(Benziger's Magazine.)

"Oh, if you please!" said Bolly. The postman swung round on his heel in the direction of the little a long way his eyes had to travel, up once a week across the sunshiny for?" for cubits had added themselves to his growth. And the little voice belonged to only three feet, eight in-

"I never heard you," he said. Dolly looked apologetically at her shoes, which were very small and

"They have no heels," she said "but I breathed very loudly, Peterson. Didn't you hear me breathe?" heard anything at all." He sorted all the more important to her; she ing my own little maid?" the letters and papers for this big square house as he spoke.

"But it's Thursday, Peterson," forget, were you? You would have grew larger every day, and that af- "Why," he said, "my little one, waited, wouldn't you, Peterson dear? You know I 'begged you so particularly." Her sweet little face was full of anxiety.

Peterson was holding a letter within an inch or two of his short-sight-

and as soon as we got back to the corner, and I saw you, I ran back until all my breath had gone. I shall always be here, Peterson, even if I'm a little late. Oh, please don't for-

Peterson filled her hands hurriedly -three long papers, a dozen envelopes, several pamphlets. His voice was quite cheerful again.

"Is it round the corner Bridget is?" he said, incipient happiness on his

"With the perramberrater and Brian and baby," Dolly nodded. The old, sad expression that was in her eyes when she ran after him fled away as he slung his bag again and gave her no more. Her face brightened and dimpled like a little sun-touched

"Tell Bridget I'll catch up to her when I've given this to my father,' she said, tripping off on happy feet. But Peterson halted one minute longer.

"Stop a bit," he said. "I've got another paper, after all.'

Dolly came back, sad-eyed again. "Not a reddish-pinkish one, is it?" "Oh, please, she said anxiously. Peterson, dear, not a horried reddish-pinkish one?"

But it certainly was a reddish-pinkish one that Peterson was holding out and Dolly shrinking almost piteously from taking.

"I ain't no authority on colors," said the man; "they're slippery kind of things, colors are. A name's good enough for me, and the Bulle-

tin's the name.' Quite a little moan Dolly gave as she took it; her soft little lips drooped, the warmth of tears was in her eves. She held all the budget of letters and white papers in her two kands, but under her arm she slipped the hateful red paper. Into the house she went, down the broad, cool ball, and through the double door that led to the study.

"Here is the mail, father," she

The man in the chair at the great circle, his brow still knitted over a him very much into public notice, very hard." problem. He was forty, but his face and to a certain extent into public But Dolly, looking up to tell all ed to walk up to the city. "Look looked almost boyish; he wore no opprobrium, and scarce'y a week about it, caught the wet misery of here, Miss Dolly, I've got to report hair upon it at all. Fine eyes he had, passed but the pen of the comic art- his eyes, and a strange, pathetic, al- at the office on my way up, and then straight looking, compelling; his fore- ist made itself merry with his fea- most grown-up feeling of restraint come back for you; mind you're head was broad and short; though tures and little peculiarities. Ann and sympathy came to her, and shut standing ready on the steps. I'll his hair was cropped, little rings of enjoyed the pages with her fellows her lips from telling him. He was have no time to waste. And mind brownish gold clustered at the side for a half an hour or so, then she unhappy too about it-so unhappy he you don't go anywhere else. You parting and about the temples. He took it up to the nursery where Dol- was crying. She would not even could get killed in a minute in this had a trick of shooting out his lower ly was peacefully putting her large speak of it to him.

said.

He was too busy to notice that his

side him. Then he roughed up the it?' curls that peeped under her hat, Ann laughed again uproariously. pinched her cheek, and bade her run ed them quietly, climbed all the great big clever man."

as she brought the pink paper into world to see. sight. She broke off the wrapper, smoothed it out on the box, turned And Ann opened the red covers and Dolly gazed at the terrible thing It was not often so small and earnest its leaves with trembling fingers, showed the three pictures. Pages one, two, three were blanks The master's face, certainly-even his light tone of voice. face, great tears brim to her eyes, and more exact. But in the first, "Shouldn't you think I'd care? I'm The blue gentle eyes looked up at and a drop of shame and grief o me great long ears were added, and the not such a very bad-looking father, him searchingly.

came to dinner with her father some- in his mouth; one eye was half closed. make me here." times. The nurse's hand was occu- In the third he had grown enormous- And Dolly, usually keen as any in- for, in the upeaised face, and he took pied in stuffing the india-rubber of a ly stout, his chin hung in folds, his telligent child to detect ridicule and her hand and bore her off into one of great feeding-bottle down the baby's eyes peeped out (one half closed) from "making-up" in anything told her, the rooms for some of the others to lips; on the bottle were the words great layers of flesh. He was repre- was so miserable and depressed that see. "Income Tax." The baby was repre-sented sitting on a great sack labell-she took it all to heart, and was a lative found a fairy and lost my sented as crying; it had its mouth ed "The People's Money." open, and great fat tears coursing Dolly gazed incredulous with sur- the end of six weeks Dolly took stair and the top," he said. down its cheeks and its long embroi- prise, horror and anguish. dered robe; its lower lip was pouted "It's not my father," she whisper- went and overcame. out, one of its eyes was half closed, ed again and again; "it's not really

Her shoulders rose and fell under the Miss Dolly." red cloak, soft, hopeless sobs went Dolly nearly wept.

ing tears.

of happiness with a thick black cross. they drew him. Reading was an art that had not yet her seventh year, Dolly began to be on his knee. heterogeneous mass of papers that shoulder.

ments, picture-book leaves, snatched ing your share of cake?" in fragmentary condition from Brian's three-year-old passion of de-clung to him tighter, tighter.

or two, and toss the lot to her for breast that had gone.

and the cook liked the publication, away to comfort her.

cried as if her heart would break, you can't be after sayin' it's not, a-mile from the square house where

to lose themselves among the trunks "But how could they think he was light feet behind him. He swung and portmanteaus, the paper blistered like this? What makes them think he round on his heel at the familiarity here and there under the heavy, scald- is like this? Oh, why can't they see of them Dolly was quite alone. him walking about with his proper This trouble in her young life was legs and body? And he is thin, thin! like an ink-black cloud that rolled Whatever do they think he is so fat

the day the paper always came; her forts that's what the paper men ness of her lips. But Peterson's nasix feet and imagined he had finished mind had marked it in her calendar thought the master was like, and so ture was a slow one; be merely star-

> Dolly took her father's letters as made havoc or pleasure of her days. usual next morning, and lingered and he said. Her father's life, even from its earl-fidgeted about his chair so long that Dolly's timidity was replaced by iest remembrances, had been so book- he felt instinctively something had the dignity of resolution and indepenridden, that he forbade even the al- gone wrong with her small life. He dence phabet to enter the nursery till, with put down his pen and picked her up

the new person whom, they tell us, "Well, my Dollikins," he said, and each of us becomes after such a term roughed her hair back in the way he behind you all the way, Peterson." "No," said Peterson. "I never of years. Pictures, therefore, were always did, "how's the world treat-

had a queer little mania for collect- "Oh," said Dolly. Then words ing all sorts and conditions of them. failed her, tears burst forth, and her

forded her endless amusements when my dear little woman! What have to lose sight of him for a moment. rainy days closed the garden to her. they been doing to you? Is Miranda's Almanacs, crude and gaudy advertise- head broken? Or has Brian been eat-

The sobs increased, the little arms

in an inch or two of his short-sighted eyes.

"You said you'd be at the gate," be muttered. An envelope addressed to Miss Bridget McElhone always took the edge off his temper. At other times he was very kind to Dolly.

"It was Bridget," Dolly said. "She wild to Bolly. "It was Bridget," Dolly said. "She wouldn't let me go for the walk. But I kept behind all the way, Peterson, and are soon as we got back to the struction—the box was full and running over, yet still the small girl asked every one shyly and pleadingly for "just one little picture for my c'lection." Her father indulged the hobby. When she brought the mail, if he were not very busy, he would glance through any illustrated papers that came, take out perhaps a cutting or two, and toss the lot to her for breast that had gone.

Brian's three-year-old passion of destruction—the box was full and running over, yet still the small girl asked every one shyly and pleadingly for "just one little picture for my c'lection." Her father indulged the hobby. When she brought the mail, little face, and sorrowful conscious-such a crisis was not so beautiful a place to cry on as the dear soft breast that had gone.

Brian's three-year-old passion of de-clung to him tighter, tighter.

'Oh,'' she said, with a strangle in her throat, "Oh, I want my mamma, my mamma!" Not till that moment had she known that was what she wanted—not till she put down her little face, and sorrowful conscious-such a crisis was not so beautiful a place to cry on as the dear soft breast that had gone.

The old wave of sorrow, that ram-This is how she had first come parts of hard work could not keep "Bridget'll think you're stolen." across the dreadful Red Paper. He back, swept over the man. He went There came a look of grief into thad been clearing away the confusion over to the low armchair with his Dolly's face, but her eyes lost none on his desk one evening after dinner, little one. He rocked her to and of their determination. "Yes," she and had thrown three or four copies fro, he kissed her curls and the bit said; "I'm very sorry. Poor Bridof it in a heap on the floor with oth- of neck they allowed to show. Her get! But I couldn't help it, Peterer litter. "Give those to Miss Dolly tears wetted his shoulder, his own son. You see I must go to the Red for her collection," he said to the ferce and hot, ached in his eye. But Paper place." housemaid who came to carry away when her chest grew quieter, and the What the child wanted at the Red the rubbish to the fire. The girl took desperate clinging of her arms relax- Paper office he did not even try to them into the kitchen first; both she ed, he put his own grief swiftly imagine. He simply took it for grant-

especially the weeks when "the mas- "Now, my small one," he said, reason best known to herself, and ter" figured on the pages. Of late "tell father all about it. Isn't it that he must law his plans accord-

dwelt the one enshrined in his heart, heard soft panting breaths and hitle light feet behind him. He swung round on his heel at the familiarity of them Dolly was quite alone.

"Whatever are you after, Miss Dolly?" he said in

ly?" he said in amazement.

An eye more trained than his might have noticed the whiteness of the clearness of her sky. Thursday was But the girl could give no com-child's face and the heroic steadfasted at her.

"Isn't Bridget with you at all?"

"Bridget is making herself a new ap," she said. "She's in the nursery with Brian. I've been walking "Well, I'm blest," said Peterson.

Why, you might have been run over forty times.' And so she might. Every time he

In her own special box there was a head went to bury itself on his coat had crossed the road she had dodged over too, once or twice just under the nose of a horse, in her anxiety not He looked at her in great perturba-

14 15

22

23 24

29

"Whatever am I going to do with

you?" he said. Dolly explained to him clearly, gent-

when we get near.' "Well, I'm blessed," said Peterson.

ed that she had to go there for some

1906 Elizabeth of Portugal. Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost Thirteenth Sunday After Pentecost. M. S. Rose of Viterbo. T. W. S. Laurence Justinian. S. John Before the Latin Gate. Th. S. Hadr an III, Pope. Nativity of the B. V. Mary. Fourteenth Sunday After Pentecost Most Holy Name of Mary. M. S. Hilary. S. Nicholas of Tolentino. S. Leo I., Pope. Th. S. Anselm. Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Octave of the Nativity of B. V. Mary. Fifteenth Sunday After Pentecost Seven Polours of B. V. Mary. Stigmata of S. Francis of Assisi, M. S. Joseph of Cupertino. T. W. Th. Ember Day. Fast. SS. Januarius and Companions. S. Agapitus. Ember Day. Fast. St. Matthew, Apostle. Ember Day. Fast. S. Thomas of Villanova. Sixteenth Sunday After Pentecost Su. M. S. Linus. Our Lady of Mercy. SS. Eustace and Companions. S. Eusebius

Su. S Jerome. 30 Our Distinct Specialty: Newest Goods -Closest Prices. Write for Terms. W. E. BLAKE, Church Supplies.

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Here was her father, the father she those of a hideous kangaroo. have both eyes open? Why, I nearly said, "and what can we do for you?" worshipped and glorified in a way ex- He was represented as hop- cry, Dollikins, nearly get out my Dolly chocked the tremble out of her WATERLOO, ONT.

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the table. "Two before, and free now-that's himself, because lately he had watch- he shifted his bag to a more comlittle girl had not skipped across the five to-day," she said gleefully. "Are ed her at play, and said bitterly to fortable position and strode away, room, as usual, nor said "Mail, they colored ones, Ann? Are they himself that she had forgotten. Then followed, till the crowd swallowed

off. But she walked soberly, care-said; "they have been drawing pic-out on his knee. "Look here, Dolly," series of partitions making little

stairs to the attic, pushed open the Pride came to the little trustful you sorry for him? Look, some hor- as there was a man ascending. Up door, and sat down on the flat cabin face-tender, beautiful pride for the rid man has made a lion of him- a she went on timidest tip-toe. box that had gone so many voyages. father who was so great they had to lion with its mouth open to growl The man turned round at the top.

"Show me, Ann," said she softly, least not at his own pet girlie."

to her; there was nothing which she Brian could not have mistaken it. sought and dreaded. But the fourth Every line brought out the likeness, low. made scarlet rush all over her small every little black curve made it truer | He looked tragic. "Care!" he said. bunch of yellowy curls. whole body and legs were am I?-not when I'm smiling and "Well, you very small girl," he ceedingly rare with a six-year-old, ping along over a great plain, a handkerchief and have a big weep throat and brought steadiness to her The artist had drawn him in long tiny kangaroo in his pouch with "In- when they make such an ugly, hor- tips. clothes, a great, fair-faced baby in come Tax" written upon it. In the rible thing of me. If it goes on "Would you please let me see," she the arms of some one dressed as a second one he was attired in the much longer I shall smash all the said, "the man who draws the picnurse, whom Dolly recognized instant- shortest possible ballet skirts, his looking-glasses for fear they'll tell me tures?" ly as one of the big, busy men who lip was thrust out and his finger was I'm really getting to look lke they But he found loveliness and pathos.

and the effect was a horrible wink. | my father, it's only like him." Dolly put down her little face and "Sure it's just the look of him; the end of his rounds, and about half-

littered desk revolved a quarter of a his work in the Senate had brought anything father can do? He will try ingly.

closing one eye. Dolly thought no you three gran' new pictures, Miss was forthcoming, he concluded it was dence. man in all the world was half so Dolly, dear," she said, and giggled. a new burst of grief for the dead "Well, here you are," he said, and Polly laid her seventh youngest mother that had so shaken her soul, put her with kindly arms up the "Sort them out, Dollikins," he down in its petticoat, and moved to and he rocked and petted, and sooth-steps of the dingy building. "Mind

he said, and unfastened a cupboard. A counter confronted her when she Office address, 420 Bathurst Street. A crude red cover met his eye. "The furned her gaze inside-a counter "It's the master, Miss Dolly," she very thing," he said. He opened it with never a man behind, but only a fully, all the way to the doors, clostures of the master, 'cause he'd a he said, "just look here at the way rooms. But a staircase running close they treat your poor father! Aren't at hand suggested itself, especially The old anxious look filled her eyes make pictures of him for all the and an eyeglass on. Father doesn't He had heard the footfall, light growl so very much, does he?- at though it was, for the boards were

One morning Peterson, approaching

"Look here," he said, as they turn-

street.'

bare. He waited for her smilingly.

often he saw the prevailing gray dull-

little red cloak, a big hat, and a

and something he could find no name

lip when deep in thought, and half family of dolls to bed. "I've brought | When he found that no confidence | Dolly promised punctuality and prued and cuddled her and was hard on you're here when I come back." Then

ma-a-ail" in her little gleeful way. bttle boys and girls or ships, or after a time he tried to cheer her. him, by a pair of blue eyes from For half a minute she fidgeted be-aogs? Is there one with a doll in "Let's see if I have any pictures," which the heroism was dying.

speechless. She could not understand a maid climbed up this landing. Nor "Don't you care?" she said very ness of the place made gay with a

shade more unhappy than before. At heart, and all between the bottom things into her own hands, and under- Men in their shirt sleeves sauntered

up to look and smile. "Whose is she?" some one said. "Mine." said the man-"a treasure-(Concluded on page 7.)