SAINT VALENTING IN CANADA.

Under the cedats and over the snow With soft still leave the white has

Roes, All every friend has heard his call To a wildwood lovers' festival: "Come, hunted ones, and nearts b

'Come, hunted ones, and nearts be light. No hunter's abroad on Valentine's night.

With batk and berry the feast is made With dainty that ripes in cedar shade With wine of the woods, the mountain b. e2s. Blown through pungent balsam-trees There's chirp of squirrel and shy wood

red deer snorts, there's drum of

grouse, And when the moose buil bellows shrift "Their chorus rolls from awamp to hill .

Till Jeanne and Pierre-whose love-talk

low
Made fair a poor hut in the snow—
Listen, and thinking of forest elves,
Draw yet closer, and cross themselve

-HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The Three Sons.

They lived far out of the world at the back of Godspeed, Thady Farrell and Judy, his wife, and three brave sons Their little house faced the south, and their was a mountain at the back of it it is shelter it from the north wind. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps by reason, of it. sout labour that went into it, the farm did better than most, and plenty of a sort was never absent from the fire-side.

Judy was aedicate, a little violet-eyed, peachy-checked old woman, whom you would never have suspected of being the mother of the three. She used to sit spinning and carding her wool by the sunny door in summer, by the hearthside in winter, while the boys and old Thady were at work on the bit of land, or foraging for the few sheep up on the mountain side.

Living so iong alone made her fartners. She believed in all manner of fairles and ghosts, always of the strict kind. An autum leaf, skipping to the floor, was a little russet-clad gentleman to ber short-sight-clad gentleman to ber short-sight-clad gentleman to ber short-sight-clad eyes, and the wind in the russhes out there on the bog, the fairy fifers and fluters.

there on the bog, the fairy fifers and

sture on the bog, the fairy lifers and titutis.

She know a deal of old stories and rhymnes and rams. It was well, since they were so lonely, that her stock seemed inexhaustive, and liked that the lads were simple, and liked an old story almost as well as a new. She drew from her store for them of an evening, while they mended nels or platted rushes for the potato baskets. Somewhere over the mountain was a village, with the usual opportunities for bogs to make fools or worse of themselves. But they never seemed to desire any company but the parents and each other.

beys to make access to the serves. But they never seemed to desire any company but the parents and each other.

And Judy, though she was delicate, was as bithe as a lark.

By-and-by, she often said to Thady, they must think of getting Con married Con was the eldest and strongest of the three. And after a faw years more Manus must be having a wife and bables of his own. But about Hugh, the youngest, she never said a word.

Much as she loved the others, Hugh was her own son, the mother's bev. Hugh had been the shepherd of the mourtain sheep for many a year, and, like his mother, had learnt to people the solitude with dreams and fancies. To lie in the heather of a summer's day and hear the bees in the bells: to track a little streamlet as far as he dared wander along its bed of mossy rock and pehble, with now and then a silver fin in the golden waters; to scoop himself a rock cave, and heap it with dry bracken against the wintersuch simple things were the boy's delight. And if you had come upon him lying on the mountain side, with his chin in his hand, and his pale blue eyes gazing far away, you could not but have wondered what visions were, his. New and again a wayfarer came by where Judy sait at her knitting and spmning, and paused for a noggin of milk, a sod for the pipe, and a few words about what was going on in the world. It might be only a man driving eastle to a fair, or, again, three, or four times a year, it might be a ped-

Firm the peddler's pack Judy would From the peddlerge fush and a trem-bling hand a sheet of ballads; and from him she would hear the news of the great world, what things were hap-pening in Dublin or at the French court, and what hopes there were for Grenualle.

Gremualle.

At last one day John Fineran, called the Freckled, brought stirring news. He was a stout fellow, and as ripe for fighting as any soldier of the king.

"Great news, vanithee!" he called out, as he came along the bog road between the rushes. "Th. French have landed, and Sarsfield has need of soldiers."

twen the rushes. "Th. French have landed, and Sarsfield has need of soldiers."

"What do you tell me?" she said "It was all ever at the battle of the Boyne. What hope is there till the blevkbird shall bring the spring."

"Why, we shall be making his nest woman." cried Finneran the Freckled. "The English army is lying before Athlone, and Sarsfield and the French Ablothe town. They need men. Here, take your songs I am giving up the pack for a musket. See you, now, I am the cricket that gees before the spring."

He burst into a shout of song:—
"Vive la, the White Cockade!" and as he sung it he flung his pack on the causeway before the door and stepped proudly, as though already he felt a soldier's trappings on his back.
The old woman watched him halt-tearfully as he paced to and fro. Presently he turned on her an eye blue and bright, that seemed as hard as stoel.
"Satisfield!" be wanting men." he said again.

again. t hands trembled and the little old

lead shook. Then like a bird that the star few press to lead the stranger away from its nest, she came out into the aun. "The a fine soldier you'll be making yourself, Jack Finneran." she said, but though her voke was wheelthing, her eye wandered as if in several fine, her eye wandered as if in several for help, and her mouth had suddenly become dire.

"This the fine soldier Con'll be making," said he, relentlessly.

"Ah, not Con," she said, flinging out her helpless old hands. "Con was the first. We were long married when he came, and I had given up hopes of a child. Co. brought us the youth again."

"There's a fine yoldier atmedia to.

There's a fine roldier already in Manus," he said.

"I romember the time," she said, dreamily, "when Manus was like to die. We had given him to God, and we loved-him the better-when he was given back. Manus is a good voy; a very genile boy, and quite as a sheep. What chance would he have among soldiers? He is the fisherman, too; we should often go hungry but for Manus."

"Whe then," he said, with the same when the sheep with the same hungry but for Manus."

"Whe then," he said, with the same when the days than lying out in the sun to feel it warm his lazy bones."

"Ab, not Hugh," she cried, suddenly fierce: "go your way. John Finneran. You shall not have my Hugh, for he is my baby. Go and tell Sarsfield I will not give him Hugh."

"What? Not Con, and not Manus, and not Hugh? I kisen, there is great honor and glory here in my pack for the lads. A soldier, vanithee, has all the chances. Why, there is Lausun, a nobody, yet he went near to marry the King of France's sister."

"You have only blathers on your longue, Finneran," she said. "Not of such things have my dreams been."

"You have only blathers on your longue, Finneran," she said. "Not of such things have my dreams been."

"You are too much alone, old mother," the man said, more softly. "What are your dreams?"

"Mine are true. I knew trouble was coming, for I dream of night and blood, and the three coffins for the lads. And the sky was full of the wild geese fying on the storm-wind. Soon all the nests will be empty."

"You are too much alone," he said again, and his voice war ollying. Then suddenly he took A new tune.

"When the lads hear it they will be wild to go," he said, "and you have made them what they are."

"Yes, you, with your old songs and storles. Why, they drank your dreams in with your milk. You sang Granualie and her sorrows while you rocked the cradle. You have rooted it too deeply. Judy Farrell. It is there till they die, the love that has been many a slout tellow's doom, and will be many another's.

She said no more, for she knew he spoke t

A LITTLE LIGHT.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

Rivery young woman needs a little light upon the subject of health There is far too much new among mothers ery young woman should have explained to the the sittle of the subject of health There is a subject of health There is a subject of health There is a subject of health and wholesome and free from weak man and disease that the subject of health and strength of generations to come the subject of health and strength of generations to come with the subject of health and strength of generations to come with the subject of health and strength of generations to come with the subject of health and strength of generations to come with the subject of health and strength of generations to come with the subject of health and strength of generations to come with the subject of health and strength of generations to come alling in the ward will deteroy the good looks, whois some ness, the inshifts, and the results of the subject o

work, wak and rice."

Torpic liver and constipation are surely and speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They rewrited tone up and invigorate the liver, stomath and bowels. No substitute urged by mercenary dealers is as good.

screeching cound you have brought him into the world for better ?"

Be sald nothing, but only turned away her head And that vening when the lads came home with their father, she told the great news in a dying voice.

ava her head And that a cenling when the lades a me home with their father, she told the great news in a dying voice.

Then 4 on and M mus stood up and shouted, and fluny their caps ever the cabin, as they would over the moon if whe had steeped low enough. But Hugh turned and looked at his mother yearningit. And though she did not answer his look she knew in her fore-boding heart that the glory beckoned him, and the martyrdom, as they did not his duller brothers.

"Let Con go," she said, still in her heartsick voice. "Afterward it will be time for Manus and for Hugh."

The old man to whom she had borne the sons looked at her in wonder, which had a little tinge of concempt.

"This the way of wömen," he said "They sing songs of war in the time of peace; but when the call comes they hinder the lads with their moping and their for lish old fearful ways."

Then Hugh went and kissed his mother, and she caught at him a moment, as one sucked into a swirling mid-current eatches at a sick or a straw.

The day Con went Judy began to be a sick woman. That was exquisite May weather, and the thorns on the flank of the nountains were white as the snow in winter. Even the bog grew golden over its brown, and every pool in it edged with golden iris and bog cotton was like an eve of Heaven. The litte lambs were bleating on the hilliside, and the lark hung-suspended in mid-air all day long quivering with his rapture. But Judy crawled about like a fly in late autumn, which the frosty sin warms not, nor gladdens.

The days turned round to June, and the boys and Thady were talking of the fine hay crop, when one day Freckled finnegan came down the way. He was a bit pale under his tan, and he limped he cairled himself with a swagger as was his wey, but his insolence falled him as he met Judy's eye.

"What news of Con?" she called to him, in a voice scarcely bigger than a Frisshopper's.

"Great news, vanithee," he called back; but his answer quavered. "You

him, in a voice scarcety orger than a grasshopper's.

"Great news, vanithee." he called back; but his arwaye quavared. "You have a son who will be remembered so long as Uranualle remembers her heroes."

"Con is dead," she said, faintly. "I saw him dead in my dream."

"With Sarsfield's decoration on his breast," he replied; was that in the dream? Listen, mother of a hero. The English had made a bridge across the Shannon. They were in act to ford the river. Then did your Con, with nine of the same and the same and the same and the same and the bog rushes out there; and eleven others as brave that followed them. Con came back to us with the river in food. And Sarsfield himself pinned the French King's media on his breast, and kissed him, as I saw with my own eyes. "Tell his mother,' he said, 'that Patick Sarsfield prays to die such a death when his time comes."

"I knew how it would be," she said. "And now you are come for Manus. I could not keep him if I would."

And turning away she went indoors, as was alone with her dead, whose face she might never see.

In the evening Thady and Hugh returned without Manus, Manus was gone to take Con's place. Hugh was tender and pitiful to her as ever; but Thady would not hear of tears for Con. He was prouder than he had been even when the boy was born.

"Did you hear, woman," he said, almost harshly, "that tears were in Sarsfield's eyes when he looked upon the boy? Let Sarsfield's tears be the only tears shed fc. Con. It is enough for you and me to bring forth sons whose glory should make Sarsfield weep."

But the next morning Judy did not rise out of bed as usual with the lark and the cricket. She lay there in the dawn, not speaking nor weeping, but helpless simost as the dead, Judy had begun to die with the news of the death of her first-born.

And Thady, though he had forbidden her to weep, showed in many ways his love for her. He and Hugh we sup before day to cut the turd and draw water and make the stirabout for breakfast And though they had to go out to the haymaking, o

cussing the ripening out crop in a little field no bigger than a tablecioth, but wrenched from the mountain with blod and sweat

They stood bearchaded to hear it.

I wish Con and Manus might have

wrinched from the write the blod and sweat

They stood bearehaded to hear it is wish too and Manus might have ain in holy ground," was all the father said.

And then Hugh answered him:

There could be none holter than where they died."

Nothing more was said between them; but thady showed no surprise when, after the barefoot measenger of calumity had sped his way, Hugh took his coat from where it lay on the bank, and, putting it on, turned his face toward the sun. His father watched him with proud eyes.

But what shall I say to your mother, lad?" he asked, as Hugh turned to go.

"Say nothing Everything has been she way."

ther, lad "" he asked, as Hugh turned to go,
"Say nothing Everything has been said between us long ago. She knows I go because I must; and if I am not taken I will gladly return to her. If not, I shall die as Con and Manus died."

taken I will gladly return to her. It not. I shall die as Cen and Manus died."

For a white after he had gone the old man stood shadling his eyes, watch ing the slender young figure II it disappeared over the bog. Then he, too, lut on his coat and went slawly down the meuntain side to his own cabin. He found Judy lying watching the door, with her eves very bright, and two red spots in her cheeks.

"I know what you are going to tell me," she said, when his shadow fell upon her bed, "Manus is dead, and Hugh is gone to the wars."

"He died gotorously,"

"What do I care for glory I I want the child at my bresat,"

"Have patience and trust, woman. The Lord will surely profect Hugh, since he is our last."

He had turned away from her and spoke low, as if ashamed of the comfirst he was trying to give.

"The Lord's ways are not our ways," she answered. "What can it matter to Him that the young die and the old live on? They were happy here in the quiet and the sunshine. Why couldn't He leave them as they were?"

For in this moment of extreme sorrow she put her own deeds on the

Por in this moment of extreme sor-row she put her own deeds on the Lord, and forgot how she had suckled them and rocked them to skep to her old dreams and stories of Granualie, and kings, and heroes.

ord creams and stories of Granualle, and kings, and heroes.

After that the end seemed coming fast to Judy, and she complained no riore. The days passed, and there was no news of Hugh. But though Thady knew full well he would soon be left alone in the cabin where they had been the, be walked with an unbowed head All day he set with the dying wonan, in a slient connunity of sorrow. Every night about inidnight, leaving her asleep, he would take his stick and spend the hours before dawn tuamping across the mountain to the village, where the news would come. The blacksmith, lighting his fire at dawn, would see him come, and would valk a little way to meet him. Every morning for many days the word was the same.

"What news of the battle?"

walk a little way to meet him. Every morning for many days the word was the same.

"What news of the battle?"

"No news,"
And then Thindy would dramp back as he had come, and whisper to Judy, who lay like one already dead, that there was no news."

At last one golden day in August, when the corn stood in stocks, there was news.

"God help you, "hady Farrell," said the blacksmith. "Your bon lies dead in the sorrowful field of Aughrim. They say where le fought the English dead lie thickeef."

Thady lifted his head, and a spark kindled in his eye.

"Did I ask for my son?" he said. "How went the buttle?"

"Mavrone! "twas a lost day. The French General's head lies like a bail at the hutley; and Sarsfield is miking his last stand in Limerick rown." I knew it," muttered old Thady, "I knew it by my heart. And now how can I to tell Judy?"

He turned and tramped back silent.

am I to tell Judy?"

He turned and tramped back silently. When he ceme to the little nouse the door was open, and the place flooded with sunshine. Judy was lying dead, with a smile on her face, May be she had found again the babies at her breast.—Katherine Tynan Hinkson in Dabiln Weckly Freeman.

THE BISHOP OF ROME

THE BISHOP OF ROME.

On page 31 of the newly-published Genurchia Cattolica, which may be researed as the Directory of the Roma Church, it is announced, concerting Rome, that "its Bishop is the Vicar of Jesus Chist, Successor of the Prince of the Abostics, Successor of the Prince of the Church, Patriarch of the West, Prinate of Italy, Archibishop and Mitrouolitan of the Roman Province, and Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Roman Church is the Successor of the Abostic Abostic Successor of the Abostic Succe

Catarak Can be Cared.

Catarah is a kindred aliment of conzumption, long considered incursible and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarah in any of its stages. As well as the constant of the threat will be considered to the constant of the threat and lungs. Having fested its wonderful curstive powers in thousands of cases, and described to the threat and lungs. Having fested its wonderful curstive powers in thousands of cases, and described to the constant of the constan



WHAT A DOMINION EMPLOYE CAN SAY AND DO IN MANITOBA.

From the Winnipeg Free Press of 2-1-uary 21 we copy the following letters verbatim. They throw a flood of light upon the privileges and functions of Dominion Government civil servants in Manitoba.

Manitoba.

A Free Press reporter received the following information from Archbishop Langevin yesterday:—"Rev. Father Dufresne denies emphatically having heard confessions in the school-room during school hours, and he never gave a holiday to the pupils as stated. This faise rumor is on a par with that absurd story that His Grace of St. Boniface had received a cheque of \$1.000 from the Hon. Mr. Greenway for Catholic schools, If Catholics received what is their due for Winnipeg alone that would amount to at least forty thousand dollars, which His Grace would be most happy to roceive from Mr. Greenway.

To the Editor of the Free Press:

is coved what is their due for Winniper coved what would amount to at least alone that would be most alone that and any one else that I have been imposed upon by the Fork River Gallicians. The imposition is of his own creation, and that of his reverned is brethren who are endeavoring by any means to thrust their impositions on those who do not want them and when the series of the series against here. Gallicians, viz., that they do not want imposed upon the tealtions of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, and the position of the relations of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches, and the position of the province. Time will show that alone the latter in the education question of this province. Time will show that alone deliver him to the province that and had of there is alone that the date of their cation, and it is both unfair to these people and undesirable for their heighbors that and had of their heighbors that they are about the question, and it is both unfair to these people and undesirable for their heighbors that they are about the question, and it is both unfair to these people and undesirable for their heighbors that and had of their heighbors that they are about the question, and it is both unfair to the propose that they would welcome the provided he for the propose that they would welcome the provided her would be proved they have said the question of the provided her would be proved the provided her known and the question of the provided her would be provided her would be provided her would be provided the provided her known and the question of the

Three Years Bed.

This is to certify that I was sick in bed the most of the work of

Newcombo Mills, Oss.

Fishs Richopy seen not in a perfectly clean and healthy condition, the blood becomes impregnated with imputition, as the blood becomes content and the blood becomes content and the blood property of From Kidney Disease— Bleesee—
Although a May
of Three-Score
and Ton,
Br. Chase's
Kidney-Liver
Pills gave him
back perfect
health.

and bad taste to threaten me with dismissal from y appointment as also another official held in great seatem by the department in Winnipeg, whom he roundly abused, because we had dared to aid and encourage a harmless entertainment, got up principally by he people of Dauphin for the Galicians, of because we dared to do our duty.

The Rev. Mr. Burgdorf, a Baptist minister, who has been trying to do good amongst the Dauphin Galicians, and who sold and gave them many Ruthenian Biblev, also came in for a share of the rov. gentleman's intolerant abuse.

I may state in conclusion that Mr. Burgdorf and myself have never in any way abused the ft. C. Church, nor her ministers, nor endeavored to prejudice the Galicians against her. If they elect to call themselves Roman Catholics, or, indeed, anything else, tet it be intelligently and conscientiously. What I would endeavor to warn all against, not other Galicians, Father Kulawy included, is the nominal, mechanica, display-loving so-called religion or church, call it Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Angilean. Methodist, or hard you will; the conformeration of human ambitions, fables, and traditions wrapped in a popular and respectable sectarian cloak, and parading as the one simple and sumicient code of laws of Jesus of Nasareth and the Bible.

PAUL WOOD.

Mckinley's ancestors.

New York, February 6.—Henry Norman, writing to the New York Times, says:—

It has been ascertained recently in the north of Ulster, on the borders of Antrin and Derry, that President McKinley is descended from a family which has flourished in the vicinity of Dervick since about the year 1810, when it helped to colonize Ulster from the neighbourhood of Castle Douglas in Kirkcudbright, and Newton Stewart, in Wistownshire. His grandfather, who emigrated to America in consequence of the strong line his family had taken in connection with the rebellion of 1798, and other events preceding the union of Ireland to England, had a coursh who became a wholesale Ricer in Coleraine, County Derry, and his family is now represented only by that veteran war correspondent, Charles Williams, who was the oldest British subject present at the fall of Kharloum The latter's mother was a daughter of this grocer. They were affiliated by many marciaces to a family of Souths origin maned Trimb'.

a level variant of Tunn uill, and cirimang relationship with the Turnbuil who was Oliver Cromwell's Sectetary of State. There is an en lewer on Baillynashane churchy and to-day recording the death of one Elizabeth McKinlay' in the seventies, at the age of 167, and her brother, William Trimbiat something like 88. My friend, who has lately returned there, is a grandsen of the said Elizabeth, and his just had ber tomb cared for.

WALDENSIANS AT WORK.

WALDENSIANS AT WORK.

The Waldensians are taking advantage of the present strained relations between Church and State in Italy and the grinding poverty which exists, for the furtherance of proselytism. They are largely subsidized from England. A central committee exists in Edinburgh, with Lord Balfour of Burleigh, at its head, and there is a ladies' onmittee. Florence seems marked out as a centre for its operations.

There is no more serious measoe to seed beauth in the present age than Kidney disorders, and it's an appalling fact, but a true one. that four-fifths of the country's people have the taint of this insidious disease with them. Do Chian's Kidney-Liver Pills cure all Kidney-Liver Pill