

**MARGARET O'NEIL WELCH.**

It is indeed a sad duty that we are this week called upon to perform. To record the death of that estimable lady, Margaret O'Neil Welch, beloved wife of William J. Welch, of Highwood. Margaret is dead. What a shock these words contained for her many friends, Sunday morning, who were hoping and praying for her recovery.

Mrs. Welch had been ailing since

parents the whole community extend their deepest sympathies.

Margaret, shall we meet again? Yes, some happy day we shall meet again in that far away home of the soul.

**ORGANIZE AND PUSH.**

"God Help Those Who Help Themselves."

Whenever a protest is made by some good philanthropist or public-spirited citizen against public saloons

relatives were becoming quite uneasy about her, but her condition was not alarming until she was stricken with pneumonia a few weeks ago. The disease found her very ill prepared to withstand it, and did its work rapidly.

Margaret O'Neil and William J. Welch were married last Thanksgiving. The visitation of the grim destroyer seemed unusually cruel in this case. Crossing the threshold of a happy home and snatching her way from loved ones who are left with torn and bleeding hearts to mourn her early departure.

To know her was to love her, and her happy, smiling face scattered sunshine wherever she went. Only those who knew her best can realize how she will be missed.

Mrs. Welch was the eldest daughter of Officer Joseph O'Neil, of Powers' Theatre, Chicago. She was

Shortly after her birth her father moved to Evanston, where the most of her life was spent in school and church work, she being a member of the Blessed Virgin Sodality of St. Mary's church, and also a member of the Daughters of America.

Her remains were taken from Highwood, via C. & M. E. Railway, to St. Mary's church at Evanston, where Father Smith conducted high mass. The church was filled to its most capacity, and every heart seemed to respond to the glowing tribute paid her by Father Smith, who had known her all her life.

The pall-bearers were Joseph McGorty and Ray Hanley, of Chicago; W. J. Dougherty, of Elgin; Martin Hilbertson, of Evanston; Edmond Desjardens and T. L. Horne, of Highland Park. The interment was at Calvary cemetery, where she was laid to rest on a veritable bed of flowers.

The floral offerings of love from her many friends in Chicago, Evanston and elsewhere were the most beautiful and elaborate ever seen on a similar occasion on the north shore.

To the bereaved husband and

ing evil against society, the answer will always be heard: "You cannot help it." "It is no use trying to prevent it," or "God's time has not come," or some other equally senseless excuse. A wholesale liquor dealer not long ago expressed the fact much more accurately when he said: "If the churches should decide that they do not want liquor selling, we shall have to quit the business."

The following is clipped from the American Weekly: "For two years the Wisconsin Rest Day association has urged the churches to protest unitedly against Sunday excursions. Most of them thought it useless and refused to try. But in one small city when it was learned that several such excursions were being planned, petitions against them were circulated mainly by a German merchant, and no Sunday excursion came. In LaCrosse, Wis., the pastors protested against a very early Sunday excursion on the Burlington road. The Burlington officials replied: 'We sent it at the earnest request of the business men of your city.' The pastors asked for the names of these business men and found that they were all saloonkeepers. When the officials learned that they said, 'We will send no more Sunday excursions to LaCrosse.'"

Read the NEWS-LETTER.

There never was a paper published in any locality that gave all the news, says an exchange. It is often the case that some people come and go that the editor does not see or even know of. It may happen that the same family is missed several times and they get the impression that the paper does not care to mention them or has a grudge against them. It is a mistake. The home paper has no ill feeling, no enmity, no spite against anyone, so don't be afraid to tell the editor when you have a friend visiting you, or that you have returned from a trip or are contemplating a visit. If you think the paper shows partiality try and see if it does not treat you well if you give it a chance.

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