



### The Sandman of Cuddledowntown.

Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville,  
Where the Sand Men pitch their  
tents;  
In Drowsyland,  
You understand,  
In the State of Innocence;  
'Tis right, by the source of the River  
of Life  
Which the Grandma Storks watch  
over,  
While honey-bug bees,  
Neath funny-bird trees,  
Croon lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddle-  
downtown,  
For its people are all sleepers;  
And never a one,  
From dark till dawn,  
Has ever a use for peepers.  
They harness gold butterflies to  
sunbeams—  
Play horse with them, a-screaming,  
While never a mite,  
Throughout the night,  
E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

In Cuddledowntown there are choo-  
choo cars  
In all of the beautiful streets;  
And round bald heads  
And curly heads  
Are the engineers one meets;  
From Piggybacktown to Pastycake-  
ville  
The cars run, hissing, screeching,  
While wonderful toys,  
For girls and boys,  
Can always be had by reaching.

Oh, Cuddledowntown is a Village of  
Dreams,  
Where little tired legs find rest;  
'Tis in God's hand—  
'Tis Holy Land—  
Not far from mother's breast;  
And many a weary, grown-up man,  
With sad soul, heavy, aching,  
Could he lie down  
In this sweet town  
Might keep his heart from break-  
ing.

### Thought Jocko a Boy.

The little daughter of a distin-  
guished French scientist had never  
seen a monkey, so when an organ  
grinder, accompanied by Jocko, in  
cap and jacket, appeared before the  
house, her father took her out on  
the sidewalk to view the creature's  
antics, expecting that she would be  
much amused. After a single glance  
the little maid hid her eyes against  
her father's coat sleeves and refused  
to look again, seeming much fright-  
ened and distressed.

He soothed and coaxed her, wish-  
ing to overcome her fears, but for  
some time in vain. She would not  
for a moment think of feeding the  
monkey with a biscuit, as she was  
urged to do. Indeed, she would not  
even lift her face.

"But you are really very silly,"  
the father said at last, turning to  
take her indoors. "He is a harmless  
little animal."

"Animal!" cried the little girl,  
stopping short. "Oh, let me feed it,  
papa, that will be fun. I don't  
mind animals, but I thought it was  
a dreadful little boy."

### What a Boy Can Do.

Be frank.  
Be polite.  
Be prompt.  
Be obliging.  
Obey his parents.  
Keep himself tidy.  
Keep out of bad company.  
Never laugh at a coarse joke.  
Be kind to his brothers and sis-  
ters.

Take the part of those who are  
ill used.  
Never make fun of another because  
he is poor.  
Never tell or listen to a story  
which he would not repeat to his  
mother.

### Down Steep Slope.

The snow was just right for coast-  
ing on Round Hill. Quite early the  
big boys came and broke in Steep  
Slope. They played there only a  
short time. After they had gone  
no one slid down the Steep Slope.  
The track on the Little Slope was  
dotted with children and sleds going  
up and down. Ronald and Sadie  
and Jackie Boy were there, having a  
perfectly splendid time. Up the hill  
they would trudge; then down they  
would go a-flying. And such shout-  
ing and laughing! You could hear  
the children's voices a quarter of a  
mile off, through the clear, cold air.

Jackie Boy had no sled of his own,  
but he took turns sliding down the  
hill with Ronald and Sadie. It was  
fun, but the hill was so short. As  
they stood a moment at the top,  
Sadie looked over at the Steep  
Slope.

"I wish," she began, "that I  
could stop."

"What?" asked Ronald.

"I wish that we could slide down

the Steep Slope." She waited to  
see what Ronald would say.

"Oh, we never could!" cried he.  
"There are the briars on one side,  
and the apple tree on the other, and  
the two big rocks near the bottom  
with bumps between. Then you  
must steer through the fence, where  
the boys took down the rails."

"I know how to steer; I can do  
it," said Sadie.

"Oh, but you go so fast you don't  
have time to steer," returned Ron-  
ald. "Even the big boys get hurt.  
Ed. Smith ran his sled right into  
the square rock. Didn't you see  
him?"

"Yes, but the track is broken now.  
I'm going to try it. If you're afraid  
you can stay with Jackie."

Of course Ronald followed; so did  
Jackie Boy.

"Please come back," he said. "Sad-  
ie, please."

"No, I'm not a 'fraid cat." "But  
there are bumps under the snow  
that send you crooked; the big  
boys say so. And you don't know  
where they are."

For answer, Sadie placed her sled,  
and got on it.

"Wait a minute. I'll go first,"  
said Ronald. He didn't want Sadie  
to think he was scared.

Down he went. Past the apple  
tree, close to the briars; bump!

Bump! He steered safely between  
the rocks. Now for the gap in the  
fence. Just as he came to it, his  
sled twisted to one side. Crash! He  
struck the post. The sled slid on  
through the gap, but Ronald lay  
quite still on the snow.

"Ronald! Ronald!" screamed Sad-  
ie. He did not answer, nor move a  
bit.

Sadie ran down the hill, slipping  
and falling as she went. Little Jack-  
ie stayed at the top, crying at the  
full strength of his lungs.

"Ronald, open your eyes. Oh, do,  
do!" pleaded Sadie, when she  
reached him. She rubbed snow on  
his face; the big boys did that to  
Jim Peters when he was hurt.

In a minute Ronald did open his  
eyes.

"I'm—I'm all right," he said slow-  
ly.

He tried to get up. Sadie helped  
him to a fence rail, and he sat down.  
Soon he felt better.

"It was all my fault," sobbed poor  
Sadie. "I made you do it. Oh, dear."

Seeing her crying, Jackie Boy  
began to howl again. He had stop-  
ped to see what was going on at  
the foot of the hill. That made the  
other two laugh. They started up  
the hill to him.

None of them felt like sliding down  
the hill any more, though they could  
hear the children on the Little Slope  
still laughing and shouting. So they  
went home, dragging their sleds be-  
hind them.

### Jim.

"I've lost my pepper-pot," said  
Deborah, looking sharply about the  
kitchen. "I wonder if you've been up  
to any of your tricks, Jim?"

Jim gave no answer except a toss  
of the head, as he slowly walked  
across the kitchen, but Deborah's ears  
caught a little chuckle as he went  
out the door.

"I'll give it to you some day, you  
young rascal, if you carry away my  
things!" went on Deborah, shaking  
her fist at the little fellow.

"What's the matter, Deborah?"  
asked her mistress, coming into the  
kitchen.

"Oh, it's that Jim! He's always  
up to mischief. It comes natural to  
that gypsyish sort to be tricky and  
sneaky, and there's no such thing as  
gettin' 'em out of it."

"If it's natural to them we ought  
to make some allowance for it,"  
said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, as  
she helped Deborah to hunt for the  
missing pepper-pot.

"No use a-harborin' such, seems  
to me," said Deborah.

"Maybe so," said Mrs. Graham,  
"but none of us, somehow, seem to  
have the heart to drive him away."

"I have," said Deborah, very de-  
cidedly. "Look a-there now—a ever-  
lastin' tease!"

The two watched Jim as, with  
a roughish twinkle in his small black  
eyes, he made his way to where old  
Carlo was taking his morning nap  
under the lilac bush, and gave him  
a sudden poke. The dog raised his  
head and growled, but Jim stood at  
a little distance, with a grave and  
innocent look at something on the  
ground.

Carlo settled down again, and  
quick as lightning, Jim gave him an-  
other poke. Up jumped Carlo, with a  
savage look at his tormentor; but  
Jim stood in the same place, half  
asleep, and Carlo lay down with a  
long-drawn sigh. Jim kept it up  
until the poor dog went to find a  
quieter place.

"I've seen him do that a dozen  
times," said Deborah, laughing, "and  
I know he's hidden my pepper-pot."

For four years he has exhibited a

Why, it ain't so long since I read a  
story about one o' them set-must-a-  
been first cousin to Jim, I reckon—  
that stole a elegant breastpin, and it  
was laid to a poor young girl that  
worked in the family. She was dis-  
graced and turned off, and ever so  
long after it was found out that  
that creature'd been the thief. I've  
no use for such!"

And so every member of the fam-  
ily could have declared, but no one  
would be the one to say that Jim  
must go. In the course of a long  
drive over the country roads,  
through a heavy storm, the farmer  
had found Jim drenched and half-  
starved. Of course he brought him  
home, and after being warmed, fed,  
and made comfortable, the wild-  
eyes, dark-looking little vagabond  
had wisely settled himself in such  
good quarters, and had since show-  
ed no desire to leave them.

"You can come and help peel the  
peaches now, Marian!" called Mrs.  
Graham to her daughter.

Marian came, looking admiringly  
at the basket of rosy-cheeked, downy  
fruit on the great table, all of which  
was waiting to be made into peach-  
butter.

"Is that your pearl ring?" asked  
her mother.

"Oh—yes. I was clearing my draw-  
er and put it on to see how pretty  
it looks, and forgot it. I'll take it  
off."

The pretty lass worked for hours  
over the peaches, paring, stoning,  
measuring out sugar, stirring and  
tasting. At length she skipped up  
to her room to dress, but soon came  
running back with an anxious face.

"My ring, Deborah! I left it on  
the corner of the table—back there.  
Have you seen it?"

"The land, Miss Marian! No, I  
ain't. And I've just this blessed  
minute scraped up all the peelin's  
and flung 'em out to the pigs."

With tears in her eyes, Marian ran  
out to the lot in which the pigs were  
kept, and searched eagerly. But the  
grunters had made quick work of  
their luscious meat, and no ring was  
to be found. More slowly she went  
back, and looked about the kitchen  
with a forlorn hope that the ring  
might have escaped. But Deborah's  
scrapping had been vigorous, and she  
went upstairs again with a woo-  
e-gone look.

"She's a dreadfully careless little  
piece," said Deborah, looking after  
her, "always leavin' her things  
'round. But I ain't a-goin' to say  
it to her now she's a-feelin' so bad."

"Ha, ha—you thevin' rascal, I've  
caught you at last, ain't I?"

Mrs. Graham and Marian hurried  
out at sound of Deborah's excited  
voice to see Jim struggling in her  
grasp. He was uttering short, an-  
gry cries and doing his best to  
free himself.

"I was just a-washin' my dishes,"  
cried Deborah, "when this limb come  
a-peekin' and a-pryin' 'round. I  
mistrued he was up to somethin',  
an' I kep' my eye on him and seen  
him pick up one o' my teaspoons an'  
sneak off with it. I look after him  
and just got hold o' him right here  
—see? He was just a-slippin' that  
spoon into the hole fer to hide it!"

Mrs. Graham looked curiously at  
the hole, a small one near the  
ground in the weather-boarding of  
the spring-house.

"Bring an axe and knock that off,  
Deborah," she said.

Deborah did so, and the three bent  
over what they saw.

"I'm blessed if there ain't my pep-  
per-pot!" exclaimed Deborah.

More than the pepper-pot was  
there. Keys, nails, screws, a but-  
ton-hook, a gimlet and as they turn-  
ed them over Marian gave a scream  
of delight and snatched up her pearl  
ring.

Then she made a quick rush for  
Jim, and hugged and fondled him  
until he bit her to make her let him  
go, when he flew to the top of the  
spring-house, and stood there chat-  
tering his discontent at such rough  
handling.

"You dear old crow!" exclaimed  
Marian. "If you hadn't stolen my  
ring off the table that day I never  
should have seen it again. O, De-  
borah, you have pulled out half his  
tail-feathers!"

"Never mind," said Deborah, "they  
will grow again."

Forty Cigarettes a Day.

The habitual consumption of ci-  
garettes in large quantities has turn-  
ed back the hands of time ten years  
in the mental life of Max Zillman,  
according to the Cincinnati City  
Hospital physicians who are observ-  
ing his case, says a writer in The  
Homeless Boys Friend.

Max is the 17-year-old boy who  
was sent to the hospital observation  
ward by his father, Ike Zillman, of  
1706 Carr street. He is suffering  
from a species of insanity due whol-  
ly or in part to cigarette smoking.

For four years he has exhibited a

weak mind, and for three weeks he  
has been palpably unbalanced men-  
tally.

His ailment is diagnosed as juve-  
nile dementia in medical parlance.  
Though 17 years old, almost grown  
physically, the boy's mentality has  
been reduced to that of a child of  
six or seven years old.

Max, according to his own state-  
ment, has smoked cigarettes for  
about five years. When he was sent  
to the hospital his parents said  
nothing about his smoking. Dr.  
Rodney H. Bunch, assistant super-  
intendent, who has charge of the  
observation cases, noticed the tel-  
tale yellow stains on the boy's fin-  
gers. Max at first denied being a  
smoker, but later admitted it.

"I never kept track of the ciga-  
rettes I smoked," Max told Dr.  
Bunch, "but I smoked for four or  
five years, and I smoked cigarettes  
that came in packages of twenty.  
I usually smoked two packs a day."  
On this basis the boy had con-  
sumed possibly 78,000 cigarettes,  
and certainly smoked not less than  
50,000.

It is not a certainty that ciga-  
rettes are wholly to blame for Zil-  
man's present mental condition,"  
said Dr. Bunch to a reporter, "but  
it is certain that smoking has not  
helped him any. I believe that ci-  
garettes are the cause, but will not  
say so positively.

"The boy was probably never very  
strong mentally, and he is now like  
a 6-year-old child. He wants things  
to play with, and talks about child-  
ish things.

Habitual smoking could bring  
about such a mental condition as  
his. Cigarettes may cause almost  
any mental or physical ailment.  
Smoking affects the nerve centres.  
The nerve centres control the or-  
gans, health and sanity. If the  
nerve centres are affected, every-  
thing may be affected.

### How Gladstone Became a Home Ruler.

In a book just published, written  
by Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, son of the  
well known novelist, it is stated for  
the first time that Mr. Gladstone  
was won to support the Home  
Rule movement as a result of a vi-  
sit to the Isle of Man, which en-  
joys the advantage of Home Rule.

Gladstone's visit took place in  
1878. The island acknowledges King  
Edward as its ruler, but it is not  
under the sway of the British Par-  
liament. The chief, if not the only,  
link with the United Kingdom is the  
person of the monarch. The native  
legislature consists of two branches,  
the governor with his council and  
the House of Keys. Its revenues af-  
ter defraying expenses of the gov-  
ernment, and contributing a fixed an-  
nual sum to the Imperial exchequer,  
are available for Island purposes.  
Under this regime, the island has  
become content and prosperous. En-  
glishmen acknowledge this, but when  
they turn toward Ireland, they have  
eyes and see not.

### A Beautiful Lesson.

There is an obvious lesson for all  
believers in the Real Presence con-  
tained in the following brief narra-  
tive, which we quote from Catholic  
Light.

The other day we happened to be  
in a neighboring city. On a street  
car were half a dozen men, one of  
them a priest, and one woman. The  
woman occupied the seat with the  
priest.

It could easily be seen they  
were not acquaintances. Presently  
a church came in view, and strange  
to relate, every man save one lifted  
his hat. They were Catholics and  
the church bore a cross. Shortly af-  
ter passing the edifice, we noticed  
the woman in the car pass her card  
to the priest. Now, our readers  
will kindly forgive us if we do a  
little eavesdropping. "Tell me,  
please," said the woman, address-  
ing the priest, "why do you lift your  
hat when you pass a church?" The  
clergyman was evidently taken by  
surprise, for he did not reply at  
once; finally he answered simply:

"Our Lord is there." Then there  
was a silence of several moments,  
followed by questions and answers.  
At last, as the priest prepared to  
leave the car, we heard the woman  
say: "If I could believe that my  
Savior was in the church, I would  
spend the rest of my days there in  
adoration."

### Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed For  
Days, Scarcely Able To  
Turn Herself.

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B.  
writes: "For years I was troubled with  
weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in  
bed for days, being scarcely able to turn  
myself, and I have also been a great  
sufferer while trying to perform my  
household duties. I had doctors attend-  
ing me without avail and tried liniments  
and plasters, but nothing seemed to do  
me any good. I was about to give up in  
despair when my husband induced me to  
try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using  
two boxes I am now well and able to do  
my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney  
Pills are all that you claim for them, and  
there's a fair trial."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are a purely  
vegetable medicine, realizing quick per-  
manent relief, without any after effects.  
A medicine that will speedily cure Back-  
ache and all forms of Kidney and Bladder  
Disease.

Price, 50 cents per box, or \$3 for \$1.25,  
at all dealers or The T. Millburn Co., Lim-  
ited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

### POET'S CORNER

#### FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die,  
Though year by year the sad me-  
morial wreaths,  
A ring and flowers, types of life and  
death,  
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,  
And life all pure is love; and love  
can reach  
From heaven to earth, and nobler  
lessons teach  
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one  
dead;  
A friend he has whose face will  
never change—  
A dear communion that will not  
grow strange;  
The anchor of love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving  
breath  
Will reach our cheeks all fresh  
through weary years,  
For her who died long since, ah!  
waste not tears,  
She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dead friend,  
With face still radiant with the  
light of truth,  
Whose love comes laden with the  
scent of youth,  
Through twenty years of death.  
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

#### WEST WIND.

Come in, wet wind of the West,  
Through the dusty streets of the  
town,  
With the scent of the new-mown  
hay,  
And a song of a bird by the nest,  
A breath of roses newblown,  
The laughter of children at play!

The meadows are waving high  
With plump grasses of grey,  
And gold-eyed daisies are born;  
There's a lark in the silvery sky,  
And a thrush on the wild-rose  
spray,  
And poppies in the green corn.

In the woods there's a singing burn,  
And swallows stooping for flies,  
Or pebbles topaz and beryl,  
All day will the wood-voiced mourn,  
And gaze in each other's eyes,  
And the fronds of the fern uncurl.

Oh, blow, wet winds of the West,  
Through every window and door,  
And kiss the children asleep,  
And soothe the dying to rest,  
In the dreary homes of the poor,  
Where Fever his watch doth keep!

The green, things, heavy with pain,  
Lift their languishing brows  
From the highway's dust and its  
heat;  
For thy beautiful daughter, the Rain  
Clad in the pearl and the rose,  
Walks by thee with silvery feet.

Oh, freshest of winds that blow,  
Come in from thy valleys cool,  
From the bowers of the evening  
star,  
The gardens of after-glow,  
With crimson roses at full,  
And lilies that perfect are!

—Katharine Tynan.

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

Some time at eve, when the tide is  
low,  
I shall slip my moorings and sail  
away,  
With no response to a friendly hail  
Of kindred craft in a busy city.  
In the silent hush of the twilight  
pale,

When the night stoops down to em-  
brace the day,  
And the voices call in the waters  
flow—  
Some time at eve when the tide is  
low,  
I shall slip my moorings and sail  
away.

Through purple shadows that darkly  
trail  
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown  
sea,  
I shall fare me away, with the dip  
of sail,  
And a ripple of waters to tell the  
tale

Of a lonely voyage, sailing away  
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay  
The craft of those who have sailed  
before

O'er the unknown sea to the un-  
known shore.

A few who have watched me sail  
away  
Will miss my craft from the busy  
bay.

Some friendly barks that were an-  
chored near,  
Some loving souls that my heart  
held dear,  
In silent sorrow will drop a tear:  
But I shall have peacefully furled  
my sail

In moorings sheltered from storm  
and gale,  
And greeted the friends who have  
sailed before

O'er the unknown sea to the un-  
known shore.

—L. C. Hardy.

The Oil of the People.—Many oils  
have come and gone, but Dr. Thom-  
son's Electric Oil continues to main-  
tain its position and increase its  
sphere of usefulness each year. Its  
sterling qualities have brought it to  
the front and kept it there, and it  
can truly be called the oil of the  
people. Thousands have benefited by  
it and would use no other prepara-  
tion.

### apoCresolene

For Whooping  
Cough, Croup,  
Sore Throat,  
Croup, Bron-  
chitis, Colds,  
Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while  
you sleep."  
APPOCRESOLENE stops the  
paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dread-  
ed Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is  
used. It acts directly on the windpipe and  
throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds,  
CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide,  
acting both as a curative and preventive  
in contagious diseases. It is a boon to suffer-  
ers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best re-  
commendation is its 30 years of successful  
use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal  
for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Anti-  
septic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat,  
of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE LEECHING-MILES CO., Limited,  
Canadian Agents,  
Leeching-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

### His Presents \$25,000.

Archbishop J. J. Glennon, who re-  
cently celebrated his silver jubilee in  
the Church, learned to-day that he  
verbal unopened boxes sent him dur-  
ing the jubilee celebration contain-  
ed pictures valued at approximately  
\$25,000. The pictures—144 in all—  
are copies of Tissot's—144 in all—  
of New Testament characters, and  
were presented to him by Herman  
C. G. Luyties, a millionaire chem-  
ist. The old testament pictures in  
the same series recently were pur-  
chased by Jacob Schiff of New York  
for \$32,000 and presented to the  
Astor library.

### HE IS THANKFUL HE HEARD OF THEM.

That's What Antoine Cottenoire  
says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured His Diabetes After the  
Doctors Had Failed to Give Him Re-  
lief—What Dodd's Kidney Pills Do  
and Why.

St. Fie de Guire, Yamaska Co.,  
Que., Jan. 24.—(Special).—That  
there is one sure cure for Dodd's  
Diabetes, and that cure is Dodd's  
Kidney Pills is proved once more in  
the case of Mr. Antoine Cottenoire,  
a well known resident of this place.

"I am thankful I ever heard of  
Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Cottenoire  
states. "I suffered with Backache.  
I always felt drowsy. I had severe  
headaches, and my limbs would  
cramp. I had a dizzy feeling and  
felt tired in the region of the kid-  
neys, with a dragging heavy sensa-  
tion across the loins.

"I was treated by the doctors, but  
got no benefit from them. Then I  
heard of cures made by Dodd's Kid-  
ney Pills, and made up my mind to  
try them. I took in all three dozen  
boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. To-  
day I am free from Kidney trouble  
of all kinds.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills also cured  
me of stomach trouble from which I  
suffered for twenty-five years."

Diabetes is one of the most dead-  
ly forms of Kidney Disease. But  
Dodd's Kidney Pills cure any form  
of Kidney Disease. They also by  
curing the Kidneys cure all those  
diseases that come from disordered  
Kidneys, such as Rheumatism, Lum-  
bago and Heart Disease.

Three Coming Centenaries.

Three noted Catholic centenaries  
are to be celebrated during the com-  
ing spring. March 2 will be the  
one hundredth anniversary of the  
birth of the late Pope Leo XIII.,  
March 20 will be the centenary of  
the late Cardinal John McCloskey,  
America's first Cardinal, and May  
20 will be the one hundredth anni-  
versary of the Most Rev. Martin  
John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville,  
and afterwards Archbishop of Balti-  
more.

The four dogs were  
tally alike, except in one  
spect. Every day Dr.  
Topsy did a little into the  
went to one of the dogs  
liked their food but  
they had good  
ate whatever was given  
one hand, not a  
col went to the second  
did not seem to make  
once at first, for all fo-  
qually fast, and all lo-  
strong and healthy.

Dr. Hodge called one  
Topsy, because they too  
other pair, in the other  
named Nig and Topsy.  
Topsy died soon after  
ment began, and Topsy  
took her place.

When the four dogs w  
old an epidemic of  
broke out in Worcester  
then that Dr. Hodge  
cover whether or not  
doing any special sh  
and Topsy. Indeed it  
this point that they  
be especially useful, a  
epidemic of dog sickne  
they were among the  
t. More than that, t  
fill for two weeks that  
says he "hardly expect  
them to live from day  
For a week they wo