

BOYS and GIRLS

KEEP YOUNG.

Little boy, little boy, would you go
so soon
To the land where the grown man
lives?
Would you barter your toys and your
fair things
For the things that the grown
man gives?
Would you leave the heaven, whose
doors are set
With the jewels of love's alloy,
For the land of emptiness and re-
gret?
Would you go, little boy, little
boy?

It's a land far off, little boy, little
boy,
And the way is dark and steep;
And once you have passed through
its doors, little boy,
You may'n't even come back to
sleep.
There is no tucking-in, no good-night
kiss,
No mornings of childhood's joy;
It's passion and gain, you give for
this,
Think well, little boy, little boy!

Little boy, little boy, can't you see
the ghosts
That live in the island off there?
The "broken hearts," "fair hopes,"
all dead;
"Lost faith" and "grievous despair?"
There's a train for that land in the
after years,
When old Time rushes in to des-
troy
The wall that stands 'tween the joy
and the tears—
So don't go, little boy, little boy!

Many a girl thinks it clever to be
cutting and sarcastic, and wonders
why she is unpopular. She had a
gift of mimicry, and thinks it, oh,
so smart to touch up the weaknesses
of her friends.
She is full of openly expressed
views that her elders are tottering
on the verge of the grave, and calls
the girl who has been out two sea-
sons a "back number."
She thinks knowledge was born
with her, and graspingly refuses to
credit others with a share.
She believes she is attracting fav-
orable notice by loud talking in pub-
lic places, and scorns the suggestion
that she is making herself conspicu-
ous.

She gives advice on every known
subject, and thinks those who do
not take it wanting in common
sense.
She blazons abroad the little she
knows, foolishly thinking it will
pass muster as a fine education.
She poses as artistic or musical or
literary, and bores every one with
her text-book opinions.
She fancies that to be uncensorious
is to be out of date, and makes her-
self a byword with her backbiting
gossip.

She believes that eccentricity in
address is a sign of great originality,
and fortifies herself against criti-
cism by the jorty idea that her
critics are ignorant.
She thinks it smart to defy con-
ventions, pertly calling those who
would restrain her "old fogies."
+ + +
HELEN'S FANSIES.

(Marjorie J. Vastine, in the Stan-
dard.)
One morning, when the sun was
pouring his golden beams into the
garden where the flowers nodded
their pretty heads to and fro in the
soft summer breeze, Helen sat at
the cottage door idly dreaming the
hours away.
"Oh, if I were only rich!" thought
she, "I would wear fine clothes and
ride in a carriage and have servants
that would come at my call, and—"
Just then a beautiful white dove
flew past her. It circled around her
head three times, and alighting in
front of her, dropped a note in
her lap.

"How very queer," thought Helen.
She picked up the note, and, turning it
over, she caught sight of her own
name, which seemed to be woven
with threads of gold. She opened the
note, and this is what it said:
"Dear Helen: You have been a very
good girl, and therefore you may
make three wishes which will come
true. These wishes, if wisely made
will bring happiness, such as you
have never before known."
"THE GOOD FAIRY."
Helen sat still looking at her note
and reading it over and over again.
"I wonder when I am to make my
wishes?" she said to herself, "and
whom am I to make them to?"
As she said this she looked up and
saw the dove again. This time when
it alighted it turned into an old
man. He was about a foot tall.
He had very red hair and a red
beard, both of which were shaggy
and unkempt. He wore a brown
cap with a little bell attached which
were to signify that he was a slave

belonging to the "Good Fairy." He
wore yellow, tight-fitting breeches,
and green shoes with pointed toes.
"Are you the one to whom I am
to tell my three wishes?" asked
Helen politely. The old man only
squinted at her, pulling out a small
glass through which he looked. He
then took out a handkerchief, and
after wiping his brow put it back
and with a twitch of his elfish body
changed his position, resting on the
other foot. Without answering her
question, he started on a conversa-
tion of his own.
"Oh, don't you wish you were
pretty, miss?" he said. "Instead of
having straight hair you might have
curly, instead of having freckles you
might have a fair, rosy complexion;
instead of being poor you might be
rich, and instead of walking where-
ever you go you might go in an
automobile."
"But how am I to do all this?"
asked Helen in surprise.
"Why," said he, changing to the
other foot and squinting harder than
ever through his small glass, "Have
you forgotten that you have a
chance to make three wishes which
are to come true?"
"Oh, yes," said Helen. "I quite
forgot."
He looked surprised, and scratch-
ing his head, commanded her rather
crossly to bring him a drink. "And,
mind you," he remarked, "it must
be neither too hot nor too cold."
Helen went to the well and upon
drawing a cool draught she took it
to him. In a rude way he com-
manded her to bring him more. Af-
ter having taken three cups of water
he pulled out his handkerchief, and,
wiping his brow, seated himself in
front of her; then, staring into her
face with all his might, he called in
a high pitched voice, "Well, miss,
now for your wishes."
Helen sat down quietly and tried
to think. "I should like to be rich.
Oh, yes, I would."
"Of course, that will be her first
wish," said the elf.
"I should like to be pretty," said
Helen. "It is sort of a disadvantage
to be so homely."
"That will be her second," said
the elf.
"Ha! ha! don't these little girls
become fooled, though. I am hav-
ing quite a good time. The Good
Fairy hasn't had one chance to come
herself in reply to her notes, for
they have all wished alike. Ha! ha!
I shall soon be free."
"I should like to have an auto-
mobile," said Helen.
"Just as I thought," chuckled the
elf to himself.
"Say, miss, your time for think-
ing is up. Now tell me your three
wishes and I will be off."
"All right, Mr. Elf, here they are."
With a broad grin on his face, Mr.
Elf sat down prepared to listen.
"Here is my first," said Helen.
"You know my father is lame."
"Yes," said the elf, dryly.
"Well, I wish that he might be
cured of his lameness and be well
the rest of his life."
"All right," said the elf. "Now
for the second."
"My mother has to work very
hard, and I wish we could have
money enough to hire servants so that
she would never have to work
again."
The elf now stared at her with
such wide-open eyes that he nearly
frightened her.
"My third wish is for myself,"
said Helen.
"Now maybe I'll catch her,"
thought the elf.
"I want to be the best girl that
can be, helpful, kind, patient and
everything that the best of girls can
be."
The elf twitched his small body
around, and with a shrill cry dis-
appeared, and a fairy clad in glisten-
ing white robes stood in his place.
"Your wishes have been wise and
good," said the fairy, "and for be-
ing so thoughtful and kind your fa-
ther shall be restored, his business
rapidly increase, and you shall have
everything you wanted and longed
for which you so unselfishly gave
up."
Then she clasped around Helen's
neck a golden chain and said:
"For wishes which that thou hast made
A golden chain on thee is laid;
Happiness thus to you I give,
For your kind unselfish way
You'll ne'er regret this summer day."
The fairy then departed, leaving
Helen alone.
"It must be a dream," said Helen
to herself. "But here is the chain
and here is our cottage, and I hear
mother and father talking in the
house."
Upon entering the house she found
her father cured of his infirmity and
rejoicing because of the great bless-
ing which had come to him. When
they saw Helen they began to tel-
ler of their good fortune. She lis-
tened carefully to all they said, and
when they had finished she knew
that all had come true.

"Mt. St. Louis Won."
Team From Institute Captured T. L.
Paton Cup in Keen Contest.

All boys should have been inter-
ested in the competition for the T.
L. Paton Cup, and Catholic boys
should have been doubly interested,
because of the eight teams entered
to participate in the public contest
at the Arena, no less than five re-
presented Catholic colleges and
schools. As a clinching point of in-
terest one of them won the right
to hold the trophy for the year. The
boys from Mount St. Louis Institute
were the fortunate ones, and their
honors were well won because the
eight teams were all worthy ones.

The contest was part of the pro-
gramme in the big gymnastic exhibi-
tion given by the Montreal Amateur
Athletic Association, and the work
of the eight teams performed so in-
teresting part of the affair.
After St. John's and the High
teams had performed, St. Ann's
boys trotted into the Arena and the
warm welcome they received showed
that there was a Celtic turn in the
audience. The St. Ann's boys were
smart and snappy; indeed every one
of the eight teams performed so cre-
ditably that it must have been a dif-
ficult task for the judges to select
one for the prize. The Catholic
High and the School Commissioners
teams were good and the boys of
St. Laurent College went through
their paces in lively manner. How-
ever, the club swinging exercises of
Mount St. Louis appeared to merit
the palm and to them it fell.
As the boys of the winning team
were marching off after being award-
ed the cup, the boys of St. John the
Evangelist, who were lined up at
one side, cheered their successful op-
ponents. It was a graceful tribute
and showed that St. John's boys
are well trained in accepting defeat,
a training that also serves to en-
able modest reception of the fruits
of victory. All boys should be will-
ing to accept defeat and victory mod-
estly, neither whining nor exulting
unduly, and when they can do so they
will be preparing to make good men.

HANS.
THE ILLS OF BABYHOOD
AND OF CHILDREN
The ills of childhood are
many, and many prove serious
if not promptly attended to.
In all homes where Baby's
Own Tablets are kept there is
a prompt cure at hand for such
troubles as indigestion,
colic, diarrhoea, constipation,
worms, and teething troubles,
and the mother has the guar-
antee of a government ama-
lyst that this medicine con-
tains no opiate or poisonous
drug. Mrs. R. Hammond,
Copeton, Ont., says: "I have
used Baby's Own Tablets and
think nothing can equal them
for small children. I would
not be without them in the
house, for they saved my lit-
tle girl's life." Sold by all
medicine dealers, or by mail
at 25 cents a box from
Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brockville, Ont.

St. Patrick's Birthplace.
On St. Patrick's Day the Evening
Journal published an editorial and
an article by Doctor Parkhurst—
both dealing with the noble char-
acter of St. Patrick. The Evening
Journal editorial said that St. Pat-
rick was born in France. Dr. Park-
hurst thought he was born in Scot-
land. A number of friends have
written in to point out a discrep-
ancy.

The Evening Journal editorial is
free to confess that it does not ac-
tually know where St. Patrick was
born. We think that he was born
on French territory and print a let-
ter from Mr. Patrick Egan which
seems to confirm that idea. The
various histories that we have seen
locate the birth of St. Patrick in
France, and the British Encyclopedia
confirms the statement. Mr. Pat-
rick Egan's letter follows:
New York, March 19, 1909.
Editor, Evening Journal:
Dear Sir,—I perceive that our good
friend, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, whose

Picking up poor Dorothy, who had
fallen to the floor, she went into the
garden laughing softly to herself. As
she passed the pansy bed she stooped
to pick one, and in it she saw
the face of the Good Fairy. She
smiled at Helen and nodded her
pretty head.
Helen smiled at her and said:
"Dear Good Fairy, how glad I am
to see you again."
The Fairy whispered something in
Helen's ear. She told Helen that
she had been watching her all sum-
mer, and that because she had been
such a good girl, and had given the
pansies water so often when they
had been hot and thirsty, she wanted
to reward her, so she sent her
messenger to Helen with the note,
giving her an opportunity to have
three wishes come true.
"And are all the pansies fairies?"
asked Helen.
"Yes," said the Fairy. "All the
white ones are royal fairies and the
dark ones are our maids of honor.
The doves are our messengers."
The reason why the pansies have
such sweet faces is because they are
good fairies.
Helen always had pansies in her
garden after that, and watered them
herself. Each time they had a mes-
sage for her and brought cheer to
her heart. Have you any pansies in
your garden? Listen some time and
maybe they will tell you a secret.

kindly and manly sympathy with
Ireland in her struggle for the right
I have always most cordially ap-
preciated, in his admirable article in
the Evening Journal on St. Patrick,
falls into one serious error—relying
no doubt, upon the authority of
Joelce and Dempster, the first of
whom I believe he will find to
have been a romancer, and the latter
a pirate, who tried to steal several
other saints as well, and make
Scotchmen of them—in the following
paragraph:
"For every Irishman knows that
St. Patrick was not an Irishman,
but a Scotchman, born near Dum-
barton, we suppose, and of rather
distinguished social position."
Upon more careful investigation, I
think the reverend doctor will find
that the overwhelming preponder-
ance of evidence shows the saint to
have been born in Brittany, France,
about the year 373, captured by
the Irish, who under their king, in-
vaded Brittany in 389, and held in
slavery as a swineherd for six years
—under the shadow of the mountain
Slieu-Miss, in County Antrim, so
graphically described in the Doc-
tor's article.
As conclusive proof of his birth-
place I refer to the early Chris-
tian hymn, written by St. Fiech,
Bishop of Sietty, a contemporary,
and, I believe, a disciple of St. Pat-
rick, commencing in the Latin ver-
sion:
Natus est Patricus nemturri (Hea-
venly Tours)
Ut refertur in historicis,
Fuit arnorum sedem
Quando ductus in captivitate aerum-
nas.
Also to the writings of Probus, a
contemporary of the immediate suc-
cessors of St. Patrick, as well as to
Colgan and others who have estab-
lished to the satisfaction of the en-
tire Catholic world St. Patrick's
French origin. Yours very truly,
Patrick Egan.—New York Journal.

Most Noble Work.
The noble work quietly and unostentatiously done by the Sisters of
Mercy, Baggot street, Dublin, was
vividly described by Very Rev. Dr.
Crehan, C.S.S.P., in St. Andrew's
Church, Westland Row, recently at
the last Mass. He was there, he
said, to endeavor to excite in the
hearts of his hearers generous senti-
ments in favour of their destitute
brethren, to appeal on behalf of two
most deserving charities—the House
of Mercy, Baggot-street, and the sick
and dying poor visited by the nuns
of the Convent of Mercy of the same
place. Seventy-eight years ago the
Hôpital de Mercy was founded by Ca-
therine McAuley, a Dublin lady whose
memory deserved to be cherished.
She built it out of her own resour-
ces. Her intention was to supply two
wants of which she had become
painfully conscious—a shelter for
young unprotected female servants
when out of employment, and a Ca-
tholic Home where destitute young
women of good character might re-
ceive sufficient training in house-
hold duties to enable them to ob-
tain situations as domestic servants,
and at the same time receive such re-
ligious instruction and acquire such
habits of virtue and piety as would
make them good, honest, trustworth-
y servants and fortify them
against the dangers to faith
and morals which they
would have to encounter in the bat-
tle of life. To-day the same work
was carried on in the House of Mer-
cy by her daughters as that under-
taken by Mother McAuley. He had no
hesitation in saying that the work
of protecting and preserving the young
life from the blighting influences of

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Put a strong glass on the label and examine it closely every time.
Always look for the name "Gillett's."
Like all good articles, which are extensively advertised, Gillett's Lye
is frequently and very closely imitated. In some instances the imitators
have actually copied directions and other printed matter from our
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article that has been a success, for imitators are not reliable people. At the best
the "just as good" kinds are only trashy imitations, so decline them with thanks
every time.

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COULD NOT GO TO WORK
BACK WAS SO WEAK.

Backache is the primary cause of kidney
trouble. When the back aches or becomes
weak it is a warning that the kidneys are
unable to become affected.
Heed the warning; check the Backache
and dispose of any chances of further
trouble.
If you don't, serious complications are
very apt to arise and the first thing you
know you will have Dropsy, Diabetes or
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forms of Kidney Trouble.
Mr. James Bryant, Arichat, N.S., was
troubled with his back and used Doan's
Kidney Pills, he writes—"I cannot say
too much about the benefit I received after
using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills.
I was greatly troubled with an aching pain
across the small of my back. I could not
go to work and my back was so weak I
would have to sit down. It would go away
for a few days but would always return.
I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills,
and I must say they completely cured me."
Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for
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are the only orders in the Church
that a Jesuit can enter on leaving
his Company. They are of the strictest
observance, enjoying sacrifice and
self-denial. There are a number of
Trappist monasteries in Canada,
but the best known is that of Oka,
on the Lake of Two Mountains, in
the Archdiocese of Montreal.

Progressive Contentment.
I have no desire for riches;
More money is nothing to me.
From all the annoyances of millions
I'm glad to be perfectly free.
Of course, I'm in debt, just a trifle;
I can't say "I don't owe a cent,"
But were these few debts of mine
settled,
I'm sure I'd be really content.
A hundred or so would be ample
To pay every penny of debt.
If I only had that I am certain
I'd be in my glory, and yet—
I wouldn't mind one or two thous-
and;
You see I am still paying rent,
And if I could be my own landlord
I'm sure I'd be really content.

It's nice to be quite independent
And not have to work like a slave
My tastes are the tastes of refine-
ment;
It isn't my nature to save.
If I had a cool hundred thousand
Just drawing, say, seven per cent,
Or possibly, six and three-quarters,
I'm sure I'd be really content.

I hate this base struggle for millions
This longing for riches galore.
If I had a million, believe me,
I wouldn't be wishing for more.
I wouldn't be hoarding it, either,
I'd see it was properly spent.
If I could be free with my money
I'm sure I'd be really content.
T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard
and Times.

A Remedy for Earache.—To have the
earache is to endure torture. The
ear is a delicate organ and few care
to deal with it, considering it works
for a doctor. Dr. Thomas' Electric
Oil offers a simple remedy. A few
drops upon a piece of lint or medi-
cated cotton and placed in the ear
will work wonders in relieving pain.

HIGH PRICED HORSESHOEING.
(From the Philadelphia Times.)
Gen. St. Clair Mulholland, veteran
and historian of the civil war, tells
an incident showing the utter worth-
lessness of Confederate paper money
at the close of the war.
"Shortly after Lee's surrender,"
says the General, "I was a short
distance from Richmond. The Con-
federate soldiers were going home to
become men of peace again and were
thinking about their farms."
"One had a lame, broken down
horse, which he viewed with pride.
"Wish I had him, Jim," said the other.
"What'll you take for him? I'll
give you \$20,000 for him."
"No," said Jim.
"Give you \$50,000."
"No," said Jim.
"Give you \$100,000," his friend
said.
"Not much," replied Jim. "I just
gave \$120,000 to have him shod."

Will Become Trappists.
The Rev. Father David Plante, one
of the oldest and best known mem-
bers of the Jesuit Order in Canada,
has, with permission granted by the
Holy Father, left his congregation in
Montreal to enter the Trappist Com-
munity at Gethsemane, Kentucky, U.
S. Father Plante during the 44
years he has been with the Jesuits,
occupied various important posts at
Montreal, St. Boniface and Guelph.
At the time of his departure from
Montreal he was Father Minister at
St. Mary's College.
The Trappists and the Carthusians

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nerves, joints. Liniments can't get to the sick kidneys, which cause
Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago.

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cure Rheumatism because they cure the
kidneys. If you are a sufferer, don't
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