

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and the liturgical calendar for August 1904, including feast days like St. Peter ad Vincula and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

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Children's Corner

MISSING CURRANT. Lady—I found a fly in the bread yesterday; that was a mistake, was it not?

THE UNEXPECTED. A teacher in an East Side school, in trying to explain the meaning of the word "slowly" illustrated it by walking across the floor.

PROMPT ANSWER. A school inspector, explaining to his class that the land of the world was not continuous, said to the boy who happened to be standing nearest him:

A FAIRY TALE. There once was a fairy, as I've heard tell, Long and long ago, Who lived in the heart of a bright bluebell.

BIG MOUTHFULS FOR THE GOAT. Recently a little girl, who lives in the south end of the city, went to school with a look of trouble on her face and tears in her eyes.

AUNT MARY & CO. It was a late November afternoon and the light was waning. A few struggling sunbeams were "wearing themselves out" in the Reynolds' sitting-room, trying to hold their own in their playgrounds under the table.

sister Mary better than anything else she wore, "we ought to form a partnership—you three and myself—and call it—"

"Aunt Mary & Co.," interrupted Carl, eagerly. "Wouldn't that be fine—with us three for junior partners?"

"Yes; that would be a good name for the firm," smiled Aunt Mary, "or it might be called the 'To Protect Character Co.'" How would that do?"

"Tisn't so good as the other," exclaimed Beth and Ralph; "besides you aren't mentioned in it, and the founder's name shouldn't be left out."

"I don't quite understand your way of calling it, Aunt Mary," and the "pucker spot" was plainly visible on Carl's face. "The 'To Protect Character Co.'—what does it mean?"

"That I haven't explained," replied the senior partner, mysteriously. "Can any of you guess?"

"No." "Nor I," and the three junior members of the new firm looked puzzled, indeed.

"Not if I give you a hint?" "We might," said Carl, doubtfully. "But I don't know."

"What did Beth say—do you remember—when Alice Brocton came in for the 'Harper's'?"

"I know," and Ralph raised his hand, as though he were in school. "That she never wore anything but that blue-checked gingham—and it's true, Aunt Mary, since, oh! since—most as long's I can remember!"

"Then I heard some one make an unnecessary remark, I thought, about a boy I'm not acquainted with—Jack Randolph, I believe."

"I said he has a horrid way of speaking. It's just like this—all together! But our company—aren't we going to organize?" and Carl began to look anxious.

"Yes; and for just this reason, dear, to keep us from saying disagreeable and unnecessary things about our acquaintances and friends. That's why I thought 'To Protect Character Co.' a good name for our little organization."

"I see now!" "And I like the other name best," persisted Ralph.

"So do I, because you're in it," exclaimed Beth. "May we not have the Aunt Mary & Co.?"



LITTLE RAGAMUFFIN.

Little Ragamuffin sat on the high waggon seat, snuggled up as close to Poppee as close could be. Not because it was a cold day; oh, no! the sky was as blue as violets and the sun was as warm as a mantle of love, wrapping everything in the cold chilly world in its folds until everything smiled and then laughed aloud for joy.

It was a nice white house, big and high, and out ran a little girl, in a scarlet frock, waving her arms and looking, Little Ragamuffin thought, like a big red robin flapping its wings.

"Here, mister—here, mister!" the little girl shouted, and Poppee cried, "Who—o—o?"

"The little girl was dancing back to the house behind Poppee when she spied the still little bunch on the waggon-seat. Even the furch of seeing Mr. Ragman tumble the rags into the bag and weigh them with his big iron scales was not so fascinating as the sight of a new little girl; so the red frock danced back again to the wagon, and a sweet little voice called, "Good morning, little girl."

"Morning," came the answer. "What's your name, little girl?" "Little Ragamuffin."

"What a funny name. Mine's Rosalie. Who named you your name?" "Poppee. A boy called me that once, and Poppee said, 'That's a right fine name; I'll have to 'dopt it.' My other name is Sylvia."

"Is Poppee your papa, and are you Mr. Ragman's little girl?" "Yes."

"Oh, how lovely! And you can go riding every day. I wish my papa was a ragman," said Rosalie. Little Ragamuffin's eyes began to sparkle. "Yes, and Poppee lets me hold the reins while he is gone, and sometimes he lets me drive."

"O-h-h!" "And we take our dinner in a box, and when it's dinner time, Poppee ties Spot under a tree, and we sit in the sun, and we sing 'Molly Darling' and 'Yankee-Doodle,' and sometimes we take a nap. And sometimes a nice lady comes out of the house and says, 'Come in, little girl.' And then she gives me a cookie."

"And where do you live?" "We live in Clark's Alley. We live way to the top. Poppee says it's a good place to be, 'cause we can see the sky out of the window. You ought to see the beautiful big heap of rags my Poppee has in the corner. And he lets me pick out all the pretty pieces. And sometimes big ones, and Poppee gets a lot of money for them. Then we have some milk, and oranges."

"Does your mamma ride out, too, sometimes?" "There ain't no mamma; there's only Poppee and me. I mean, you can't see her. One day she went out of sight. Now nobody can see her, or hear her, but Poppee says she's with us just the same. And she's helping to bring all the nice things to us. And mamma knows we are near her, just as we know that she is near us."

"You must be lonesome when your papa leaves you at home alone." "Oh, no. I pick out the pretty bits, and make dresses for my doll. I have a really, truly doll; Poppee whittled it out of a piece of wood. Haggie Dennis has only a clothespin. Have you a really, truly doll?"

"Yes; and I will show her to you, and let you play with her, if you will come to see me some day and bring your doll. My doll's name is Jennibell; what is yours?"

"Evangeline. Poppee read it out of a book. And I will come, if Poppee thinks best, and bring my doll. And maybe you can come to see me some day, and I will let you pick some pretty bits in the rag heap. I sort them out for Poppee, too, when they are mixed. Sometimes there's shoes in them, and then Poppee is glad. We play a game, 'Shoe, shoe, where's the shoe.' And the one that finds it first gets the biggest piece of bread for supper. But if Poppee gets it, he always gives me part of his bread, and if I get it, I give him part of mine. It's great fun."

"Here comes your papa. Mr. Ragman, will you let Little Ragamuffin come to see me some day?" "We'll see, we'll see, little Red-bird."

Little Ragamuffin leaned down to say, almost under her breath, "Maybe I'll bring my dishes, too; really, truly dishes. Poppee whittled 'em out, and an orange—we'll cut it all into little bits and play party."

"That was lovely," said Rosalie. "Do come the first pleasant day." S.S. Times.

BEFORE IT HAPPENED. "Extry! Extry!" called the newsboy. "All about de terr'bl' explosion!" Just at that moment a terrible noise made the bystanders jump, and one of them asked: "What's that?" "Dat's de explosion," said the newsboy. "Here's de extry all about it."

French Press and the Pope

Rome, July 28.—In the midst of the troubles which afflict the Head of the Church at the present moment, one of the most annoying to those who watch the downward progress of the French Government is the mass of falsehood that, with its connivance or direct encouragement, is put forward to justify, or in some degree to alleviate, the turbulence of the French Government.

The methods employed, or permitted by the Government, by the Governmentally inspired Press of France, are probably unprecedented in their baseness and falseness. There is a proverb that states that a lie will have made the tour of half the world before the truth has put on its shoes. One might readily imagine that this was the notion that actuated the Ministerially-inspired Press of Paris in its dealings with the Pope.

Happily all the world is not deceived, though a large part of it is by this game. In Rome the Vatican is alert in pointing out the falsity of the statements that appear in the most prominent and heretofore reputable journals. The three letters which the "Matin" puts out as the letters of Cardinals Nannetti and Merry del Val, have been declared by the Vatican to be nothing more or less than falsehoods. Of course, the superfluous journalists are too perfect to heed such authoritative denial—their office of teachers and informers might fail if they acknowledged that they made false statements. Yesterday morning again, the Catholic organ "La Voce della Verita," had to describe as "an invention from beginning to end" the statements telegraphed here by the "Agenzia Stefani" from the Paris "Journal," and probably also telegraphed all over the English speaking world, said to have been expressed in a letter directed by His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, "to a personage amongst the most distinguished of French Catholics."

The whole tone of the non-Catholic Press—even of the once just and judicial "Temps," amongst the rest—is either the Pope and the Vatican. Occasionally abuse and the meanest insinuation. Yesterday the "Figaro" reached Rome with Coran d'Ache's caricature representing M. Combes dragging the Republic by the arm to present her to the future spouse, the Devil! "Come, then," says M. Combes, seizing France strongly by the arm, "let me present to you my associate—he is a charming being. Many a wise word is spoken in jest, and there is no doubt that many a troubled heart in France will regard the caricaturist's picture as not far from the representation of the actual state of affairs."

It is reported that at the opportune time the Holy See will publish all the documents relating to the conflict between France and the Papacy. It will be a revelation. History will, in the long run, make known the truth, and the falsehoods that have darkened the understandings of men will pass away like mists before the sun.

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are compact and portable, and are easily taken, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

France and the Vatican

Paris, Saturday, July 30.—Discussion is still the rule over the conflict between France and the Holy See, especially since the Bishop of Dijon resolved to do his duty and to go to Rome in spite of M. Combes. The conflict has thus become all the keener, and it is now hoped that the Bishop of Laval will also remember that, in the circumstances, his obedience is due to the Sovereign Pontiff and not to the Government, which has been using him as an instrument for the purpose of bringing about a rupture with Rome. The despatch of the so-called "ultimatum" of the French Government to the Vatican has caused not a little amusement in "diplomatic circles," as Paris correspondents sometimes say. In strictly Catholic circles the preposterous conduct of M. Combes in keeping Mgr. Geay, Bishop of Laval, at his post, when the unfortunate man himself is ready to resign, is hotly denounced. It is even condemned also by the upright and genuine Republicans, whom the Jacobins now controlling this once great nation are disgusting by their murderous attacks on individual liberty. The Jews, the Freethinkers, and the rest are enjoying the conflict between France and the Vatican, and naturally ask for nothing better. The official scribes who write for some of the boulevard papers, and the more serious men who work under M. Jaures, editor of the new Socialist paper "Humanity," applaud M. Combes with all their vigor. His speech on Sunday at Carcassonne was according to these people, worthy of the greatest statesman ever produced by France. M. Jaures himself, who likes bombast, and fools the people with the rhetorical platitudes peculiar to mob orators with "brass mouths and iron lungs," thinks that M. Combes surpassed himself. Aristide Briant, one of the scribes of M. Jaures, and who can write well in a bad cause, also praises the tyrant for the precision as well as the eloquence of his utterances before the country crowd at Carcassonne. Briant holds that M. Combes announced in his speech in the clearest manner that he was determined to bring about the separation of Church and State in France. Referring to the recent causes of the conflict between the French Government and the Holy See, M. Combes used the words: "Ces incidents sont de nature a favoriser une solution qui est dans les vœux de tout le parti Republicain." These words are explicit, says Briant, and what more do you want? Rome understands them, and is already showing signs of giving in.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEAS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM. What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says: 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 13, 1900.

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.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 13, 1901. 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, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in 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 weeks, 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 for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

198 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. 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, and 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.

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 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.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901. 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 a trial. I am Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 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.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 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 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 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 a 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.

BLOOD POISONING

Toronto, April 16th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of 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. CLARKE, 72 Wolseley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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