Business Men Who Walk

Much

S. Ignatius Loyola.

DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS For That Tired Feeling

EEEEE

HOME CIRCLE eeeeeeeeeee

HE WAS THE COACHMAN.

A wealthy New York broker, who plants, sometimes doing a little gardening himself. A few days ago he people gave the husband bold a purse thought he would water some plants, chock full of shining gold. "Thanks, so he called to his new coachman, sir!" the happy people said. "We who was standing near a watering hope that End Seat Hog is dead." can, and told him to fill it and bring it to him.

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm the coach- 'Tis justifiable homicide man," said the English importation, touching his hat.

"Well, that's all right; bring that can here." "Beg pardon, sir, I'm the coach-

man. "Well, well, I know that! Bring the can here. I want it."

The coachman touched his hat and still made the same reply. Then something dawned on the broker.

man and can't bring the can. Well, coachman, go and have the black team hitched to the family carriage and bring it here. Have one of the hostlers ride on the box with you." The coachman touched his hat again

respectfully and went. Presently he drove up in style. "Now," said the broker, "drive to where than can is and you, hostler, pick it up, get back on the box, drive

around to the stable with the coach- A mystic Hand has turned her heartman, fill it with water and have him drive you back again." It was done, and the can brought

"Now, hostler," said the broker, "you may go. Coachman, you remain! where you are. I may need you again. Don't drive away until I give you Pearls of prayer-keys, that unlock in

leave." The coachman saved his dignity, but he sat on the seat of that coach for two hours after the broker finished watering the flowers .- The New York

THE END-SEAT HOG.

the balmy breezes blow we all go rid- a young doctor who was just begin- invitingly open. ing to and fro. At morn and eve we ning his practice.

cause of actions mean and rude per- trouble. formed by greedy "End Seat Hogs,"

Frail women who are tired and car freak. He grabs the end seat an earthly heaven. and won't stir, but clings like a

End Seat Hogs met with a man our sphere better. who had a wife-a sickly dame of shattered health and somewhat lame. Suspicion disposes kings to tyranny The End Seat Hog refused to hunch, and husbands to jealousy.

and that is where he got a bunch of solar plexus jabs and blows that him. closed his eyes and broke his nose. has a country home on Long Island is The husband of that sickly wife de- they jeered. "Why don't you make him answer. so fond of flowers the he frequently formed that End Seat Hog for life, work instead of running to school

> Moral: Kill End Seat Hogs; judges decide

-The Commoner.

IN THE CLOISTER.

(Dr. J. William Fischer, in The Bee, St. Jerome's College.)

She spends her life far from the noisy mart

Of commerce, and deep, sunny, azure shies "Oh," he said, "so you're the coach- Paint all the brighter, to her human eves,

> The vales of solitude, dear to her heart. And; there, she toils unknown and

bears her part Of Life's Gethesame. Best, O, the prize!

Sweet, rose-crowned ways lead not to paradise-She chose the thorny way, that pain

and smart.

strings To one long hymn of praise, with joy replete, That fills with music paths angels

have trod And, from her soul, Love daily, gladly flings

dire need. The audience-chamber of the very God.

HE KNEW.

watch and wait and grumble if our! "I lose my breath when I climb a He entered. The very atmosphere car is late. But all the same we're hill or a steep flight of stairs," said breathed of peace and rest, and gavo full of cheer because the open car in the patient. "If I hurry I often get to the poor little outcast a feeling of a sharp pain in my side. Those are joy and security. But all our joy is quick subdued be the symptoms of a serious heart He did not stop till he reached the

who are more numerous than dogs. physician, but he was interrupted. no one else. He was here all alone more useful. No a single toadstool fields.—Sunday School Times. They will not move, but make you "I beg your pardon!" said the pa-with God. is in any way harmful to the touch. climb across their carcasses each tient, irritably. "It isn't for a young Convinced that no one watched him Any one can handle them with pereach time, and hoggish-like they only physician like you to disagree with an he crept within the sanctuary, and fect safety. grunt as for the further seat you old and experienced invalid like me, kneeling in front of the tabernacle, sir!"-Youth's Companion.

green chestnutburr.

One day a member of the clan of we do our little part well we make 'The world is composed of atoms. If waiting for him.

Children's

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

Little Tony hadn't many kind would awake. friends like other boys of his age. He Katie was o of humanity seemed to have died.

The name of father was painful to and heartless wretch.

ings on the enorthwest side of Chisome place for the boy to turn into at night was all he cared for.

Little Tony did not like his surroundings. When a tiny child, of school, he began to loathe the very closed eyelids. atmosphere of the neighborhood in the streets to and from school. Had him." his mother lived she might have lavwhich his lonely heart unceasingly gelus pealing from the belfry tower, them, they grow.

school and anticipated no beneficial re- to her, a happy smile on his face. sults from his sanctified air and good

behavior. One day, it was about a week before his First Communion, Tony was the influence of drink

"There goes your goody-goody," along the street a block or two. The lars for you there."

"Oh, it's you, eh?" took up the dehave you been now, I'd like to ask?" Tony did not reply. He was afraid

of his father. He knew how much he so he held his peace.

"D'ye hear, young 'un?" yelled the drunkard. "Where were you, tell

"I was at school," slowly replied the frightened child. "At school!" shouted the father

catching hold of him by the back of the neck, and dealing him such blows on the head that even the neighbors, who usually enjoyed these scenes, in-

"You'll kill the lad," one man shouted; "if you don't let go." "I don't care if I do," cried the unnatural father. "He is good-for-nothing, anyway, but schoolin' and churchin'. I'll teach you, young young imp," he roared, shaking him viciously, "to earn your livin' an' bring me

in some money! "Go on, now," he continued with a blow, "and sell papers to make money. I'm tired keepin' you for nothin'." And with a farewell kick he released his hold on the almost strangled child, who ran like a frightened thing along the street, bruised and sore and crying as though

his little heart would break. But crying children excited no pity in that quarter, so no one took any notice of Tony. On, on he ran, anywhere to get away from that dreadful place which he was forced to call home. Ah, home, indeed! poor child! He never knew what a home was.

He wandered thus for three hours Sometimes a doctor has to deal not when at length his little legs could only with physical ailments, but with support him no longer, so looking a mental attitude which complicates around for somewhere to repose, his When summer's sun old winter jars the case. A man who was constantly weeping eyes rested with relief on a we get the open trolly cars, and as changing physicians at last called in beautiful church, whose doors stood The New World.

With a bound he reached the steps.

altar rail. Then he looked around to

Tony thought he was alone; but he the cap is sticky and shiny. Pull was not. Katie Costello was paying her daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament and had seen him enter the church. She took a seat in the ty, regular, and neat, as the plaits world, but the worst cloak.

shadow of one of the pillars, and, un-see by the little pilgrim, watched his destly hidden under its brown cap. movements. Her gentle heart went out These gills, running from the stem to to this little wanderer, this little the rim of the cap, may be brown, parcel of humanity coming with its or they may be black. If they are sorrow to the foot of the altar. She black, they probably have so many resolved to stay and keep vigil over minute white specks upon them as to his innocent slumber and give him give them a mottled appearance. All

hadn't even kind parents to love and acters that is met but too seldom in will find belong to this family. fondle him; no one to whom he could our great cities. She was but nineteen go when sick and weary for a little years old and a beautiful girl, physibit, even a little bit of loving kind- cally and morally. She was the joy made up of cells. They are very ness. He had never known what, a of her parents, whose only thoughts much like a fan when nearly closed, mother's love was like, for he could were of her happiness. Everything If these gills could be opened—spread

dead, he had been told by the people Yet with all this, Katherine was opened fan, considerable surface. with whom he lived, hard, cruel peo- not selfish, as might be supposed from Strawberries bear their seeds upon ple out of whose lives the last spark the fact that her every wish was the outside of their gills. These seeds gratified. She was gay and lively, -or spores, as they are called-are yet simple and massuming. Hers was so small that it takes over two him, for that parent was nothing less a heart of gold. To do good and alle- thousand of them, placed end to than a brute, a confirmed drunkard viate suffering was her constant de- end, to make one inch. Each one of sire and many a poor home was these seeds, small as it is, contains a After the death of his wife, An- brightened and made happier by her germ that will produce a toadstool thony Lowden took miserable lodg- timely visits. She was one of those No matter how great or how small ministering angels whom God sends on the work of the Creator is perfect. cago. A roof to cover his head, and earth to brighten the hearts of men. The color of the gills is usually due

unseen companion. course, he did not know any different, he dreamed his peaceful dreams. Now fall in such great numbers that i but as he grew older and his better and then a smile would flutter across you will place the cap of a gilled nature was awakened by the teach- his face and again big tears would toadstool, gills down, on a piece of ings he received at the parochial force themselves from between his white paper, and place a tumbler

which he lived, for nothing but blas-phemies and vile language met his like to wake him, and yet I long to which devour the substance of toadears as he hurriedly passed through take him in my arms and comfort stools, and are carried off to their

"You seem to know me," she said

having seen you before." returning from school, where the pas- dreams," he answered, "I was very he grounds they also grow from grape tor had been instructing the children, tired and went to sleep; but I didn't seeds. When the seed of a toadstool and his soul was full of the beautiful forget to say my prayers. I asked grows, it does not throw one shoot thoughts the good priest had been in- God to send me someone to love me, upward to make a toadstool and anstilling into his mind, when who for I was alone in this big world, other downward to make a root. It should he meet but his father under and while I was sleeping I saw and throws out countless thread-like fib Instinctively the boy shrank from to where thousands of beautiful la- run through the earth or leaves in meeting such a father, but the laughs dies, dressed in white, were singing. every direction. You have often seen and jeers of the vurgar mob soon You were there, too; I remember your these among layers of rotting leaves drew the drunkard's attention to his face. God pointed you out to me, or stable manure, and perhaps wrong good-for-nothing son, as they called saying, 'She will take care of you.' ly called them mold. This threadlooking up at Katherine's face for usually white, is the vine from which

spends some time in and about his greasy carcass threw and church? He won't earn many dolwell. But come, we will go home now. It is getting late, and you vine lives year after year in its praved father. "It's you with your want something to eat. To-morrow, proper home, and each year produces sheepish air and holy looks. Where when you feel refreshed, you will tell me your history."

Tony's history we know. Mrs. Coswas averse to his attending school, tello received the child into her houseer's love. It was Katherine's wish from heaven."

So Tony became one of the family. What a change for the poor, lonely He had much to be thankful boy! for, and he was thankful both to God and his benefactress. But alas! Katherine was not left long to receive his gratitude, for like a delicate flower lent for a time to perfume the earth, at one another, and playing hide-andshe was culled in the bud to bloom

in heaven. The end came two years after the sitting by her bedside with the many brown caps, delicate and brittle, ofsorrowful friends who had gathered ten grow in great quantity. These there, his heartrending sobs breaking the stillness of the room. With a smile and a word of comfort to her them. These, as well as the little grief-stricken parents, here pure soul fellows found in the grass, are beautook its flight and added one more tiful when dissected, and they excel

spirit to the celestial choir. The years rolled on. Large crowds gather in the church of the Holy Name to witness the impressive ceremony of ordination. The venerable

The reader will have no difficulty in that same little Tony who, sixteen pyramidal groupings. All puff-bails are comfort and assistance from Christ in the tabernacle. And who will say it was denied him.-Mary Lupton, in bitter, but not poisonous.

(By Chales McIlvaine.)

There are no plants more despised mire. than the toadstools. Nearly every-study of them is delightful To know body is afraid of them, yet few plants them assures one of good company "Not necessarily, sir," began the see if he were alone. Yes; he could see are more beautiful, and but few are when walking through woods and

When, in the spring, grass has sightly. It tells of internal irregusaid aloud his evening prayer. This changed from brown sod to rich green larities which should long since have done, he lay down on the altar steps let my readers, says a contributor been corrected. The liver and the worn with babies in their weak arms | When we behold a smiling face our and was soon fast asleep.

The Sunday School Times, kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, sight meat that never moves from the sunbeam is a sweet character. gish meat that never moves from the sunbeam is a sweet, cheery counter- his prayers for God to watch over find many toadstools growing and these pimples are to let you know and seat. The old, the helpless and ance. It is this, accompanied by him, and surely God was doing it. singly, each very independently, upon that the blood protests. Parmelee's the weak are all the same to this kind words, that makes life so like Had He not guided his little feet, a thin stem. Each stem is surmount- Vegetable Pills will drive them all even to His own house where in His ed by a cap about the size of a good away, and leave the skin clear and own mysterious way He had help sized marble and looking much like a clean. Try them, and there will be marble cut in half. Afte dew and rain another witness to their excellence.

what assistance she could, when he kinds of toadstools having gills under the caps are called agarics. By far Katie was one of those lovely char- the greater number of toadstools you

not remember his mother. She was that money could procure was hers. out flat-they would show, like an Such was the character of Tony's to the color of the seed. If the seeds are brown, the gills are brown; if She moved to the front seat so that black, the seeds are black when they she could feast her eyes on him while are ripe and ready to fall. And they over it, in a few hours the fallen "How long will he sleep there?" she seeds will make an exact print of the holes, or they are wafted away by She had not long to wait, however, the winds and scattered far and wide ished upon him some of the love for for with the first sound of the An- When they reach a spot which suits

craved, or at least she would have little Tony started up and rubbed his Strawberry plants blossom before provided him with a better and more eyes. He looked around. There were they fruit, as most other plants do. cheerful home. But as it was he had several worshipers in the church now, Toadstools do not. They are flowerno one, no one!

The father noticed the change in his boy since he had been attending been attending and straightway he went over Greek words, meaning "hidden marriage."

Notwithstanding toadstools have so sweetly, "and yet 1" cannot recollect many seeds, they have another way of growing. Grapevines, for instance, "But I have just seen you in my year after year, grow from roots in talked to God and He brought me ers, of ten as fine as cobwebs, which And you will, won't you?" he asked, like, matted, cobwebby substance, toadstools grow. Toadstools are, "Yes, darling child, I will cake therefore, a fruit growing directly

its crop. When the common mushroom is grown in cellars and houses built for the purpose, the beds are made of manure. The dried vine is bought in hold and lavished upon him a moth- brick-shaped masses, and is called "spawn." Pieces of this are buried that her mother should adopt him, in the bed, where the heat and moisfor, she pleaaed, he has been sent me ture revive the vine, start it to growing again, and in time it bears fruit. An old writer wrote, "Doubtless God could have made a better fruit than the strawberry, but doubtless God never did." The same can be said of mushrooms. A mushroom is a

toadstool. Not only among the grass, peeping seek like brownies, are the early spring toadstools found, but at the base of trees, along pavements, and arrival of Tony into her life. He was in solid clusters, with egg-shaped caps frequently sparkle as if finely powdered mica had been sifted upon all flowers by being most luscious eating when stewed for a few minutes and seasoned with butter, pepper and

The puff-balls, so well known by the Bishop is moved well nigh to tears fine powder (spores) which puffs from as he gazes on the seraphic counten- them when squeezed, are handsome ance of the young seminarian whom when are quite young. If you examine he is raising to the dignity of priest. the quite small white kinds found in pastures and along roadways, you recognizing the dark-eyed you who will be surprised to see how exquisso devoutly kneels before the altar as itely their surface is covered with years before, came, footsore and fine eating (fried like egg-plant, or weary, to that same church seeking stewed in milk) when they are pure white inside. When they have slightest tinge of yellow they

The wood-growing toadstools many of them brightly colored. Ar-OUR FRIENDS THE TOADSTOOLS. ranged on plates of moss, they make bouquets which every one will ad-

Do not despise the toadstools,

THEY DROVE PIMPLES AWAY .-A face covered with pimples is un-

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 street East, Togonto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Conner, 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 rheumations. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable it. 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 wesk, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily astivity. 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 cacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1961. John O'Connor, 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 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 19 a trial. I am. Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON,

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct, 81, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salva. II 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 sine weeks; a friend recemmended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatics right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine en the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal.

Yours sincerely, JOHN McGROGGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1961. 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 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 niles.

Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

it to any one suffering from Lumbago.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the narvellous 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.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East: 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 Saive, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on aThursday 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 Sa've 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 Iwould 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 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, 1901.

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 19, 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 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. 13 Spruce street, Toronto.

Toronte, April 16th, 1902. J. O'Conner, Esq., City: DEAR SIR-It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testily 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 work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, 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, T. WALKER, Blacks

JOHN O'CONNOR, ST. E. KING

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

Price, \$1 per box,