

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical events for February 1904.

Children's Corner

POOR LITTLE SQUIRREL. (Written for The Register.)

How wicked you must sometimes think our dear boys are; just as you peep your poor little head with its bright head-like eyes, over fence-top, or perhaps from behind an empty barrel or case in the back yard, only boy shouts here is a squirrel, let us chase it, or more often heard, let us kill it, and I am sorry to say I have seen grown men pursue this cruel sport. Now boys, if you, instead would say, come boys, keep very still and watch from behind some screen and see how interesting this same little animal is. He will sit up on his hind legs and burr, churn and make all sorts of amusing gestures and noises, and if he lays his little paws on a nut, just watch him, he will turn it round and round to see the easiest place to attack it, with the intention of getting that sweet morsel inside, for he never fails to get a sound one; he knows the good from the bad before he opens it. In most cases he has a little family depending on him to feed them just as your parents have you boys depending upon them for your daily bread until you are old enough to provide for yourselves. Now, if something was to happen your dear father on his way home to you some day, how sad and lonely you would feel. Well those little animals have feeling just as you have, and I know you never took this into consideration when you chased and threw sticks and stones at squirrels, birds, or any of God's creatures which He ornamented our beautiful world with. What a dull place our beautiful woods would be without those little inhabitants! Why we would not enjoy it half so well if they were all gone. Now, perhaps not one of the boys who read The Register ever did or will indulge in such cruel sport. Next time you see just drop it a bit of bread a few grains of wheat, retreat a little distance and see how it will act, and if you meet this squirrel for a few times you will become real friends, as he will know you mean him no harm and will become quite tame and will become a well-cared pet, and no doubt if you see a boy or a man touch him you will feel very indignant.

Chats With Young Men

Two nights later grandma was just settling herself for her first nap when she heard a sound that made her raise her night-capped head from her pillow in haste. "Father, that's Jamie," she exclaimed. "Nonsense! Jamie was in dream-land an hour ago," said grandma. Then a shrill, boyish voice arose on the night air: "My kitty has gone from her basket, Oh who will go up in the branches, And bring back my kitty to me? Bring back oh, bring back, Oh, bring back my kitty to me, to me—"

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, 1903. 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. 198 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 many 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, N. Y. I, 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, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: 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 rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN. 475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1903. 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. COSGROVE. 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1903. 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, 1904. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous 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, 1904. 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 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 pains. 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 254 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending for a long time 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 AUSTIN, Toronto, April 10, 1904. 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. 16 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1904. 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. CLARK. 73 Wolsley street. Address C. R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

McDONALD & WILLSON TORONTO

HOME CIRCLE

MISTAKES OF WOMEN. One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts, and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beef-steak, and a man will not. Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider dollies. Doesn't she know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted she will write letters or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing would fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest—Exchange.

THE FAN IN CHURCH HISTORY.

On first looking at this subject the school girl is at a loss to know what it means. To her it seems impossible that the fan, the recognized adjunct of beauty and coquetry from time immemorial, had anything to do with the Catholic Church; but on further acquaintance with the subject she finds that the fan has a useful as well as an interesting history. As early as the first century the church fan is mentioned in the Apostolic Constitutions compiled from tradition. It is there stated that two deacons shall stand on either side of the altar during consecration, holding a fan to keep away the flies from the altar, so that none shall fall into the chalice. The use of the fan as an altar ornament arose in tropical climes and was retained in the Church for centuries, even where cause for its use was never known or questioned. Mention of the fan is common in the writings of the early exiles to the Church. St. Jerome, St. Basil and St. Chrysostom all allude to the holy fan, and St. Fulgentius made fans for the altar. In an inventory of church furniture, from the seventh century, in Alexandria, the holy fan occupies considerable description. Of the many curious fans still in existence there are two particularly odd ones. One which was formerly the property of Queen Theolinda, who lived in the sixth century, is preserved in a cathedral near Milan. It is constructed like a modern fan in the opening and shutting, but its edge is encircled with an inscription telling its purpose. The other, preserved in Paris, is ornamented with the figures of fourteen saints, and the ivory handle is two feet long. The fan went out of general use in the fourteenth century, but is still carried by the attendants of the Pope on solemn processional days in Rome—Alice Quinn, '96, in the Longwood Alpha Pi Mu. PRIVATE "FITTING" SCHOOLS The London Times, which used to be called the "Thunderer" and which was at one time the most influential newspaper printed in English, has never recovered from the infamous "Pigott forgeries." Its editorials still possess something of their an-

MARIE LEE.

A BOY'S PRESENCE OF MIND. To be able to keep a cool head in a time of excitement and danger is a valuable power and one that is not as common as it ought to be. The power to think clearly and act quickly in an emergency seems to be inborn with some people, while others who can use their brains to good advantage lose their wits completely, when they are brought face to face with an unusual situation. An incident occurred not long since that is a good illustration of what may be accomplished by a clever, cool head. Two boys were working together in one room of a factory where trunks were manufactured, when in some way a fire started in a pile of window shades. One boy, when he saw the blaze, which was only a small one, rushed frantically down stairs and out to the nearest box, where he turned in an alarm. The other, however, quickly gathered up the burning shades, thrust them into a trunk standing near by, shut the cover upon them. When the firemen reached the scene they asked where the fire was, and the boy answered coolly, "I don't think there is any now, but if there is it is all in this trunk." The trunk was opened, and it was found that the fire was out, smothered by lack of air. The firemen complimented the boy on his action, and the other who had turned in the alarm hastened to say: "Why, I could have done that if I only had thought of it." "If he had thought of it that is where the point comes."

TRY.

There's magic in these letters three! If you will only try, You'll surely find how true it is, And know the reason why. There's magic in this little word! So take it as your own! Perchance full fifty times a day Its usefulness is shown. There's magic in the t-r-y— They conquer in a fight; For "Can't" and "Won't" are enemies, They always put to flight. There's magic in these letters three! Don't write them all awry, For r and y fit to a "t." If you will only try. —Selected.

JAMIE'S SERENADE.

"Mamma, what are serenades?" asked Jamie. "It's a song," said mamma. "But why do you want to know?" "A song!" said Jamie. "Why, I heard Uncle Jim say that he went out to give a serenade on Tuesday night. I thought it was something to give some one." "Why, you give them a song, you see. When you are very fond of some one, you go at night and sing a song under her windows. That is to show the person that you love her." "Must you do it at night?" "Yes, I think so." "But s'pose your mother won't let you sit up late at night, or s'pose you fall asleep and can't wake yourself up?" "Oh, the people that give serenades do it secretly and they commonly have no trouble in keeping awake at nights." "Oh!" said Jamie, as if he were perfectly enlightened about the matter. Then mamma forgot all about the matter, but Jamie pondered long and earnestly.

PHAUDRIG.

The strangers call me "Murphy" and my comrades call me "Pat." The one's as good as the other, an' I make a point of that; But it minds we of another name I never hear at all. It was "Phaudrig" my mother gave to me, at home in Donegal. But what's the use of thinkin' Sure it fills my heart with pain, When the hills rise up afore my eyes I may never see again. The purple on the heather, an' the blue upon the sea, An' the sheep upon the mountain side that used to look for me. I wish I could be there again—a little barefoot boy. 'Twas a sorry day I wore the brogues, they're brought me little joy. 'Twas them that set me wand'rin' but it's me will bless the day When home will turn the weary fee of him that went away. So call me "Mister Murphy," or call me simple "Pat." One's name's as good as another, an' I make no point of that; But ye've minded me of my mother's name, the name she'll surely call Her "Bouchal Roe," the day she sees him back in Donegal. —Edith Wheeler, in New Ireland

CRAWFORD'S AID.

Francis Marion Crawford the prolific novelist, was introduced to a young woman recently. Hearing that he was a novelist, she said: "And have you written anything that will live after you're gone?" "I don't know," he replied. "You see, what I am after is something that will enable me to live while I am here."

Without Colds No Lung Trouble

Prevent and Cure the Colds and There Will be no Consumption or Pneumonia. Did you ever hear of a case of consumption which did not begin with a cold and cough? A person may be predisposed by heredity, he may be in unsanitary surroundings and breathe impure air, but the beginning is always a neglected cold. In thousands of Canadian homes Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is kept at hand as a protection against diseases of the lungs. It has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, throat irritations, coughs and colds. People who realize the danger which lurks in a neglected cold have learned to trust to the extraordinary curative powers of this great medicine. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.