

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Washing the hair is a task most women dislike, and even the girl who can least afford the dollar a month necessary to a professional shampoo...

HOME TREATMENT OF ILLNESS. Palpitation of the heart may be arrested, writes a well known physician, by bending down so as to allow the blood to run to the heart.

To make a linseed poultice take of fine ground linseed meal four parts and of boiling water ten parts.

THE ART OF DRESS.

It is a wise woman who seeks individuality in dress, says the Bristol Times. Now, some people interpret this to mean a striking peculiarity, but it means nothing of the sort.

WOMEN WHO SHOULD NEVER MARRY.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was 15."

TO CLEAN FINGER MARKS.

Rub the finger marks with a clean piece of flannel dipped in paraffin oil. The marks will disappear like magic.

TIMELY HINTS.

When desirable to see the tongue of a very small child the object may be accomplished by touching the upper lip with a bit of sweet oil, which will cause the child to protrude its tongue.

When your feet are very tired bathe them in hot water, dry, go over them with olive oil, wipe and apply powdered starch freely.

To take out mildew: Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of one lemon: lay it on the part, both sides, with a brush, let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

Put a tablespoonful of borax into the water in which flannels are washed, and there will be no danger of their not being soft and white.

To dry clean evening gloves at home, rub thoroughly with fine Fuller's earth, and beat with a dry flannel. Shake all the powder off and complete the cleaning process by rubbing with a little French chalk mixed with sifted bran.

Chicken Cutlets—When the white meat of chickens has been used for salads or for a company dish the legs will make a delightful dish of cutlets.

RECIPES. Chicken Cutlets—When the white meat of chickens has been used for salads or for a company dish the legs will make a delightful dish of cutlets.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

The woman who looks well in blue should never wear an unbecoming pink simply because she is "so tired of one color." Other people are not so tired of it as she is herself, and what is the advantage in wearing a gown that makes her look like a fright because of a personal dislike to some other more becoming color?

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventative brought Health and Happiness to his Home

"Our doctor said there was no cure for my wife as both her lungs were affected," says Mr. L. H. Walter, of Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont. "It was a sad disappointment to us both, just starting out in life, only married a short time. But before she had finished the first bottle of Psychine the pain in her lungs quickly went away, and after taking six bottles Mrs. Walter was a new creature and perfectly well again."

PSYCHINE

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

them, and when cold trim them neatly into the shape of cutlets. Dip in egg and bread crumbs and fry a golden brown. A really handsome dish may be made of these by placing balls of mashed and fried potatoes, cauliflower, boiled and broken into florets or canned peas in the centre, the cutlets around and a cream sauce poured over all.

Preparing Macaroni—This recipe is genuinely after the manner of the Italians. Take two or three onions, slice them and fry a golden brown; then prepare some ripe tomatoes, or, if out of season, use canned tomatoes, and pour them into the pan with the onions, and season to suit. In the meantime, have boiled a sufficient quantity of macaroni until tender, a layer of which put into a dish and grate over it some Parmesan cheese; then pour on a layer of tomatoes and onions, and so continue until the dish is filled, making the top layer of macaroni, and bake until the top is a rich brown.

Fruit Omelet.—Break eight eggs in a bowl, beat them until the whites and yolks are thoroughly mixed. Add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a little butter, put a tablespoonful of butter in the omelet pan; as soon as hot, turn in the eggs, shake the pan so the eggs will not set and brown until the raw egg is all cooked. As soon as the omelet is set add three tablespoonfuls of strawberry preserves; fold over the omelet, turn on a platter, dust with powdered sugar and serve at once.

FUNNY SAYINGS

A TRUE STORY.

Helen came to her mother and said, "Mamma, do you like stories?" "Yes," said her mamma, "if they are true stories."

"This one is. Do you get mad when people tell you nice true stories?" "Why, never. It isn't good manners to get angry when a person tells you a nice story."

"All right," said Helen. "Once upon a time there was a little girl and she got into the pantry and ate almost all the jelly in a glass. That's a true story, mamma, and me was the little girl."

The weather was extremely cold when an American entered a compartment of a British railway train and accepted gratefully the guard's offer of a hot-water tin. At the end of the journey the guard asked the man if he had found the foot-warmer comforting.

"Yes," he said, "but I should have liked another for my feet." He had been sitting on it for nearly thirty miles.

Little Tommy was very quiet during the first courses, and everyone forgot he was there. As the desert was being served, however, the host told a funny story.

When he had finished, and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed, delightedly, "Now, papa, tell the other one."

A story is told of a German shoemaker who, having made a pair of boots for a gentleman of whose financial integrity he had considerable doubt, made the following reply to him when he called for the articles: "Der boots is not quite done, but der peel is made out."

"I wish I was Tommy Jones," said Johnny. "Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys, and more pocket money?" "Yes, I know; but he can wiggle his ears."

WHEN I'M BIG.

Some children were recently overheard discussing that interesting matter of "what we'll do when we get big." One, a very small boy from a Western village, outlined his dream of future power by stating that he should be a milkman, ride around in a waggon and ring a bell for folks to come out for their milk.

The second, a boy a little older, explained how he wanted to be the man to ride on the freight cars and "make the round things go like this"—illustrating with his hands the brakeman's action.

The third, also a boy, still older than the others—laughing a little at their childish notions—stated that he could not decide whether to be a minister or a grocer. In the place where they were all spending the summer the grocer has candy to sell, and a young clergyman was the object of much feminine devotion.

The fourth child, a girl of eleven years, was seen to smile enigmatically. She did not care to tell what she would do, she said.

"Aw, yur!" contemptuously cried he for whom the ministry and confectiory had equal attraction. "Yur want to get married!" he said with the traditional blindness of his sex.

When the boys with these ignoble aims had run off to play ball, the girl's ambition came out, confided to her favorite aunt.

"I wouldn't tell before them," she said, scornfully. "They couldn't understand. But, aunty, I want to be a justice of the Supreme Court, and"—her voice became solemn—"beyond human control."

HE NEVER WILL GET OVER IT.

When life and its trials, rebuffs and denials, its torments and troubles are over; when safely we've passed into Eden at last, some man will leave open the door.

Though angels correct him, it will not affect him. He'll stop, and look wild, and say: "Hey?" then hold the door wide, as he passes inside, and come in and leave it that way.

He'll come in so slowly that torments unholy might swarm in like leaves on a bough; and if at him you scream, he will stand in a dream, and say: "Who? Me? Well, what is it now?"

Oh patient Saint Peter, no duty discreeter is given to angels than when you stand at the portal of mansions immortal to shut the door after the men.

EVEN THE BISHOP SUSPECTED.

Even a bishop shall not be deemed guiltless by the omnipotent house-keeper, according to a story told by an Episcopal clergyman.

"We had the bishop coming to spend the night with us a few years ago," said he, "and the whole house was in a bustle from the preparations my housekeeper made. The bishop came and made a pleasant visit. He had to go away the next morning early.

"Soon after he started the house-keeper came to me, trouble writ large on her face.

"Why, what's the matter? I asked. 'Are you in trouble?' 'She confessed that she was. 'What is it?' I asked. 'I mustn't tell you; I can't tell you,' she answered. 'But I insist on knowing,' I retorted firmly.

"Well," said she; 'the bishop left early this morning, before most of us got up, and some of the sheets are missing.'—New York Tribune.

A SPRING TONIC

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red, Health-giving Blood.

Cold winter months, enforcing close confinement in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop and in the school—sap the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened, sleep is not restful—you awake just as tired as when you went to bed; you are low-spirited, perhaps have a headache and blotchy skin—that is the condition of thousands of people every spring.

It comes to all unless the blood is fortified by a good tonic—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish this feeling, but they guard against the more serious ailments which usually follow—rheumatism, nervous debility, anemia, indigestion and kidney troubles. Dr.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE DAY WHEN THE GREEN FLAG FLIES.

After the dreary winter weather, After the cold and the silence, too, Spring and St. Patrick's Day together, Come with a message of hope and cheer, Green grass growing in sheltered places Shows its color to weary eyes— How can we wonder if all the ravens Welcome the day when the green flag flies.

Wheresoever their sires have sailed from, Wheresoever they have bowed and knelt, Wheresoever themselves have hailed from— All are one with kindly Kelt, All are one on this day delightful, Under the clear blue Springtime skies,

Irish all by a claim that's rightful, Patrick's Day when the green flag flies. Herald of hope and of joy that follow, Ireland's day in the Springtime comes. Seems it not that the summer swallow Answers the call of the Irish drums? Seems it not that the seeds awakening Up through the snow drifts struggle to rise, Hearing the noise that the fites are making— Patrick's Day when the green flag flies.

After your dreary winter's ended, Olden land o'er the waters blue, Shall we not hope for a Springtime splendour, Hope for Springtime, even for you? Heart and hand shall we cease to strengthen? Valor and virtue cease to prize? Oh, my land, how the sad years lengthen Waiting the day when the green flag flies! —D. A. McCarthy.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock In all the fairy dells, And if I find the charmed leaves, Oh, how I'll weave my spells, I would not waste my magic might On diamond, pearls or gold; For treasures tire the weary sense— Such triumph is but cold. But I would play the enchanter's part In casting bliss around; Oh! not a tear or aching heart Should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor, I'd dry the mourner's tears; And to the pallid lip recall The smile of happier years; And hearts that had long been estranged, And friends that had grown cold, Should meet again like parted streams And mingle as of old. Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part, Thus scatter bliss around; And not a tear nor aching heart Should in the world be found, Should in the world be found.

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The green fields of Ireland are golden fields to-day; Och, the miles on miles of buttercups, the blossom of the May! I heard the streets of New York were paved all with gold, But Fortune is a Leprechaun, she'll slither from your hold. The green fields of Ireland are sweet beneath the rain, My soul would leave my body to see those fields again; For here in lonely New York a body hardly knows— So hard it is to win one's bread—the color of a rose.

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THE EMANCIPATION.

Saint Patrick, slave to Melcho of the herds Of Ballymena, wakened with these words: "Arise and flee Out of the house of bondage and be free."

Glad as a soul in pain who hears from heaven The angels singing of his sins forgiven, And, wondering, sees His prison opening to their golden keys.

He rose a man, who laid him down a slave, Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave, And outward trod Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away, And, passing where the sleeping Melcho lay, Though back and limb Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "Ged pardon him."

So he went forth; but in God's time he came To light on Ullinne's hills a holy flame; And, dying, gave The land a Saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come, And freedom's song Breaks the long silence of your nights of wrong!

Arise and flee! Shake off the vile restraint Of ages; but like Ballymena's Saint, The oppressor spare! Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him! Like him return again To bless the land whereon in bitter pain Ye toiled at first, And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed! —John G. Whittier.

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OUR E

BY A

Dear Girls and Boys: I had expected great celebrations in honor of St. Patrick's Day, but you have all sent them along. I think it is a rather sickle boy. I writes saying that he bute to the Corner the next time we hear is going to business and will not have time to hear we will be glad to hear any time he likes to do all feel interested. I am how he is getting on. other letter from Helen so glad she enjoys the corner. Angela sends a letter. What a pretty idea forming a club in order flowers for the altar. Hope Angela will let us pretty it looked. Love to all the nieces. AUN

Dear Aunt Becky: I was pleased to see your print, and also pleased poetry that was in last have some in my scrap ready. There are very tholes here, so that day passed very quietly to write last week. I know I am busy learning sons and catechism. I bishop of Ottawa who give confirmation. He strict, and I must try well. With lots of love to Barb, March 19th.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have lots of news for you. Just think, school and going to work you don't expect me to Corner when I am work would take up too much I hope your little nieces do not follow my quit writing. I hope continues, it is so nice How the poor city folk the bright green grass water of the country. day draws near, and I a green tie then. I re Your loving nephew

P.S.—I forgot to tell you am going to see "True on St. Patrick's day Park, Montreal. St. Lambert, March 1

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter read the letters every tend St. Andrew's school the fourth grade. My is Sister Ann Alexia. girls and I have got and there are eleven in the money we get we buy flowers for the altar. Each one brings 2c. letter is getting long and I hope to see it. Your loving nephew

Grand Rapids, Mich.

MY OLD RAG I Yes, Paris dolls are lo With hats and gowns But I prefer Black Din That old rag doll of Some girls want dolls And some like Japan With eyes that shut an And jointed arms ap I had a doll with ring And waxen face so ta But heat the wax work She was an awful ca Those foreign dolls ha Extensive and compl It's lots more work th To keep them nice a So give me old black Her clothes are few And she is never dama When left out in the I put her by the fire Or in the sun to dry To me she's just as h As any you could bu She does not shut her She's always wide a And then there is no d That if she falls she

well and strong as ever I did and can recommend the pills to all weak people. It is a mistake to take purgatives in the spring. Nature calls for medicine to build up the wasted forces—purgatives only weaken. It is a medicine to act on the blood, not one to act on the bowels, which is necessary. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood medicine—they make pure rich, red blood, and strengthen every organ of the body. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: I had expected great accounts of celebrations in honor of St. Patrick, but you have all forgotten to send them along. I think John B. is a rather feckle boy. One week he writes saying that he will contribute to the Corner every week, then the next time we hear from him he is going to business and thinks he will not have time to write. Well, we will be glad to hear from John any time he likes to do so, and will all feel interested, I am sure, as to how he is getting on. We have another letter from Helena. I am so glad she enjoys the poetry in the corner. Angela sends her first letter. What a pretty idea that of forming a club in order to contribute flowers for the altar for Easter. Hope Angela will let us know how pretty it looked.

Her eyes are most expressive, Although they're only beads, And with a book before her I play that Dinah reads. Some dolls are sold as talkers—"Mamma" they merely say; I talk for me and Donah, And keep it up all day. Great fun we have together A-sitting in my swing, I tell her made-up stories And often to her I sing. When I am tired and sleepy She goes with me to bed, I hug and caress her And kiss her hairless head, If I've too many dollies, Why, take off all the rest, But leave me good old Dinah, I love my rag doll best.

BERT'S TEMPTATION.

All the neighbors thought it strange when Bertram Dodge, after the death of his widowed mother, announced his intention to remain at the old home place with his little sister Helen, who was but five years old.

"We shall manage very well together here," Bert had said, concerning the offer of some distant relatives to adopt Helen. "It was mother's wish and it is my wish that Helen and I should not be separated. I may be standing in her light by not allowing her to go to a fine, luxurious home, but I can give her more real affection than they can give her, and she shall not suffer for want of food or clothing. They would want to change her name if she went to them and that I could not have. No, we'll stay together, won't we little sister?" He stooped and kissed the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little girl as he spoke.

Old Mrs. Hooper, to whom he had been talking, said: "I don't know but you're right, Bert; and there's one good thing, you know more about cooking and housekeeping than many girls know. Having to help your mother so much, especially when she was bedfast all those last ten weeks, has been a good thing for you. You've got a real woman's faculty for doing things."

This was true, although dishwashing and cooking and sweeping and kindred duties were as repugnant to Bert Dodge as they would be to any boy; but poverty had obliged him to do these things, and he had done them cheerfully and well.

The house was a tiny red and white one in the suburbs of a small New England town. There was only one dwelling very near it, and that was just across the road—a tiny wooden building, where lived the Widow Hawes and her seven noisy rollicking children, whose boisterous fun did not disturb their warm-hearted, easy-going mother in the least.

Bert's determination to remain at the old house and to keep Helen with him was partly due to the fact that Mrs. Hawes had encouraged him to do so.

"I'll help you all I can," she said, "and Helen can come over and play with my little Susie and Maggie and the others when you have to be away at work. She won't be any trouble or in the least in the way."

Bert was thus able to accept any temporary employment he could find. He was a robust boy of 17, and willing to work. It was not easy to find employment in a small town like Horton, and simple as his wants and Helen's were, he did not find it easy to supply them, and there were the debts caused by his mother's long sickness and funeral to be paid.

"If I could only get steady work somewhere I should be all right," Bert often said to Widow Hawes. "Oh, you will, before long," she always returned cheerfully. "One who is as willing to work as you are is always in demand, sooner or later."

But there had been no demand for Bert in any permanent position when the long and cold New England winter had fairly set in, and occasional work became more difficult to find.

Helen and Bert were eating their very frugal breakfast one cold snowy morning in December, when Helen said, "What you s'pose Santa Claus will bring me, Christmas, Bertie?"

The question started Bert a little, for he had that very moment been thinking of Christmas, and of his inability to buy a quarter of the things he wanted for Helen.

"I don't know, dearie," he said. "O Bertie!" she said, with a startled look, "you don't suppose I'll not get anything in my stocking!"

"Oh, you shall have something, little one." "What, Bertie?" "What do you want most?" "A big, big doll with really and truly hair, and eyes that will open and shut! And if it could squeak when you squeeze it I'd like it better! And if it had on a really truly hat! And shoes—O Bertie, I'd want to have shoes most of anything! The kind that would come off and on! And a little muff to put its hands in! O Bertie, if I could have a dolly like that I wouldn't want anything else! You s'pose I could?"

"We'll see about it." "I've got two cents to send to Santa Claus for it. Would it cost more than that?" "Oh, yes; much more." "I want it awfully," she said, with a sweet seriousness that clinched Bert's resolve.

Ten minutes later a knock came at the door. When Bert opened it, he found Jason Woods outside. "Haven't time to come in," he said. "Got anything to do now, Bert?"

"No, sir; I haven't." "Want a job?" "Yes; very much." "Well, I can give you two or three weeks' work down at my sawmill. Joe Hill, who has been helping me, fell and broke his arm yesterday, and I must have some one to help me get out a lot of lumber I've contracted for. Do you want the place?"

"Yes, I should be glad of it." "All right. Come down to the mill right away and I'll set you to work. We ought to be there now."

Bert did not wait to wash the breakfast dishes. He wrapped Helen up warmly, and carried her over to Mrs. Hawes for the day, and half an hour later was at work with Jason Woods.

It was hard, cold work in the old sawmill, and Jason Woods was a hard taskmaster, but Bert bore the fault-finding in silence, and did his utmost to please. He kept steadily in mind the thought of the happy Christmas he should be able to give Helen as the result of his labor.

The doll, he planned, should go into her stocking, and he would get her some little toys for the tree they were going to have at Mrs. Hawes's.

He had promised Helen that the doll should surely come. His work at the sawmill would be finished two days before Christmas, and he had planned to walk seven miles to Hillsboro—a much larger town than Horton—where he was sure that he could find such a doll as Helen had described.

Jason Woods owed Bert twenty dollars when the time for which he had been hired was up, but when the last day and the last hour's work was done, Jason was not ready to pay.

"Well, Bert," he said, "I'll say for ye that you've done your work first-rate, and I'll hire you again if I need any one. I owe you twenty dollars, don't I?"

"Yes, sir." "That's the way I figure it out. Well, you come over to my house the first day of January and I'll have the money for you. I won't get the money on this contract till then, and my folks have ding-donged all my ready money away from me for their Christmas nonsense."

Bert was too much surprised and disappointed to speak for a moment. Then he said, "If you could let me have just a part of it."

"Don't see how I can, Bert. I need all the money I've got on hand. It's only about a week until the first of January. I guess you'll have to wait. Wish you'd pile up them boards behind you before you go. I've got to be off right now."

He took his overcoat from a peg in the wall near the door of the sawmill, and departed without noticing how Bert's lips quivered as he said, "All right, sir."

But in his heart Bert thought that it was all wrong. He had been so sure of receiving his money that when the mill had been stopped for repairs one day of the previous week he had walked to Hillsboro, and selected the doll and some other things for Helen, fearing that the best of everything would be gone if he waited until the day before Christmas. Having found just such a doll as Helen had described—no other like it was left, in the only toy store in Hillsboro—he had had it and a few other toys put aside for him in a box, for which he had promised to call by twelve o'clock on the day before Christmas.

"And now I can't get them," he said, bitterly. "They'll be sold to some one else if I'm not there by noon. Oh, it's meaner than mean for Jason Woods to keep me out of my money. He is the richest man in town. He could pay me if he would! Poor little Helen! I haven't

a cent to keep my promise to her, and there's only one day between now and Christmas! The child will be so disappointed! And I wanted to get some little things to put on the tree for the Hawes children. Their mother has been so good to Helen and me!"

He brushed the tears from his eyes with the back of his rough, red hand as he went into the mill to get his old overcoat, which was worn beyond repair. It hung on a peg close to the one from which Jason Woods had taken his own thick, warm overcoat. Bert set down his little tin dinner-pail, and when he stooped to pick it up he saw a little roll of green paper lying by the pail.

"Why! it's money!" he exclaimed. He smoothed out the little roll and found it to consist of four almost new five-dollar bills.

"Twenty dollars! Exactly what he owes me!" exclaimed Bert. "And Jason Woods said he didn't have any money! This belongs to me by all that is fair and just! It is my rightful due! It is mine! I'll tell him boldly that I found the money, and kept it because I had a right to it! Now Helen can have her doll! I'll go to Hillsboro to-morrow!"

If Jason Woods had a "soft spot" in his heart it was for his little granddaughter Marjorie, who was just the age of Helen Dodge. Hence Jason entered the toy store in Hillsboro on the day before Christmas in search of things for Marjorie's stocking.

"She wanted me to get her a big doll with real hair and real shoes, a doll that could make a noise, and open and shut its eyes, and she wanted it to have on a hat and a muff to put its hands in."

"Well, I've only one doll of that kind left, Mr. Woods," said the proprietor. "And I don't know that I ought to sell it. You see, it's like this—A lad of sixteen or seventeen years came in here and bought the doll and some other things one day last week and had them put aside for him, saying that he would come for them by noon to-day. I don't often sell goods that way, particularly to strangers, but this was such an honest-looking boy, and he seemed so anxious to have the doll and other things saved for him until to-day that I agreed to it. By the way, he said that he was working for a man over in Horton, where you live, and that he'd get his pay last night. He said he wanted the doll for his little sister. He looked as if he'd spend the two dollars the doll cost on clothes for himself. Well, it's now after one o'clock, and he said he'd be here by noon, so I feel free to sell it. I can't have an expensive doll like that left on my hands."

He took the box from under the counter and said, "Here it is with his name on it—Bertram D. Dodge. Maybe you know him."

"Yes, I do." "Do you suppose he'll come for those things?" "I can't say, probably not." "Maybe he didn't get the money he expected to get last night."

"No, he—maybe he didn't." "Well, I guess you may have the doll. But I can't help feeling a little sorry for the boy. He had a good face, and I know his heart was set on having the doll. He'll be

awfully disappointed if somebody has kept him out of his money. That's a thing I couldn't do; but I suppose there are plenty of people who will take advantage of a boy when they would hardly care to ask a man to wait for his pay. Excuse me a few minutes while I wait on that lady."

As Jason Woods looked at the doll and the few cheap little things in the box, his slumbering conscience awoke. He thought how hard and faithfully Bert had worked, and he remembered now that the boy had looked almost frightened when told that he was not to get his money the evening before. When the proprietor of the store came back, Jason said:

"I'll take that box of things just as it is, and the next best doll you have got."

Half an hour later the owner of the sawmill was on his way home. It was very cold, and it had begun to snow. He had driven about three miles when he came to a boy sitting on a log by the roadside, who called out excitedly:

"Stop, Mr. Woods, stop! I want to see you!"

Bert thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought forth a roll of bills. "Here," he said, "I'm sure this money belongs to you. There's twenty dollars of it. I found it in the sawmill last night. I've been sitting on that log two hours trying to make myself think I had a right to keep it because you owed me that much. Here's the money. I beg pardon for keeping it so long. I did wrong."

"Put the money in your pocket, Bert. It belongs to you, for I owe it to you. Get into the sleigh and let me carry you back home. I've got the doll and the other things you had put aside at the toy store. I'm going to be little Helen's Santa Claus this year and yours too. You worked overtime several days, and I didn't allow you anything for it, so I've made it up to you in a Christmas present of a new overcoat that I've got under the sleigh seat. Get up there, Nell! what's the matter with you?"

Not a Nauseating Pill.—The excellent of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parnee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many Pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parnee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

DOG KNEW WELSH.

My friend was staying one autumn in Wales. Smoking and chatting one evening with a local farmer, the talk fell upon dogs. The farmer's sheep dog lay before the fire, and the farmer instanced his sagacity. He made an exclamation in Welsh. At once the dog arose and went to the door. "You might let him out," said the farmer. "The sheep are in the corn" is what I said to him. The dog passed eagerly out. In a few minutes there was a scratching at the door. The dog entered panting and lay down at the fire again. Shortly afterward the farmer repeated his Welsh remark. Again the dog ran to the door, and my friend let him out. Again in a few minutes was the scratching at the door, and again he lay down before the fire panting. After an interval the farmer repeated in Welsh, quite in the way of conversation. "I am not easy about those sheep. I do believe they're in the corn." The dog, without rising, looked up at the farmer, gave two sharp yelps, and turned round to his sleep again. He said as plainly as though it had been in words: "Don't be a fool. I've been out twice, and they're not in the corn."

It is the Farmer's Friend.—The farmer will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a potent remedy for wounds or pains in the body or for affections of the respiratory organs and for household use generally. He will also find it a convenient friend in treating injured horses, cattle, etc., or relieving them when attacked by colds, coughs or any kindred ailments.

A PRAYER BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Lord, support us all the day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done; and then, in Thy mercy, grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba on the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. OORT, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

PATENTS PROMPTLY MADE. We will make a patent for you. We will make a patent for you. We will make a patent for you.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was pleased to see my letter in print, and also pleased to read the poetry that was in last week, and I have some in my scrap book already. There are very few Irish Catholics here, so that St. Patrick's day passed very quietly. I was going to write last week, but you know I am busy learning school lessons and catechism. It is the Archbishop of Ottawa who comes to give confirmation. He is pretty strict, and I must try and know it well. With lots of love to all the nieces. HELENA A. Barb, March 19th.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have lots of news for you this week. Just think, I am leaving school and going to work. Of course you don't expect me to write to the Corner when I am working, as it would take up too much of my time. I hope your little nephews and nieces do not follow my example and quit writing. I hope this weather continues, it is so nice and healthy. How the poor city folks yearn for the bright green grass and limpid water of the country. St. Patrick's day draws near, and I hope to wear a green tie then. I remain, Your loving nephew, JOHN B.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that I am going to see "True Irish Hearts" on St. Patrick's day at Sohmer Park, Montreal. St. Lambert, March 13.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter to you. I read the letters every week. I attend St. Andrew's school. I am in the fourth grade. My sister's name is Sister Ann Alexia. Some other girls and I have got up a club and there are eleven in it, and with the money we get we are going to buy flowers for the altar for Easter. Each one brings 2c. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close, and I hope to see it in print. Your loving niece, ANGELA O'N. Grand Rapids, Mich.

MY OLD RAG DOLL. Yes, Paris dolls are lovely, With hats and gowns so fine, But I prefer Black Dinah, That old rag doll of mine. Some girls want dolls from China, And some like Japanese, With eyes that shut and open And jointed arms and knees. I had a doll with ringlets And waxen face so fair, But heat the wax would soften— She was an awful care. Those foreign dolls have wardrobes Extensive and complete, It's lots more work than pleasure To keep them nice and neat. So give me old black Dinah, Her clothes are few and plain, And she is never damaged. When left out in the rain, I put her by the fireside Or in the sun to dry— To me she's just as handsome As any you could buy. She does not shut her eyelids She's always wide awake, And then there is no danger That if she falls she'll break.

Eloquent Speeches Marked 50th Anniversary of St. Patrick's Society.

St. Patrick's Society, comprising the leading professional and business Irishmen of the city, celebrated the 50th anniversary of the formation of their society at the Windsor Hotel on Saturday evening by tendering a banquet to the most representative and influential gathering of Irishmen ever assembled in Montreal to do honor to the patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick.

The hotel dining room was draped with flags of green and white, intermingled with the Union Jack, and the Canadian flag, and the overflow of guests presented a sight that will live in the memory of Irishmen for many years to come.

Around the festive board were noticed grey headed sons of Erin, who have outlived the exciting times of McGee and Devlin—middle-aged men, who had fought the political battles of later years, and young men full of the enthusiasm of youth ready and willing to take a hand in the battles of the present.

Mr. F. J. Curran, B.C.L., president of St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair. To his right sat Senator Dandurand, Sir William Kingston, Justice Doherty, George V. McInerney, ex-M.P.; Father John E. Donnelly, Alderman White, K.C.; F. H. McGuigan, Dr. J. J. Guerin, Col. Gardner, St. Andrew's Society; Mr. E. Thomas, of St. David's Society.

On his left sat Mr. Thomas Gilday, representing the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Chief Justice Sir Alexander Lacoste, Sir Melbourne Tait, R. L. Borden, K.C., Daniel O'Connell, K.C., Peterboro; Father Martin Callaghan, Father Burke, of Prince Edward Island; Mr. Beauchamp, president of St. Jean Baptiste Society; Captain Clift, St. George's Society; Father McShane, M. Fitzgibbon, Father Hart, Ireland; Dr. E. J. Kennedy, Father O'Meara, P. Wright and W. McNab.

During the progress of the dinner a musical programme was rendered, among the principal numbers being the selections of Irish melody by the boys of St. Patrick's choir.

Letters of regret were read from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Premier Gouin and Mayor Ekers.

A letter of congratulation was also read from the Irishmen of Halifax and other cities.

MR. CURRAN'S REMARKS. The dinner finished, the chairman, Mr. Frank Curran, made the following remarks: "Once more we are assembled to do honor to the memory of Ireland's patron Saint. In looking around this festive board this evening, with so many distinguished guests, such a large number of friends and so numerous a representation of the members of our organization itself, we cannot help being well pleased and assured that we have the sympathy of our fellow citizens in commemorating the virtues of that holy man whose name our society proudly bears.

"And more especially on this occasion do we feel a sense of pride and duty in holding this function for it was this month fifty years ago that our institution came into existence and hence we are putting forth an humble effort to worthily celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of St. Patrick's Society of Montreal.

"As many well known speakers are with us to-night, some of whom have travelled a great distance to address the gathering. I shall not attempt to make a long discourse on the objects for which the society was founded, but one observation will perhaps be appropriate.

"The St. Patrick's Society was formed with the object of helping our fellow countrymen in distress, of fostering harmony and good will amongst the Irish and their descendants, and of protecting the interests of the people of Irish origin in this district, and we who are here to-day, in looking back over the past fifty years, have nothing but praise and admiration to bestow upon the members of our society who have carried on this mission of charity and patriotism for half a century, and are still assisting us the active workers of the present generation; and we have the greatest love and respect for the memory of those who began and continued the work and have since passed from the scene.

accord to our predecessors on this occasion of reminiscences and pleasure.

"As Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen, our aim is to be true to the traditions that have been handed down to us from the past, and as Canadians our desire is to be ever faithful to those principles of liberty and equality which have been embodied in the constitution of our own beloved country.

MR. MCINERNEY'S SPEECH. After the toast of the King had been duly honored, the chairman called on Mr. Geo. V. McInerney, ex-M.P., to propose the toast of Ireland.

The New Brunswick orator said in part:

"In seeking for the origin of the Celt, it is scarcely necessary to insist on the well established claim that, hard by the waters of the River of Life, Adam and Eve held sweet converse in mellifluous Gaelic. Somewhat later, from Scythia along the Mediterranean, came those Dacassian Clans, to whom tradition ascribes the founding of that proud Carthage, which should, one day, make Rome herself tremble. Through the Basque Provinces they ranged into Wales, Ireland and the Scotch Highlands. Their Hegira is enveloped in the mists that enshroud the dawn of history. The migratory instinct, which distinguished them, however, is still strong in their descendants, for, to-night in all the seven seas, from altars of Irish hearts, goes up the sweet incense of love for 'Banba of the waves.'

"Yes, love of country, patriotism, is a striking tribute of the Irish character. A man with a single drop of Irish blood in him is always an Irishman. Generations of his fathers may have lived and died in a strange land, the descendants writes himself down an Irishman, whether in the Senate of the country or in its workshops; and I deem it no bad sign of the race that you will find a goodly number of them in both places. Patriotism tempers

expect that the effects of the Wynd-

siege of Alexandria, was one of the fighting Beresfords of Waterford; and the three men who came out of the late Transvaal war with increased prestige were those three great Irishmen—Roberts, Kitchener and French.

"While speaking of this fight for Home Rule, in which Irishmen are seeking to enlist the opinion of the civilized world, it is false to consider the struggle as sectarian. Among the brightest names of Ireland's patriots we find Swift, Curran, Grattan, Emmet, Sheares, Lord Edward, Wolf Tone, Napper Tandy and John Mitchell, all Protestants. Isaac Butt was a Protestant, and that ideally courageous, prudent, skillful leader—Parnell—was the son of a Protestant clergyman. Grattan's Parliament was entirely Protestant, and Protestants composed exclusively the military convention of Dunganon. The grandfathers of the present Ulster Orangemen were the fiercest rebels of '98. Among the men I know I feel confident that I can count a large number of intelligent, fair-minded Protestants, who

their religion. "Ireland has been fruitful in great events. She has a history that begins in the dark and misty past, a history which comes down to us in romance and story rather than in monuments and records. On reviewing this history, especially on the 17th of March, a thousand emotions seem to fill the human heart."

The speaker dwelt on Ireland's military greatness; her sorrows, her afflictions, and, again, her glorious victories. Through her history there seemed to permeate a strain of melody and sadness.

He traced the history of the country from the earliest times to the present day, and recounted the services that Irishmen have rendered the Empire, and he believed that the valor shown in the defence of that Empire should be sufficient to gain for the Irish that measure of self-government enjoyed by Canada and Australia, and soon to be enjoyed by the Transvaal (applause).

TOAST OF CANADA. The toast of Canada was proposed by Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly, parish priest of St. Anthony's. He said in part:

"In proposing the toast of Canada I would say as did an eminent Canadian: 'The nineteenth century was the United States'; the twentieth will be Canada's."

"Canada is a land of promise, and it has been in reality a land of promise to our forefathers. After two centuries of evolution it is now coming into its own. May God speed it. When our forefathers left home those were indeed favorable breezes that guided them to the shores of this country, and I thank God for the day when my father came to Canada.

"Of course we all love Ireland, and if there was one point upon which even a clergyman's blood might rise to fighting point it would be if any slur were cast upon Ireland. "We are not forgetful of the favors of the past received from the hands of Canadians of French origin.

"There is no barrier to our legitimate ambition in Canada. A man of my origin and religion need never say that they have been denied any gift of which the Canadian people have the giving.

"To those who wish to succeed,

are honestly favorable to a generous measure of self-government for Ireland. The curse of Ireland has been landlordism, and we can confidently expect that the effects of the Wynd-



MR. F. J. CURRAN. President St. Patrick's Society.



HON. JUSTICE J. J. CURRAN.



HON. JUSTICE C. J. DOHERTY.

Past Presidents of St. Patrick's Society.

every action of the Celtic soul. It matters little where the body may be found, the mind delights in wandering back to where the ancient round-towers stand as sentinels of an entranced greatness to where the ivy mantled castles recall the days of freedom. He sees again the ruined Cromlech of other days, he climbs the mountain paths where in boyhood he loved to roam, and listens, by the fireside, to tales of the Banshee and Leprechaun; he remembers the fairs of Donnybrook and joins in the excitement of the Curragh. No other skies are so bright, no other fields so green, as those of Erin, no other bells so sweet as 'The Bells of Shandon.'

"Ireland has been prolific in her gift of great men to other nations. To Spain, Blake and O'Donnell; to France, Sarsfield and McMahon; to the United States, Barry—their first Admiral—and later Sherman and Sheridan and Jackson; and to Canada McGee—our greatest orator, Thompson, our greatest Parliamentarian, and Blake, our greatest lawyer. Ireland gave birth to England's greatest general, the Duke of Wellington.

"It may also be remembered that when England had her late little pliancy in Egypt her plenipotentiary at Constantinople was Dufferin; the commander of her land forces was Wolseley; the Admiral of her Mediterranean fleet was Seymour—all Irishmen, while the man who had gained the greatest fame at the

Canada offers every opportunity and the only limit to the preferment of a young man would be the limit of his capabilities.

"Economists tell us that Canada is the granary of the Empire, and should a famine come we could supply the Empire.

"Our mineral resources are almost unlimited, which augurs well for the industrial development of Canada, while we have water power to place in operation the entire machinery of the continent.

"There is something in the atmosphere of Canada that appeals to me, that is the spirit of liberty and religious freedom for which men have sacrificed all material advantage, even laid down their lives—all these we have at the asking in Canada.

"I will also say that under the British flag in this Canada of ours we have all religious liberty where God is adored by every man according to his faith and where our children are educated as we desire—where every man gets what he pays for and in the light of recent events we are not unmindful of past favors from our French-Canadian brethren, but we bless the day when that dying effort of Wolfe substituted the banner of St. George for the Fleur de Lys of France on the Gibraltar of Canada. Not forgetful of favors from France, nevertheless under the British flag we possess more religious liberty than we would if we had been a French colony."

MR. R. L. BORDEN. Mr. R. L. Borden, K.C., in responding to the same toast, said: "The chief toast of the evening is, of course, that of Ireland, which was so ably answered by my old friend, Mr. George McInerney, whom I hope to see once more sitting in the House of Commons, of which he has already been a brilliant member.

The lands from whence our forefathers sailed to come to this country were all great and renowned lands, England, Ireland, Scotland and France, but we had here in Canada just as great a country as any of these, and it was our duty to endeavor to foster a national spirit of devotion, patriotism and fair-dealing among our people, especially among the younger element who would be the men of to-morrow.

Undoubtedly there were differences of race and creed in this country, but we were all Canadians, all brothers, working together for the mutual advantage and greatness of the land, and all that was necessary was a better understanding of each other, and in a short time those prejudices which are sometimes brought to the fore would soon be things of the past.

Alderman White, K.C., proposed the toast of the 50th anniversary, and offered to St. Patrick's Society the congratulations of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and spoke of the St. Patrick's Society

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983. G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths. SCREWS, PRESSES REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL.

SIR ALEXANDER LACOSTE. Sir Alexander Lacoste responded to this toast, and dwelt upon the necessity of all races and creeds forming a great family, and that all should work for the advancement of their common country, Canada.

He believed it would be the greatest treason if anything of a narrow or prejudiced character should interfere to prevent the growth of Canada into a nation strong and powerful.

He hoped Canadians would always be tolerant and lenient with one another, that they would walk hand in hand, and that under the goodness of God the work of our forefathers would not be in vain.

SIR MELBOURNE TAIT. Sir Melbourne Tait also responded to this toast, saying in part:

"When I see, as I have seen exhibited to-night, the deep affection which the members of this society have for the island home of their forefathers, and for the traditions and memories which attach to it, I am not surprised that the Society should have continued to prosper during the fifty years that have passed since its formation. But I am sure I may say that however strong the affection of its members may be for the old land, however large a place these memories and traditions may fill in their hearts, they have at the same time been doing their part and their full share with all earnestness and loyalty towards the development and building up of this new land which also claims, and has, I have no doubt, a share in the affection. It must be, to many here present, the land of their birth and the probable home of their children.

"As to the toast which has been proposed, the cheers with which it has been received show that it went straight to your hearts. Hardly any more eloquent answer could be given. None ought to feel more proud of Canada than we Canadians ourselves, and have we not reason to do so as from day to day we read in the papers of its wonderful prosperity and development.

"To the man who is willing to do a good day's work it offers as good inducement as any other country in the world. There is no country, I believe, in which a young man determined to do the right thing can start under more favorable auspices or with greater assurance of success.

"I thank you, sir, and the other officers of this society for the honor you have done me in inviting me to join in this celebration. I trust the good and philanthropic work this society is doing may grow as years roll by, and that membership in it may be an inspiration to all Irishmen to be true to themselves, and to be devoted workers for the welfare of Canada, the country they have to-night so heartily toasted."

MR. R. L. BORDEN. Mr. R. L. Borden, K.C., in responding to the same toast, said: "The chief toast of the evening is, of course, that of Ireland, which was so ably answered by my old friend, Mr. George McInerney, whom I hope to see once more sitting in the House of Commons, of which he has already been a brilliant member.

The lands from whence our forefathers sailed to come to this country were all great and renowned lands, England, Ireland, Scotland and France, but we had here in Canada just as great a country as any of these, and it was our duty to endeavor to foster a national spirit of devotion, patriotism and fair-dealing among our people, especially among the younger element who would be the men of to-morrow.

Undoubtedly there were differences of race and creed in this country, but we were all Canadians, all brothers, working together for the mutual advantage and greatness of the land, and all that was necessary was a better understanding of each other, and in a short time those prejudices which are sometimes brought to the fore would soon be things of the past.

Alderman White, K.C., proposed the toast of the 50th anniversary, and offered to St. Patrick's Society the congratulations of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and spoke of the St. Patrick's Society

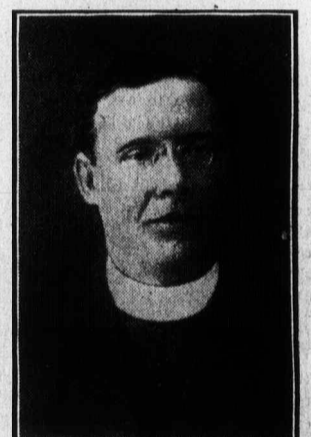
formed in 1843. The speaker reviewed the progress made in Montreal during the past fifty years and congratulated the St. Patrick's Society on its work for the past half century.

Mr. F. C. Lavery responded to this toast, also Dr. Guerin and Dr. Kennedy.

Mr. J. C. Walsh submitted "Our Guests," which was responded to by Mr. Thomas Gilday, Mr. J. J. Beauchamp, Lieut.-Col. Gardner, Captain Clift, Mr. William McNab and Mr. Robert Roberts, all of whom tendered the congratulations and good wishes of the societies they represented.

The remaining toasts were: "The Press," responded to by Mr. P. J. McDonagh, and "The Ladies," by Mr. W. H. Butler, B.C.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.



REV. THOMAS HARTY, Killarney, Ireland.

The Rev. T. Hart, as is pretty generally known, is at present on a lecturing tour through Canada and the United States, in aid of the O'Connell Memorial Church, Cahirciveen. The hope is expressed that when he returns home he may take with him an offering from the loyal sons and daughters of Ireland worthy of their renowned generosity and love of the old home land.

DONATION FOR INDIAN MISSION. We were asked by a reader of our paper to forward to an Indian Missionary the sum of one dollar, which we did, and received the following reply, which will be pleasing reading to the one who helped with the widow's mite:

St. Michael's Boarding School, Duck Lake, Sask., Mar. 13, 1906. Dear Sir:

Yours of March 6th, containing one dollar, "the widow's mite," has been received, and I feel it my duty to offer you my most sincere thanks for the double service you have rendered me. The article you so kindly published in your valuable journal is doing its good work, and I am happy to have this opportunity of expressing to you my deep gratitude for this great favor.

God will surely reward your charity and that of the good person who made the offering. Were it possible for you to do so, I would ask you to convey my gratitude to that lady, and assure her that many prayers will be united with mine for the one who has gone astray.

May God prosper your publication, is the prayerful wish of Yours with gratitude.

O. CHARLEBOIS, O.M.I.

"A Grand Medicine" is the encomium often passed on Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and when the results from its use are considered, as borne out by many persons who have employed it in stopping coughs and eradicating colds, it is more than grand. Kept in the house it is always at hand and it has no equal as a ready remedy. If you have not tried it, do so at once.

CER

or pain. Send get particulars less treatment r own home. nville Ont.

IRISH.

Williams, pas- church, Quebec, sermon at the h his church ant Benevolent one could talk sman than a races were e of affinity, non. It was men that they r native land. at they are to- allowed past patriotism, the ed his hearers ntimental pur- harmed with ut, but for in- ve. They had the ways. The hind. Before and country. orld are being nion that the sural qualities e great nat- land. In let it be hop- of the old life and that the may never be ality, benevo- other vir- marked Irish dicable. May new land the flexible allegi- never swerve and loyalty.

FATHER

Agnes Church at a very Tuesday even- These took orium and choice pro- at- ssy thanked able gifts of their high

Traditional Irish Music

(By John Ennis, President of Irish Music Club, in New World.)

Notwithstanding the extraordinary spread of the Irish revival, not alone in Ireland, but among the "scattered Gael" throughout the civilized world, within the last few years, the great majority of the Irish people at home and abroad are still lamentably indifferent to the superior beauty and expression of traditional Irish music.

The abandonment of the Irish language marked the decline of the genuine spirit of Irish music and song; the misguided people allowed their musical faculties to become perverted by contending for a musical system which is as different from their nature as the English language is from the Irish.

The complexity and completeness of Irish music is such that it cannot be expressed by the ordinary system of notation. Its laws are different and its scale is different. Hear a native speaker sing or an Irish piper or fiddler play and you will detect intervals too subtle to be expressed in the common notation. But though the great majority of the Irish people still turn a deaf ear to the peculiar charm of traditional Irish music any trained musician will at once perceive that the style of its rendering is both thoroughly characteristic and peculiarly beautiful. As Dr. Henebery expresses it: "It is marked by a clear sincerity, whether of joy or sorrow, rarely to be found in latter day music. It is naive, direct, spontaneous; it is never drawing-roomy. It is a music not born of any school; it is not a mere by-product of culture. It sprang from and vibrates with the sincere emotions of a people. Even one having but a slight musical knowledge cannot attempt the analysis of one of our classic melodies without being struck by the consummate art displayed in its structure. This will be no surprise to anyone acquainted with the wonderful proficiency of our forefathers in the art of poetry and the science of grammar. As the Irish of olden times before that art was known to the barbarians, even so did they exhaust the resources of tonality."

When the celebrated composer, Haydn, visited Dublin in the year 1794, he declared that he would rather be the author of the "Cullin" than of all the masterly music that emanated from his own singularly endowed brain. This expression of opinion should either be regarded as a high compliment to the Irish melody or as a proof of a lamentable lack of critical faculty on the part of Haydn; and, truth to tell, most musicians since Haydn's day have attributed the encomium to the latter cause. I am forced, however, to believe that Haydn was not far astray; and that his critics were unaware of the beauties of the melody which he lauded, or were prejudicially averse to such compositions. It is probable that they measured the "Cullin" by "classical" standards, and by the limits of the ordinary musical notation.

In this way they were bound by necessity to misjudge not alone the "Cullin," but all traditional Irish melodies which might come their way. Because it must be borne in mind that the traditional tunes, in all their melodic subtleties, cannot be expressed by the ordinary notation, and cannot be performed on instruments—such as the piano—which are incapable of recording delicate intervals with occur with so much frequency, so much grace, and so much charm in these typical compositions. I have heard fantasies on Irish airs, arranged for the piano, which were enough to make the whole gallery of Ireland's ancient bards writhe in their graves; and the performers thought, forsooth, that they were adepts in the adequate expression of Erin's age-loved melodies. Many people are to blame for this, and no one more, perhaps, than Thomas Moore, who took many a lovely traditional Irish air, set it to words of immortal poetry, and then made the fatal mistake of submitting it to the "professor" who "harmonized" it until the worth of the original melody was utterly marred, and the tune mutilated almost beyond recognition. Moore, however, in his autobiography, regrets his action thus: "It has always been a subject of mortification to me that my songs as they are set give a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed, and that most of that peculiarity of character which I believe they possess, as I sing them myself, is lost in the process they must undergo for publication, but the truth is that, not being sufficiently practiced in the rules of composition to rely on the accuracy of

my own harmonic arrangements, I am obliged to submit my rude sketches to the eyes of a professor before they can encounter the criticism of the musical world, and as it too frequently happens that they are indebted for their originality to the violation of some established law the hand that corrects their errors is almost sure to destroy their character."

Happily, there are gifted musicians working to-day to rectify the errors of the past, and to do justice to the priceless musical heritage of the Irish people. Dr. Henebery has done, and is doing, good work in this direction. Father Beverunge, professor of music at Maynooth College, is another ardent worker in the cause. He is at present engaged on a system of musical notation which will adequately portray the complexities of infection, the subtle intervals, and the characteristic modulations and color of the traditional melodies.

Of course, it should be known by this time of day that this traditional music cannot be performed on instruments of fixed notation; it can only be correctly rendered by the human voice, the violin, the Irish union pipes, the flute, and such instruments as are capable of the infinitesimal intervals which the music demands.

It is to be hoped that the well-established national "Feis Ceoil," which is held annually in Dublin, and the various "Feiseanna" being held throughout Ireland, aided as they are by eminent musicians, scholars and antiquarians, will bring the traditional music into the prominence which is its due, and succeed in perfecting a system of notation that will adequately express its many charms and distinguishing characteristics; a system that will redeem it from the artificial and baneful tinkering of modern "harmonizers" and restore it to the pristine purity that compelled the reluctant admiration and copious praises of Giraldo Cambrensis, Brompton, and John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, and throughout the succeeding centuries the unstinted commendation of such able writers and composers as Fordun, Glyn, Polidore, Virgil, Vincenzo Galilei, Bacon, Spenser, Stanishurst, Camden, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven; the grand old music that, through the medium of his Irish wife, inspired the great symphonic writer of France, Berlioz, in many of his compositions, particularly "The Shepherd Song," and "Slave Song;" the transcendent old strains that charmed Haydn to exclaim: "I would rather be the author of the 'Cullin' than of all the music I have composed."

CURE THE MOST EXTREME CASES

Stones in the Kidneys Cannot Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, of Ottawa, Formerly Cured After Years of Suffering by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., March 14.—(Special)—While all Canada knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard remedy for all Kidney Complaints, it may surprise some people to know they cure such extreme cases as Stone in the Kidneys. Yet that is what they have done right here in Ottawa.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the man cured, is the well-known proprietor of the Bijou Hotel on Metcalfe street, and in an interview he says: "My friends all know that I have been a martyr to Stone in the Kidneys for years. They know that besides consulting the best doctors in the city and trying every medicine I could think of, I was unable to get better."

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them, and they have cured me. "I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Ireland's Thanks To America.

Unity was always the simple demand which the generous friends of Ireland in America made on the Irish people and Party as the condition of their support. It was only when discussion prevailed that the stream of Irish-American generosity ran dry. When America pleased itself at the last convention to supply \$50,000,

That pain in the Back is Kidney Trouble

GIN PILLS WILL CURE IT

A strain or severe cold, or a dozen other causes may have started it—but the Kidneys are at the bottom of it. Backache (especially in the "small" of the back) means Kidney Disease. Plasters and liniments give some relief, but they never cure. Lots of people, with swollen hands and feet, are treating themselves for rheumatism, when, in fact, their sick kidneys are causing the pain and swelling. GIN PILLS cure that pain in the Back every time, because they cure the Kidneys.

St. Joseph's Home, St. Cloud, Minn. June 29th 1905

I received the Gin Pills safely and am taking them every day. I have suffered intensely from kidney trouble for many years. Since I took your pills, I have very good appetite and sleep soundly. I feel no more pain. Enclose please find money order for \$1 for which please send me two boxes of Gin Pills

FATHER BONIFACE, Moll, O. S. B.

If you have tried plasters, liniments and doctors, save your money and try GIN PILLS, FREE. Write us your name and address, and in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of GIN PILLS. These famous Pills for Sick Kidneys are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

THE SOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

It was hinted by the enemy that pledges and promises were something very different from cash. The cablegram which we publish indicates that that pledge has been more than redeemed. The last thousand pounds cabled brings the total close up to \$60,000.

Most noteworthy in connection with this munificent subscription are the contributions of the eminent Catholic Prelates on the other side of the Atlantic. Here is a proof, if proof were needed, that the Irish-Americans will not forget the old land. There is something eminently touching in this steadfast devotion. Here in Ireland material interests join with sentiment in the demand for Home Rule. Poverty and depopulation are the fruits of the existing government and the people are naturally eager for relief. But it is sentiment alone, unmixd with interest, that prompts the splendid generosity of Irish-Americans.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

DONAHOE'S FOR MARCH.

"The Wooing and Wedding of Presidents' Daughters," by Virginia Tatnall Peacock, is an interesting feature of the current number of Donahoe's Magazine. The illustrations have been gathered from many sources, and include portraits of the White House brides, from Marie Hester Monroe to Alice Roosevelt.

Rev. John Talbot Smith discusses "The Morality of the Players," and produces the testimony of a number of Catholic actors to the effect of stage life on character.

"Cashed of the Kings," by Honor Walsh; "A Breton Fishing Town," by Anna M. Mitchell; "The Pearl of York," by Magdalen Rock, and "Recollections of William O'Brien," are other illustrated articles that afford varied entertainment for a leisure hour.

"Ghosts from Many Lands," is the title of an engrossing paper by B. C. McShane, who tells many weird tales of visitants from another world. Rev. Ambrose Coleman, C.P., asks and answers the question "Who Expelled the Friars?" Father Coleman's conclusions are reached through his personal knowledge of affairs in the Philippines, and close observation of existing conditions.

J. J. Mangan, D.D., writing under the caption "Commercialism and Physical Culture," says some very sensible things about fads in health, such as advocating certain foods, sleeping with the windows open in all kinds of weather, restricted diet, etc.

"How Much of a Priest's Time is Wasted," is a paper that presents many familiar types—the callers at a parochial residence. The writer's experiences has furnished the incidents he relates, and his suggestions will be found useful to all having similar problems to solve.

Nora Francis Degidon, Anna T. Sadler, and John Austin Schetty contribute bright short stories; and there are poems by Susan L. Emery, Austin Walsh, Henry Coyle, D. A. McCarthy, Kathleen Kavanagh and Mary E. Redmond.

DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

(By Thomas D'Arcy McGee.)

Paler and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—
The pole star had set in forest of cloud,
And the icicles crackled on spar and on shroud;
When a voice from below we feebly heard cry:
'Let me see, let me see my own land ere I die.'

'Ah! dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy, thanks, thanks for your hand;
Help me up till I get a last glimpse of the land.
Thank God! 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky.
I shall see, I shall see my own land ere I die.'

'Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one-half my heart is already stone-cold;
Forty years work a change when I first cross'd the sea
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me;
But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,
And I'm come back to see the old spot 'ere I die.'

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,
His arms 'round a kindly young mariner's neck;
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east
As a starveling might stare at the sound of a feast,
The morn' quickly rose and revealed to his eye
The land he had prayed to behold, and then die.

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done,
High and haughty the capes the white surf dashed upon;
A gray, ruined convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar on the hills of the land.
'God be with you, dear Ireland,' he gasped, with a sigh;
'I have lived to behold you—I'm ready to die.'

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale;
Off Ardigna Bay it came slower and slower,
And his corpse was clay-cold as we sighted Tramore;
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie
In the lap of the land he beheld but to die.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

Nowadays wise mothers do not dose their children with harsh, gripping castor oil or purgatives, nor do they give them poisonous opiates in the form of so-called soothing medicines. Baby's Own Tablets take the place of these harsh and dangerous medicines, and the mother has the word of a Government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Baby's Own Tablets cure indigestion, constipation, colic, teething troubles, diarrhoea, simple fevers, and other little ills of childhood. An occasional dose will keep children well. Mrs. R. E. Long, Peachland, B.C., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets unsurpassed for teething troubles, breaking up colds, reducing fevers, and other ills, and they make a child sleep naturally. I now always keep them in the house." Ask for the Tablets at your druggist or you can get them by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

A Romantic Bit of Lace.

One detail of Princess Emma's trousseau has a particular romance about it—the lace which, it is understood, her mother intends to give her. For this lace belonged to Queen Katherine of Aragon. It was found some years ago, according to an English paper, in a walled-up cupboard in St. James's Palace. Queen Victoria gave it to Princess Beatrice, and thus after some 400 years an English princess takes back what a Spanish princess brought.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF St. Michael's Parish Montreal

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 8th of January, 1904 and with the approval of His Grace, the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute the fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend. Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to

REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

Pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two points, only \$1.00 post paid. This is not a toy but a practical writing instrument doing work equal to a \$6.00 machine and can be operated in any house where gas is used. Simple, safe and costs only about 1/2 cent per hour to operate. Full instructions accompany each machine. It is an amusing, instructive and educational toy for both old and young. HOLTON FIREPEN CO. TORONTO

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. In the Superior Court. No. 2503. Frothingham & Workman (Limited), a corporation having its principal place of business in the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. Maxime Langlois, of Gaspe, District of Gaspé, Defendant. The defendant is hereby ordered to appear within one month. Montreal, March 6th, 1906. J. M. LAMOTHE, Deputy Prothonotary.

2. No. 3 are quoted at 38c; No. 4 at 37c. DAIRY PRODUCE. The cheese market is steady under a fair demand, and prices are unchanged at 18c to 18 1/2c. Butter is in fairly good demand. Finest October made creamery is scarce and quotations on this grade range from 22c to 22 1/2c per pound in wholesale lots; single packages bring about 1c more. Undergrades are more plentiful and are offered at 20c to 21c per pound. Dairy is steady at 18c to 20c with a fair demand reported.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 2443. Dame Valerie Fortier, wife of Victor Berthiaume, of the city of Montreal, in the district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to bed and also as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 15th February, 1906. BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN. Attorneys for Plaintiff

Auntie—"But how do you know you've been christened?" Ethel (aged six)—"Cause I've got the little round marks on my arm now, auntie."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. One detail of Princess Emma's trousseau has a particular romance about it—the lace which, it is understood, her mother intends to give her. For this lace belonged to Queen Katherine of Aragon. It was found some years ago, according to an English paper, in a walled-up cupboard in St. James's Palace. Queen Victoria gave it to Princess Beatrice, and thus after some 400 years an English princess takes back what a Spanish princess brought.

SOCIETY DIRECTORIAL

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1886; incorporated 1893; revised 1890. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26.—Organized 18th November, 1889. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (English Building) 2381 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 8th Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Advisor, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malton; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, R. M. Cane; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 235 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Ragen; Guard, J. A. Harwood; Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. B. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

Be Sure and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a GOOD PAYING POSITION. We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison. Enter any time. No vacations. Central Business College W. H. SHAW, - - - Principal.

CHURCH BELLS

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Baltimore Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacturers Superior CHURCH BELLS

SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM dividend for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices

Table with 3 columns: Name, Price, Quantity. Includes items like Dodd's Kidney Pills, Little Liver Pills, etc.

Any of the above items will be sent post-paid in a box. All other drugs, patent medicines, trusses, rubber goods, electric bells, etc. for sale at wholesale prices.

THE F. E. KARN CO. Limited Canadian's Greatest Mail Order Drug House, 133 134 Victoria St., Dept. W, TORONTO. Send for large Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free

This "TRUE WITNESS" is printed and published at No. 270, Adelaide street, Montreal, by F. E. Karn, Proprietor.

SO BY CHAPTER XV.—C

"Your speech of last night," does not seem to me to be very good. You are very good at talking, but you are not so good at doing. If a man could have the powers of talking, he would feel sure that natural ability would lead him to just to politicians and to "Or to women," said she, "fair to suppose you have positions when we have positions which you have."

"You have not a word to say for yourself?" "Will you pardon me?" "That sound and sense ways go together?" "And will you pardon me?" "not believing that every man possesses the two?" "all the congressional and stakers!"

He hardly noticed that she was looking into her eyes, her sweet smile, it, she prudently back upon him by going "I have a new piece of music." "from our own choir—do you know the man, you enjoy it."

"Yes," said he, coming to the music. "There will be a crash at the start, like he makes at the opening and after it will be a sound, choked partly by words to stutter out an finale will be simply a melody with her right sweet, weird, plaintive beginning to end there are sounds than a gentle finale was the repetition. She was wrapt in and he in the musical thoughts were off on the ver's shores with that beside whom he had stood a time with a lover's village. When she looked for appreciation his offer so intently, almost "Why, Mr. Wallace, "are you ill?"

"I did not think the could write such music," she said, recalled to the session. "You played such a way that it is part of yourself, and whether to weep over the musician." Frances looked at her and laughed nervously. "A compliment from a man," said she. "O you are not true to your word." "Always to speak the chief virtue of the state."

And both looking, saying there with his hands and a sudden look face. It might have been the night's chief feeling, but his Florian to flight at once would have gone. She insisted on her plan "rick's Day" and the with variations. "That's a fine air," reference to the last, favorite. "It takes such poetry, girl. I don't beat that if the tried. I boys that write poetry!"

"Every one likes it." Frances, withdrawing to her room. "Ay," said Peter to not as well as elegant flayers, when the party and the lawyers rich; both if I lose a dinner. Peter was in a vic from the potatoes of night and from another declared itself wrathments later in Madam's sense.

"I told you," said she, "down familiarly in that you never would bring up a child, and deserved to have curls and pomade, and an 'furb' lows, and nonsense. I told you are going to reap their sins." "What's the matter, madame, calmly. "Matter now?" "Modesty was a quality I knew, but hasn't any—more modesty; an I won't let her. Am I going to stand not say a word?" "What difference

SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Your speech of last night," said she, "does not seem to have agreed with you. You are very pale." "If a man could have a woman's powers for talking!" he replied. "I feel sure that nature has not been just to politicians and orators." "Or to women," said she. "It is fair to suppose you have usurped our positions when we have qualifications which you have not for orating."

"You have not all," said he. "Will you pardon me for saying that sound and sense should always go together?" "And will you pardon me for not believing that every male orator possesses the two? Think of all the congressional and legislative talkers!" He hardly noticed the reply. He was looking into her eyes, at her gestures, her sweet smile; and, seeing it, she prudently turned her back upon him by going to the piano.



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC Proclaims its Merits.

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic on August 4th and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymns alone, insensible to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner, for I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle of the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1870, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

it, and then he's a poet an' couldn't help falling in love with such a little beauty. No, I don't think he did say anything. I needn't mind going to Mrs. Brown's?" "Not yet," said madame slowly, "but I shall keep this debt out of your monthly allowance."

"Don't!" said Peter, with gloomy earnestness; but the lady was inexorable, and he went off convinced that whatever he turned his hand to, whether for good or evil to himself or others, was sure to end in a mass of chaotic, bitter ruin.

"Oh!—ah!" said Peter, slightly confused. "And, then, Mrs. Brown was here this morning to tell me her front room is vacant, and I thought it wiser that you should remove yourself there, for you are getting too coarse for this elegance."

"Elegance be hanged!" said Peter warmly. "What do I care for you and your elegance? I'll go to Mrs. Brown's, if ye wish me to, or to the devil."

"Don't hurry," said madame, graciously; "you'll meet your old friend soon enough."

"But I'll ruin ye, I'll ruin ye!" he stormed. "I'll tell the whole story to the lawyers, poets and great-nesses, I will, and end your fine plotting."

"There are some papers here," said madame, "which I will read for you. You need quieting, you foolish man. And if it is necessary to remove you from Mrs. Brown's front room, your next journey, I fear, will be to prison."

"Oh!—ah!" said Peter, collapsing suddenly. "But sure you are not going to send me to Mrs. Brown's, ye wouldn't turn out an old man from such comfortable quarters!"

"You are so boisterous when you drink," said madame; "you make so many threats, you interfere so unwarrantably in the affairs of strangers, that really—"

"I'm not boisterous," Peter asserted, "and I never in my whole life made threats to any one. Did I make threats?" he added, innocently. "Pon my honor I was dreaming, an' had no more idea of the meaning o' what I said than the man in the moon. I'll say nothing. I'll be as quiet as a lamb. I won't open my mouth, good or bad, if ye say so. But, of course, ye'll excuse my anxiety for Paul. It was Paul I was thinking of, for I knew he was in love with Frances; and he's such a beautiful creature, an' it isn't fair that the lawyer should have everything, as ye must admit yerself when ye come to think of it."

"It's the chief feature of our reception," said madame, "and the flowers alone cost that much. You do not know your own merits, Mr. Rossiter."

Mr. Rossiter at once invested in a dress suit, and surveyed himself with contemptuous delight in the small mirror of his room. At last he was to enter society from the garret.

There was a really distinguished audience present, and in the back seats sat Peter and Florian, the latter curiously reading the programme, and smiling to discover for the first time that the lion of the evening, the author of the play, the impersonator of a minor part, was Paul Rossiter. All concerned had kept the secret well, for he had felt curious to see this new star which was rising in the society constellation De Ponsobly Lynch.

The comedy proved an astonishing success, although weighted a little by the incapacity of amateurs. It was felt to be something more than an ordinary drawing-room comedy gotten up by literary misses for their self-glorification, and Madame Lynch knew from the first act that her little event would be the talk of the circle for weeks to come.

Florian admitted that he had not. "Ye don't know as much about him as I thought," said he. "He makes enough money, I think, to pay his board here, but no more; an' he's that stiff an' correct he won't go to the publishers who'd pay him well, if they are a little less respectable than Corcoran an' his kind."

From this Peter rambled on into a lengthy description of Paul's troubles with a view to exciting Florian's sympathy in the poet's behalf, and the instantaneous presentation of more brandy on his own, but Florian had learned quite enough for his purpose, and was not responsive.

"Divil a heart he has!" Peter went off muttering. "It's a gizzard an' Paul'll stay in the garret for all he cares."

There was a shade of self-reproach in Florian's thoughts that night, and some humiliation. Why had he not looked a little more closely into Paul's affairs, and where was his boasted penetration, that he had to be told of the many motive-springs in his friend's disposition? He now recalled the absence of Paul from the regular meals, and the fact that he had never been invited to visit the distant garret; he remembered to have seen a queer specimen of childhood often climbing the stairs to the garret and inquiring solely for Herr Paul and he had faint glimpses of Paul and beggars appearing and disappearing in poor quarters of the city.

This was a different man from his first conception, and it required Mme. Lynch and Peter Carter to give him a true insight into the poet's genius and disposition. He was talented, which formerly he doubted, and his charity shone out so strongly after Peter's revelations that all the good Florian had ever done for the city poor grew wan as the moon in the full light of day. In the fifth story the poet was sleeping in his cold, bare room. It was with a feeling of self-contempt that Florian sank into the folds of his own luxurious bed.

It required a stern retirement of two days and frequent visits to the streets of the poor before Paul could thoroughly recover from his first draught of popularity, and at the end of that time, having thrown off the intoxication, he was able to receive with proper coolness the visits and the propositions of a theatrical manager, whose card the servant presented one afternoon as he sat reading in Florian's rooms, with the Fraulein playing on the floor. Mr. Aubrey had heard of the young gentleman's ability in play-writing, the whole city was speaking of his late comedy, and would it please him to write a play suitable for production at his theatre next season. Paul hesitated and considered. He hardly understood the extent of his good fortune, and it confused him so much that he hid his nervousness under a show of experienced deliberation. Mr. Aubrey meanwhile poured forth his reasons and persuasions. Finally the poet consented to write a melodrama in his best style, and Aubrey agreed to pay him five hundred dollars for it, and allow him a fair percentage of the receipts.

"O Fraulein!" said he, when the great personage had gone, "do you guess what good luck has befallen me? The mother shall go down



SURPRISE PURE HARD SOAP

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"O Fraulein!" said he, when the great personage had gone, "do you guess what good luck has befallen me? The mother shall go down

to the sea this summer, and all sorts of things shall find their way from St. Nicholas' hands this coming Christmas. We are getting rich, Fraulein."

That day he resumed his old place at madame's table, and his looks of gratitude towards her were so fervent and marked as to inspire her with distrust of the young man who could look so emphatically at a woman old enough to be his mother. Deeper into the retirement of the attic plunged the poet, his whole soul wrapped up in this new literary venture, and not even Frances could induce him to join the usual evening circle, or accept one of the numerous invitations that were offered him. Revolving all sorts of ideas in his head as to what would make the groundwork of his play, he saw rising again in the rose-colored light of dreams the face of the girl in the yacht, and felt a sudden twinge of pain that he had forgotten her so long. By degrees a novel thought shaped itself in his mind, and what it was the play itself will disclose.

Through all the summer heats Paul was enclosed in the attic, and nothing could draw him from it, nor could any obtain admission into its sacred precincts save the theatrical manager, who came to read the manuscript, to make suggestions, to amend and criticize. Peter pleaded in vain at the locked door, and heartily cursed the Fraulein, who came daily to the room and went through performances and sang songs that threw Paul into convulsions of merriment. She alone afforded him recreation. The attic chamber was sometimes stifling, but the morning sun and the midnight moon looked pure and more inspiring from that height, and the waters of the bay shone in the distance. It gave him his best inspirations to see these brilliant silences creeping into his room, and to think with how little friction, worry, and noise they did their great work. And the Fraulein was as good as a variety show, always with some new idea or action that amused him mightily, all the more that it came out in bad English and sweet accent. The night on which the play was produced the whole establishment of Mme. Lynch occupied the four boxes of the theatre, and the front seats as well, and Florian found himself in Frances' company with her mother discreetly sitting in front.

The programmes handed about announced the title of the drama as "The Hermit's Daughter," and all were very much surprised to see in the list of actors Paul's own name set down with a flourish, and the special announcement that the Fraulein Stein, a prodigy of six years, would take a prominent part in the play.

"This drama is to be full of surprises," said Frances, "and Mr. Rossiter so intended, I must think; he was so very reticent about its incidents."

"We shall all the better be able to judge it," said madame; "and it will be more pleasant; indeed, I am more curious to see how his acting will please a general audience than to see the play. He was so successful as the sailor."

The curtain rising put an end to the conversation, and all glanced eagerly at the stage. The scenery was very fine, and represented a rocky enclosure deep in the woods, with a background of watery vistas seen through innumerable islands. A gasp of astonishment Florian gave as he looked at this well-known representation, and his wonder knew no bounds when from a hut at one side came a living representation of Scott the hermit, leading a little girl who played and danced about him. Paul was the hermit and the child was the Fraulein, who, nothing daunted, was filled with delight at her position, and enjoyed the sight of the audience and the bright lights immensely. She sang and danced and capered as the hermit bade, exactly as she would have done in Paul's own room, and with as much childish grace and abandon, and although the immense applause of the surprised and delighted audience frightened her at first, a word from him reassured her. It was evident from this moment that the Fraulein alone had assured the success of the drama.

When the heroine of the piece came on, after a time, Frances observed that Florian started and, leaning forward with pale face and set mouth, seemed fairly to devour her features, and only when she spoke did he resume his old position with a heavy sigh. The actress was a fair model of Ruth herself, and only her voice could dispel the illusion. Florian did not notice how the hermit's eyes were fixed on him as the great personage had gone, "do you guess what good luck has befallen me? The mother shall go down

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(To be continued.)

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DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Mr. F. A. Laballe, Montreal, Que., writes us as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure. Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Write for the B.L.B. Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing 'just as good.'"

Various small advertisements on the left margin including 'SOLITARY ISLAND', 'FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC', and 'BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS'.

St. Patrick's Day Pittingly Celebrated.

(Continued from Page 1.)

God to be the Apostle of the Irish people. "So high a call entails profound preparation. He loses no time thinking of the magnitude of his mission. It suffices for him to have had his eyes opened to the saddest of all sights—his ears to the pleadings of charity, and his heart to the needs of a nation. He places himself under the care and tutelage of three of the greatest saints of Holy Church. St. Martin of Tours, from whom he received that great and burning zeal for the salvation of souls—St. Germainus, from whom he acquired the great Science of the Saints, and St. Vincent Lerins, who taught him that deep and true love of God which influenced all his actions of life and were the source of his zeal and the reason of his great success. These eight and thirty years of preparation were not mispent.

"Towards the end of the year 431 he wended his way to the glorious centre of Christendom. He obtained an audience with Pope Celestine I., to whom he explained the object of his visit. Clearly did the Pope discern that this was a man of God, and that nothing was wanting to fit the young Levite for the glorious mission of evangelizing the pagan nation whose virtues and needs he described in all truth and sincerity. No wonder the Pontiff commanded him to be consecrated a bishop. Then lovingly bestowing upon Patrick his paternal blessing, he bade him in God's name to enter at once upon his great mission, the conversion of the Irish race. 'How beautiful are the feet of those who preach goodness and peace.' He touches his foot upon this pagan land, not as a mere slave, not in tatters and rags, not as a shepherd with a wooden crook in his hand, but as a prince of the true Church, an ambassador of Christ, a bishop in garments of purple and gold, with a golden crosier in his hand, betokening a true shepherd of souls, a leader to conquer and subject an entire nation to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ. What a powerful leader, what an incomparable feat to perform—the peaceful and perfect submission of a people to Christianity within a very short period of time.

A BLOODLESS CONQUEST. "Upon his arrival the holy bishop finds Ireland a pagan nation and at his death he leaves her Christian and Catholic. Where will we find an equal to the peerless and beloved Apostle St. Patrick, conquering a nation without the shedding of a drop of blood.

"The work of the Apostle ends not with the mere conversion of Ireland. He attracts to himself young men to be his disciples, he ordains priests and consecrates bishops; convents and monasteries are reared to the skies as if by magic, and soon cover the land. Not long did it take for the fame of these new schools and scholars to spread. Thousands of the youth of all parts of Europe flocked to Erin's shores to drink from the pure fountains of knowledge. Would that it had continued to be what its first apostle and his co-laborers rendered it—the centre of learning, the nursery of piety within the limits of their own green isle. Filled with zeal and love of souls the disciples of St. Patrick made a tearful farewell to their own loved land and spread the Gospel not only to neighboring England and Scotland, but in every country on the continent. History tells us of Irish scholars teaching, Irish apostles converting the barbarian, Irish martyrs fertilizing the garden of the church with their blood. How beneficial to society and to the world at large had Ireland been permitted to prosecute her work of instructing and uplifting humanity. Alas! this was not to be! Too profound was her peace, too unalloyed her happiness, too great her fame, too bright her faith.

"In 797, spurred on by the promises of rich spoils, the barbarous Danes began to invade the land. These cruel attacks meant widespread devastation and desolation from which Ireland never fully recovered. Her churches and cloisters were burned to the ground; her libraries with their priceless treasures of science and art buried in ashes; thousands and thousands of captives of every age and of both sexes were taken and sold as slaves in foreign lands. The famous monastery of Bangor which one time could boast of 3000 monks, was burned to the ground; the rich shrine and sacred relics of its founder, St. Congall, were scattered to the wind; its venerable abbot, with 300 monks put to the sword in one day. This one tale we glean from

an unbroken narrative of murder, plunder and devastation till that famed Good Friday of 1014 when Brian Boru, with sword in one hand and the cross in the other, at the head of his noble band, courageously faced the hordes of sacrilegious invaders, fought and conquered, leaving 18,000 Northmen in cold death on the field. True heroic efforts were put forth by these poor crushed people to rebuild their churches and institutions of learning, but much of the glory and splendor of Irish civilization had departed, perhaps never to return, at least, not until Ireland is independent of any foreign domination.

In the year 1169, on a morning of May, invaders under a powerful, usurping English King, surprised and stormed the City of Wexford—Might conquers Right; the Green Isle is made a dependency of Britain. From this unfortunate day dates seven centuries of woe and strife in Church and State for the 'Island of Saints and Scholars.'

"Any wonder, then that the strings of the Irish harp are attuned to notes of sadness—any wonder, then, that the former joyful rhymes of her bards now only tell of the exile's last fond farewell to home and all most dear. Oh, show me one who reads her history and declares that he is untouched and unmoved at the recital of dear Ireland's sorrows, and I will show you a creature into whose body the Creator has placed a soul devoid of sympathy and a heart devoid of pity.

"The world may say many things against our kinsmen across the sea, but they can never say that they were traitors to their consciences and their faith. True it is that they have not now the same grand churches or the same stately altars as of yore, but they have in their hearts the very same spiritual edifices of faith; the very same sacrifice is offered as of yore; the very same prayers to God rise from their lips; and the very same hopes of heaven which St. Patrick brought to them, are still enshrined in their hearts. The faith of Ireland is the one beacon light whose sheen gleams over her past and her present; it is the one ray of sunshine illuminating the future.

IRELAND'S FAITHFULNESS.

"Sacrifice is the test of conviction. Fidelity to the faith in persecutions, sufferings and death, show forth the presence of Divine grace, as well as the Divinity of the true Church of God. Look at Ireland's sacrifice and suffering during the two centuries of conflict with the savage Northmen. All was well nigh lost save her precious faith preached to her by her Holy Apostle, planted so deep by Patrick that it could not be rooted out. The sword, the gibbet, the halter, could not compel the Irish people to give up their glorious faith. Ireland saw her beautiful temples of God confiscated; her monasteries plundered and burned to the ground; her holy Bishops and priests exiled or hung; those who escaped sought refuge in bog or mountain; here schools and chapels were destroyed. She saw her monks and nuns, her dauntless youths and aged fathers, her helpless mothers and tender maidens cast into prison, led to the scaffold, thrown to the flame, and put to the sword. What could have been the terrible crime that deserved such terrible punishment? The crime of daring to cherish and profess before the world the precious faith once taught to our fathers by saintly lips, the faith of the catacombs, the faith of Saints Peter and Paul, the faith delivered to the Apostles by Jesus Christ. As a consequence of this crime where in all Ireland will you find a single cave, a lonely hillside, but has been reddened by Catholic blood? May this not explain, my dear Christians, why the shamrock grows so beautiful and so green. Irish blood flowed freely over the soil, and blood, they tell us, is excellent nourishment for the earth. Yea; the heavenly aroma of the glorious Catholic faith still hangs over the land of our ancestors, and every newly-born Irish babe breathes it in with the life-giving air of the country. Posterity, my dear brethren, need never write for the Irish race either a motto or an epitaph; both have been composed long, long ago by the great Apostle St. Paul, when he declared: 'I have kept the faith.' Holy Scripture tells us that inscrutable are the ways of Divine Providence; we have never doubted this, but may we not find a fresh confirmation of this truth in the history of poor Ireland? The Lord loves those whom He chastises, says Holy Writ. How dearly, then, He must love Ireland and her children. God does love Ireland and her children; it must be, too, that the good God has some noble destiny in store for her whom He has tried so long

in the Divine crucible of affliction, and whom He has permitted to be detained so long in political bondage. That this destiny may be hastened in our own day is our prayer, and the prayer and fond hope of her millions of children now scattered to the four quarters of the earth. Gratitude is a virtue deeply implanted in the Irish heart. Today there are millions of Irish hearts full of gratitude to God for the glorious faith which the great St. Patrick brought to them. Is it any wonder that the children of the dear old God and their sons and daughters make merry to-day in Ireland and gather round their sacred altars to bespeak their gratitude to God and their glorious Apostle? Nor are the absent ones unmindful this morning of their loved mother's festive happiness; for, separated as they are, by many leagues of land and sea, every exile of Erin is certain to revisit this day, between dawn and dusk, the home of his youth and the scenes of his childhood.

"On this feast of St. Patrick, let us all, exiles and children of exiles, unite in prayer with those in the green home for the dawn of a brighter and better day for Ireland, the day of true freedom! "May her children at home and abroad keep sacred each recurring 17th of March as a truly memorial day of their dear country's past sorrows, present struggles and future aspirations.

"And now, dear Irish fathers and mothers, tell your children and your children's children ever to be proud of the shamrock and the land of their sires; tell them never to blush for the 'wearing of the green.' Tell them of the great hardships which their forefathers suffered for their faith. Teach them to imitate the precious virtues of the Apostle of Ireland. Tell them of his obedience to God, of his purity of soul, of his patience in suffering, of his love for prayer. Tell them, too, of his love for Ireland, the bride of his soul. Forget not to teach them that St. Patrick was beloved of God and men, and that together with his memory that of dear old Ireland must ever be kept in benediction."

How the Day Was Spent in Other Places.

IN QUEBEC. The weather on Saturday favored the St. Patrick's day procession, and as the decorations of the streets were very general, the procession had a gala time of it. It was very long and imposing, and among those who participated in it were Premier Gouin and some of his colleagues, Mayor Garneau and several members of the City Council, and a large number of members of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society.

Mr. M. J. Ahern, president of the Irish National League, presented the address to Archbishop Begin; Alderman Mulrooney that to the Mayor; John J. O'Flaherty, president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, that to the Lieutenant-Governor; and Mr. R. Timmons, president of the C.M.B.A., that to the Fathers of St. Patrick's Church. The ceremony at St. Patrick's Church was very imposing. The Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Begin, while Rev. Father Donohue, of the Redemptorist order, Roxbury, Mass., preached the sermon. The other celebrations of the day were the performances at Tara Hall, and at the Auditorium, in the afternoon and evening respectively.

IN OTTAWA.

The Irishmen of the Capital celebrated St. Patrick's Day with the usual enthusiasm. On Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a children's concert was held in St. Patrick's Hall, and in the evening there was a grand national concert, at which an address was delivered by Rev. Father Fallon, of Buffalo, formerly of Ottawa. On Sunday a successful church parade was held to St. Patrick's Church. The day was fine, and there was a large turnout of the various Irish Catholic societies.

Mr. M. Fagan was the grand marshal of the procession. The Governor-General's Foot Guards' Band headed the procession. The celebration was participated in by delegations from all the leading towns in the Ottawa Valley.

IN RICHMOND.

The St. Patrick's Society of Richmond, Que., held a memorable demonstration on Saturday. The procession, headed by Richmond band, assisted by a band from Sherbrooke, was held at 10.30. First in line were the Brothers' Schools, followed by St. Jean Baptiste Society. St. Patrick's Society, in regalia, bring-

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Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices.

J. J. M. Landy, 416 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

ing up the rear. High Mass was celebrated at the parish church by Rev. Father McGee.

In the evening an appreciative audience crowded "The Hall" to enjoy the well rendered selections by local people and talent from Montreal and Sherbrooke. The annual address given by Mr. John Hall Kelly, M.P.P., for Bonaventure, and the remarks by Dr. Hayes, president of the Society, were well received.

IN HALIFAX.

St. Patrick's Day dawned beautifully fine and clear in Halifax, and continued so throughout the day. There was no parade, nor was there the usual banquet of the Irish Society, which has been postponed a month on account of the death of Archbishop O'Brien.

IN KINGSTON.

The only event in Kingston in connection with St. Patrick's Day was a solemn Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, at 9 o'clock, to which the Irishmen of the city thronged. Rev. Father Klauder, C.S.S.R., of Saratoga Springs, N.Y., was the preacher.

IN LONDON.

An Irish service was held in London at the Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. The congregation numbered 7000. The whole service, including the sermon, was in Gaelic. The preacher was Canon McFadden, from Donegal.

Dublin Kept St. Patrick's Day.

In an Irish exchange it was noted that the Dublin Gaelic League were making efforts to have St. Patrick's day strictly observed, that is, that all saloons were to be closed and that where a fair or market day was to have been held on that day, that it was either to be postponed or else held the previous day. According to a cable despatch dated March 17th, the League was successful.

VESTMENTS Chalices Ciborium Statures, Altar Furniture, DIRECT IMPORTERS WE BLAKE 133 Church St Toronto, Can.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1906. THE STORE is full of interest these early days of Spring. Not a day passes but there is some new thing to claim your attention.

35 MILES OF NEW SILKS SELLING AT COST PRICES! Such is the brief description of Caraley's Great Annual Silk Sale. Record crowds attend to-day.

Latest News of Dress Weaves To-night's word is of some Novelties from Paris—Silk and Wool Hollannes.

8500 yards Silk and Wool Hollannes, 42 in. wide; 15 leading shades. A regular 90c quality. Special value at 69c

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and has gained added importance as an occasion, officially and legally recognized by a general cessation of business, coupled with patriotic meetings and popular rejoicings. "All the banks and Government buildings, and thousands of shops and saloons will be closed. The effort to prevent over-drinking on St. Patrick's Day has spread throughout the country, and is expected to reflect great credit on its promoters tomorrow."

"England of the Future will Give to Ireland all that She Could Reasonably Demand."

John Redmond, addressing a St. Patrick's demonstration at Manchester, made the most hopeful speech yet heard from an Irish leader. He said he believed that Ireland had turned the corner, that the record of the last elections would never be reversed, and that the England of the future would give to Ireland all that she could reasonably expect or demand. The Government would be given time to fulfil the pledges contained in the King's speech with confidence, and the Nationalists would not contemplate the possibility of a rising in which they would be forced to turn their "weapons upon the Government as they had turned them upon previous governments.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inefficient it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become hard and constipated. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pain between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Very sincerely yours, JOHN DAVANAGH, O.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame.

Senate Reading Room Vol. LV., No. 38 EDUCATION Pastoral Catholic Schools, Catho

The Lenten Pastoral Let Archbishop of Westminster. The present Ministry of it is their earnest desire to a definite, permanent and element of the difficulties hampered and retarded national progress of the country so many years, and to remove all grievances therewith. It is a noble praiseworthy object, and welcome these declarations shales have, in proportion numbers and resources, n sacrifices than any other order to provide adequate education of our children. most earnest desire, as it duty, to facilitate by ever our power a permanent attainment of this much-discussed, and we shall approve proposals of the Ministry tious or distrustful spirit, prepared to consider the slonately, with no thought party politics, with no party advantages or disadvantages. As we said two years ago we have repeated more recently, and notably in with the general election-tholic Church has no ally a purely political party outside them all. From she incessantly demands ment and justice, and lib her divine work. In refer to them all, without her fullest and heartiest co in all those things which to the moral advancement social well-being of the of mankind." We are further in every way a le tlement of the education d so far as we can do so c with those sacred princ we can never surrender, b belong to God, and are to give. It is those princ we must again declare to claim that, because they in all things to their fell men, as ratepayers, as ci subjects of the same Sov sharing all the privileges dens of the same nation tholic parents possess the justice "to have their ched in the Elementary S the country in conformity conscientious religious co Primary education is by pulatory, and free from co parent. It must not in pulation, or by the threat ing its freedom of cost, conscience of any. We are there are many English y large majority, it is alleg nation, who are well con what is called "simple B ing," imparted during a school hours, as part of curriculum, without referer actual belief of the teache veys it. Some there are think it necessary that th should be supplemented by finite instruction on the at some other convenient side the school curriculum however, would be satisfie teaching given in the sch would regard it as con connection with the secu sjects taught, an education formity with their conscien religious convictions. On count, because such teac garded as satisfying th Englishman, we understa is now suggested that it imposed by statute on all Elementary Schools in th in other words, that it permanently established ed. In the eyes of Catho would be the establishme dment of Protestantis simplest form, and would an education not in confo but in direct antagonism conscientious religious c Such an arrangement, if stand alone, will certainly a permanent settlement otion at issue. We have a hitherto with the right to have such a system of