Thursday, August 10th. 1905



FOR YOU-JUST YOU. The dawn dispels the solemn night, Unveils the canopy of blue, And floods the world with golden light,

For you-just you.

The rose reveals its heart of gold And sparkles with the morning dew. With love in every crimson fold, For you-just you.

The jocund day is bright with bliss O'erspread with pleasure's lambent

hue

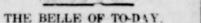
The limpid rivers lisp and kiss, For you-just you.

deep,

through

Where dusky darkness calmly sweeps, For you-just you.

The joyous zephyrs lightly blow, The roses hide the bitter rue. The skies with love are all aglow, For you-just you. -Will Reed Dunroy.



The woman with the sense of humor is belle of the present day. She is the fashion. Men say she is a mary and Romeo begin both with a novelty. If so, that is one reason letter?"-that is, with the same let-why she is the belle. To be like ter.--Chicago News. every other woman in a crowd means social obliteration. To see the funny side of things has more than a social value, for the voman who sees Say, young man! If you've a wife, the funny side of every-day trials Kiss her. saves herself many wrinkles, and Every morning of your life, saves her family much suffering. The Kiss her. woman with a sense of honor seldom Every evening when the sun worries herself or her friends. She is Marks your day of labor done, like a breath of fresh air- she re- Get you homeward on the runfreshes everyone she meets. She is cheery, and a bit of her cheeriness remains in the hearts of those who Even though you're feeling bad, have been near her. The woman who sees the point of a joke is sel- If she's out of sorts and sad, dom bilious, and almost always plump and fair to look upon. She Act as if you meant it, too; seldom has the blues, because she Let the whole true heart of you, laughs in the midst of them and Speak its ardor when you do spoils the effect. This woman's husband doesn't wear a long face as he goes to business in the morning, and If you think it's "soft," you're it is his own fault if he is a dyspeptic. Her children are the kind who relish play, and their faces are Love like this will make you strong. dowered with rosy cheeks and laughing lips. She, this woman who sees You're her husband now, but let the funny side of things, is a salve Her possess her lover yet. to wounded spirits, and a moral phy- Every blessed chance you get. sical and mental tonic.

A NOVEL COMPETITION.

The two nieces were seated on the Be a man then, when you can, couch, one sewing and the other readtively in an easy chair. "Here's the At the Evil of Divorce.

gal in a magic mirror. Another fagal in a magic mirror. Another la-vorite amulet was vervain, the holy herb, which was much used in an-cient religious rites and subsequently why his mother had named him why his mother had named him cient religious rites and subsequently for decorating the altars of church-Roman heralds always crowned es. their heads with vervain when they either declared war or made a truce. Canada with her stalwart dark-skin- man's breath was caught, as the same ers of strengthening a weak memory; little Dante and the baby in arms, notes quavered and broke off. membrance. Rosemary was also us-ed as a love charm, the reason be-"both Venus, the love goddess, ing and rosemary, or sea dew, were offspring of the sea, and therefore as love was beauty's son rosemary was

love's nearest relative." Anne of Cleves wore sprays of rosemary at her marriage with Henry VIII. as The night comes down from out the this flower was then used by brides instead of orange blossoms, and The argent stars come peeping wedding guests wore it instead of white favors. Rosemary was also closely associated with funerals, the mourners each carrying a spray to drop into the grave at the conclusion of the service.

Powdered rosemary applied to the face was supposed to have magical effects for restoring faded beauty, and a bath of rosemary taken three times a day was said to restore youth and vigor. In the language of flowers rosemary signifies fidelity in love. Shakespeare referred to this when he made the old nurse ask, "Do not rose-

KISS HER.

Kiss her.

Kiss her.

Kiss her.

wrong. Kiss her!

Kiss her. Kiss her



A LITTLE STREET MUSICIAN.

jokingly Beatrice she had remained. To the no particular significance. Why not The eyes of the man who was

other where he was practising diligently them: at the old violin his father had given him, and with which he was to go coppers for the maintenance of the

little family. It was late in the springtime, three And the great Rose upon its leaves years after they had come over, that displays little Dante was seen for the first roundelays, time on one of our street corners. playing over and over again the solitary tune, The Good Old Summer Time. Passers-by stopped with a plied, smile at the diminutive lad, with the solemn black eyes, and his pockets And then the organ sounds, and un soon filled with coppers. Day after seen choirs day he went from corner to corner playing his one tune, and solemnly and love nodding to each one who gave him a Ghost: penny The next summer Beatrice came out spires with him. On a still smaller violin the four-year-old sister accompanied O'er the housetops, and through heaven above him, with her few quavering notes. They had not yet learned the lan- Proclaim the elevation of the Host!" guage of their new land, so they could only shake their heads dumbly when anyone, attracted by the picturesqueness of the two children, stopped to speak to them. Only one day a man had questioned them in their own language: 'And your names, little ones?" Across the faces of the children had smile. fleshed a smile of understanding, as they answered: "Dante and Beatrice." floor. After that the man talked often neighbor sobbed. The man was to them. Possibly the strangeness of kneeling beside them, the stranger their names fascinated him. Some- whom they did not know, and he was times he would stop idly near them, saying, in a language they could not and watch them, repeating their understand: "How kind God is to him! He sees names over with a half-smile, as he

'Dante and Beatrice.' It was one bright day that he came across Dante, seated at the street

corner, looking listlessly down at the ground, his violin resting beside him.



. . and all the windows blaze

Listen, now. Go ahead." Dante no one knew. She was an Ital- mer Time. The man who was ian peasant woman, not unlike every watching never heard them again other Italian woman whom we see without a twinge of pain. A light on our streets, and had emigrated to had come into the boy's eyes, and the ned husband. She had only two - light crept into his own. The violin who had been born on the day she arrived in the new country, and bow and violin fell from his hands whom a kindly-natured woman had and slipped to the floor, his eyes were nicknamed Beatrice- and turned to the corner of the room: "Beatrice!" he called out, clearly. poor Italian woman the names had "Yes, Beatrice!"

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

Dante and Beatrice as well as any watching blurred. The little tenement room seemed a Holy of Holies Year in and year out, with his into which an Unknowh Presence had faithful hurdy-gurdy and his as faith- stepped. A strange glory, such as

ful wife, the Italian Antonio plodded was never seen on land or sea, shore along from city's end to city's end. from the shining dark eyes of the Usually they took the little Beatrice child, and, involuntarily, the man with them, carrying her in a box at leaned toward the bed and caught the the side of their musical stock-in- boy's hand-his words coming slowly, trade, but Dante remained at home, his eyes bright through the mist over

out, as his father did, to gather in With forms of saints and holy men who died. Here martyred and hereafter glorified; Christ's triumph, and the angelic With splendor upon splendor multi-And Beatrice again at Dante's side Sing the old Latin hymns of peace And the benedictions of the Holy And the melodious bells among the When the quiet voice ended, the Italians crossed themselves, even amid their tears. They could not understand it, but it must be some wonderful benediction that could make the man's face shine, and bring the smile on the boy's lips-the last Yes, the last smile, for the boy was dead. His violin lay unheeded on the The mother and father and

watched the little street musicians- his Beatrice. I-I must wait. How fortunate you are, my little Dante!

THE POPULAR BOY.



This Salve Cires 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. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto:

The

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., Sect. 18, 1900. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont .:

DEAR SIR,-I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a 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. would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,

(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

2561 King Street East. Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto' a

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.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

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 Saive. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheunatism. 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 rhan gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor:

DEAR SIR,-Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve. as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige.

Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

What makes a boy popular? Surely Mr. John O'Conner, 197 King street, Toronto: it is manliness. During the war, how DEAR SIR,-Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for many schools and colleges followed which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictins popular boys whose hearts could be Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, trusted. The boy who respects his Yours truly, mother has leadership in him. The PATRICK KEARNS. boy who is careful of his sister is a The boy who will never vioknight. PILES late his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change 241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. not, will have the confidence of his John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: The boy who will never feelings. DEAR SIR,-I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has hurt the feelings of any one will one cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufday find himself possessing all sympathy. ferer 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 in-If you want to be a popular boy be too manly and generous and unselfish tense agony and lost all hope of a cure. to seek to be popular; be the soul of Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your honor; love others better than your-Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily self, and people will give you their recommend it to every sufferer. hearts, and try to make you happy JAMES SHAW. That is what makes a popular boy.

kind of thing we want!" niece who was reading. that there is a tree in Mexico, called the maguey, which provides needles already threaded. From the tip of the leaf you can draw a thorn needle with a strong fibre attached ; the fibre, or cotton, unwinds as you draw the needle from its sheath, and is often of a great length.

laughing. ing at, uncle? Have you an idea for grimage of the queen consort of one a patent needle-threader?"

done something to obviate that trou- to mark her night's resting place, and ble," he replied, still smiling. "No, ending at Charing Cross. I just remembered a story told to me had been a missionary in Central Af- time of Henry VIII., immediately afious to have the same girl-the sort country to seize the church lands. of thing that happens even in this tive endeavors to stitch a garment both in the country of Somerset, lies for themselves. So they commenced." the Horner estate, which has remain-

the needle

'But 'love will have its way,' you Hal, managed to grab a considerable know. The young fellows were to sit slice for himself and thus originated and a month had passed before he near her and she was to thread the among the surrounding country folk plan for helping the one she prefer- Horner. red. When she had to thread his needle, she did so with long pieces of cotton and she was quick about it. When she had to perform a similar not so nimble and, somehow, the matter was referred to some years tation to hunt them up now came don't know why they didn't have supply of needles 'ready threaded; I suppose that was in accordance with the rules of the competition."

"Fancy the rival not seeing the weakness of choosing such a method the niece with the book. "It goes to prove that woman is equal to man in brain power!"

THE USE OF ONIONS.

The onion, whether young or old, is a friend of mankind. It is good for a whole list of ailments. Now, that very fact ought to suggest that it contains something stronger than water. That something is a volatile oil. It is called an oil because of its chemical composition, but no one seeing the stuff in a bottle would judge it to be an oil. It is said to be to the air it passes away in a state despair of the doctors. They pre- shrugged her shoulders. of vapor.

think that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing, and that we ought not to adulterate it, and in the shape of indigestion. In fact, the oil of the onion will greatly irri-tate the stomach, and it may set up its now to relieve and ours is then a mild inflammation.

"HERBES O' VERTUE."

said the Just adopt this simple course: Kiss her.

Every good wife lets her man

Kiss her.

Kiss her.

-T. A. Daly, in The Catholic Stan- little figure. dard and Times.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

aw the needle from its sheath, and often of a great length." 'Just the thing!" said the other, few cases well known. Thus "the fine the fine the sole of the sole a great bother. What are you smil- bells on her toes" refers to the pil- come of the English kings passing through | The man stopped and picked up the I think the sewing machine has Banbury, where a cross was set up violin.

The ballad of "Little Jack Horner" many years ago by a clergyman who is based on the following facts: In the the boy sobbed back in reply. rica. It was a novel sewing compe- ter his breach with the Pope, com- Dante?" tition. Two native youths were anx- missioners were sent throughout the at the old violin.

One of the commissioners sent into country sometimes. Instead of fight- the west of England, that portion hand. ing the matter out, as the knights referred to in Kingsley's "Westward of old would have done, they agreed Ho," was John Horner. About ten he handed him his violin, with a fit of temper, and had stamped upto abide by the result of their respec- miles from Bath and five from Frome, Didn't the young lady have a voice 'ed in the possession of the Horner a queer feeling of sympathy tugging ily upon the lawn. How slowly the in the affair?" asked the niece with family ever since the above John Horner, when despoiling the church thing in the boy's great wistful eyes

Seemingly not," was the reply. of its lands for the benefit of King that fascinated him.

He put in his thumb, And pulled out a plum,

Times.

When doing what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practicing deceit, the mind labors, and every day gets worse.

Itching, Burning,

CHASE'S OINTMENT.

such ailments. We do not recommend Dr. Chase's she so eat of the onion more liberally Ointment as an experiment, for it ment, and went back to the boy.

sands of severe cases, and if you commendation which come to these

'What's the matter, Dante?" asked he, as he stopped near the downcast

The diminutive shoulders shrugged as the boy answered disconsolately: "Beatrice is sick.

"Very sick?" continued the man, The origin of the poetical jingles speaking in the boy's own tongue. The boy nodded. His black eyes I can't play. When I hear the vio-"Threading the needle is lady with rings on her fingers and lin I cry, and the music will not

The boy was sobbing now

"And you must play to-day, Dante 'Must have money for Beatrice,

"How much do you make in a day, said the man, as he looked

The man pulled a coin from his pocket and slipped it into the boy's "Go home to Beatrice." said he, as

cheering smile, "Go home to Beatrice and help her to get well.' The man looked after the boy with away at his heart. There was some-

The next day the man went away,

came back to the city. For a week needles for both. She soon hit on a the ballad referring to Little Jack he made a daily pilgrimage to Danty corner, but he found no one there. Then he remembered that he had the

street number of the children's home tucked away in one of his pockets, which they had given him in answer office for his rival, her fingers were the plum being the Horner estate. The to his queries, one day. The temppapers .- H. Smith in New York ed at times that Dante's voice was

calling for him. row, dark alleyway. Up two flight work. of stairs, in one of the crowded tenements, he had to go to find the two py, Bertie?" he asked. Bertie shook his head. Dante and Beatrice. His knock was answered by an anxious looking Ital- ing something. The birds are build-

just pined ever since. He's in there by, TORTURE IS ENTIRELY OVER- now," she nodded toward the next Bertie's face brightened. He felt in-

tient candidly that they cannot cure tion. took up the little old instru-

than wisely, we may get a startler has long since passed the experiment. The neighbor woman followed and tal stage as a cure for itching skin beckoned to the man to come also. The big eyes of the boy looked units power to relieve and cure in thou- usually large in his wan, thin face. as he lay on the couch by the little could read the sincere letters of re- window. He took up the violin with a feverish grasp, and caught up the

There, that's better.

HOW TO MAKE TIME FLY.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books pettishly on the table and had runded his hair in a on the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodtime went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour

and a half before lunch. His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. "Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?" said he. "Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something.

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparlengths of cotton were shorter! I back in one of the leading Pristol to him, and he even foolishly imagin- rows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges It was a very warm July night that Then he asked Bertie to listen to he found himself in the East End, Tom, the stable boy, whistling and making his way down along a nar- singing merrily as he went about his

"Do you know why they are so hap-

"It is because they are busy do

ian woman, who asked him to come ing their nests. Tom is doing his Stinging Eczema in. "I'm just a neighbor," said she, duty in the stable. It is God's law communicatively, "and I've just come that we cannot be happy unless we in to help a bit. Beatrice, the girl, are at honest work. Now try it for WITH ALL ITS UNBEARABLE died four weeks ago. And Dante has one hour, and see how the time slips

COME BY THE USE OF DR. room. "He'd never touch his violin terested to see how the experiment after Beatrice died. You know," she would succeed. He went in and set whispered, "there's a curse in his himself to learn the second and third name. Someone told the mother that declensions in Latin, walking to and it to be an oil. It is said to be "volatile" not because of any innate wickedness, but because when exposed ma, salt rheum and tetter are the me, I don't know." The woman had accomplished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the It was the leeble voice of the boy time had gone. He could hardly bescribe some relief for the itching or that broke in upon the silence that lieve his own eyes. The hand of the If we eat it with bread, or some-thing similar, all is serene. If we an internal medicine to act through that broke in upon the silence that lieve his own eyes. The hand of the the blood but usually tell their national followed. The mother came out, her clock pointed to half-past twelve! He

> It Retains Old and Makes New Friends .- Time was when Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific and while it retains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it.

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. 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.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905, and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows:

Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,-Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefitted by its use.

Yours respectfully. (Signed) M. McDONALD.

Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,-I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits "of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States price to going to the hospital in Toronto. without relief. Your salve is a cure for blood-poisoning.

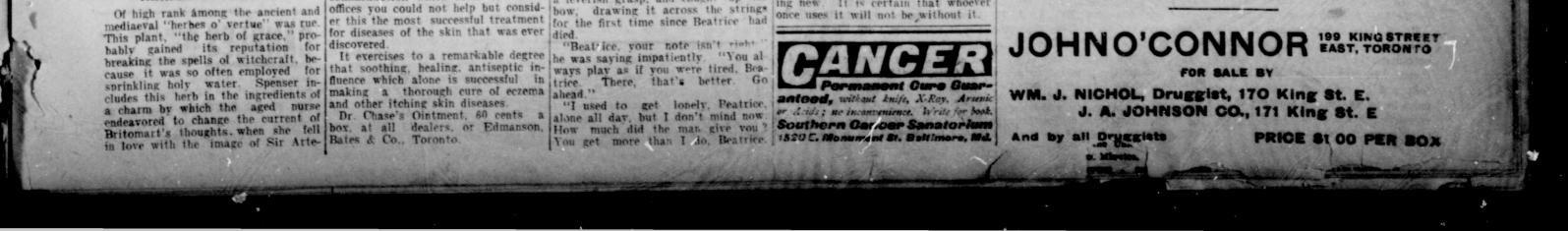
MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,-Early this week I accidently 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.



"He wants his violin," she said, as

the blood, but usually tell their pa- strong Italian face drawn with emo- had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour.