There are many women capable of the most exalted friendship-great of heart, broad in sympathy, wise in counsel. Having found one of the grapple her to your heart hooks of steel, but remember the truest friendship is all the finer for its reserve. The heart that turns out every thought and emo tion for our inspection is like a shallow box, of which we soon tire be cause we know all its contents. like to feel that in the soul of those nearest and dearest to us there are still depths which the plummet of our love has never sounded, and secret chambers the opening of whose doors may some day flood friendship with perfume and light.

Conducted

THE MAN WHO SINGS AT HIS WORK

\*\* \*\* \*\*

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time-he will do it better-he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony they revolve in their spheres Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformjoyous-a spirit all sunshinegraceful from gladness-beautiful because bright.-Carlyle

These are the gifts I ask Of Thee, Spirit sere Strength for the daily task, Courage to face the road, Good cheer to help me bear traveller's load;

And, for the hours of rest that come between An inward joy in all things heard

and seen -Henry Van Dyke

CATHOLIC ACTRESS TO FOUND DRAMATIC LIBRARY.

Marie Cahill, the actress, has offered to found a library of value dramatic students at Georgetown press them they are of no use University, and the offer has been accepted by the Rev. Father Buell, S.J., the president of the college Miss Cahill arrived in Washington a few days ago and delivered to the first presentation, valuable Bell edition of Shakespeare of twenty volumes, published London in 1787. The set is the only one of its kind, for while Bell editions of the above date are not extremely rare, this is the one that was especially prepared for Prince George of Wales, and contains not only a special dedicatory book plate, but has also on the outside binding the royal British coat of arms. In her letter of presentation Miss Cahill says:

"It is possible to educate the stage by encouraging educated men women to interest themselves in dramatic affairs, for with educated actors, playwrights and managers the stage will naturally elevate The present inferior condition of the American drama is not 90 much the fault of the public ent day managers would have brush. us believe. The trouble lies with the playwrights and actors. Let us tepid water with which straw matinject a little culture and refinement ting is to be wiped up; it lied with dramatic interests and the atmosphere of the stage must of ne cessity be improved and clarified.'

#### IN PRAISE OF WOMANHOOD.

The Church of God greatly exalts two types of womanhood.! One is aureoled from the Lamb Whom she followeth in virginity, reproducing in herself His patience and purity, His mildness and mercy. She is the Sister of Charity, the Nun. She seems lifted high above our earth; she dwells in the heights; her ear Christian wife and mother. She is will make the carpet wear nearer us-her ear bent to our warm the time.

earth, listening to the sad music of our humanity. Very greatly the Church regard that true does Her praise is sung in man. offices of the Church wherever Moica is mentioned, whenever that holy Blanche, the mother of whenever Elfza Louis, is praised; beth of Hungary or Portugal Oh! enter the door of any named Catholic Church, is not the first thing almost you behold the image of the Great Mother, whom God exalted, with the Child in Her arms His Church and her children very highly exalt the good wife and mo And we can not know her worth and reward it and honor in God's way who gives us the type in Mary.-Father Ryan.

by HELENE

#### THE TINIEST OF MANUSCRIPTS

One of the tiniest manuscripts ever recorded is a little Bible in a walnut shell the size of a small hen's egg, an account of which has been preserved among the Harleian manu scripts by Peter Bales, an Englishman and a clerk of the chancery. It contained as many leaves as a large Bible and as much reading matter as each page. With a powerful glass it could be read easily. The author of this tiniest book on record lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and in 1575 presented her majesty with the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, Ten Commandments, two short Latin prayers, his own name and motto and the date, all written on a bit of paper the size of a finger nail a ring of gold covered with a crystal. In this case also a magnifying glass made the writing quite legible

#### WHY DON'T YOU? Why don't you answer your friend's

letter et once? Why don't you make the mised visit to that invalid? She is

the looking for you day after day. Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning send? Mere kind intentions never accomplish any good.

Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish?

Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you others.

Why don't you take more pains t be self-sacrificing and loving in the every-day home life ? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.

Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness so that all who come in touch with you may be made bet ter?

If you are a sufferer from bottle of Bickle's Anti-Conget a sumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that praise bestowed on it is too high It does all that is claimed for and does it thoroughly. Do take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

#### TIMELY HINTS.

The curves and crevices in willow furniture may be successfully cleaned

will

make it look extra fresh and clean. When bookcases are to be closed for some time sprinkle a few drops of the oil of lavender on the shelver to prevent the moulding of the

books. Soap improves with keeping, so it should always be bought in large quantities. Before storing it, however, it is well to cut the bars into convenient pieces, for this is most easily done when it is soft.

For staircases pieces of old blar kets may be folded neatly and placed on each step separately, taking is inclined to catch the song of the care to cover the edge. This is Seraphim. The other type is the pleasant and soft to walk on and

For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty for cleaning the skin and curing dandruff, in a word for preserving and restoring the hair LUNYN PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER is unequalled. It composition is such that it never falls if the directions are followed. The numerous demands for Luby's and the large quantity sold provided that it gives satisfaction to all when the state of the control of the state of the control of the state of the s



A Wonder of the Universe.

MRS. JAMES EVANS. BOISDALE, N. S.

My case, I believe, came from hard work and
ther troubles, exposed to heat as well also cold. I
was subjected to considerable ill-usage, my
tomach vas out of order, and I had no apetite. Tried different medicines without any
elief, but Pastor Koenig? Nerve Tonic had the
eaired effect, for which I feel thankful. I renamed it cheerfully.

REV. J. MCDONALD.

FREE and a Sample bottle to any address.

Poor patients also get the medicine
free. Prepared by the Ray, Paring,
now by the

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 8 for \$4.00 per bottle, \$4.00 per

#### FUNNY SAYINGS.

SOUND ADVICE.

"Doctor," said a young lady, want you to suggest a course life for me, I thought of journal ism-

What are your natural inclinations ?'

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give a life work that will be marvelous in its scope and weirdly trancing in the vastness of its structural beauty.'

"My dear madame, you were born to be a milliner."

"Mrs. Stebbins is a very mean voman "What has she done?"

'She gave her little boy a slice of bread and butter and told to go out and sit where he could smell the blackberry jam Mrs. Perkins was making."

A comely young woman applied a one of our leading hospitals last veek. She wanted to learn nursing. "Do you think you would like nursing?" the head nurse asked.

"Oh, yes," the young woman answered. "Have you had any experience at

all ?

Two of my brothers "Rather. play football and father has an automobile.

#### BUSINESS AS USUAL.

Lady Curzon made a point of collecting any amusing attempts made by Hindus to write English that. came under her notice and had many curious specimens in her scrap book. Once she got from Bombay a letter that two brothers sent out to their patrons on the death their father, who had been the head of the firm. It was. 'Gentlemen,-We have the pleasure

to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 18th His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet and Mal. 1500 rupees per chest. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? remain," etc.—Pittsburg Press

#### HE WONDERED HOW

Mrs. Jones was in the habit giving Henry a large piece of colate cake whenever he came to see her; but one day, when she expecting company, she left the cake uncut, and did not offer him any. For a time Henry waited,

then remarked: "Mrs. Jones, it seems to me I smell choclate cake!" Mrs. Jones laughed, and going into the cupboard, cut him a tiny slice. "That's all there is for you today, Henry," she declared, as she

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," said the child, politely, disappointed, and then added, with a great sigh. "Seems strange that I should smell so small a piece."

#### NO ROOM

returned with it.

An Irishman was recently traveling in a train accompanied by a mi- "Priest and People in Doon" nister, when two stout ladies entered the compartment. They placed much enjoyed. This new story themselves one on each side of Pat, "The Moores of Glynn," is a rathe who was, of course, much crushed. placed, said:

have been thinking."

Indirectly, yes. I have been

Some passages seem just a little

me everybody would say you only get my money." What care I for the unthinking world?"

oh. Harold, I will marry "But. vou!'

'My own dar''-"And I will not have people

inkind things about you, so I have arranged to give all my fortune Why, Harold where are you going?"

Harold paused long enough ay to the door to look back and mutter, "I'm going to be a The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, ionary!"-Judge

"Now, children," said the teacher "in your copybooks you have read: Every cloud What does that mean?"

"I know what it means in inter time," said Willie. "Well ?"

"Why, when the snow comes down outer the clouds yer git 10 cents for shovellin' it off the pavement.'

#### PUZZLED THE PARSON.

Parson Jones was writing when To see the hills o' Carrickbeg that the his little daughter walked into "What are you writing study. papa?" "I am writing a sermon "How do you know pet. O'er which I used to ramble on to write, papa ?" "God tells me. said her father gravely. Afte Ah, Sunday after Mass, a gradh, young heart an' lively leg, watching her father a few minutes the childremarked: "If God tells you I roamed with friends an' neighbor what to write, papa, why do scratch some of it out afterwards?

#### SCHOOLBOY 'HOWLERS.'

Amongst the gems of a collection of schoolboy 'howlers' given in the University Correspondence and College Magazine, are the following: Socrates died from a dose of wed lock.

The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh The name of Caesar's wife was Caesarea; she was above suspicion. Simon de Montfort formed wha Until I die they'll only be a m vas known as the Mad Parliamentit was something the same as it is at the present day.

But first and best of all the rest, The Star Chamber was a room de corated with stars in which tor tures were carried out. From this we have the modern expression 'to see stars'-that is, to be in pain.

The Tories objected to the passing of the Reform Bill because they thought that the House of Con mons would soon be filled with re publicans and sinners.

"Cabal" is a short name for the English Prime Minister; ca stands for Campbell, and ba for Bannerman and the l at the end means that he is a Liberal.

The Duke of Marlborough was great general, who always fought with a fixed determination to win Trying to kiss thine eyes, or lose.

### Crippled With Rheumatism

#### CURED BY GIN PILLS

Mr. Derraugh certainly did have a hard time of it, winter perote cold, and it settled in his kidneys. First cold, and it settled in his kidneys. thing he knew, he was in bed with Rheumatism. He nearly went mad, the pain was so intense. The doctors gave him the usual treatment—and pretty nearly burnt his legs off with liniments and blisters—but the Rheumatism went

and blisters—but the Kneumausin wearright on aching.

Then a friend stepped in and said,

Why don't you try GIN PILLS?'
After a great deal of persuasion, Mr.

Derraugh did try GIN PILLS. You never such a happy man in your life after he had taken two boxes. Pain al gone—stiffness and lameness completely left—that ache in back and hips disappeared—and he was well in no time. That was two years ago and he has been in perfect health ever since.

Contracted a severe cold. Rheumatism fol-lowed and the sharp pains took me so often and were so severe that I had to take to bed. For several months I could get no relief, until-I started to take "Gin Pills." In five days I was up and around the house. My pains are gone and I have not had a return of the old trouble since. I wish also to say that "Gin Pills" gave me, the first painless passage of urine I have rs. Robt, Derraugh, Winnipes

How about you? Haven't you suffered enough without going all over it again this winter? Get Gin Pills now—and cure yourself at home. Mention this paper and we will send you a free sample to try. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Only 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. 87

## LITERARY REVIEW.

Another book has appeared from the pen of Rev. J. Guinan, whose "The Soggarth Aroon" were This new story sad little story of Irish life. To quote The minister, on seeing him so placed, said: "Are you sure you are comfortable, Pat?"

sat little story of frish life. To quote the author's own words concerning his theme, "Be ours the congenial task to relate the story of the simtask to relate the story of the sim-To this question Pat quickly re- ple joys and sorrows, the hopes and plied: "Sure, your honor, I haven't fears and cares of an humble, God-much room to grumble."—London fearing Irish family who dwelt in this unknown corner of the land.

"WHERE THE TREASURE IS," Father Guinan lays stress on the mistake so often made by Irish pa-ETC. rents in forcing their sons to study "Harold," said the heiress, "I for the priesthood. In his tale, the "Thinking of me, precious?" asked date from the return of the "cut sta

# POET'S CORNER

Save where th' orient flaunts its THE HILLS OF CARRICKBEG. flame of rose)

me poor ould cheeks are

me heart is sick an' sore

'tis I that know 'em well,

'Tis often I could see 'em and

ne'er be seein' more.

walkin' to Clonmel.

Carrick down below,

green to me

e'er could cure,

rise beyond the Suir!

each blade of grass,

Sunday after Mass,

every step I had to go.

are green as green could

No hills in all America, me longin'

I love the hills o' Carrickbeg, I love

o'er the hills o' Carrickbeg

Tis often as a boy, when I ren

bered Ireland's wrong

at some old Irish song

battle rise and swell,

hills I loved so well!

I never more shall see,

Ah, many a place in dreams I trac

AN IRISH LULLABYE

from Coolnamuck to Cregg,

the hills o' Carrickbeg!

Husheen, husheen! thou little

Son of a hundred kings-in thy

'mid the ripening corn;

Sleep, while thy mother sings

Husheen, husheen! thou little

Sleep, sleep, thou little pink

The breezes come creeping in, sway

Sleep, sleep, 'tis not yet time

thy country's sake;

fill thine arm can wield

thy country's sake.

hundred kings,

mother sings?

hundred kings!

deep repose,

stars are drawn,

bawn!

dersen.

Hast

this:

Of the angels above?

A sword on the battlefield.

Lullabye, lullabye, thou son of

Of the flowers that you love?

machree,

From "Songs of My Land

Others," by Amy Skoogaard Pe

ever listen'd in the earliest

VOICES AT THE DAWN.

While shadows gray o'er sky

Lullabye, lullabye, thou son of

-Denis A. McCarthy.

ray of the dawn!

Son of a hundred kings,

ing the corn apart,

ray of dawn!

of my heart,

Blue as the skies,

of my heart.

awake;

to me-

In fancy I could hear the noise

The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, I'm Hast, ling'ring, listen'd to strange, weird cries dreamin' of 'em y That from the heart of Nature, plan-An' many a time with tears for

tive, rise ? Me poor ould cheeks are wet, a gradh, It is as if this world of care and With longing for the Irish hills I'll This sad old world, thus mourned

'Oh! must I now another day be A day of sorrow, shame, iniquity?

Resume again my weary weight I walkin' to Clonmel, a gradh, from And stagger on, disconsolate, be-

The sight of 'em would cheer me low? Soon from the beasts awaking in

The hills o' Carrickbeg, a gradh, their stalls, From lonely birds a-wing or No hills in all America are half so their nests,

Re-echoes far and near that doleful call. That shudd'ring wail from furr'd or feather'd breasts:

Thou sad old world of sorrow and Ah! must thou now another day begin?"

Then glad and high rings Chantscleer's bold cry: sun is up!" (he shrills);

"the stars grow pale! Rejoice, sad world! Let cares and fears go by,

Reform the wrong and let the right prevail! Tho' here below full many a tear

Or when the heart within me thrilled must fall. The saints still live and God is over all! -Eleanor C. Donnelly. An' see the foemen flyin' from the

THE DREAMLESS DEAD.

Under the cedars and the stars. The dreamless dead repose, Under declining twilight's berg And winter's drifting snows. Under the starry dome of night,

Or tempest gathering nigh, The dead sleep on without affright, Nor heed what's passing by. Under the sunshine and the cloud,

Within the lonesome mere They sleep together, shroud by shroud,

The pauper and the peer. For them the vanities of life, Like empty mists, are o'er, Its fretful din and noisy strife Disturb their dreams no more Tis well for them if over there Beyond the tide of time,

Their spirits wander ever fair. In some bright, happy clime. -Thomas Walsh, in Catholic Sleep, sleep, thou little pink pearl cord.

#### A PASSPORT.

Sleep and grow strong, O heart for My mother taught my childish lips to say Whose child I was and where my dwelling place, To tell, she said, to the first friend Sleep and grow strong and brave for

ly face. If ever I should chance to go astray, And once when I had wandered far away, What art thou dreaming there as thy

And could no more my truant steps retrace, Back to my longing mother's warm

embrace One led me by that clue at close of day. We must be children once again,

saith He Whose Word is life's high law; so, when I roam

Out of the narrow way and stand in need. Lest I be lost forever, I will plead 'My mother's name is Mary,

Is where she lives in Heaven, and looks for me." -Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.

crudely arranged as for instance on ing through the open mouth, and page 306, in speaking of the long the gurgle of the death-rattle plain-absent brother's return. "The tab-ly testified." "Evidently dying" and "plainly leau that met Dermot's view was His brother Frank-for he testified" are, to say the least, awkknew him at once, in spite of his al- ward phrases.

tered appearance and wasted, cadav- The book closes with a fine erous, ghost-like aspect-was evident- bute to the Irish mother. R. & T. ly dying, as his long-drawn breath- Washbourne, London.



THURSDAY, FEBRUA

THE LITTLE FIRE art up the chimne they are little That haps you didn't ki

Not the wicked little

great black cat,

That come riding on

with red cloak and But the dearest little the shadows fall as Come nestling to you most wonderful of children can desire Drawing pictures in

building castles in Right in the glowing build a fairy town Then a great big ogre and pulls the house And Nursie sees that and the fire is burn So Good-night, dear And off to bed you

TRUE MANH

That we may achiev fullness, let us seek chi the passions, discipline subjection of the of inflicting and the s mitting a wrong, respe are in authority and for all who are in de ration for the good, m evil, sympathy wit temperance in all pleas severence in all toils.

> FRIENDSHIP OF Sometimes animals v

nature deadly enemies and cats, strike up a friendship. I have k adopt a puppy and nur but as a rule they pro and scratch. A sculpt a Mr. Harvey, had twgeon and a cat, who in great friendship, an photograph taken while of the same dish. The named Pidgie and the Toddie. They ate, slep together, and when Pic die was nearly brokenwould never again from the dishes from w her little playmates together.

APOLOGIZIN

To apologize is rarely leasant task. One mi certain angry speech wa it takes great moral courage to go to the whom one has been ir say, humbly: now; I spoke hastily. forgive me?" It should superhuman grace fo has been offen such an apology in th in which it has been too often the speech o cold and has a ring t sincere. Once in a gree accompanied by an ac that the suer for forg been disagreeable, and is forgiven he must re an unkind speech canno forgotten at will. He receives an apology is the right path than he knowledged his fault. conscious of his wron and seeks to make ame wrapped about with self-conceit and self-rig

By the Author of "S CHAPTER XIX.-

For a moment the chi ing strangely; then he lently and ran hastily hiding his face on the friend.

Herr Bruder soothed ficulty. By degrees h look up. Bonny's from one face to the o chord of memory w