

A JAP FAIRY TALE.

The Japanese story-tellers, like all islanders, are fond of "tales of the sea." According to one of these Oriental sea stories, long ago there lived on the coast of the sea of Japan, a young fisherman named Urashima...

The next incident that happened was that Urashima went to sleep in his boat. For it was one of those hot summer days when the sea rocks its children to slumber...

So Urashima took one oar and the sea-God's daughter took the other, and they rowed till at last they came to the Dragon Palace, where the sea-God lived and ruled as King over all the dragons and tortoises and crabs and fishes...

But one morning Urashima said to his wife: "I am quite happy with you, delightful one. Still, I want to go home and see my father and mother, and brothers and sisters. Permit me to depart for a short time, and by the birth of my love, I will soon be back again."

"I don't like you to go," said she. "I am very much afraid that something dreadful will happen. However, if you go there is no help for it, only you must take this box which will protect you, on condition that you are very careful not to open it. When you open it you will never be able to come back here."

So Urashima promised to take great care of the box, and not open it on any account, and then getting into his boat, he rowed off, and at last landed on the shore of his own country. But much had happened while he had been away. Whither had his father's cottage gone? What had become of the village where he used to live? The mountains indeed were there, but the trees on them had been cut down...

"Urashima!" said she, "why, it is 400 years since he was drowned out fishing. His parents and his brothers and their great grandchildren are all dead long ago. It is all very old story. How can you be so foolish to ask after his cottage? It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago."

Then it suddenly flashed across Urashima's mind that the sea-God's palace was beyond the waves, with its coral walls and its ruby fruits, and its dragons with tails of solid gold, must be part of fairyland, and that one day in that land was probably as long as a year in this world, so that his swift years in the sea-God's palace had really endured for hundreds of years.

At home, now that all his friends were dead and buried, and even the village had passed away, so Urashima was in a great hurry to get back to his wife, the Dragon Princess, beyond the sea. But which was the way? He could not find it without any one to show it to him. "Perhaps," thought he, "if I open the box which she gave me I shall be able to learn the way." So he disobeyed her orders...

to him, and how, after opening the box, he should never be able to go to the sea-God's palace again. But soon he could neither run nor shout any more. Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled, and his back bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped short, and he fell down dead on the beach. Ah, Lannen! Lannen! Woe for Urashima! He died because he had been foolish and disobedient. If only he had done as he was told he might have lived another thousand years. If he could only go and see the Dragon Palace beyond the waves where the sea-God lives and rules as King over all the dragons, and the tortoises, and the fishes, where the trees have emeralds for leaves, and rubies for berries, where the dew-drops are of silver, and the dragons' tails are of solid gold—never would we open that stupid box!

WEDDING AT GUELPH

On Tuesday, June 13th, in the Church of Our Lady, at Guelph, one of the prettiest weddings seen there for some time was auspiciously solemnized. The contracting parties were Dr. P. T. Coghlan, of the well-known dental firm of Foster and Coghlan, and Miss Rosa Hazelton, daughter of Mrs. Hazelton, Glasgow street.

The marriage ceremony began promptly at 10 o'clock. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Mr. J. J. Hazelton, the organ pealing forth the Bridal March, from Lohengrin. Miss Violet Hazelton, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and the duties of groomsmen were performed by Dr. J. P. Coghlan, of Acton, brother of the groom.

The bride was gowned in white tulle, under white organdie, and wore a tulle hat with feathers, and carried a large bouquet of bridal roses. A fairer bride the sun never shone upon. The bridesmaid's dress was a mauve silk, with picture hat. She carried pink roses.

Mr. Jas. E. Day, and Mr. A. J. B. Harris, were the ushers. After the marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., Mass was celebrated. The musical service was very attractive. Mrs. Karacetic sang the Salve Regina with characteristic sweetness and expression. The English hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was very impressively rendered by Miss Rose Hazelton and Miss Minnie Gay. Miss Gay presided at the organ.

When the service was over and the newly-married couple had signed the register, Mendelssohn's Wedding March was beautifully rendered by Miss Gay as the bridal party and the guests moved down the aisle of the church.

At "Hazeldeil," the residence of the bride's mother, a luncheon was served, those present being the immediate relatives of the happy couple. Dr. and Mrs. Coghlan received many heartfelt congratulations, and the large array of costly wedding presents bore testimony to the good wishes of many absent friends. The groom's present to the bride was a ring set with precious stones, spelling his name, and his gift to the bridesmaid was a gold circlet with a pearl setting.

Dr. and Mrs. Coghlan left at three o'clock for the south. They will visit New York, Boston, and Montreal during their honeymoon, and will, on their return, take up their residence on Glasgow street. The happy couple have linked life's fortunes together under promising circumstances, and from a very wide circle of friends will be heard wishes for their married life may be blessed with many enduring joys, and that their sorrows may be few and fleeting.

IN MEMORIAL—FRANCIS EBACH A very sad accident occurred on Wednesday, June 17th, of which Frank Ebach, a pupil of St. Paul's school, was the victim. He and some of his companions went bathing in the Don. They were playing ball in the water, and someone threw the ball over Frank's head; he stepped back to reach for it, when he got beyond his depth and was drowned before assistance could be rendered.

He was a member of St. Paul's Sanctuary Society, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. On Friday his funeral took place from his parents' residence, 16 Dean street, at 9 a.m. It was met on Beckwith street by the schoolboys, who walked in two lines on either side of the hearse. At the church gate the cortege was met by the Sanctuary boys, wearing crane bows on their surplices. The wreaths were removed, and instead, the deceased's cassock and surplice were placed upon the coffin. The mournful procession then moved into the church, where High Mass was celebrated. When the Absolution for the Dead was finished, the Rev. Father Hand spoke a few very appropriate words on the qualities and merits of the deceased Sanctuary boy. The procession then reformed, and a more touching sight was not witnessed in St. Paul's for many a day. The congregation was much affected, and nearly all the Sanctuary boys were bathed in tears, thus testifying to the love and esteem in which the deceased was held. The remains were then taken to St. Michael's cemetery, whither many of his school-fellows went to see the last resting-place of their late companion. Great sympathy is extended to his bereaved parents. R. P. E.

to him, and how, after opening the box, he should never be able to go to the sea-God's palace again. But soon he could neither run nor shout any more. Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled, and his back bent like that of a very old man. Then his breath stopped short, and he fell down dead on the beach. Ah, Lannen! Lannen! Woe for Urashima! He died because he had been foolish and disobedient. If only he had done as he was told he might have lived another thousand years. If he could only go and see the Dragon Palace beyond the waves where the sea-God lives and rules as King over all the dragons, and the tortoises, and the fishes, where the trees have emeralds for leaves, and rubies for berries, where the dew-drops are of silver, and the dragons' tails are of solid gold—never would we open that stupid box!

CATHOLIC ORDER FORESTERS.

The hall of St. Leo Court 251, corner Queen and McCaul streets, was crowded with the members of the order in the city on Thursday night, the 8th. As Bro. W. T. J. Lee, Past Provincial Chief Ranger, was about to enter the bonds of matrimony, the members took the opportunity to show their appreciation for his presenting him with the order by the wearing of his own handsome paletot lamp and an address. The gold shield on the lamp bears the following:—Presented to W. T. J. Lee by the Catholic Order Foresters of Toronto, June 8th, 1899. The address was embodied by the Sisters of Loretto, Wellesley place, and was a work of art, and greatly admired by the members. Bro. J. O'Reilly occupied the chair, and on the platform was seated Bro. Lee, Revs. Fr. Groulx, S.S.R., Rev. J. L'Ancre, Rev. Fr. J. B. Dollard, Bro. J. Sullivan, of Holy Family, No. 1, Chicago, Bro. R. Gunn, of Orillia, Bro. W. McKenna, and J. J. Nightingale. The address was given on behalf of the members by D. Bracken, D. R. Cusick, J. J. O'Toole, M. J. Healy, H. A. Mittle, P. J. Ricard, John Ryan, J. J. Nightingale, secretary, John J. O'Reilly, chairman.

The presentation was made by Bros. F. Hordan and J. Ryan. Bro. Lee replied in feeling terms, sincerely thanking the members. Rev. Fr. Groulx, P.S.S.R., expressed his pleasure at being present. Knowing Bro. Lee so well he could heartily endorse the sentiments expressed. Bro. R. Gunn expressed his pleasure in being able to testify to Bro. Lee's earnest work for the order.

Bro. J. J. Nightingale then spoke of the earnest work of Bro. Lee, not only in this city, but throughout the entire province.

A SENSIBLE GRANGEMAN AND A FRAUDULENT MONK.

Ottawa Journal, June 14.—A story reached the city yesterday from Dunlopville, that is apparently a very clever operation in Russell county, around the farm house of Russell, Ontario, of an alleged Capuchin monk who claims he is escaped from the monastery in Hintonburg, and is in danger of being kidnapped and taken back again. He is trying to raise money, with the alleged object of getting out of the country. The man calls himself Brother Leo.

The Journal's informant, who did not think the alleged monk genuine, stated that Brother Leo is giving lectures in the farm houses, to men only, on the infamies of the Church of Rome. The alleged monk states he is a son of the ex-Governor of Quebec. WHAT THE MONKS SAY. Father Alexander the chief of the monastery, was seen. He said he had already heard of this fellow. Of course the fellow's tale was a complete fabrication, he said. Since the order started, ten years ago, not a single brother has left. Father Alexander said the man was in the city last Friday. He then went to the Water street convent of Grey and he told a story of how he was a great friend of the order, and had just arrived from Belgium. He tried to raise some money on these representations. The nuns suspected him, and made enquiries at the monastery. But the nuns said the man was not there, and has not since been found. The Journal's informant was an officer of the Russell County Orange Lodge. The informant said the alleged priest was believed, a fraud who was trying to play on the sympathies of the Orangemen and Protestants generally.

The birds are moulting. If man could only moulit also—his mind once a year its errors, his heart once a year its useless passions! How fine we should all look if every August the plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away, and fresh quills take the vacant places. But we have one set of feathers to last us through our three score years and ten—set of spotless feathers which we are told to keep spotless through all our lives in a dirty world. If one gets broken, broken it stays; if one gets blackened, nothing will cleanse it.

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TO GET RID OF FLIES.

People in the country who are annoyed by flies should remember that clusters of the fragrant clover, which grows abundantly by nearly every roadside, if hung in the room and left to dry and shed its faint fragrant perfume through the air, will drive away more flies than sticky saucers of molasses and other fly-traps and fly-papers can ever collect.—New York Tribune.

AN OPERATION EVADED.

MR. R. A. SIZE, OF INFERROLL, ONT., TELLS HOW IT WAS DONE.

Symptoms of Appendicitis—The Way They Were Relieved—The Softer Now Well and Working Every Day.

From the Chronicle, Inverroil, Ont. In February, 1898, Mr. R. A. Size was taken very ill, and was confined to his home for over a week. He learned that he was to go to the hospital to have an operation performed, but the operation never took place, and as he had started to work again and in apparently good health, he investigated the case and found the cause of his ailment using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Size is a highly respected citizen of Inverroil, having resided here for over thirty years and has been a faithful employee at Messrs. Parrie & Son's flouring mills for over sixteen years. When asked by a Chronicle reporter whether he would give an interview for publication, telling the nature of his disease and his cure, he readily consented. Mr. Size gave the details of his illness and cure as follows:—

"In February I caught a heavy cold which seemed to settle in my left side. The doctor thought it was neuralgia of the nerves. It remained there for some time and then moved to my right side, in the region of the stomach. He applied everything and had fly-blisters for 48 hours. They never even caused a blister and did the pain no good. The doctors came to the conclusion that the appendix was diseased and would have to be removed. The pain was very great at times, and suffered was such a stiffness in my ankles, also in my hand, and pain all over my body. The day and date was set for an operation, and I was reconciled to it. About a week before I was to go to the hospital my wife was reading the Chronicle. She read an account of a man who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The symptoms of the disease were so much like mine that she became interested, and wanted me to give the pills a trial. I had little faith in the pills but as my wife seemed to be anxious that I should take them, I consented. The day for the operation had now arrived, and I told the doctors I did not think I would go to the hospital, but would try the pills. I was greatly surprised and pleased with the result. I continued to improve, and have long since given up all idea of an operation. When I started to use the pills, I was unable to walk, and suffered something awful with the pain in my side. It was just five weeks from the time that I started the use of the pills, until I was able to walk again and I had been doctoring three months before that, and I have been working ever since. Altogether I have taken sixteen boxes of the pills, and they have done me more good than all the doctors' medicine I ever took in my life. I have now confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and think that they are the best medicine in the world to day. Certainly had it not been for them, I would have had to go through the ordeal of an operation and perhaps would not have been living now. I hope that by making this public I will be of benefit to others, as it was through one of the best Bibles that I first learned of the unequalled qualities of the pills.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post-paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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