tiood - Bye to Ireland.

- cong from you, Ireland, far beyond the wide, wide sea, the seriow at my heartstrings is a westy load to me:

 Is hard to part from kindred, and som friendships old and true
 is death in life, mayournees, to look back my last on you.

- there you're lying in w, me storin, by the ocean ringed around, such and succeed to your children in your every spot of ground; vin the white clouds suling o'er you and the sunstline on your sod, An 'your mountains atanding mutely with their forcheads bared to God.

- 1 the peace of heaven he with you when In many a loague away,
 In many a loague away,
 I my heart is memory haunted by the sence I leave to day;
 May the longed for dawn of Freedom spread its banners o'er your sky.
 I wan weelf and all my grievings in the lead years have gone by.

- 1.7 stoir. Ill see your beauty many as time in home filled dreams.
 Au I II feel my puises ruicken to the throb of Irish streams.
 1-ri the wind of oxfly morning sweeping up time dark and must.
 When the larks are mounting beavenward and the night and dawn have kissed.
- I will hear the restless shiver of those voltow poplar leaves. And the swish of bronding awallows Hitting under cottage saves:
 Hear the singing of the river and the cuckeds drewsy call,
 White, my heart and I, acushia, are three thousand miles from all.
- co, I know how apring will acek ye, coming down her primeroe stair, With young violets in her boom and soft airs amust her hair; How the bleat of lamba will waken echoes three your fresh dug hills, And the woodlawn ways flash redly with the fires of dasfodils.

- Summer days will bring ye reses; autumn hoards of golden grain;
 Snowwreaths clothe in stormy winter paths I may tread again;
 Moonlit nights broatle autry perfumes of brown hay fields weet with dew,
 Whilst I toes in restless slumber hungering for my own and you.
- A), my own. Are not the faces I have watched since childhood's years. Grown into my soul's extence, part of all its hopes and foars, kith and kin, my loved and loving, parted now, but nover lost, I'll be with you from the distance, howeover my bark be tossed I
- Never fear I shall forget ye; new friends may be good and kind, But the nearest and dearest here I leave in tears behind, Never fading, never changing; as I see ye
- shall ye be, of my existence ever, all my very own
- Well, good bye, my good old mother; one more look upon your face; I have the look upon your face; I have the look upon your face, and to your rose and to your rose than all, in, my loved and loving native home and shore and sky, May the grace of God be with you when I'm gone. Good-bye!

THE WIZARD'S CHARM.

In a pretty chalet that neetled high against the shaggy breast of Mount Obgadin lived the widow Neur and her daughter Marie.

A lonely home you would have ought it, but the fir trees that waile so in your ears whispered good neer to Marie.

cheer to Marie.

When fierce winds came rushing down the mountain side, she knew the trees would bend their tall heads together and twine their strong arms around her home, until robbed of his victim, the baffled storm rushed by.

was much bear and a transfer and a transfer and the rhome, until robbed of his victim, the baffied storm rushed by. When morning broke the same friends stood erect and stately, drawing saide their leaves and branches, that the sunbeams might not linger in their soft embraces, but hasten down to awaken their favourite, Marie, Very lovely was the little Swiss maid, with violet eyes that now danced and sparkled and then grew soft and tender as a little child's. Two rosered lips shut in her pearly teeth, and when she smiled a tiny dimple danced for a moment on her peachy cheek. Her hair clung in carcasing ourls around her low, white forchead, and fell in ripples of golden sunshine far below her slender waist. And her voice! All that was Marie's greatest charm. Soft and clear; not a discordant note marred its sweet, pure hearmony. Sometimes as she sang at her evening devotions, the herdamen far below in the valley, caching faint notes of her song, looked up and cross-ed themselvee, half believing they heard the echo of an angel choir.

But very few knew of Marie's beauty. For when she went with her mother on one of her rare visits to the hamlet below, she brushed her wavy hair straight and smooth book from her forchead, and braided it in long, stiff plaits which fall down her back.

Her eyalids, with their curtains of long, silky lashes, drooped over har

plaits which fell down her back.

Her syslids, with their outsins of long, silly lashes, drooped over her dancing eyes until one looked in vain for a glimpse of their beauty. Her red lips shut firmly over pearly teeth, while the dimple hid itself resolutely away from sight. And her sweet voice, frightened at its own sound so far from home, grew faut and husky, until, in this shrinking, sobor dames!, walking so timidly bouide the widow Neur, you would have found it hard to recognise the beautiful Marie of the mountain.

mountain.

Bo it happened that only her mother and one other person knew how good and sweet and how fair Marie was.

This other was a stranger who came from a faraway country, and spant

his summers in a little house on the

his summers in a little house on the mountain very top.

The simple villagers called him "the weard," and told strange takes of now he spent whole nights gazing at the heavens through a long tabe that he could tell to an hour when the sun would cover itself with darkness; but, strangest of all, he had a little wire stretched for miles over hims and valleave to the creat city! This wire valleave to the creat city! This wire valloys to the great city! This win talked to him in a queer languag which no one could understand.

"Tick, tick, tickety, tick," it said, and it told him things that happened miles and niles away.

Marie did not know how wise the rizard was when he came to her ome one morning and asked for a rink of water. vizard

urink of water.

He followed her to the spring when she went for it and stopped by the way to break open a curious stone. He showed Marie how queerly marked it was inside, and then told a story about it. The usually timid maiden was so interested she forgot to be frightened, and thus a strong friend-ship was begun.

ship was begun.

After this the wizard often came to the widow's chalet for rest and refresh ment on his long rambles, and long before the first summer was onded the stranger knew that no girl in all the canton could be compared with Mario

the canton could be compared with Mario.

On the other side of the mountain from the widow Neur's home lived another widow. She, too, had but one child, a son, who was the pride and delight of her life. This was the brave young hunter and guide Gustbrave young hunter and guide Gust-avus Friel.

avus Friol.

Everyone knew and liked Gustavus.
Ho was tall, straight, and handsome, with flashing brown eyes, and a laugh as frank as a child; he was the favourite of the canton and there was not a girl within its bounds who would not have been proud to plight her troth with him.

Gustavus

bim. Gusavus, however, cared little for the Obgadin maidens. He would far rather chase the chamois up the mountain-side, or guide travellers through its dangerous passes, than spend his time with the finest of the maids of the hamlet.

His mother often said, "My son, when will thou bring me home a daughter and thyself a wite?"

And Gusavus smilling and pressing.

And Gustavus, smiling and pressing a kiss on her forehead, would answer: "When I find a maid as good as thee, mother; but I want no idle, shrill-voiced wife to disturb our quiet home."

shrill voiced wife to disturb our quiet home."

But one day his mother said more saidly and seriously than ever before:

"Gustavus, I am growing old and feeble. I can no longer make and mend thy olothes and keep our home. Thou must have a wife. Promise me at the fete next week thou wilt choose one from among the maidens there."

Gustavus reluciantly gave her the desired promise, but it weighed heavily upon him. He could think of nothing else, and the more he pondered the heavier his heart grew.

At last he seized his gun and went out on the mountain, but the perplexing questions followed him, until in despair he threw himself on the ground, groaning, "Oh, that some wise man would make this choice for me!"

wise man would make this choice for me!"

A moment after he looked up and saw, as if in answer to his wish, the wirsard approaching him.

"Why," he exclaimed to himself, "did I not think of him before? Surely he, if anyone, can help me." Then, with a throbbing heart, Gustavus sprang up to most him.

The wizard greeted Gustavus warmly, for he felt a strong friendship for the young guide who had taken him safely through many a dangerous mountain excursion.

And now his sympathetic question, "Why, what's troubling you, my boy?" opened the way for Guntavus to pour out all his perplexity, ending his recital with the question:

"Oanst thou not help me choose a good wife who will make my lifehapp? For now I have given my mother my promise to find a wife at the fete next week."

The wizard smiled sympathetically, and then thought in slence a little while before he answered:

"I a pure, true heart is united to a true, pure heart, both lives must be happy."

"Alse i" answered Gustavus, "but

"I's pure, true heart is united to a true, pure heart, both lives must be happy."

"Alas!" answered Gustavus, "but I know not which maiden among them all has the truest, purest heart!"

"There will be one such heart at the fets," answered the wizard, "but you may fail to recognize it. However if you will come to me to morrow I will give you a charm that will show you this heart."

Here was comfort, indeed, and with a light heart Gustavus thanked his finad and bounded forward.

Left alone, the wisard continued down hie mountain-side until he came in sight of the widow Neur's chalet, where he found Marie sitting by the spring. Insteed of her untal sunhiny smile, tiny tear drope stood in her eyes, and there was a grieved look about her rosy lips that made him wish to comfort her.

"What is the matter, little one?" he ashet gently.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I want to see the great fete next week, but I have no pretty ornaments to wear, and them." The long outvains drooped over her shining eyes, and the sweet roice sank almost to a whisper.

"The good mother says none of the

young men will care to dance with

ie."
"But why?" asked the wizard, in

surprise.

Because I cannot talk and laugh with them re other maideus do. My with them ra other maidens do. Make with them ra other maidens do but glance toward me, and I know not what to

lieart bests fast if slivy do but glane toward me, and I know not what to say, and so "—here a tear slipped from under the long eyelashes—"my mother asys I had butter not go."

"Courage, little one," the wizard answered. "Tell your mother." he added suddenly, "that I am going to lend you a sliver belt to wear, and that my knowledge tells me that the bravest, handsomeet youth in all the bravest, handsomeet youth and the wizard waiting for lim, and, taking him mito his strange room, the wizard man said, smiling, as he had the day before, half quizzically, half sympathically;

"Here's the charm, my good fellow. Pat it on before you go to the fete, and be sure you dance with every maiden there. When you please your arm about the waist of the one whose heart le true and good a strange fealing will run through you and your hand will cling to her. But you must be sure and dance with all !"

Guetavus, greatly wondering, thanked the wizard and alipped on the

Gustavus, greatly wondering, thank-ed the wizard and slipped on the

ed the wizard and slipped on the ring.

It was a curious circlet of iron, with a flat extension, which the wizard bade him wear pointing to his palm.

When the fete day came Gustavus was there among the other young men eager to try his oharm.

All the maidens of Obgadin canton were there also, and on the outskirts of one of the gay crowds little Marie hovered timidly beside her mather.

"Why didet thou come, Marie?" asked one of the girls.

"Didst thou think any youth would want to dance with a mouse to day?" asked another.

Then, seeing the quick tears tremb-

Then, seeing the quick tears tremb-ing on Marie's lashes, she added

ling on Marie's lashes, she added more kindly:

"Ah, well, thou canst at least see our good times?"

"What a lovely belt thou hast, Marie!" oried another. "Where didst thou get it?"

"The wirarl gave it to her," the widow Neur answered shortly, for she did not relish the girl's tone, and she drew her daughter away.

"Come, Marie, let us sit here under the trees and watch the dance."

Marie nestled close to her mother's side, and as the hours fied and no youth saked her to dance, her head dropped lower and lower, and she wondered if the wise man had made a mistake.

wondered if the wise man had made a mistake.

In the meantime Gustavus danced with one after another of the maids, but though he watched with intense eagerness, not once did he feel the strange thrill for which he waited.

"I have danced with them all," he said at last to himself, "except that shy one over there; savely she is not the qirl! But as I promised to dance with all, I will try her too."

"Marie, wilt thou dance with me?" Astonishment and delight made Marie for a moment forget her shymess. The wirard's words had come true!

ness. The winness were true!
Rising quickly, she said, smiling upon him, and showing her beautiful eyes, already danoing with delight, and the dear little dimples in her

ences:
"Art thou come?"
"She is not so plain, after all,"
thought Gustavus, as he answered:

"Wast thou looking for me, Marie?"
Marie hung her head without answering, and Gustavus, wondering a little at her words, led her to the dance.

As he placed his arm around her his hand touched her shining belt.

Instantity a strange thrill ran
through bion, and Guetavus' arm
seemed to cling to Marie's waist.
So they began danoing, and as they
danced it seemed to those watching
them that a wonderful transformation
came over Marie.

Her hair, shaken loose from its

senerous is seemed to those watching them that a wonderful transformation came over Marie.

Her hair, shaken loose from its long, sifif braids, hung like a glittering goldan well all around her, her beautiful eyes shone like stars, and her dimpled cheeks and pearly teeth formed a fit hiding place for the laughing voice that now and then rang awest and clear from her rosy lips. Not one of the village maidens was half so fair as she!

"Burely," said the amazed villagers, "there was never such a handsome couple."

But is not Marie under a charm," oried others, "she has suddenly grown so lovely?"

But the widow Neur smiled to herself and said:

"Love's witchery, if it is true and purs, will transform all of us and bring out all that is loveliest and best within us."

As for Gustava, he thought rightly that he had never seen no good and beautiful a creature, and he blessed the wisard for the charm which had led his heart to her.

Long before the summer ended, Gustavas took home Marie to be his own and mother's greatest joy and happiness.

When M. le Wisard returned to

appinees. When M. le Wizard returned to

Paris that winter, he read a scientific paper before the savants of the

Parts that winer, in paper before the savants of the Academy. In it he detailed many of his wonderful diceveries and his work during the summer. But he did not speak of the most interesting of all—how, by the aid of a little magnet, concealed in a steel belt, and a rude ring, he had brought together two loving human hearts, and by so doing had caught some of the happiness of Paradies and imprisoned it in a chalet on old Obgadin Mountain.

Irish College in Italy.

At Ivrea, an ancient city in the north of Italy, the Salesians of Don Bosco, says The Salesians Bulletin, opened an Irish college some years ago. Irish boys who have finished their elementary studies and have reached their twiffth year study In a and are educated there to become missionary priests.

But why did the sons of Don Bosco choose Ivrea for the site of an Irish College, and not Turin, the centre of the Salesian institutions, or even some other place more suitable for those who come from Ireland? The reason is a very important one. In times

who come from Ireland? The reason is a vury important one. In times past the Irela and English who wished to go to Rome by land as a rule crossed the Alps by the Great St. Bernard, a road which passes through Ivrea. It is certain that St. Patrick passed by this road, as also did St. Malachy and many others, who all went to this city.

this road, as also did St. Malachy and many others, who all went to this city.

Now, the Bollandists and Mgr.
Gradwell in the work of Succast, the best life of the saint, say that St.
Patrick was consecrated Bishop of Ivrea by Bishop Amalorix, who was his friend ("Succast: The Story of the Life of St. Patrick.") St. Malachy, Bishop of Armagh, not only passed through Ivrea, but, as St. Bernard relates, in the year 1189 worked a great miracle there. By his prayer he restored almost instantaneously to life the son of his host, who was grievously ill (St. Barnard, in his "Life of St. Malachy.")

Again, the Blessed Thaddeus Makar, or MacCarthy, Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, in Ireland, not only passed through Iyres, but also died there in 1492. His relies are kept with the greatest care under the high altar of this reason that the Salesians determined to open an Irish College there after they had come into possession of the land adjoining the house where this saint died. Devotion to Blessed Thaddeus is ancient; but he was not recognized by the Church until last year, and only in next September will his feast be celebrated, and his Office and Mass, recently approved by the Holy See, be said.

A Catholic Missionary's Experience.

A Catholic Missionary's Experience.

The Rev. Father Wade, a missionary priest who spant several years on the West Coast of Africa, preached by permission of his Grace the Archbishop, at the Pro cathedral in Dublin, Sunday 16th in aid of the mission in Asbantes. The rev. preacher stated in the course of his eloquent and louching address that about thirty years ago the first mission to West Africa was started, and now there were saveral flourishing missions. At Lagos and Porto Nuovo there were 4,000 Catholics. At Sierra Leone there were \$0,000 Catholics. At Dahomey and adjoining missions there were \$0,000 Catholics. In 1899 the prescher opened the mission at Kwitta, mainly with the money furnished by the Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$000 Catholics and \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics of Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics and \$00 Catholics of Dublin, and at Kwitta there were now \$00 Catholics of Catho

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this medicine the better.

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Ireland's Poets

There must be something in the atmosphere of Ireland poculiarly congenial to poetry and the poetic faculty. for the Irish poets have ever been among the sweetest, the most soulful and the bost. The "old and," it is true, has never produced a Shake speare, a Milton, a Pope, a Dryden, a Byron, a Shelley—in other words, a towering, awe-inspiring master of the Irro, but it has brought forth a perfect flood of tuneful songsters whose graceful and melodious warblings have echoed around the world and found responsive throbbings in many and many a heart.

Perhaps the anomalous political

many a heart.

Perhaps the anomalous political situation of the country, the overmastering sense of oppression that all high strung patriotte Irishmen have always felt and their restiveness under English rule have had something to do with promoting the growth of Irish poetry, but whatever may have been the cause or causes, the fact of the markid merit of the Irish poets remains, and not without reason was the harp chosen as the nation's emblom.

In what land's catalogue obildren of song can be found fustrous names than those whice long to Iroland? Look at a p of the list:

justrous names than those which belong to Ireland? Look at a portion of the list:

Thomas Moore, whose lyries will never be forgotten: Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Deserted Village" is everywhere considered as a model for imitation; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, whose songs are still famous; Father Prout, whose "Reliques" contain floods of boantiful and amusiry poems, among them "The Belle of Shandon" and "The Groves of Blarney;" Samuel Lover, who wrote "The Angel's Whisper," "The Haunted Spring," "The Low Back'd Car" and scores of other songs that have become as household words in Ireland; Sheridan Le Fanu, whose "Shamus O'Brien" will forever remain a living monument to his genius; Gerald Griffin, whose ballads have been universally admired; John Banim, a balladist of wide celebrity; Clarence Mangan, the bard of tender sentiment; Dr. William Maginn, the king of rollicking lyrists; Dean Swit, the satirist, whose gall-tipped pen probed to the core the folicios of his time; Charles Laver, a right royal bacchanalian warbler; Father Ryan, anthor of "The Conquered Banner;" Thomas Davis, the patriotic songster, whose "Grean Above the Red" once set Ireland in a blaze; Charles Wolfe, who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and Lady Dufferin, whose "Lament of the Irish Emigrant" almost deserves to be a classic.

These bards may not be great—with two or three exceptions—in the most

be a classic.

These bards may not be great—with two or three exceptions—in the most extended sense of the word, but they are all true posts whose verses touch the heart and make the chords of passion, in patriotism and mirth vibrate at will, whose beauties lie not marely in words and word-psinting, but rather in sentiment, thought and innate power. Verily, the harp of Ireland has been (and is yet) swept by able fingers, and their touch has known how to awaken coinces in the human breast which will not case ringing while time endures. Ireland has a just right to be proud of her posts. They are part of her unfading glories and form the brightest gems in her literary crown.—The Hesperian.

How He Became a Catholic.

An American Catholic contemporary, writing about a distinguished American convert who died recently, says:

—Many incidents in the life of Frank Hurd show his deep and true Catholic ity. Daring the great Hayes Tilden contest in Congress when he was a member of the House, he had almost to fight his way out in order to go to church. The Session had lasted all Saturday night and well on towards noon on Sunday.

The sergeant-at-arms would permit momenter to leave the House. Mr. Hurd waited until the last moment when it would be possible for him to leave and get to the last Mass. Coming to the door of the House should come to a vote. They were so persistent that he finally said a little tartly, pushing his way past them and going out the door: "You go to the mischief! Im going to Mass" And he did go to Mass.

When his aged mother, in answer the is fervent prayer, received the

go to the misohief! Im going to Mass. What he did go to Mass.

When his aged mother, in answer to his fervent prayers, received the grace of faith, he hailed an old friend in the streets of Toledo to tell him the good news, adding: "It is so unex peoted I can hardly appresiate it as I should." And when he was summoned from Washingson to her death bed, his first anxious inquiry was: "Has mother had a priest?" In arranging for her funeral he merely requested that the full ritual of the Church be carried out. When he was defeated in the election of 1888, he jokingly announced his intention to "take a little rest, make a good general confession and begin life over again." And when asked how he settled errain inotity points not covered by the Federal Constitution, he answered "I turn to the Catholic Church, that gave to humanity the principles of our Constitution."







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