moved about with lordly grace, a sword hanging by his side. She never met a soldier but her heart leapt, and wars and battles raged through her brain. In her dreams her hero was always a soldier, and she was the heroine, and was usually carried off in the hero's arms, a limp rag with long streaming hair. Yet, despite her romantic tendencies, she reached the mature age of twenty-five and had never had a lover. Other girls with not half her opportunities had moved off, and made good marriages, and settled down into happy wives and mothers, but Sarah Ellen remained. At night she had tragic dreams in which she figured as an old maid with corkscrew ringlets and hair plastered down the middle and a big tabby cat beside her.

The truth was, Sarah Ellen's personal appearance was against her. As a neighbor remarked, she looked like one that "didn't get her feed." Perhaps it was the soul-hunger that showed so plainly. Once she thought something was going to happen. It was when 'Melia Winkle's sailor-brother came home for a short time. She was seventeen then, and she had walked out with him, and her heart had thrilled when he squeezed her hand tenderly, and asked her if she was tired. No one had ever shown her that much attention before. But, alas! her dream was rudely dispelled, for 'Melia Winkle, when she heard of the episode, had said spitefully, under the pretence of good advice:

"I advise you not to be taken in with Josiah, he was kind of born with those flighty ways. Every one knows how his heart is set on Liza Jones. She is a dressmaker, and makes such stylish things, too. Josiah, he just wants to make her jealous. It's for your own good, Sarah Ellen, I'm talking. I know you are easy imposed upon."

And Sarah Ellen had hastily disclaimed the soft impeachment, declaring hotly that she had never had a thought of him. In secret she shed bitter tears, and when she met Josiah looked the other way. And so ended the little romance. That was eight years ago, and nothing had ever happened since. It wasn't that she had not as fine clothes as the other girls; her social status had improved, and she was able to dress well. She could wear a long ostich feather in her hat now, and pink roses which contrasted none too well with her sallow skin. The only thing remarkable about her were her eyes. They were haunting eyes of dark gray nearly black, with black lashes which cast shadows on her sallow cheeks—eyes which mirrored every passing thought of her soul. Despite her twenty-five years she had the innocent heart of a child, yet also she had a woman's natural longing to be loved.

They say that into every life some

sunshine as well as some rain must fall. One day a broad, bright sunbeam came into Sarah Ellen's life and made it beautiful. She was twenty-six years old, and her life had been so colorless, that when the glory did come, it almost overwhelmed her. When she came to think it over, why it almost took her breath away, it was so unexpected. To think that her hero, the soldier of whom she had dreamed, should come into her life, and in such a romantic fashion as to satisfy all her yearnings. In her wildest dreams she had never imagined such happiness. That Donal O'More, a soldier in the United States army, should cast his eyes upon her, and it all happened so simply, in her humility she could have wept. Who would have thought that day when she was coming down stairs dazed and in a daze, and her foot caught in a doll's carriage belonging to one of the children, that she should fall into the outstretched arms of a big, tall fellow, standing at the bottom. It was a device of little Master Cupid to bring two kindred spirits together.

When Sarah Ellen recovered from the confusion, incidental to her somewhat awkward introduction, she blushed rose red and for the moment looked handsome. Like magic the electric flame which governs the world was lighted. From that day her life was resplendent with the most gorgeous colors, untouched by a tiny particle of black or gray. It spread before her a fairland of beauty, and her prince, tall, straight-limbed and stalwart, glowed on her horizon like a star shining steadily, a beacon light to her adoring eyes.

Donal came from Ireland, and wasn't she proud to be able to tell him that Ireland had been the home of her parents. It was a theme that strengthened the link between them. Donal vowed that as soon as it was in his power he would bring her to see the beauties of the Motherland. With flashing eyes and impassioned speech he held her enthralled with the story of Erin. Sarah Ellen's one sorrow was that she had not the good fortune to be born there. Donal with mirthful eyes told her he would crown her with shamrocks on St. Patrick's day to make up for the deficiency.

In all the wide, beautiful world there was no happier young woman on the morning of her wedding. Love, the great beautifier, had transformed her. A faint flush stained her cheeks, and her eyes no longer wore the look of the soul-hunger, but were sparkling wells of contentment, mirroring her happiness. 'Melia Winkle was to be bridesmaid. 'Melia and she were fast friends now; the childish spite of long ago had vanished. 'Melia was in the seventh heaven, for Jim Wilkins was to be the "best man," and 'Melia in her secret heart had a soft spot for Jim.

On that day of days Sarah Ellen wore a warm red dress, which lighted up her pale face, and a big bunch of shamrocks nestled at her throat. And instead of the proverbial orange blossoms shamrocks crowned her dark hair and lay in the folds of her veil as in a snow wreath. Just as she had given a shy peep in the mirror at her own radiant reflection Donal arrived, in all his bridal bravery, accompanied by Jim. Such a happy quartette!

Jim whispered slyly to 'Melia: "What would she think of having a double event?" 'Melia's happy, flushed face and starry eyes seemed to satisfy him, for the pair sat together in a happy silence.

How is it that happiness is so evanescent. God knows Sarah Ellen had it in full measure for the short time it lasted. But, alas! alas! Afterwards 'Melia could never explain how the whole thing happened. It was just after the ceremony, and Donal was walking down the cathedral steps proud and happy. Sarah Ellen on his arm. Suddenly a band of music coming up Fifth Avenue struck up, and she noticed Sarah Ellen crane her neck forward and give a startled exclamation, then dart from Donal's side. The next few seconds were the most terrible that ever 'Melia experienced. There was the hoarse roar of a crowd, a woman's scream, the thud, thud, of a runaway horse, mingling with the gay mockery of the tune; the sound of a child's shrill cry, and shouts of sympathy and horror as a white-veiled figure lay beneath the prancing hoofs, while a mother held in tight embrace the child who, through the heroic efforts of Sarah Ellen, had escaped death.

But Sarah Ellen, alas! alas! Donal, with heaving chest and eyes despairing in their agony, was the first to raise the slight figure. "Sarah! Sarah!" was all he could say, and a pair of eyes, beautiful even in their death agony, were raised to his. "God's will," murmured the pale lips. "God's will." And the soul of Sarah Ellen went forth.

## WHEN WILL IT END?

In the recent debate on the King's speech, Mr. Timothy Healy said he had not read the Devolution proposals, but he had been very much struck by the very able speech of Mr. Dillon, which had the effect of informing him. He had not followed the Dunraven treaty, because he had not found it necessary to do so, having been expelled from the party at the instance of Mr. William O'Brien, whom he was very sorry not to see in his place. He did not approve of the attitude of the member for Cork City in reference to the Dunraven treaty. He did not understand it, but he was beginning to understand it now. He understood also the remarkable letter written by Mr. Davitt—whose name was entitled to be received with respect by every Irishman, in which he declared that Sir Antony MacDonnell was the decoy bird of the Tory Government.

### A SMALL SECTION OF ORANGEMEN.

For many years the Nationalists had been trying to bring some measure of detachment to bear on their relations with English parties, and at every tack they had been baffled and beaten, generation after generation, by a small section of Orangemen backed by a few powerful papers and a few powerful families in Ulster. When the Prime Minister was Chief Secretary they learned to respect him, if not to love him; and he wondered whether the gentleman now believed that in those days he was always right and they were always wrong. After the rejection of the last Home Rule Bill, the Tory party began to turn rather a different eye upon Irish affairs, and in 1896 they brought in the Irish Land Bill. In 1899 they brought in the Irish Local Government Bill, and the chief charge brought against him when he was being expelled was that he cheered Mr. Gerald Balfour when he brought in that Bill. He did cheer Mr. Gerald Balfour, and he would cheer anybody on the other side who endeavored to bring in a Bill favorable to the interests of the country. Here they had the genesis of attack on Sir A. MacDonnell.

The Government passed a Local Government Bill, a Land Bill, and an Agricultural Board Bill, and no sooner had the general election of 1900 taken place than a dead set was made against the authors and administrators of those measures. What did they do to Sir Horace Plunkett, this Orange gang, who had the Times at their back? (Cheers.) His one crime seemed to be that he was interested in milk and butter (laughter), and had striven to improve the methods of farmers and to put money into the landlords' pockets. This Orange clique preferred that a Nationalist member should be returned in his place for South Dublin. The same faction went to Hatfield and said to Lord Salisbury that he must withdraw the Chief Secretary, Mr. Gerald Balfour, and Lord Cadogan, because he was hand and glove with the Nationalists.

What did these men want? They were loyalists—they were constantly hearing of their loyalty. If the monarch was Catholic would they be loyal to him? The only man to whom they denied liberty of conscience was the King himself. Lord Hugh Cecil did not believe in nationality, and did not know what it was. He would tell him, Nationality was something which one was willing to die for. Even the lord would die for the meridian Greenwich. These Unionists did not get a rate-collectorship in Cavan. A Protestant offered to be elected for two pence. The Catholics proposed a man for three pence and they took the Catholic. He understood the reason was that they had been reading the speeches of the member for West Birmingham, who declared that cheapness was not everything (laughter.)

### THE AIM OF THE ORANGEMEN.

He wanted to know whether it was part of the English policy that this miserable state of things was to continue. He regretted the situation of the Chief Secretary, who had no answer dialectically at least to the speech of the member for Mayo, but the right hon. gentleman might take this consolation, if he had failed he had only gone the way that scores of others had gone (cheers). The end and aim of this Orange gang was to keep Ireland discontented in order that they might pose as the Loyalist faction, the great Loyalist party, who in the midst of every temptation remained faithful to the Union and faithful to his Majesty the King. A greater gang of hypocrites never afflicted any country (cheers).

What would have happened if the Chief Secretary had stood by Sir A. MacDonnell as Lord Dudley to his great credit had done? Who would

**FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC**  
A VALUABLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. For get this medicine FREE! KÖNIG MED. CO., 100 Lake St., Chicago. Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle; six for \$1.50.

be getting his place? Maybe Mr. William Moore (laughter). But there was an old proverb—"Never throw out the dirty water till you have got in the clean" (laughter). The member had valorously threatened to call out his reserves on March 3. Who were the reserves?—There they were, all of them on the Government Bench (laughter). Were they likely to respond to Mr. William Moore's call when he blew his whistle on March 3 (laughter). He (Mr. Healy) knew these gentlemen pretty well and Mr. Moore might take it from him that they much preferred that atmosphere even to the sacred atmosphere of Sandy Row.

### WHY NOT SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR IRELAND.

Was it not time to have an end of all this humbug? Let the Ulster members produce their own programme for governing Ireland. The Boers who bore arms against England so recently were to be entrusted with self-government (Opposition cheers). Was Ireland to be the one spot in the Empire which baffled British statesmanship. For his part he considered it was the duty of Irish Nationalists to meet every Government in that House with an opposition equivalent to the miseries which England had inflicted on their country.

### WORLD FAMOUS BELLS.

The fame of the McShane Bell Foundry Co., of Baltimore, is rapidly extending from one end of the country to the other. They have recently completed at their works, for the E. Howard Clock Co., of Boston, a very fine peal of four bells to be erected in the City Hall at Tacoma, Washington, to be rung by clockwork. These bells are tuned to the intervals of the famous Westminster peal.

This establishment is one of the largest and best equipped in the country, and possesses every facility for the production of bells of every description, such as Church Bells, Fire Alarm, Court House, Academy, Factory or Ship Bells, all of which are made in the best manner and strictly first class in each and every particular.

A specialty is made of Chimes and Peals of Bells, of any number, in perfect tune and accord with each other.

The McShane Bell Foundry Co. was established in 1856. Anyone interested in bells of any kind should write them for their illustrated catalogue free.

### The Catholic University of America.

March 10, 1905.

Whereas, an impression exists among the friends of the Catholic University of America that Mr. E. L. Scharf, of Washington, D.C., is an instructor in this Institution, and that his public utterances on ecclesiastical, political and scientific matters, in some degree represent and are endorsed by this University and its Professors, we deem it advisable to announce:

1. That Mr. E. L. Scharf never has been, in any manner, connected with this University.
2. That, according to our information, he was occupied some years ago in giving private lessons in certain modern languages on his own account, and, in compliance with his request, he was permitted to place his advertising card upon the General Advertising Bulletin Board of the University, as boarding-house keepers, book-sellers and others are allowed to do.
3. That, if he ever gave any instruction to students of the University, it was by private agreement between himself and them, and it formed no part of their university work.
4. That neither the University nor its Faculties are in any measure responsible for the opinions promulgated by Mr. Scharf, nor are its Professors engaged in the propagation of political theories, nor interested in political questions, otherwise than in their personal character as American citizens.

(Signed)

D. J. O'Connell, Rector of the University.

Chas. P. Grannan, Dean of the Faculty of Theology.

John J. Griffin, Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy.

William C. Robinson, Dean of the Faculty of Law.

Daniel W. Shea, Director of Technology.

## The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

### MILLINERY OPENING

We beg to announce our Spring Millinery Opening for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, March the 16th, 17th and 18th.

It will be accompanied by an exhibition of Costumes that will include three models by our own Parisian dressmaker—a "Doucet" Dinner Dress; a "Raudnitz" Visiting Gown; a "Laferriere" Garden Party Toilette.

Our Ladies' Tailor—also from Paris—will exhibit a "Francis" (Paris) Redingote, a "Baschwitz" (Vienna) Afternoon Gown, a "Finkelstein" (Vienna) Visiting Gown, and a "Piquin" (Paris) Opera Cloak. These by reason of their exclusiveness will be publicly shown only for a short time.

There will also appear in the windows—for a few days only—some imported Parisian Models—an Opera Cloak by Doeillet, a Carriage Cloak by Redfern, an 1830 Dinner Gown by Callot Soeurs, and a Visiting Gown by Boer.

The Corsetiere of our Toronto business will be in attendance in the Corset section of the Annex on the Main Floor—now become a place reserved exclusively for the display of Ladies' Underwear, Whitewear, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves and Infants' Outfitting.

The Dress Goods Department will show some Costume Lengths which cannot be duplicated in Canada. They were personally selected in Paris by our buyer and purchased on that understanding.

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### King Edward and the Catholic Church.

Says the New Zealand Tablet: "In matters of religion the King has shown, and continues to show, a spirit of broad and enlightened tolerance. His friendly relations with leading Catholic prelates began while he was yet Prince of Wales and his attitude of cordial goodwill towards the Church has been maintained ever since; while his feelings of genuine respect for all religious bodies that are trying to do good according to their light was happily illustrated the other day by his granting the favor of a personal audience to the official head of the Salvation Army. Catholics will not soon forget the delicate tact and consideration shown on the occasion of the Coronation, when His Majesty hurried over that portion of the oath containing words that are insulting and offensive to Catholics; and read the passage in a tone that was absolutely inaudible even to those standing immediately near him. His Majesty is neither ashamed nor afraid to show his respect for the faith of the great historic Church of Christendom. He has frequently attended at Nuptial Masses and Requiem Masses, and late exchanges just at hand bring the news that on a recent occasion he was present at ordinary high Mass at Marienbad in Austria, when he followed the service throughout with a Catholic prayer-book. It is significant of the changed state of public feeling that this statement has been printed in all the London papers without eliciting anything at all in the way of protest or comment."—The Guidon.

### SILVER LEAF IN SURGERY.

A surgeon has recently used with excellent results, a sheet of silver leaf in dressing wounds. The silver sticks close to the surface of the wounded or diseased tissue and a small quantity of cotton soaked in collodion is sufficient to keep it in place. When the wound is fresh it heals quickly, without inflammation or suppuration. The antiseptic properties of silver are not popularly known. Some years ago Dr. Rollin, of Lyons, in cultivating microbes in a bouillon which he had placed in a silver cup and at the end of a few hours found that the microbes perished completely disappeared. The fact was all the more remarkable as the same microbes multiplied when placed in another vessel. Pursuing his investigations, Dr. Rollin analyzed the bouillon, which was contained in the silver vessel, and found therein a small trace of silver, which infinitely small quantity had rendered the bouillon antiseptic.