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h, 1856; incorpor-
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Wednesday. Officers:
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Fredericant, Mr. W. P.
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Marshal, Mr. P. Con-

S T. A. & B. SO-
ts on the second Sun-
month in St. Patrick's
xander street, at 3.30
ltee of Management
e hall on the first
every month, at 8
irector, Rev. Jas. Kil-
ll, M. J. O'Donnell;
J. Tynan, 222 Prince

ANADA, BRANCH 26
8th November, 1883.
Patrick's Hall, 92 St.
treet, every 2nd and
of each month for
of business, at 8
ficers—Spiritual Ad-
J. P. Killoran; Chan-
Hodgson; President,
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ahill, 2nd Vice-Presi-
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J. Dolan, 16 Over-
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er, F. J. Sears; Mar-
Nichols; Guard, James
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John Walsh, W. P.
T. Stevens, Medical
I. J. Harrison, Dr.
Dr. L. Merrils, Dr.
and Dr. John Cur-

BOYS and GIRLS

THE DEAD DOLL.

You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead! There's no use in saying she isn't with a crack like that in her head: It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out, that day, And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

I guess you must think I'm a baby when you say you can mend it with glue, As if I didn't know better than that Why, just suppose it was you? You might make her look all mended—but what do I care for looks? Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books.

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack! It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf, Now, Nurse, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head! What good would forty heads do? Her? I tell you my dolly is dead! And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat! And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard— She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde," And I went—and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it; But I said to myself: "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knows it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do, That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke, too, Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit! For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course; We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse; And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll put her in this, you see— This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird, And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word! I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead! She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head." —Margaret Vandegrift.

HIS HONESTY WON HIM AN EDUCATION.

Joe Hunter, a manly little boot-black, whose honest eyes and cheerful bearing won him many customers, was a familiar figure about the Grand Central Depot, New York City. Joe had his regular customers, who would rather wait to be served by him than have their boots "shined" by any other bootblack. He took great pride in his work, and looked so pleased and happy when he made a pair of dusty or muddy boots shine like ebony, that the most persistent pessimist could not help brightening up a little.

Joe was only eight years old, yet he was already dreaming of a future when he should be grown up, and educated, and—almost blushed at his own audacity in thinking it, should wear a shiny silk hat, patent leather boots, a suit of broad-cloth, and a gold watch and chain, like some of the "swells" whose boots he blacked.

"Shine, sir, shine?" he interrogated in his cheery voice, as he one day stepped up to a well-dressed man.

"Shine, my boy," the gentleman repeated as he looked down at his boots. "Yes, I would like a 'shine' if you can get it done before the Boston train pulls out. You have five minutes time."

"All right, sir; I'll get it done." Joe was giving the finishing touches to his job when "All aboard for Boston! All aboard!" rang out above the din of trains coming and going. The gentleman threw the boy half a dollar and started for his train. Joe ran after him with his chance, but it was too late, the train was moving out.

DO JUST WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR THEM

That's What Joseph Macklin Says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured His Neuralgia, Cramped Muscles and Heart Disease From Which He Suffered for Two Years.

St. Paul de Metis, Alta., Feb. 3.—(Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me all that is claimed for them." So says Joseph Macklin, a well known farmer of this district. "I was ill for over six years with Neuralgia, Cramps in my muscles, Backache and Heart Disease. I called on different doctors but got no help. I heard that Dodd's Kidney Pills were meant for just such cases as mine and bought eight boxes of them. Now I feel just like a new man. I recommended them to all as a sure cure for Rheumatism and all troubles arising from diseased Kidneys."

JOHN'S SISTER.
"Didn't Clare remind you what you were to do?"
"Yes, Ma. She reminded me, and I kept remindin' me till I just made up my mind that I wouldn't!"
There are a good many people who will sympathize with the boy who gives something in human nature that rises in rebellion against that vexatious thing we call "nagging." Many a girl with good intentions throws from what she intended, merely because she is not content to let well enough alone.

"John, you know you've got twenty minutes of your practising to finish."
"Yes, I know," John's tone is perfectly good-natured. He does not resent the reminder.

"But, John, it's half past four. There is less than two hours till supper time."
"I'm going to do it pretty soon, Kitty. I'm not going to stop in the middle of a chapter."
"Yes, but the trouble is you get so interested, John. When you've finished this chapter, you'll think you have time to read another, and, first thing you know, the supper bell will ring and your practising won't be finished."

After the conversation has continued in this strain for a quarter of an hour, John probably begins to make short answers. Then he professes a complete indifference as to whether he finished his hour of practice or not. He is as likely as not to wind up the talk by declaring his intention to drop music altogether.

It is all very well for a conscientious sister to feel herself responsible for reminding her brother as to his duty, and encouraging him to do it. But she makes a great mistake if she determines not to give him any rest till he does the thing she thinks he ought. Instead of helping him in the way of right doing, this mistaken course is very likely to drive him in the opposite direction. Good advice, encouragement, a little insistence, if tactfully given, are all a help. But no one is ever helped by nagging.

FROM ANGELL'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

There are certain things which all boys and girls should remember: 1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.

2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.

3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.

4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.

5. That earth worms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing, they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.

6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.

7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.

8. That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.

horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.

12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

13. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

Brother Patrick smiled. He folded his toil-worn hands across his breast.

The Passing of Brother Patrick.

(By M. J. K., in Ave Maria.)
Brother Patrick, the old Irish gardener of the monastery, lay dying. All day long he had been in a kind of stupor; and now, in the gloaming, consciousness had returned, and he lay with wide-open eyes and a placid smile upon his worn, rugged face.

A moonbeam stole in through the unshuttered window, and shot the pale light over the carved crucifix on the bare wall at the foot of the narrow bed, showing up the white Figure with thorn-crowned head and nailed hands and feet, the blood-stained face—sad with the sadness of death. The old monk sighed.

A figure stole silently from a prie-dieu by the wall and looked down gravely upon the dying man.

"I think you are awake," he remarked gently. "What was that big heavy sigh for?"

"Is that you, Father? How good of you to come! I have been dreaming this hour or more. That little bit of moonlight on the wall brought back old times to me. I was thinking, thinking!"

His voice had a quivering note in it, like a voice akin to tears. Father Anselm smoothed the check counterpane quietly, and flicked a little holy water lightly from a well-supplied font by the wall.

"Fancy the moonlight bringing back old times to you! I have been saying my Rosary for you, thinking you were asleep. Do you feel easier?"

The old man did not answer; the moonbeams grew brighter on the wall.

"She wasn't an old woman," he said at length, quite suddenly. "She looked old, but she wasn't. She loved the moonlight—oh, ay, did she! And when it shone on the lough and on the sedges where the wild ducks hatched in the springtime, she'd stand in the breen watching, watching."

Again he was silent. Father Anselm was silent, too. Then, after a short time:

"She was your mother?" he said softly.

"My Mother!" the old man echoed softly. "The truest, purest, best. 'Twas such a quaint old breen. Wasn't it strange of me to be dreaming I was there and that she was coming to meet me? 'Twas the springtime, and the crab trees were all in blossom by the way."

"Were you her only son?"
"No; there were two others. I was the youngest. Sure I was never much in any way, at home or abroad. I was always doing the wrong thing."

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

CAUTION.


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 label word for word. Be wise, and refuse to purchase imitation articles for they are never satisfactory.

Insist On Getting Gillett's Lye

and decline to accept anything that looks to be an imitation or that is represented to be "just as good" or "better," or "the same thing." In our experience of over fifty years in business we have never known of an imitation 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.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.



St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR
ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.

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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.

A medicine that will keep babies and young children plump and good natured, with a clear eye and rosy skin is a blessing not only to the little ones but to mothers as well. Baby's Own Tablets is just such a medicine. They cure all the minor ailments of children and make them eat well, sleep well and play well. Thousands of mothers use the Tablets and praise them. Mrs. Lorenzo Rose, Lake Talon, Que., says: "I cannot say too much for Baby's Own Tablets. I have proved their value in colic, constipation and other childhood troubles." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOME-GOING FOR IRISHMEN.

Francis J. Kilkenny, private secretary to the Hon. Lawrence C. Murray, comptroller of the currency, is making remarkable headway with the movement for the "home going" of Irishmen in 1910. The plan is to induce the Irish people from all over the United States to return to the old sod during the months of July, August and September.

More than a sentimental purpose animates the gentlemen who have undertaken this ambitious and promising task. While the prospect of a visit to the old country, at reduced transportation rates and in the glory of midsummer, will form a leading incentive, the real purpose of the movement is to stimulate Irish industry. No statistics are needed to prove that the agricultural and industrial resources of Ireland have not been developed to one-tenth of their capacity. Capital is needed to develop them; and it is natural that the Irish in this country should prefer that the money should be supplied from the United States.—The New Century.

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF HEART TROUBLE CURED BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Gratian's N.B. writes: "In the year of 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so weak nobody in the world can believe how I felt. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law.

One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, 'Lizzie, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble.' My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better, but on the fourth day my husband said, 'I believe those pills are doing you good.' I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been sick since then.

I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now.

Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.50.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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