SEVENTH MONTH THE 31 DAYS PRECIOUS BLOOD * 1903 * DAY W. T. Octave of S. John Baptist. Visitation of B. V. Mary. 3. Paul I. Fifth Sunday after Pentecost Most Precious Blood of Jesus At the Principal Mass and at Vespers. Solemnity of SS. Peter and Paul. Vesper Hymn. "Decora Lux."
Octave of SS. Peter and Paul. Su. M.T.W.T. Blessed Bénedict XI. Blessed Eugene III. Marvels of the B.V. Mary. Seven Brothers, Martyrs. Sixth Sunday after Pentecost John Gualbert. Vesper Hymn "Deus tuorum mili-tum" (In the diocese of Toronto Dedication, of the w. 12 Cathedral. Vesper Hymn, "Coelestis Urbs.") Anaclete. S. Bonaventure. S. Heury, Our Lady of Mount Carmel. S. Leo IV. . Camillus of Lellis. Seventh Sunday after Pentecest w. Symmachus. Vesper Hymn, " Iste Confesssor" w. Jerome Aemilianus. w. w. 21 Mary Magdalene. 22 23 24 25 S. Appollinaris.
S. Vincent de Paul. r. w. S. James Apostle. Eighth Sunday after Pentecost Anne. Vesper Hymn, "Fortem virili pectore." Veronica Juliana. SS. Victor and Companions. 29 9. Felix II. 30 . Martha. S. Ignatius Loyola.

Business Men

Who Walk

Much

HOME CIRCLE **********

wing,

EVENING SHADOWS.

And in soaring through the distance,

Then is when my thoughts

Memories to me softly cling.

Of the loved and lost of vore.

And I see the dear dream faces

Ot loved ones I'll know no more,

Neath the loving, kind protection

Ther. I hear again the voices

In the shadows of the evening,

Once again I am a child,

Of a patient mother mild.

In her all-consoling heart.

In the shadows of the evening,

Then again I place my troubles

For I know my burden lightens

When with me she shares a part.

My soul longs for things sublime,

For I know that naught but Heaven

Can bring back the days of yore,

And I fain would cross the river,

Parting life and endless time:

And what supreme joy awaits me

SUMMER.

(From The Pall Mall Gazette.)

which her virgin form arrayed,

the shy and trembling maid;

As the iris to the bluebell, as

As the sunshine to the twilight,

is summer to the spring.

Golden on her golden bosom is

fluttering to the breeze.

about her shapely head,

tangled tresses meet

way to kiss her feet.

rustling field of rye,

gans, have no equal.

and her only uttered sigh

of her sun bespangled day,

Where her streamlets chase the

that her comely waist adorn,

tints that play among her trees

with her neck and breast to wed,

And the roses and carnations in her

Now she knows no thought of sorrow,

Is a breath of fragrant perfume in

And she laughs through every moment

bles and her silver fountains play.

heather to the ling,

waving of the corn,

Only on that far-off shore.

New World.

DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS

For That Tired Feeling

DYING IN HARNESS

Only a fallen horse, stretched out In the shadow of the evening. there on the road, Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy load; Only a fallen horse, and a circle wonderful eyes Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise,

Hold! for his toil is over - no more labor for him; See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim; See on the friendly stones how peace-

fully rests the head-Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead; After the weary journey, how restful

it is to lie With the broken shafts and the cruei load-waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in the harness died in the shafts and the straps-Fell, and the burden killed him; one of the day's mishaps-One of the passing wonders marking

the city road-A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile, What is the symbol? Only death why should we cease to smile

'At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

What was the sign? A symbol touch the tireless will? Does He who taught in parables speak in parable still? The seed on the rock is wasted

heedless hearts of men That gather and sow and grasp and lose-labor and sleep-and then-Then for the prize!-A crowd in the

street of ever echoing tread-The toiler, crushed by the heavy load is there in his harness-dead! From John Boyle O'Reilly's Poems

MIGHTY CHEERFUL.

Mamma had told her little daughter that she could not go out to play; but the little maiden determined to As they wind about her body on their make one more plea. "Please, mamma, it isn't very wet, and I won't go on the grass."

"No, you cannot, Dorothy," said mamma, pleasantly, smiling a little at her daughter's persistency. Dorothy regarded her mother aggrievedly, and then said: "Well, seems

to me you're mighty cheerful about it."-New York Times.

THE DOLL THAT WINKED.

A little boy who was very fond of POINTS THE WAY. -The sick man "I did," was the answer, playing with dolls had never happen- pines for relief, but he dislikes send- he would not work on Sunday, and Or the dark rook wheel elm-ward to ed to see one which opened and closed ing for the doctor, which means bot- the man who will lose his situation its eyes. One day he was visiting a ties of drugs never consumed. He has from principle is the man to whom Am out before the first white lily little girl, whose doll, unknown to not the resolution to load his stom-him, had this accomplishment. He ach with compounds which smell viltook it up and was very happy until lainously and taste worse. But if a downward movement caused it to he have the will to deal himself with partially close its eyes. Dropping the the ailment, wisdom will direct his doll in terror, he exclaimed: "Oh, attention to Parmelee's Vegetable mamma, she winked at me!" And Pills, which, as a specific for indiges nothing could induce him to touch her tion and disorders of the digestive or-Fain,—Little Chronicle,

Children's

A SONG OF SATURDAYS. (Abbie Farwell Brown, in Youth's Companion.)

Sing a song of Saturdays, Band of fifty-two, Joining hands about the year, What a merry crew! How they make the hours dance! How they shout with glee! Yes, the happy Saturday Is the day for me.

Sing a song of Saturdays, Pearls upon a chain, Hung about the New Year's neck When she comes again. All among the other beads, Pink or blue or grey, How you love the shining gleam On a Saturday!

Sing a song of Saturdays, Roses in a wreath, Fifty-two so big and bright-Who would look beneath? Other days may be as green, Others bloom as fair, Yet a single Saturday We could never spare.

Sing a song of Saturdays, Rests along a road; Here we halt to take a breath, Ease the weary load. Ho! Another mile-stone passed Toward the goal we seek, Then, refreshed, travel on For another week.

HENRY'S REVENGE

Henry was a boy of ten when the little lad was generous and good in general, but, like other people, Henry would sometimes do wrong.

His father was dead and Henry's nother was wont to tell him that he nust comply with the wishes and even he commands of his elder brother. This was not tasteful to Henry, especially at times when, to him, elder brother seemed exacting.

One day the two boys fell to quarreling and the younger felt himself the injured party. After the quarrel Charles, the elder boy, went upstairs to his room, and in a little while called, "Henry, Henry, bring me up a pitcher of water""

Henry, wrathful and resentful, would victory and win the crown. have flatly denied the request but for In the face of the scornful infidelity take his mother's injunction ever fresh in pitcher at the well he murmured to himself, "I'll fix him, I'll fix him!"

After he had filled the pitcher with pure fresh water he scooped up some dirt from the path and threw it into it, then gathered up a few twigs and pushed them into it, and last of all, stuck his bare toes into the new almost muddy water. He chuckled to himself as he went through the hall and began to ascend the stairs with the pitcher, saying, softly, 'Mother can't say I did not mind Charlie, but Charlie won't care much about this

water, I guess." Oh, yes, it was very funny; but when Henry reached about the middle down came the dirty water all over the stairs, running in a polluted But some fine day, he used to stream over the clean and pretty car--Kathleen A. Sullivan, in Chicago mother, hearing the crash, came from the sitting-room to find out the cause. She did not have to ask who did the mischief, for the culprit stood

with wide-open eyes and frightened face right in the middle of the stairs. This mother believed in the rod, so chastisement followed, and Henry had Earth has doffed the bridal traiment to carry another pitcher of pure, fresh water to Charlie in the bar-Fairer far the graceful mother than gain .- Anna D. Walker in Evangelist.

FIDELITY WON.

The story is told of Mr. Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire, of the Philadelphia, that on one Saturday he bade his clerks come the following Bright and flaming red the poppies day and unload a vessel which had just arrived.

One of the clerks, who had strong And she weaves the thousand emerald convictions and the power to act upon them, refused to comply with the brilliance of the banner she is the demand. There's a honeysuckle garland bound "Well, sir," said Mr. Girard, "if

you cannot do as I wish, we can sep-Sending down its scented tendrils arate." "I know that, sir," said the hero. "I also know that I have a widowed

mother to care for, but I cannot work on Sunday." "Very well, sir," said the proprietor, "go to the cashier's desk and he will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man tramped the streets of Philadelphia looking for work. One day a bank president asked Mr. Girard to name Once more the rapture of the a suitable person for cashier of a new bank about to be started. After re- And rich scent of the warm, damp flection Mr. Girard named this young broken mold;

"But I thought you discharged BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM him?"

SURE CURE.

"What can I do for my little boy," sked mamma, "so that he won' "Have the meals ficker together eplied the young hopeful.

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION guage, the Archbishop gives the very essence of the movement called the reformation. He does not confuse said his wife with amazement. "She's the mind with a multiplicity of names the best girl we ever had, so respector dates or details. First he gives ful, and a fine cook."
a striking exposition of the mission "That makes no difference. and nature of the Church, showing isn't honest." wherein she can be reformed and "Oh, well, we'll hever miss a loaf where change cannot take place. He of bread once in a while; her folks admits there were abuses that needed may need it more than we do.' reformation, but these abuses only "That isn't it. Early this morning affected the human element. The I saw her creep into our room, go to admissions of the leading historians empty it." that the movement was not religious, but political. It was not doctrinal of habit; you know she's been maras the reformers paid little heed to ried." doctrine. It was not caused or furthered by the spread of the Scrip-Roman, which the Archbishop clearly the streets in the vicinity of Fairshows. There is a great deal of doc-mont Park saw a little boy sitting on trine, explained in a most impressive the curbstone, crying bitterly. manner, in this discourse. It is a Her heart was at once touched, and pamphlet to place in the hands of going up to the little fellow, she asknon-Catholics.

alas! all in vain, for there are wild way?' is now with all the fire of concupis- way." following incident took place. The cence burning within his breast, merely to enlighten and refine him. Christ's precious blood. Life is tum-ultuous and dissipating; temptations "And would it be possible for me and the flesh awfully strong, and Mrs. Blank?" to be reached only by conquering them Whereupon the spinster held herself ramental grace dispensed by the plied with haughty reproof: Church will give us strength to "Miss Blank, sir! Miss - from

the the age, it is a noble, consoling, sublime spectacle to see our and her practices.

HE BIDED HIS TIME.

(From The Newark Evening News. There lived, one time, a shiftless chap who wasn't satisfied; To settle down and plug along he nev-

er could abide. He felt the fire of greatness burn within his eager breast And knew himself cut out for the highest and the best.

His spirit fairly fumed and frothed at cruel Fate's restraint; step of the stairs he stumbled, and Of favorless environment he ever made complaint.

I'll set the world afire; pet. The pitcher was broken, and the It's not for me unknown to be when I do so aspire.

> Each day our hero might have found some labor to pursue, On every side stood waiting work for willing hands to do;

The neighborhood wherein he dwelt had crying need of men To mow the lawns, for instance, and to beat the rugs-but then

man so keenly conscious of his real inward worth Could hardly care to tackle toil so tainted of the earth,

And so, to pass the time away unti his chance should come, He boarded with his mother when wasn't drinking rum.

No doubt, good-natured reader, you opine and apprehend, That this vain, shiftless person met mean and sorry end, The facts are these; He waited til

the time, for us so sad, When wagons run with gasoline came the reigning fad. sudden, wild demand arose for driv ers, men with cheek, And Shifty got a handsome job

fifty bones a week, The people stare where'er he goes he's gained his great desire, And every day he sets the world, or part of it, afire.

CONVALESCENT.

and rain, And I, who never thought to again The white snow leave the fallow and nut-step on it."-Little Chronicle.

the fold, her bower.

flower. While, like a dim far-distant dream

se und the curtain-shadow of my bed, eath calls his hounds to leash, dis-

Chats With Young Men BITS OF ANECDOTE WITH STRICT

A family in the southern part of the The Catholic Truth Society of San city employed what they believed to Francisco has published a second be a "household jewel." For a few edition of a very strong and scholarly discourse on "Luther and the Reformation," by Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D.D., Archbishop of San Fran-cisco. In dignified and eloquent lan-made the announcement that they

Archbishop further shows from the my pocket, take my pocketbook and "Oh, well, dear, perhaps it's force

A kind-hearted woman who was It was political and anti- walking the other day through one of

ed him the cause of his grief. Looking up through his tears, he explained The tendency of modern civilization that his mother had sent him with which ignores the gospel, sneers at some pennies to a nearby grocery the Church and scoffs at the Sacra- store and that he had lost the money. ments, is to substitute respectability, decorum and honor for the horror of her hand on the boy's head, "shedsin and the fear of God, writes Fath- ding tears will not bring back your er Sasia, S. J., in The Monitor. But, money. What makes you cry that

passions in the human heart, which "Cause," answered the boy, as he laughs such frail barriers to scorn. looked at the woman, perplexedly, "I It is useless to such a being as man don't know how to cry any other

Bliss Carman, the poet, tells of a He wants something more than light; young friend of his who was seeking he wants strength, interior strength. apartments in Boston's aristocratic Now this power, which is at once light, health and life, is divine grace, was received by the landlady, a spinand a chief fountain of grace is the ster of uncertain age and aggressive sacramental system designed by the Almighty to apply to men the all refreshing and vivifying stream of the rather nervous young man stam-

are numberless; the world, the devil to secure apartments in your house,

all; but let us be of good cheer-sac- even straighter than before and re-

.. | cheice!"

Miss Helen Gould was entertaining did not dare to refuse to do his Catholic young men, rising up every- one of the girls' clubs in which she is brother's bidding, but as he filled the where to proclaim openly, fearlessly so interested at her beautiful home their whole-souled faith in the Catho- on the Hudson. After walking about lic Church, her tenets, her doctrines the grounds and conservatories, she invited them to wander over the house and see the pictures and objects of art. While they were thus engaged she overheard one of the girls say confidingly to a companion:

"Say, Mamie, even heaven won' please Miss Gould after this place."-Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A GOOD THING TO WRITE.

'What shall I write on my slate?' said Harry to himself. He could not write very well, but sat down and wrote, "A Good boy." Then he took it and showed it to his mother. "That is a good thing to write, she said. "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write it on my life mother?" said Harry. "By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy."-Olive Plants.

APOLOGY IN ORDER.

My little sister has been taught to say "Excuse me!" when she does anything out of the way.

One day my mother stepped on our house cat's tail and did not say anything. To her surprise my little sister said: "'Coose mamma, kitty!" - Little

Chronicle.

AS WILLIE READ IT.

A teacher of the primary class in a certain Sunday school had for her hobby the "prevention of cruelty to animals," and always endeavored to gain a point along that line, no matter what the lesson was about. One Sunday, to make the illustration more vivid, she drew a picture of a worm upon the blackboard with the following inscription above it: "This is a worm-do not step on it.' "Now, Willie," said she, "do you

fully understand what I have been telling you about our illustration on the board?" "Yes'm," said Willie.

"Well," said Miss B., "to show the class that you understand, you may take the pointer and read the inscription above the picture." Willie took the pointer and proceeded tp read: "This is a warm dough-

A CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN. -Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by un-And long before the summer and the healthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the letches and eruptions will disappear -Will H. Ogilvie, in The Speaker. without leaving any trace.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMNIALS

198 King screet East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Conner, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIE-I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatings. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable noted. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helplass cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily as tivity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnisk you with this testimonial as to the cacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1861,

John O'Cornor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimesial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done mere for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give in Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON, a trial. I am,

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct, 81, 1801,

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salva. has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my
with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for aine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatics right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. JOHN McGROGGAN,

Yours sincerely,

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1981. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont .: DEAR SIR-I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictias Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salva, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from Lumbago.

I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE, 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont .: DEAR SIR-After suffering for over ten years with both forms Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with JOS. WESTMAN. piles. Yours sincerely,

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronte: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit, Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1962

John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my letra arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salves. gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains.

Yours sincerely,

M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 80th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured ma in a few days. I am now complet cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after autfering so long. It has given me athorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,

Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

2561 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1961, John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days n the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just ever a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN Toronto, April 10, 1902,

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR-I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a boxof it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to met household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.

> Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 18 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronte, April 16th, 1962.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR-It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unal.

to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salv as directed, I am able to go be work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, 72 Wolseley street, City. J. J. CLARKEL

114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902, John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR-Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was

completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely,

Address C. R. WALKER, Blackson JOHN O'CONNOR, ST. E.

WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. L.

Price, \$1 per box,