

SEVENTH MONTH July THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for the month of July 1903.

Children's Corner

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

Little Tony hadn't many kind friends like other boys of his age. He hadn't even kind parents to love and fondle him; no one to whom he could go when sick and weary for a little bit, even a little bit of loving kindness. He had never known what a mother's love was like, for he could not remember his mother. She was dead, he had been told by the people with whom he lived, hard, cruel people out of whose lives the last spark of humanity seemed to have died.

shadow of one of the pillars, and, unscathed by the little pilgrim, watched his movements. Her gentle heart went out to this little wanderer, this little parcel of humanity coming with its sorrow to the foot of the altar. She resolved to stay and keep vigil over his innocent slumber and give him what assistance she could, when he would awake.

or gills that the little plant has modestly hidden under its brown cap. These gills, running from the stem to the rim of the cap, may be brown, or they may be black. If they are black, they probably have so many minute white specks upon them as to give them a mottled appearance. All kinds of toadstools having gills under the caps are called agarics. By far the greater number of toadstools you will find belong to this family.

Business Men Who Walk Much TRY DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS For That Tired Feeling

...The HOME CIRCLE

HE WAS THE COACHMAN. A wealthy New York broker, who has a country home on Long Island is so fond of flowers that he frequently spends some time in and about his plants, sometimes doing a little gardening himself. A few days ago he thought he would water some plants, so he called to his new coachman, who was standing near a watering can, and told him to fill it and bring it to him.

and that is where he got a bunch of solar plexus jabs and blows that closed his eyes and broke his nose. The husband of that sickly wife deformed that End Seat Hog for life, and then his greasy carcass threw along the street a block or two. The people gave the husband bold a purse chock full of shining gold. "Thanks, sir!" the happy people said. "We hope that End Seat Hog is dead."

THE END-SEAT HOG. When summer's sun old winter jars we get the open trolley cars, and as the balmy breezes blow we all go riding to and fro. At morn and eve we watch and wait and grumble if our car is late. But all the same we're full of cheer because the open car is here.

Sometimes a doctor has to deal not only with physical ailments, but with a mental attitude which complicates the case. A man who was constantly changing physicians at last called in a young doctor who was just beginning his practice.

OUR FRIENDS THE TOADSTOOLS. (By Chas. McIlvaine.) There are no plants more despised than the toadstools. Nearly everybody is afraid of them, yet few plants are more beautiful, and few are more useful. No single toadstool is in any way harmful to the touch. Any one can handle them with perfect safety.

They were there, too; I remember your face. God pointed you out to me, saying, 'She will take care of you.' And you will, won't you?' he asked, looking up at Katherine's face for answer.

Friendship that flames often goes out in a flash. Religion is the best armour in the world, but the worst cloak.

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

199 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. 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 I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit.