

THE STORY OF THE INVISIBLE KINGDOM.

FROM THE LEGENDS OF THE MOUNTAINS OF THE NORTH.

In a little house half way up the mountain side, and about a mile from the... of houses of the village, there lived with his old father a young man named George.

Immediately behind the house stood the oak trees and beech trees which were so old that the grandchildren of the people who had planted them had been dead for more than a hundred years.

"Have you, then, done the King of Realities any harm?" asked George the Dreamer.

"No, indeed," said the King, "stark naked. That is the fashion in the land of Realities, all the people, even the King, go about naked, and are not at all ashamed."

"Then the Dream King went on in front and George followed him. When they came to the place where the clouds touched the earth, the King showed him a trap door that was not well hidden in the thicket that not even a person who knew it was there would have been able to find it."

"Now I will show you my subjects the Dreams," said the King. "I have three kinds—good Dreams for good people, bad Dreams for bad people, and also Dream-goblins. With the last I amuse myself now and then, for a King must amuse himself and his people."

"So he took George into one of the castles, which was so queerly built that it looked as if it were built on a rock. Here the Dream King, they are a tiny, lingu-spirited, roguish lot, never do they harm, but love to tease."

"I will never allow them to come to you again, George the Dreamer," the King assured him. "Now come and see the bad Dreams. But don't be afraid, they won't do you any harm—they are only for bad people."

and made his way back to the iron door. But the King spoke kindly to him and persuaded him to see more closely what wicked people have to dream. Beckoning to a Dream that stood near—a hideous giant, with a mill-wheel under each arm—he commanded him to tell them what he was going to do that night.

"Then the monster raised his shoulders, wriggled about with a groan, and said: "I am going to the zoo, man, who has let his father starve. One day, when the old man was sitting on the stone steps before his own house, begging for bread, the son came and said to the servants: 'Drive away that fellow. So go to him at night and pass him through my mill wheels, until all his bones are broken into tiny pieces. When he is properly soft and quivering, I take him up the collar and shake him and say: 'See how you tremble now, you fellow!' Then he wakes up with his teeth chattering, and calls to his wife to bring him another blanket, for he is freezing. And when he has fallen asleep once more, I begin it all again."

When George the Dreamer heard this, he rushed out through the door, dragging the King after him, and crying out that he would not stay a moment longer with the bad Dreams. The King was too horrible!

"The King next led him into a lovely garden where the paths were of silver, the beds of gold, and the flowers, beautifully out precious stones. Here the good Dreams were walking up and down. The first he saw was a pale young woman, with a Noah's Ark under one arm, and a box of bricks under the other."

"Who is that?" asked the Dreamer. "She goes every evening to a little grove, whose mother is dead. He is quite alone all day, and no one troubles about him, but towards evening she goes to him, plays with him, and stays the whole night. She goes early because he goes to sleep early. The other Dreams go much later. Let us proceed, if you want to see everything, we must make haste."

"Then they went further into the garden, into the midst of the good Dreams. There were men, women, old men, and children, all with dear faces, and most beautifully dressed. Many of them were weeping all sorts of things, everything that the heart can possibly feel for. Suddenly George stood still and cried out so loudly that all the Dreams turned round to look.

"What is the matter?" said the King. "There is my Princess—she who has so often appeared to me, and who gave me the roses, George the Dreamer answered, in an ecstasy. "Certainly, certainly, it is she," said the King. "I have not sent you a very pretty Dream? It is almost the prettiest I have."

"Then George ran up to the Princess, who was sitting swinging in her golden swing. As soon as she saw him coming she sprang down into his arms. But he took her by the hand and led her to a golden bench, on which they both sat down, telling one another how sweet it was to meet again! And when they had finished saying so, they began again. The King of Dreams meanwhile walked up and down the broad path, which goes straight through the garden, with his hands behind his back. Now and then he took out his watch, to see how the time was getting on, for George the Dreamer and the Princess never came to an end of what they had to say to one another. At length he went to them and said: "That's enough, children. You, Dreamer, are far from your home, and I cannot keep you here over night, for I have no beds. You see, the Dreams never sleep, but have to go up every night to men on the earth. And you, Princess, must make yourself ready; dress yourself in pink, and then come to me, so that I may tell you to whom you must appear to night, and what you must say."

"Woe! George the Dreamer heard this, he felt more courageous than ever before in his life. Standing up, he said firmly: "My lord the King, I will never leave me by my Princess. I can not either keep my lungs below or let her go up with me to the earth. I love her much too much to live without her." Then a tear big as a hazel-nut came into each of his eyes.

"But George, George," answered the King, "it is the prettiest dream I have. Still, you saved my life; so I have your own way; take your Princess up with you. But as soon as you have got on to the earth take off her silver veil, and throw it down to me through the trap door. Then she will be of flesh and blood like every child of man; now she is only a Dream."

very unpleasant? Have anything to do with ordinary, visible kingdoms. For example, suppose you are an ordinary King, and early one morning your Minister comes to your bedside and says: "Your Majesty, I want a hundred pounds for the kingdom. Here you open your treasury and find not even a farthing in it. What are to do?" Or again, you wage war and lose, and the King who has conquered you marries your Princess, and shuts you up in a tower. Such things can not happen in invisible kingdoms.

"But if we cannot get it, of what use would our kingdom be to us?" asked George, still somewhat puzzled. "You strange man," said the King, "and pointing to his forehead, he continued: "You and your Princess see it well enough. You see the castles and gardens, the meadows and forests which belong to your kingdom. You live in it, walk in it, do what you like with it. It is only other people who do not see it."

"Then the Dreamer was highly delighted, for he was beginning to be afraid lest the village people should look enviously at him if he came home with his Princess and she King. He took a very touching leave of the King of Dreams, climbed the five hundred steps with his Princess took the silver veil off her head and threw it down. Then he wanted to shut the trap door, but it was so heavy that he could not hold it. So he let it fall, and the noise it made was as great as the noise of many cannons shot off at the same time, and for a moment he became unconscious. When he came to himself again he was sitting in front of his cottage with the Princess sitting on the mill stone at his side, and she was of flesh and blood like any other person. She was holding his hand, stroking it, and saying: "You dear, stupid man, you have no dared tell me how much you love me, for such a long time. Have you been very much afraid of me?"

And the moon rose and illumined the river, the waves beat against the banks, and the forest rustled, but they still sat there and talked. Suddenly it seemed as if a small black cloud was passing over the moon, and all at once something like a large folded sheet fell at their feet; then the moon stood out again in full glory. They lifted up the cloth and looked at it. It had that long and thin and folded many hundred times. When it was quite spread out, it looked like a large map, in the middle was a river, and on both sides were towns, forests, and lakes. Then they noticed that it was a kingdom, and knew that the good Dream King must have sent it down to them from the sky. And when they looked at their little cottage it had become a beautiful castle, with glass stairs, marble walls, velvet carpets, and pointed blue tiled towers. Then they took hands and went into the castle, where their subjects were already assembled. The servants bowed low, drums and trumpets sounded, and little pages went before them, scattering flowers. They were King and Queen.

"The next morning the news that George the Dreamer had come back, and had brought a wife with him, ran like wildfire through the village. "She is probably very clever," the people said. "I saw her early this morning, when I went into the forest," said a peasant; "she was standing at the door with him. She is nothing special, quite an ordinary person, small and delicate looking, and rather shabbily dressed. What did he see in her? He has nothing, and she probably has nothing!"

So the stupid people chattered, for they could not see that she was a Princess; and in their stupidity they did not see that the house had changed into a great, wonderful castle—for the kingdom that had come down from the sky for George the Dreamer was an invisible one. So he did not trouble about the stupid people, but lived happily and contentedly in his kingdom with his Princess, who presented him with six children, each one more beautiful than the other, and they were, all six, Princes and Princesses. But no one in the village knew it, for they were quite ordinary people, and much too silly to notice it.

Madame Bery's Joy. The reasons therefore sent forth in a solemn declaration. Rheumatism confined Her Fifteen Year Old Daughter to Her Bed, but Two Bottles of "Kotzeany Cure" Completely Restored Her.

County of Carlton, Wis. I, Francois D. Ry, of the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carlton, do solemnly declare, that I live at 227 Church Street, City of Ottawa, and that my daughter, who is fifteen years old, was afflicted with Rheumatism. So bad was her case, that she was confined to her bed. She began taking "Ryckman's Kotzeany Cure," in April, 1905.

Two bottles of the remedy was used by her, which completely cured her. It also improved her general health. I recommend the medicine. And I make this solemn declaration emotionally believing it to be true and knowing it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canadian Evidence Act.

(Signed) MADAME BERY. Taken and acknowledged before me at the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carlton, this 19th day of Feb. 1906. (Signed) JOSEPH R. ESMONDE, Notary Public.

GLEA ROBERTSON. Dedication of a New Church by the Bishop of Alexandria. Alexandria, March 20.—A large number of persons gathered at Glea Robertson on Thursday morning to attend the dedication of the new Catholic church and the baptizing of the bell. Evergreen had been planted for an avenue from the station to the church, while near the church a colored steamer spanned the avenue of green with a pretty "Oard Mills Faidite." Inside the church inscribed below the gallery was an inscription: Welcome to Our Visitors. His Lordship Bishop McDonnell arrived from Alexandria on the morning express accompanied by several of the clergy and a number of Alexandria people, all of whom were heartily welcomed by Rev. Panceo McDonald and his excellent committee. Upon arriving at the church his Lordship at once proceeded with the blessing of the sacristy edifice assisted by the following clergy: Rev. Fathers D. McDonald, Wm. McDonald, J. Fitzgibbon, Fr. Wm. Fox, Timothy McRae, Ronald McDonald, Manville Gascon, D. Sullivan, McGoughan, McMillan, Lahey, McKinnon and Duncan McDonald, pastor of the church. Rev. Father McMillan solemnly preached, appropriate to the occasion, the one in French was preached by Rev. Father Gascon of Grenville, and the one in English by Rev. D. R. McDonald of Alexandria, both being graduates of the Ottawa University. An address in English was presented to the Bishop by Mr. David Robertson, also one in French, to which His Lordship replied in French and English. The interesting ceremony of baptizing the new bell was then proceeded with, at the close of which the congregation were invited to come forward and ring the same.

The choir, though comparatively young, did credit to itself, and gives promise of doing well in the future. Miss McLeod presided at the organ and Mrs. Lovell led the choir. Mrs. D. Robertson's solo was much admired, and her magnificent voice was heard to much advantage. The members of the new parish presented an address to his Lordship, in which they said:

It is an occasion long to be remembered by each of us, because on this day the desire and expectation of a long course of years—the erection of a new parish and the dedication of a parish church in Glea Robertson. We are Catholic enough to understand and believe, that as a congregation we enter to day upon a new era of spiritual life, and the great religious work now before us, is to be a means of conveying to our souls an abundance of the precious treasures from the lavish hand of God.

In being permitted to erect a new temple of worship to the God to whose beneficence we acknowledge that all the necessary blessings are ours. It is a great privilege for us that this new church, the result of our humble efforts should, in the presence of the benign Providence, be dedicated to His service and to be accepted by Him.

It is our joy to know that this great work, the first step in our new era of faith, hope and charity, is being accomplished in the presence of our new church as the opening up of a never failing spring, from which will flow in generous streams rich blessings and grace to our souls and strength and growth on our soil in the toil and trials of our earthly journey.

In union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, just now celebrated, we have already offered to God, the supreme Giver of all good gifts, our heartfelt thanks for the great blessing bestowed on us.

The address further set forth the devotion of the people to his Lordship. It was signed by Mr. Duncan McDonald and Mr. David Robertson. A dinner was spread in Father McDonald's new presbytery, to his Lordship, the clergy and a number of invited guests, among whom were noted John A. McDonald, Greenfield; George Hearden, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McArthur, Mrs. Searrow and Miss McDonald, from Alexandria.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with curing certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific effects, and are truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Carrcross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched by nobler virtues.—Goldsmit. If po is the yeast in the bread of action. The Slanderer.—In the drop of venom which distils from the sting of the smallest insect, or the spikes of the nettle leaf, there is concentrated the poisonousness of a poison so subtle that the smallest amount of it, if it enters the blood, irritates that it can inflame and convert day and night into restless misery; so it is with the words of the slanderer. There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel, and saving it from all risk of crankiness, than busy-ness. More Kind Words from Miss Julia Pezard.—"In the Great Ministry Which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days."

FROM THE AVIATEL MEMORIAL OF ILLINOIS. The case of E. P. Robbins of Westland, a sufferer for seventeen years from this disease, the treatment of the disease, the results and the final result. The case of E. P. Robbins of Westland, a sufferer for seventeen years from this disease, the treatment of the disease, the results and the final result.

For seven weeks he laid in bed under the care of the best physician, and the end of that time he was again able to resume his duties. During the next few years he was subject to frequent slight attacks, and finally thought a change of location might be beneficial. With this idea Mr. Robbins visited the different American cities, sometimes in good health and at other times suffering from the same ailment. In 1888 he finally settled in New York. Here, for about two years, he followed his occupation with comparatively little sickness, when he suffered a severe attack which left him unable to do anything but lie in bed for his old habit, where he arrived in February, 1893, a crippled resemblance of his former self, and was passed on recognized by his former friends. Here in the house of his father, James W. Robbins, he was able to walk out of doors in the summer, and then during the warm days was able to walk about with the aid of a spiked cane for a few minutes at a time. When the cold approached, however, he was again confined to the house. His father frequently recommended to Mr. Robbins to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which he started to take them. The first box was unobtainable but the second produced a slight change for the better. More were then taken and the improvement was made in his health by his friends. The rheumatism slowly but surely left and has not since returned. In March last Mr. Robbins was once more at work and has not lost a day since; the cane has long since been discarded and he is now able to walk several miles a day, and is able to do all the work of his former life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In case of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatic rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous eruptions, and other diseases, it is a sure remedy. They are so specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to cheeks, hair, broken down by over work, worry or illness, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Waukegan, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "Just as good."

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a package in a salmon-colored wrapper with the picture of the man and fish on it—you can trust that merit.

50 cents and \$1.00. Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

thinness. The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them. Everybody knows cod liver oil makes the healthiest fat.

In Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil the taste is hidden, the oil is digested, it is ready to make fat.

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THE SLENDERER.—In the drop of venom which distils from the sting of the smallest insect, or the spikes of the nettle leaf, there is concentrated the poisonousness of a poison so subtle that the smallest amount of it, if it enters the blood, irritates that it can inflame and convert day and night into restless misery; so it is with the words of the slanderer. There is no better ballast for keeping the mind steady on its keel, and saving it from all risk of crankiness, than busy-ness. More Kind Words from Miss Julia Pezard.—"In the Great Ministry Which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days."

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