

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for February 1904. Includes feasts like Sexagesima Sunday, Quinquagesima Sunday, and First Sunday of Lent.

McDONALD & WILLSON TORONTO. Write for plans and estimates of church wiring or lighting. They are specialists on this work.

HOME CIRCLE. The HOME CIRCLE. A decorative header for a section.

MINDS. Mind your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures or objects. Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words. Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words. Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin grow in it.

Children's Corner

THE SLEEPY SONG. By Josephine Dodge Daskam. As soon as the fire burns red and low, And the house upstairs is still, She sings me a queer little sleepy song, Of sleep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft. Their colors are gray and white; They follow their leader nose to tail, For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next, And one runs after behind, The gray one's nose at the white one's tail, The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill, They quietly slip away, But one runs over and one comes next, Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go, And over the top of the hill, The good little sheep run thick and fast, And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next, The good little, gray little sheep! I watch how the fire burns red and low, And she says that I fall asleep. — McClure's Magazine.

REFLECTIONS OF A SMALL BOY. I wonder why a boy's "so bad" When he is only havin' fun. An' only good when he is sad, Because his ma won't let him run An' have a real good time like he Just wants to do, 'cause it won't make him any worse to let him be Like other fellers that you see.

It ain't worth while to live S'longs a feller's got to act Just like a sissy girl, an' give Up all his fun, an' that's a fact. Some day I'll be grow'd up an' tall An' maybe she'll be sad to see Me never answer at her call— 'Cause then I'll be a man, an' free.

THE TRAVELING DOLL. (By Emma F. Bush.) Helen sat gazing out of the window. Her little white hands were clasped listlessly in her lap, and there was a decided droop to her mouth.

Out of doors the sun was shining, and a bed of pansies under the window nodded blithely to her in a morning greeting. Her little kitten raced up and down the walk, chasing the dead leaves as the breeze blew them about.

At her last dance, but his little mistress never noticed him. "Altogether it is time something is happening," thought Aunt Mollie, as she came in to the room.

"Why, Helen," she said brightly, "how tired you look this morning! What is the matter?" "A big tear rolled down Helen's cheek.

"I want to go out," she sobbed, "into the sunshine. I am so tired sitting here, and the doctor says I can't go out for a week yet."

"How very strange!" said Aunt Mollie, gravely. "I came across Ethel May this morning in the attic and she told me the same thing. She assured me she was very tired of staying there, and longed to go into the world again."

In fact, she said to the dolls, she would have no crying apparatus, she would have been drowned in tears long ago."

Helen saw the little sparkle in Aunt Mollie's eyes that always came when she had some beautiful plan to propose.

"Yes," she said, with a little suppressed excitement in her voice, "did she tell you where she wished to go?" "No," said Aunt Mollie, "she simply expressed a desire to see the world. But I have a plan. Suppose we dress her in her best clothes, pack her trunk, and when the doctor comes this morning, we will ask him if he knows a good boarding-place for her."

One morning Helen saw the doctor coming up the walk, and rushed to meet him and learn the latest news from her traveling child.

"Ethel May," announced the doctor, "is home-sick, and I have come to take you to her."

"It did not take Helen many minutes to get ready to go with the doctor to the city, and soon they were in the hospital ward where lay the little sick girl who had come there with Ethel May.

"They stopped before a bed by the window in which was the little patient the doctor had come to visit, and Ethel May. It did not take the little girl long to get acquainted, and the doctor left Helen with little Julia while he was busy elsewhere.

One of the pleasant-faced nurses gave them a nice lunch, and then, under her care, Helen and Ethel May visited each child in the ward, and Helen was very sorry when the doctor came to take her home.

"I think," she said, "Ethel May's clothes are getting shabby, and I had better take her home for mama and Aunt Mollie to make some new ones. The doctor can bring her back again when they are finished."

So Ethel May went with her mama, but only for a visit, and then the doctor carried her to the hospital again.

That was several years ago, but Ethel May still travels from bed to bed in the hospital, coming home twice a year for a new wardrobe, and a new wig (given by the doctor); and she has grown so accustomed to traveling that Helen says she knows just as long as she holds together Ethel May will insist on seeing the world.

S. S. Times.

THE GRIZZLY OF OLD DAYS. (From J. M. Gleeson's "The Grizzly Bear" in March St. Nicholas.) In the old days, before the deadly magazine rifle was invented, hunting the grizzly was a very difficult affair, and no animal on the American continent was more dreaded, his ferocity and vital force when wounded filling the most reckless of hunters with a wholesome dread.

It was not at all unusual for a grizzly with a bullet through his heart, to pursue and tear to pieces the hunter, whose long single-barreled muzzle-loading rifle, with its one round lead bullet, was altogether inadequate for such a contest.

It is a strange thing, too, that while the grizzly bear is an omnivorous feeder, living on anything from roots and nuts to steer and buffalo meat, he has never been known to devour human flesh.

Driving the Grizzly West. (From J. M. Gleeson's "The Grizzly Bear" in March St. Nicholas.) In the days of Kit Carson the grizzly had not learned to look upon man as a foe to be shunned at any cost, but the quick firing magazine rifle has taught him that if he possibly can he must keep out of man's sight.

He has now been driven back into the almost inaccessible solitudes of the northwestern Rocky Mountains, and the sportsman who wishes to add his pelt and dangling necklace of claws to his collection of hunting trophies must travel far and endure much hardship and labor, for "old Ephraim," as he was called by the Western pioneers, is as cunning as he is fierce.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE BEATEN AGAIN. Mary Malcolm's Life Was Measured by Days and Hours. Dodd's Kidney Pills Had Her Able to be out in a Week.

Another Remarkable Cure Brought Out by the Collingwood and Eglinton Cases. Toronto, Feb. 15.—(Special).—The interest in medical circles here over the cures of Mrs. Adams, of Collingwood, and Mrs. Phillip, of Eglinton, of Bright's Disease, has been given fresh fuel by another and yet more startling cure of that same terrible ailment.

This latest case is that of a young girl, Mary Malcolm, who lives with her parents at 189 Marlborough avenue, this city.

DEATH SEEMED SURE. This cure is little short of miraculous. Miss Malcolm was in the clutches of Bright's Disease from May until September, and had sunk so low that her life was measured by days if not by hours.

Hope had given place to a certainty of death, and her friends had turned to the sad task of preparing her grave clothes. These last ghastly garments are now in the house, but Mary Malcolm is a strong hearty maiden who can look on them without even a shudder of fear.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Toronto, Sept. 18, 1904. John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

188 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—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 rheumatism, I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted 5 might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.

When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless 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 activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG, Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1904.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more 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 I 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 it a trial. I am, Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON, 288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It 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 bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatic. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN, 478 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine 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 Salve, 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. COGGROVE, 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of 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 piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN, 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 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, 1903.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, 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 pain. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN, Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1903.

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 me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me thorough 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, 25 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days at 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 over 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 AUSTINE, Toronto, April 19, 1905.

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 box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily 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, 14 Spruce street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1903.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLAREN, 72 Wolseley street, Address C. R., 189 KING ST. E.

FOR SALE BY JOHN O'CONNOR, 189 KING ST. E. WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, 25 per box.