

EIGHTH MONTH 31 DAYS

August

THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

1904

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	FEASTS
1	M.	w.	St. Peter ad Vincula.
2	T.	r.	S. Stephen I., Pope.
3	W.	r.	Feast of the Relics of S. Stephen, Protomartyr.
4	T.	w.	S. Dominick, Anniversary of the Election of Pius X.
5	F.	w.	Our Lady of the Snow.
6	S.	w.	Transfiguration of Our Lord.
7	Su.	w.	Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost
8	M.	r.	S. Cajetan, Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor."
9	T.	r.	S. Cyriacus and Companions.
10	W.	r.	S. Emdius, Anniversary of the Coronation of Pius X.
11	T.	r.	S. Laurence.
12	F.	w.	S. Xystus II., Pope.
13	S.	w.	S. Calixtus.
14	Su.	w.	S. Alphonsus Mary Liguori.
15	M.	w.	Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost
16	T.	w.	S. Hormisdas, Pope.
17	W.	w.	Assumption of the B. V. Mary.
18	T.	w.	S. Roch.
19	W.	w.	Octave of S. Laurence.
20	T.	w.	S. Hyacinth.
21	F.	w.	Urban II., Pope.
22	S.	w.	Past. S. Bernard.
23	Su.	w.	Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost
24	M.	w.	S. Joachim, Father of the B. V. Mary. Solemnity of the Assumption at High Mass and Vespers. Vespers Hymn. "Ave Maria Stella."
25	T.	w.	Octave of the Assumption.
26	W.	w.	S. Philip Benidus.
27	T.	w.	S. Bartholomew, Apostle.
28	F.	w.	S. Louis, King of France.
29	S.	w.	S. Zephyrinus.
30	Su.	w.	S. Joseph Calasancius.
31	M.	w.	Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost
	T.	w.	Most Pure Heart of Mary.
	W.	w.	Beholding of St. John the Baptist.
	T.	w.	S. Rose of Lima.
	F.	w.	S. Raymond Nonnatus.

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McDONALD & WILLSON
TORONTO

Children's Corner

MORNING PRAYER FOR A CHILD

(By Margaret Page.)

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
A watch about me through the night;
In peace and safety have I slept,
And live to see the morning light.

Help me, dear Lord, all through this day
A good and loving child to be,
In useful work or happy play
To feel Thy presence near to me.

Give me a grateful, loving heart
For all Thy tender love and care;
Oh, from me wilt Thou not depart;
Dear Jesus, hear my morning prayer.

IT WAS HIS.

A small boy in a town not far from New York was telling his mother of a mishap which had occurred to a playmate of his. The youngster, it appeared, had been regaling himself with one of those large, marble-like candies which are a particular delight of childhood, and in a moment of excitement it slipped down and stuck in his throat. "But," said the narrator, "they succeeded in relieving him."

"Oh," said his mother, "you got it out, did you?"

"Naw," was the impatient answer, "we shoved it down; it was his, wasn't it?"—Harper's Weekly.

CORNER ON ICE.

An extra piece of ice was wanted. An ice wagon was at a neighbor's door, but there was no small coin in the house wherewith to pay for the desired article.

"Well, never mind," said mamma; "you run out, Blanche, and get a nickel's worth; the man will trust you until to-morrow."

Now, Blanche was not accustomed to dealing on credit and did not take kindly to the idea, but was moving very slowly to do her mother's bidding when some words in large letters on the top of the wagon attracted her attention and suggested an unanswerable objection.

"But he won't do it, mamma! Look there on the wagon! It says, 'Not in the trust.'"—Lippincott's.

"I CAN'T DRAW GLORY."

A teacher in Alaska went out one day with one of her pupils to do some sketching. The little girl she took with her was about ten years of age and quite skillful with her brush. Men of To-morrow gives the incident.

When the day was nearly over the teacher looked at the sky where the sun was setting.

"Try to make a picture of that sunset," said the teacher to the pupil.

The little girl looked at the beautiful sight in the heavens, and then she returned to her teacher and said, "I can't draw glory."

It was a bright answer made by that little Alaskan child. It is God who has painted the sunset sky, and there is no human skill that can draw the glory which He has created.

DID NOT RUN.

The straightforward, honest man or boy feels insulted when his integrity is questioned—and with good reason. He is slow to distrust others, and does not like to be distrusted. Here is a pretty and amusing story in illustration:

"Paper, sir? Evening paper?"

The gentleman looked down curiously on the mite of humanity—the two-foot newsboy—and said with a slight smile:

"Can you change a quarter?"

"I can get it changed mighty quick!" was the prompt reply. "What paper do you want?"

"Star," said the gentleman. "But," he added, hesitatingly, "how do I know you will bring back the change?"

"You don't know it," replied the little fellow, sharply.

"Then I must trust to your honesty."

"That's about the size of it. Or hold on! Here's your security. There is thirty-four papers in this bundle. Ketch on to this!"

Before the gentleman could remonstrate the boy had placed the bundle of newspapers in his arms and was off like a flash.

The boy was gone perhaps three minutes, but during that time the gentleman was rendered completely miserable. A half dozen of his acquaintances passed, and each one stopped to inquire if he had gone into the newspaper business and how it paid, while the newsboys gathered around and jeered him, under the impression that he was an interloper. So he gave a great sigh of relief when the boy returned and put twenty-four cents in his hand.

"I didn't run away, did I?" the boy said, with a cheerful grin.

"No," answered the man with a groan, "but if you hadn't returned in another minute I would have run away."

"And cheated me out of ten cents!" demanded the boy, indignantly.

But the gentleman did not stop to explain.—The Boy's World.

THE DOG, REMEMBERED.

A gentleman who is a great traveller, and who is always accompanied in his wanderings by a bull terrier, to which he is much attached, arrived one day in the city of Florence. His dog was for some reason intrusted to the care of a porter at the station, and in the excitement of the crowd and under the unusual experience of being separated from his master, who generally kept the animal with him, Bruno was moved to make his escape.

The most careful search was made, and before going to his hotel the traveller went to the police station to notify the gendarmes of his loss. It was more than an hour before he reached the hotel. When he got there he spoke of his loss, so that if anything was heard of the dog it would be understood that the animal belonged to him. To his astonishment the porter said:

"But your dog is here, sir. He came before you and we did not know to whom it belonged."

"The dog is here!" repeated the gentleman, in surprise. "How came he here?"

"He ran in, sir, about half an hour ago, and, after snuffing about the office for a little while, he ran upstairs. I gave orders to have him driven out, but the boys have been busy, and he is up there somewhere now."

The traveller, of course, went upstairs at once, and there on the mat before the chamber numbered forty-four lay Bruno, who sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations of delight at finding his master again.

The gentleman remembered that two years previous he had been with the dog in Florence, and had stayed at this hotel. He did not remember that he had occupied this particular room, but on reference to the hotel register such was found to be the fact.—Youth's Companion.

A USEFUL LESSON.

"That is too bad!" said Farmer Green. "Now I shall lose that contract for delivering wood."

"Why?" asked his wife.

"The men whom I had engaged for chopping have failed. They cannot come, and no others can be hired for love or money."

Then with almost one voice spoke up Henry and Ned, the farmer's lusty sons, aged respectively eighteen and seventeen: "Father, we will help you out; it will be fun for us to chop a few days, and both of us can hack up enough to keep your customers going for a time."

"What you say is true, boys," said the farmer, "and you shall not only receive full pay but my thanks into the bargain."

"Here goes," said Harry.

"We shall begin this very morning," said Ned.

Henry took the axe nearest at hand and started for the woods, singing, "On the Victory Side."

Ned carefully selected the best axe to be found, took it to a first-class machinist for grinding, and turned

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE

NERVE TONIC

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the grindstone until the grinder said: "There, that axe is made of first-class stuff, and is in fighting trim."

Entering the house, Ned said: "Mother, put me up a good big pile of dinner; I shall not be back till night."

He reached the woods about two hours later than Henry, whom he found chopping vigorously, and sweating like a pitcher of ice-water in July. Soon two axes were making the chips fly, and the woods rang with a duet of blows, until Father Sol lifted his big red face right over the choppers' heads.

"Well," said Henry, mopping his face vigorously, "Ned, you don't seem to be warmed through, and here I am wilted. And as sure as my name is H. Green, you've cut more wood than I have."

Ned smiled and thought of the grinding-stone.

"To tell the truth," said Henry, "I feel as though some one had pounded every muscle in my body; and my hands are so blistered that I shall not be able to handle any tools but a knife and fork for a week."

Henry shouldered his axe and started for home. Ned emptied his dinner-pail, rested in the sunshine for half an hour, picked up his axe, looked at its keen edge, walked up to a good-sized hickory, and made his axe sing "On the Victory Side."

Around the hearthstone that night Henry said: "Father, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I don't feel called to chop."

"Well," said the farmer, "I feel so, too, for while you did chop you picked out the small trees and soft wood, and if Ned makes the chips fly every day as he did to-day, I shall not need your help."

The mother smiled, and thought of the dinner-pail and the grindstone.—W. F. Albrecht in Christian Advocate.

The Courage of Youth

You were feeling very punky that noon when, amid your preserves, you described a stranger boy; but civilly you challenged him. One may witness two bluff but wary for terriers thus approach each other, accost and investigate.

"Hello!" you wagged; that is, said. "Hello yourself!" wagged he. "Say what's your name?" you inquired, as you had every right to do. "Puddin' tame; ask me again, an' I'll tell you the same," he replied, insolently.

At the unmerited rebuff you stiffened. "Better not give me any of your sass!" you growled.

"Pooh! What'll you do?" he growled back.

"I'll show you what I'll do."

"You couldn't hurt a flea."

"I couldn't, couldn't I?"

"Naw, you couldn't, couldn't I?"

Walking circles around each other, after this fashion you and he sowed crimination and recrimination, while larger and larger waxed an audience hopeful of seeing them spring up as blows.

Only when the flurry came did you discover too late how much taller and stronger and older than you he was. Your bleeding nose showed this to you; and cowed and weeping you retreated in bad order.

"I'll tell my big brother, and he'll fix you!" you howled, threateningly.

"Aw, he ain't got any big brother!" jeered the heartless crowd, who saw no pathos in your abused organ.

This was true; you had none.

"I'll tell my father, then," you wailed, angrily—another empty boast, and still sniffing, and fearfully gory, with the handkerchiefs of yourself and your one faithful companion quite exhausted, you reached the haven of a friendly pump.

Yet you had not been whipped—not exactly.

"Got licked, didn't you?" unkindly commented various friends and enemies.

"I didn't either!" you asserted, indignant; "I had to quit because my nose was bleeding. It takes more'n him to lick me."

"He gave you a bloody nose, just the same." You would not admit so much as that.

"He didn't, either; he never touched my nose. It bleeds awful easy. It bleeds sometimes when you just look at it—doesn't it, Hen?"—Edwin L. Sabin in Century Magazine.

An Irishman for Nothing

Mr. Joseph O'Grady, a gentleman well known in St. Louis real estate circles, tells the following:

During the Boer war an Irishman, an Englishman and a Scotchman were puffing their pipes one evening in silence around a camp fire.

The Englishman suddenly said to the Scotchman:

"If you were not a Scotchman what would rather be?"

The Scotchman replied:

"I would rather be an Englishman!" and asked, "If you were not an Englishman what would you be?"

The Englishman, to be courteous, said:

"I would be a Scotchman."

While this colloquy was in progress there was deep, intense silence in the neighborhood of the Irishman. As he cast furtive glances at his two companions he seemed in a brown study.

At length the Englishman said to him:

"My friend if you were not an Irishman what would you be?"

He replied:

"If I were not an Irishman, I would be ashamed."

Sandy Paid for His

A Kinross-shire, Scot., minister who is a most zealous temperance reformer, happened to be in a railway compartment in which was a man who kept drinking whiskey. At last the minister said:

"My friend I have lived fifty years of my life and never a penny have I spent on that stuff."

"Ah! maybe," replied the toper, hurridly putting the cork in the bottle and placing it in his pocket; "but dima think you'll mooch at me. I pay for my own whiskey."

EVERY-DAY LIFE OF THE WOOD-PECKER

(By Bradford Torrey.)

Every boy knows a woodpecker when he sees one. Warblers and vireos he may never have heard of, or only as he has heard of nightingales and robins; but woodpeckers are different. "Anybody can tell them," he says. "There is one, now, on the apple-tree yonder—a bird of medium size, not much larger or smaller than an English sparrow; all black and white, except for a small red spot on the back of its head."

Our supposed boy may not know what else to call it, but he knows at least that it is a woodpecker. "See how it acts," he says, "and look at its bill." And the advice is excellent. No matter what bird you are concerned with, these are two of the most important things to be minded.

This fellow—for the red mark on the nape shows him to be a male—goes hitching up the trunk with a kind of spasmodic motion; "steady by jerks," the boy might say. Now he stops and holds his head sideways against the bark, as if he were listening. Yes, there is something there (a grub boring into wood makes a very considerable noise), and he begins to hammer at the spot with its beak. Whew! What sturdy blows he delivers! The muscles of his neck must be highly developed. See him draw back, and brace himself, and strike! One feels as if the work ought to give him a headache; but he keeps at it till, by and by he drags out something, and with an air of lively satisfaction, swallows it.

There you have, in brief, a great part of the woodpecker's daily employment. He digs for his dinner, and it is a very bad day, indeed, when he does not get a good one. Like a master-workman, he knows his trade.

This particular black and white bird is what is known as the downy woodpecker, a very familiar, unsuspicious creature, especially fond of old apple orchards. He has a larger relative that is dressed almost exactly like him, and is known as the hairy woodpecker; as much wilder than the downy as his size is greater. With practise you can tell the two apart at once by their size and by their voices. With practise, I say; but I mean a good deal of practise. That is one strong point in favor of ornithology—it cannot be learned in a few weeks, but will last you—well, as long as life lasts.

The largest woodpecker that most of the who read this article are likely ever to see (two inches longer than a robin) is the golden-winged, otherwise known as the flicker and the yellow-hammer—a handsome bird, dressed largely in various shades of brown, with a lining of bright yellow under the wings and tail, a black crescent across the breast, a red patch on the hind head, and a conspicuous white rump; a very noisy fellow, shouting lustily and drumming till the woods ring.

Like the little downy, he is familiar. He enjoys the neighborhood of the farm. A hollow apple-tree is a great temptation to him. In one respect he differs strongly from all our other woodpeckers—he is often to be seen on the ground, having a special fondness for ants as an article of diet. A large and common bird, a frequenter of orchards and grass land, he is readily seen. You have only to go out and look at him—and know him ever after. And if you see him in winter time you will agree with me that few birds can be more amusing. In ceremonious politeness he is equal to a French dancing master.

Of the woodpeckers that are likely to come under the ordinary observer's eye in eastern North America, the downy is the smallest, the flicker is the largest ("pigeon woodpecker" is one of his names), and the red-headed is the showiest. High colors and a strong contrast—if you like that, then the red-head is the bird for you. When you have seen him you have seen pretty nearly the best that nature can do. His entire head and neck, with the throat and the upper breast, are flaming red; the upper part of the back, with much of the wings and tail, is of a rich blue or blue-black, while the rest of the bird, including about half the surface of the wings, is snow-white. The total effect is gorgeous, resplendent, anything you will. If the Editor of The Sunday School Times will allow me the word, I will call him "stunning." I saw a pair yesterday (they dress alike), and have them before my mind's eye as I write. You may not have gathered it from my description (words are clumsy tools), but the loveliest effect of all is produced by the flashing whiteness of the wings when the bird takes flight. I can see it now.

The Livery Horse

Hardly any class of animals suffers so much from ignorance, carelessness and cruelty on the part of drivers as the livery horse. Many of the people who hire horses know nothing about driving or caring for them; many others, since they do not own the horse, care nothing about any injury to him providing they do not have to pay for it, and still another class takes pleasure in driving him at the top of his speed as long as he can go, regardless of his distress. Then there are the drunken drivers, reckless of everything, the drivers who come along, and the people out for a "good time" and whose idea is to "let 'er go." There are the people who overdrive, who do not water, who water when the horse is overheated, who do not blanket, and others who commit all remaining kinds of offences against horse-flesh—the one idea being that since the horse is not their own it don't make much difference.

The only remedy is to educate public opinion up to the point where people will treat horses well for the horses' sakes, and see to it that others do so also. No class of animals needs the humane society more than livery horses, and no class of people ought to back up the society more vigorously than liverymen.

There is not a liveryman in the state who ought not to be an agent of the humane society from merely selfish reasons, if no others. It would pay him, be money in his pocket, to say nothing of the cruelty prevented.—Colorado Humane Society Record.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS 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. 15, 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.

S. PRICE.

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

255½ 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 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 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, 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.

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 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.

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 pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am

Yours truly,

(Signed) S. JOHNSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1897.

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 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 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.

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