THE DEAD DOLL.

uess you must think I'm a when you say you can mend d I guess you must think I'm

baby when you it with glue, if I didn't know better than that if I didn't know better than that

think I hadn't quite finished

word to say.

RISON & HATCHETT cates, Barristers, Solicitors, r, Banque du Peuple Chamb y ST. JAMES STREET.

DAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1909.

IGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE CATES, SOLICITORS, Etc.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
AGH, K.C. PAUL LACOSTE, LL.B.
JOIE, K.C. JULES MATHIEU, LL.B.

IN P. WHFLAN

LIN & MATHIEU ADVOCATES ADVOCATES
ity and District Savings Bank
Chambers,
St. James St., Montreel.

rd & Dessaulies ADVOCATES Bank Building, 160 St. James I Telephone Main 1679.

LEMIEUX, MURPHY & BERARD TERS, SOLICITORS, Etc. ouin, K.C., Hon. R. I.emieux, K. K.C. L. P. Berard, K.C. E. Brassard, I.I., B. v York Life Building

C. H. A. Cholette, I.I. B. CHOLETTE & TANSEY

. Barrister; and Solici sters and Solicitors. 160 ST. JAMES ST. Guardian Bldg. RRE & CEDRAS

When my mamma gave me that rib-bon—I was playing out in the ADVOCATES Tries Hill, treal Street Railway Bldg bon—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 knew it!"

E: Notre Dame Street West. Jurch Street Verdun n 3552, Night and day service roy Bros.

nbers, Gas and Steamfitters.
Stimates Given.
Promptly Attended To

ence Riley ASTERER thu Riley. Established in 1860, mental Plastering. Repairs of ly attended to.

treet, Point St. Charles. KENNEDY

ENTIST

TY DIRECTORY.

K'S SOCIETY.-Estab-Meets in St. Patrick's.

Alexander street, first the month. Committee Wednesday. Officers: tin, Rev. Gerald Mc-President, Mr. W. P. st Vice-President, Mr.

McQuirk: Treasurer.

ack; Corresponding Se-T. W. Wright; Record-y, Mr. T. P. Tansey; ing Secretary, Mr. M. Marshal, Mr. B. Camp-Marshal, Mr. P. Con-

C'S T. A. & B. So-ts on the second Sun-month in St. Patrick's xander street, at 3.30 titee of Management te hall on the first every month, at 8 irrector, Rev. Jas. Kil-ent, M. J. O'Donnell; J. Tynan, 222 Prince

ANADA, BRANCH 26

3th November, 1883.
Patrick's Hall, 92 St.
treet, every 2nd and
of each month for
on of business, at 8
ficers—Spiritual AdJ. P. Killoran; ChanHodgson; President,
vens; 1st Vice-PresiZahlan; Recording SeJ. Dolan 16 Over-

Sahan; Recording Se.
J. Dolan, 16 OverFinancial Secretary,
gan, 504 St. Urbain
er, F. J. Sears; Marichols; Guard, James
ustess-W. F. Wall,
J. John Walsh, W. P.
T. Stevens. Medical
I. J. Harrison, Dr.
or, Lr. Merrils, Dr.
ss and Dr. John Our-

ner Mansfield St te-Work and Bridge Work

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— is dear little box—and we'll bury her there out under the maple her ter St. West.

> And papa will make me a t stone, like the one he made 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 dreadful crack in her head."

—Margaret Vandegrift.

"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.

"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 "All right sir I'll get it done."

"All right sir I'll get it done."

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 they half a dollar and started for his train. Joe ran after him with his change, but it was too late, the train was moving out.

"Without being first warmed.

9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should aways be suc that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.

11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the

Six months passed. Joe was still plying his trade at the Grand Central depot. Business was dull that evening. Everyone was hurrying home. No one thought of his shoes. Suddenly Joe spied a face in the You needn't be trying to comfort me
—I tell you my dolly is dead!
here's no use in saying she isn't
with a crack like that in her
head: 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

BOYS and GIRLS

plying his trade at the Grand Central depot. Business was dull that evening. Everyone was hurrying home. No one thought of his shoes. Suddenly Joe spied a face in the passing crowd which he recognized as that of the gentleman whose shoes he had blacked six months before, and who had left on the Boston train before he could get his change. "Mister! Mister!" the boy cried, as he dashed to the gentleman's side, "I'm so glad to see you again to give you your change," and he explained to the astonished traveller how he, Jose, came to be his debtor. Such honesty in a little homeless waif touched the prosperous man of business. "Keep the change, my boy," he said, handing him a card, "and come to this address to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock."

That day saw the beginning of the realization of Joe's dreams. His education was arranged for by his generous customer was remeaked.

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 realization of Joe's dreams. His education was arranged for by his generous customer, who remarked, years afterward, that he had never made a better investment, then when he put that boy in the way of earning an education for himself.

JOHN'S SISTER.

"Didn't Clare remind you what tne sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf,
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself.

"Didn't Clare remind you what you were to do?"
"Yes'm. She reminded me, , an"

you were to do?"

"Yes'm. She reminded me, an'
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
gave this answer. For there is
something in human nature that
rises in rebellion against that vexatious thing we call "nagging." Many
a girl with good intentions throws
her influence on the opposite side
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." 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 her elegant new spring hat!

And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid

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."

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.

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.

together.

It is all every well for a consciento sister to feel herself responsible for reminding her brother as to do it. But she nakes a great mistake if she determines not to give him any rect till. -Margaret Vandegrift.

HIS HONESTY WON HIM AN EDUCATION.

Joe Hunter, a manly little bootblack, 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 the took great mand leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served by him than have their boots and leave the served him any rest till he does the thing that 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, encourage ment, a little insistence, if tactfully say is ever helped by nagging.

FROM ANGELL'S LESSONG KINDNESS TO There

FROM ANGELL'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.
There are vertain 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.

pins into you.

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

3. Never to throw stones at those

in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.



horse and refuse to ride after poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight checkrein.
12. That you should always talk

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.

## 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. 8.-St. Paul de Metis, Alta., Feb. 8.— (Special.)—"Dodd's Kidney Pylls have done for me all that is claumed for them." So says Joseph Mack-lin, a well known farmer of this dis-trict. "I was ill for over six years with Neuralgia, Cramps in my mus-cles, Backache and Heart Disease. I called on different doctors but got no help. I heard that Dodd's Kid-ney Pills were meant for just such no help. I heard that Dodd's ney Pills were meant for just cases as mine and bought cight 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."

## The Passing of Brother Patrick.

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 practicing won't be finished."

He unshuttered window, and shot 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 fect, the blood-stained face—sad with the sadness of death. The old monk sighed 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 at rest in the little churchyard of Kilsheelan. Years ago r used to think my bones would rest there too."

"She will be waiting for you in the sighed.

A figure stole silently from a priedieu by the wall and looked down gravely upon the dying man. "I think you are awake," he re-

marked 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 quavering note in it, like a voice akin to tears. Father Anselm smoothed the check counterpane quietly, and flecked a little holy water lightly from a well-supplied fout by the wall. 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

"She wasn't an old woman." 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, stand in the boreen watching, watching."
Again he was silent. Father Anselm was silent, too. Then, after a short time:

"Shine, my boy," the gentleman repeated as he looked down at his

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 stowly dying.

7. That it is kind to feed the first and that she was coming to meet me? "Twas there and that she was son was killed. "Twas Michael, the winfortunate lad. that killed him, 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 was the was far from intending it."

"You here were two others. I was the youngest. Sure I was never was the was far from intending it."

"In the intervalled him, they ought to be springtime, and the crab trees were all in blossom by the way."

"No: there were two others. I was the youngest. Sure I was never was the youngest. Sure I was never was the was far from intending it."

much in any way, at nome or abroad I was always doing the wrong

thing."
Father Anselm laughed quietly.
"You were doing the right thing
when you became a rengious," he
said cheerily. "You camot say you
"It the wrong thing then."

said cheerily. "You camot say you did the wrong thing then."
"Ah, Father, I needn't thank myself! Sure wasn't it the mercy of God did that for me? The moon must be very bright to-night."
"It is most brilliant. Is there anything worrying you? Would you, like me to read to you?"
"No, Father; I'd rather you'd talk, your voice is so kind. Do you think I'll know how the gardens of God are laid out before morning? I have been trying to fancy them all my life long."

long."
"Fye hath not seen nor ear heard." Father Anselm quoted softly. "You will have all the desires of your heart there. Brother Patrick."
Again the old monk was silent: a clock in the monastery tower boomed out rime solemn, slow beats.
"Will you have to go now, Fathere?"

ther?"
"No, no! I'm to stop here with
you. The brethren have been praying for you since you received the
Last Savraments. Father Prior said
I was to tell you. Do you think
you'd like to join them?"



Brother Patrick smiled. He folded

he said softly; "always, when I'm digging or weeding or hoeing. What do I know about praying? Nothing, only what God and I'm Mother tell 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, coneciousness had returned, and he lay with wide-open eyes and a placid smile upon his worn, rugged the unshuttered window, and shot the unshuttered window, and shot the large at hand they tell me to offer up the prayers of the community as my own. I ask God to make me like to each one in turn—as kind as you. Father; as gentle as Brother Paul, as meek as Brother Columba. And when the bell rings as now, I think I'm an hour nearer to heaven or—" (in a low whisper) "hell. And then I say: God guard me, and keep me in the coming hour!" And that's all. Ah," (sighing), "the moonlight has form only the unshuttered window, and shot upon the hills at home now at rest in the little churchyard

heavenly country, Brother. How did you come to join our Order and leave Ireland?"

A smile crossed the dying face on the pillow; then a sigh, faint as the breath of dawn, came from his pale

"I ran away, Father—ran away "I ran away. Father—ran away from home! They wanted me to be a smith and I'd rather be a sailor; and, after hardships galore, I got on a vessel in Cork, and travelled the world up and down till I was tired. Then one autumn night we were wrecked here on the Spanish coast, and 'twas here in the convent we were kept till we recovered. And the peace and quiet stole into my heart, and the flowers in the garden brought back Ireland and my mother; and when I was well enough to go out again, there was a hand wanted in the gardens; and I took nted in the gardens; and I iob, and I got used to it it; and I was glad to be

liked it; a.d I was glad to be admitted into the Order. And here I am ever since—forty-five long years."
And you have been happy?"
"Happy? Ay, Father, as happy as any one ever in this life, I suppose. I got to love the garden and understand the flowers. A sailor's life, after all, is a wild and weary one. Indeed, indeed it is."
He sighed faintly, and went on. "I wonder will I meet him there?"
"Who, Brother Patrick?"
"Michael, Father. He was a brother of mine—the dearest boy in all the world—not like me at all."
Father Anselm smiled; his hand fell tenderly on that of the dying man.

not help brightening up a little.

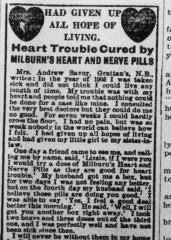
Joe was only eight years old, yet he was already dreaming of a future when he should be grown up, and educated, and—he almost blushed at his own audacity in thinking thrown at you in the same way.

4. That nearly all snakes are thouse and useful.

4. That nearly all snakes are thouse stones and useful.

5. That earth worms are harmless and useful.

7. Was such a quaint old boreen was a bit of a fight in a hurling was a bit of a fight in a hurling was a bit of a fight in a hurling was such a quaint old boreen was a bit of a fight in a hurling was such a quaint old boreen was with strange of me to be dreaming them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, before you start, beging the was such a quaint old boreen was a bit of a fight in a hurling was a bit of a fight in a hurling was a bit of a fight in a hurling was a bit of a fight in a hurling was a bit of a fight in a hurling was such a quaint old boreen was a bit of a fight in a hurling was a bit of a fight in a hurling was been to be dreaming the was pring the was pring to meet me? Twas the spring time, and the crab trees were



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 new."

\*\*Tice 50 cente per box,
\*\*S boxes for 31.56.\*\*

## St. Joseph's Home Fund

C BESTERNATURE DE LE COMPTE DE

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 answered our appeal and trust that 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

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

	FOR		
ST.	JOSEPH'S	HOME	FUND.
Name	·		· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Addre	ess		
	nt		

Brother Patrick's breath became BABY'S OWN TABLETS

"Somehow, the blame fell on me, and—and I begged Michael to keep a still tongue and let them think it. He was to be wed in a few months to a girl he was fond of. Surprise

'Ay, Father, but 'twas easier than him. 'Twas only what the for him. 'Twas only what the neighbors thought I would have done. I was wild, you know; but—but sometimes—sometimes—well, 'tis him, for him. all over now, and I'm laying load down. And I'm glad, Father —very glad."

"My poor fellow! You were more than loyal. But he was a coward."
"No, Father, not that! "Twas my fault altogether. Put your hand on my head and bless me, I'm glad to be resting with no one here but you."
"Come to Me all you who labor and are heavy burdened," Father Anselm quoted softly, as he laid his hand lightly on the gray head. "I think God will welcome you home, Patrick. He loves generous hearts like yours."
"Your blessing, Father?"

"Your blessing, Father?"
"God bless you" (a little huski-ly), "and bring you to the rest and peace of his heavenly kingdom."
"And Michael, too!" the old monk murmured faintly. "Bless Michael,

"Yes, Brother; God-forgive him and pity him and bring him safe

and pity him and oring home—"
home—"
"Amen!" (whisperingly)—"and bring him safe home!"
Father Anselm bent lower, he looked intently at the hands clasped round the crucifix on the counterpane, at the old face, full of peace, upon the pillow: then, as no move came from the still figure, he looked closer yet, to find that Brother Patrick had passed away.

## A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.

"Somehow, the blame fell on me, and—and I begged Michael to keep a still tongue and let them think it. He was to be wed in a few months to a girl he was fond of. Surprise and horror kept silent the only other one that knew anything about it. I got away, and no one ever dream ed 'twas Michael. She never knew—my mother, I mean—and that was all I cared about."

"And he—your brother?"

"He lived at home with her, a quiet, peaceful life; he married was looked up to by the neighbors, and was happy."

"And you, my poor Brother, bore the brand of Cain in silence!"

The brand of Cain in silence!"

"A medicine that will keep bables 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 children was the control of the co box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOME-GOING FOR IRISHMEN.

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 movemebt 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.

Read a about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every FREE and of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse-proves why Book hak our nearest office. The PEDLAR People Establishe 1861. - (30

INSTITUTIONS ESIGNS PTO NGS DONE SEPUB CO.

NG DEPT THE TRUE WITH