

In the Golden Eventide.

John P. Gormly in Cork Examiner.

'Twas a song of love and longing that she sang long,
long ago,
In the sober twilight sitting, while the shadows to
and fro
Flickered softly through the dimness of the old
familiar place,
On the shy, pathetic sweetness of her lovely, serious
face—
Just a song of one who slumbered with the rose upon
her breast—
While the waning sunset lingered 'mid the glories of
the west;
Of a story never whispered, of a deep true love that
died,
In the red and radiant splendor of the golden even-
tide!

Just a slender little figure in the deep old window
seat,
With the evening sky behind her, and the breath of
roses sweet
Flowing round her as an incense, from the garden
inward blown,
When the early dews were falling, and the sun's red
light had flown,
Singing faint as weary song-birds, when the dim, grey
woods are still,
And the player's wall is echoed from the dim and
distant hill;
Just a little song of sweetness that the world may
never bide,
Just a child that sang my heart away in the golden
eventide!

Just a little maid so dainty with her curls of nut-
brown silk,
And her deep, fond eyes of sapphire, and her brow as
white as milk;
With her red, moist lips like cherries, when the fair
autumnal sun
Peeps across the fragrant orchard in the dreamy hush
of noon,
So soft and sweet and winsome, with her fancies and
her dreams,
As well as the evening when the dying sunlight
streams
Over the purple hills eternal, and the laughing cou-try
side,
In the glamour and the glory of the golden eventide.

They say that Time has done his work—my heart is
hard and cold—
That other eyes now hold the light that shone for me
of old,
By riverside and woodland, in the pleasant summer
time,
By the sheen of silver starlight, or the day's meridian
prime,
They flout me for cynic, but they little know how
deep
Are the hidden springs of feeling and the tears I may
not weep;
But they only grope and flounder in eternal fret and
strife
Where each little life is modelled on each other little
life!

O! for one sweet hour of gladness, as in old familiar
days,
O! for one sweet hour of dreaming in the old familiar
ways;
O! for one bright smile to greet me, and for one true
heart to beat
All the faster for my coming in the stillness dim and
sweet,
Of the green and fragrant woodland where we parted
long ago,
And I looked my last upon her while the solemn after
glow
Faded from the shining river and the lighted woods
beside
And my heart grew cold for ever in the golden even-
tide!

Five Minute Sermon.

EASTER DUTY.

Why does the church in the words of the Psalmist bid us rejoice and be glad on this day especially? Why should we experience any extraordinary spirit of joy and happiness on this day above all other days? The reason is plain, as you all know; it is the day of resurrection, it is really and truly our Lord's day, the day that he has made; the day in which we are to place our hope for the future, since with the resurrection of Christ have risen all our hopes. The thought of our own future resurrection ought to fill our minds with consolation, and with joy unlimited, with the hope that we too shall participate in the glory and delight expressed by the church in her liturgy of the day. We look about us, and behold all nature risen, as it were, and beautiful in her new life, the trees budding, the flowers blossoming, and mother earth covered with her new vesture of green. Truly then may we say with the Psalmist: "Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea be moved and the fullness thereof; the fields and all things that are in them shall be joyful."

If we too would share in this joy and gladness, it is necessary that we should make our life conformable, in so far as we can, to the spotless life of our Savior. The resurrection of our Savior teaches us this great truth of priceless value, that we would be truly happy we must rise from the death of sin to a new and holy life, to a life of grace; we must "put off the old man, which is corrupted according to the desire of error, and put on the new man, who according to God is created in justice and holiness of truth."

That is why the church teaches us that the best means of enjoying to the fullest extent the blessings of this day is by the reception of the Body of our risen Savior, and so comes the question to each one of us: Have I risen from the death of sin? Have I made my Easter duty? If you have not done so, then the full joy of Easter cannot be yours. Hasten, before the Easter season be past, to enter into the spirit of it by a good confession and communion. Thus only can you be united to your risen Lord. I you have celebrated Easter by the reception of holy communion, then your joy and gladness is without measure, it is true, it is pure, because fortified with the sacrament of the day.

This resurrection of ours must be true, it must be complete, for just as the risen Savior dies no more, nor does he suffer anything further, so ought we, when returned to the life of grace, when risen from the death of sin to favor with God, remain faithful in that pure and holy condition and die no more to the graces vouchsafed us on this day. If we are dead to the world, to its vanities and deceitful pleasures, our Lord assures us that our resurrection will be the more certain and the more glorious.

Therefore, continue in your purified condition, persevere in your risen state, and so enjoy not only to day, but at each and every one of your future communions the fruits obtained for you by your Divine Lord and Savior; remain closely united to him forever, so that having applied to yourself the words of the epistle, that "Having feasted not with the old leaven nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth," you may in the end enter into the presence of Him whose resurrection has made this day one of joy and gladness for all His creatures.

Women's Friends.

If there is one trait more than another that should be assiduously cultivated by the woman who wishes to make herself popular, that one is loyalty to her friends. This trait embodies many and other estimable ones, and is the basis of a lovely and noble character.

To begin with, the woman who is truly loyal never even thinks evil of those whom she had chosen closely to associate herself with, let alone expressing sentiments that might be construed into appearing derogatory; therefore backbiting and unfriendly gossip never find place among the natural failings that even the most perfect being possesses.

When a woman has been tired and has stood the test there should well up in the heart of the one possessing so staunch a friend a great fountain of thanksgiving.

Petty jealousies, suspicion, whether well-grounded or not; envy and even malice are more apt to make themselves visible in the attitude of one woman towards another than is ever felt in man's dealings with man. The hardest censure and severest judgment always emanate from critics of the gentler sex, therefore the woman who has proven herself loyal through good and evil report alike has shown herself to be a *rara avis* that should be highly prized by those so blessed as to call her friend.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

The Strange Experience of Wm. R. Hall, of Aldershot.

He Was Thought to be at Death's Door, and the Medicines of a Continent Had Failed—A Final Effort to Regain Health was Made, and he is to-day Alive, Strong and in Good Health.

(From the Hamilton Herald.)

One of the most attractive places in the county of Wentworth is the little village of Aldershot, situated on what is known as the Plains road, about five miles from the city of Hamilton. One of the best known residents of the village and surrounding country is Captain Hall, who has represented the Township of East Flamboro in the Municipal Council for a number of years, and who, with his family, is held in the highest esteem by all who know them. Recently a reporter of the *Herald* visited the home of Captain Hall for the purpose of investigating a story to the effect that one of the captain's sons had been restored to health in a wonderful manner after having suffered since boyhood from apoplectic fits. On arriving at his destination, the reporter found the genial captain, his wife, daughter and three sons constituted the family. Of the three stalwart young men it was impossible to pick out the one who had for so many years been such a sufferer, but the captain settled all doubts by referring me to "Will." William R. Hall, more familiarly known as Will, presented the appearance of a hearty young man about 30 years of age. His story is briefly related as follows: He had been a sufferer from fits from his sixth birthday, a childish fright being supposed to have been the original cause. For years he would fall down anywhere without being in the least able to help himself, the doctors from Hamilton and various distant points were in vain called in attendance. Medicines were procured from numerous sources in Canada, the United States and even from England, without avail. The boy became so utterly helpless that seven years ago he was compelled to keep his bed, and until a year ago was completely helpless. The fits sometimes came on him so severely that he would suffer from as many as fifteen in one day, and at such times it was so difficult for him to get his breath, that his nurses had to wash him with liquor. At this time he was so low that the neighbors who dropped in to see him expected to hear of his death almost any moment. This continued until about a year ago, when the newspaper articles relating the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills induced Mr. Hall to give them a trial, and to the great satisfaction of himself and his friends he began to mend not long after beginning their use, and in three or four months was sufficiently recovered to be able to go out of doors. He continued taking the pills, and for the past six months has been as strong and about as well as either of his brothers, and has attended to the stock and done his share of the work on his father's farm and fruit garden. Before Mr. Hall began taking the Pink Pills he was so thin and light that one of his brothers could carry him upstairs without the least difficulty, but he has since gained fifty pounds in weight. He has not taken any other medicine since he began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although a fit of a very mild nature occasionally comes on him now, he is so nearly cured that his father took great pleasure in giving the information here recorded. "It is over a month since I had a spell," said William as the reporter was leaving, "and even when I do have one now it is not nearly so hard as before I began to take the Pink Pills. The neighbors look surprised to see me drive over to Hamilton as I frequently do, for they all thought I would die long ago. I am pleased at the wonderful progress I have made, and am very glad my experience is to be published, as it may be of value to some one else."

Every statement in this article may be verified by a visit to the home of Captain Hall, ex councillor of East Flamboro, who has resided on the Plains road for the past eighteen years, and whose word is as good as his bond among those who know him. The reporter also had a conversation with several of Captain Hall's neighbors, and the story of William Hall's recovery was verified to his full satisfaction.

Such well verified cases as the above prove the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of all diseases of the nervous system, and stamps the remedy as unique in the annals of medicine. St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, rheumatism, eczema, chronic, erysipelas, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a depraved condition of the blood, speedily yield to a treatment with the great medicine. By restoring the blood to a healthy condition, and rebuilding the nerves they speedily drive out the disease and leave the patient in the enjoyment of vigorous health. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, and soon bring the rosy glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in troubles arising from overwork, mental worry or excess of any nature.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes said to be "just as good."

These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no remedy can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of medicine should insist upon getting the genuine which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of April 1894, mails close and are due as follows.

	Close	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	8.00	7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00	8.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.00	12.15pm 8.50
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.	
	noon	9.00	2.00
	2.00	7.30	
	6.15	4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00		
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00 5.45
		4.00	10.30 11pm
U. S. West'n States	6.15	12 n.	9.00 8.20
		10.30	

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7:00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for April: 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

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