

SEVENTH MONTH  
31 DAYS

July

THE  
PRECIOUS BLOOD

1904

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	FEASTS
1	F.	w.	Octave of St. John the Baptist.
2	S.	w.	Visitation of the B. V. Mary.
3	Su.	r.	Sixth Sunday after Pentecost
4	M.	r.	Most Precious Blood of Jesus. Solemnity of Sts. Peter and Paul at High Mass and Vespers. Vesper [Hymn, "Decora Lux."
5	T.	w.	S. Ignace.
6	W.	r.	S. Anthony Maria Zaccaria.
7	T.	w.	Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.
8	F.	w.	B. Benedict XI. Pope.
9	S.	w.	B. Eugene III. Pope.
10	Su.	r.	Marvels of the B. V. Mary.
11	M.	r.	Seventh Sunday after Pentecost
12	T.	w.	Commemoration of All the Holy Roman Pontiffs. Vesper Hymn, "Rex gloriose Praesulum." In the Diocese of Toronto, Dedication of the Cathedral.
13	W.	r.	S. Pius I. Pope.
14	T.	w.	S. John Gualbert.
15	F.	w.	S. Anacleto.
16	S.	w.	S. Bonaventura.
17	Su.	w.	S. Henry.
18	M.	w.	Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
19	T.	w.	Eighth Sunday after Pentecost
20	W.	w.	S. Leo IV. Pope. Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor."
21	T.	w.	S. Canillus of Lellis.
22	F.	w.	S. Symmachus.
23	S.	w.	S. Jerome Aemiliani.
24	Su.	w.	S. Alexis.
25	M.	w.	S. Mary Magdalene.
26	T.	w.	S. Apollinaris.
27	W.	w.	Ninth Sunday after Pentecost
28	T.	w.	S. Vincent de Paul. Vesper Hymn, "Exultet orbis"
29	F.	w.	S. James, Apostle.
30	S.	w.	S. Anne, Mother of the B. V. Mary.
31	Su.	w.	S. Veronica de Juliana.

Church Lighting

To obtain the best effect consult  
McDonald & Willson  
Toronto  
Plan and estimate gladly submitted on request

The

HOME CIRCLE

## BABY CHARMS.

Let poets sing of maidenhood,  
I sing of winsome two,  
Of rosy cheeks and pouting lips,  
And merry eyes of blue.

Let lovers dream their dreams of love,  
For me they have no charms,  
The while I feel about my neck  
The clasp of baby arms.

Let pleasure-seekers roam the world,  
I know no joy like this—  
A baby cheek to press my own,  
A dimpled face to kiss.

## SWEET FORGIVENESS.

If love is to flourish between two people, they must each be slow to take offence, and not only willing, but glad, to pardon at the first and faintest sign of penitence; still more, to overlook entirely the transgression which has made a blunder and an accident. Life and love are in great part the art of bearing with other people's shortcomings.

Every offender, whatever the offence, is in the eyes of the law entitled to a fair trial, and no one should be condemned unheard. The exercise of a modicum of common sense and justice would nip most quarrels in the bud. Some one has wisely said that scarcely a novel was ever written which could have run to the end if the hero and heroine had been fully frank with one another. Most dissensions are founded upon misunderstandings.

Much may be forgiven to those who love much by those who return such affection. Nor is it sufficient to forgive without forgetting the offence. The slate should be wiped clean, and the transgression be as though it had never been.

## ALONE.

Alone! my heart it aches to say  
Its many failings in the right,  
Its constant errors day by day,  
It's good resolving in the night.

Alone! Yet there are those who bear  
By ties of friendship's bond my name,  
Who for my actions seem to care  
Yet see not, in my inward frame.

Alone! O God, help me to bear  
My future cross, what'er it be!  
Teach me to have more faith in prayer  
To feel that Thou art still with me.

Then when my earthly labor's done  
I'll live forever with the best,  
Then may I wear the angel's crown—  
In Jesus' heart find perfect rest.

Then may I sing the angel's song,  
Pure all-redeem'd, before the throne;  
Forgiven there for earthly wrong,  
To feel with God I'm not alone.  
—Lottie Lussier.

## PRETTY CUSTOMS OF JAPAN.

Japanese ladies are like the French in their love of social intercourse and conversation. They pay fewer visits, but they stay infinitely longer, always two or three hours and sometimes a whole day. They are received by the maid, who places a large silk cushion for them to rest upon, and much time is spent in detailed inquiries concerning each other's family. There is no special calling day in Japan. They visit when their fancy takes them, and they never go empty handed to a friend's house. The gifts are usually fruit or flowers or perhaps a fresh fish, and whatever they take is always daintily wrapped in a little box of paper or wood.

## HOMESICK.

Homesick? Ah, yes! the spirit craves so much.  
Our starving hearts lead such a life repressed,  
We look, and sigh, and yearn for heaven blessed  
For something kindred that our souls may touch.

Homesick? Ah, yes! for friendship all ideal,  
The lofty passion that we dreamed in youth,  
When all was radiant, all was light and truth,  
Before the hollow wakening called "the real!"

Yes! Ah, yes! we fain would win a home,  
Where friends might love us, nor misunderstand  
Where kindly hands might take our outstretched hand,  
Where all we met would greet us as their own.

Poor fools! We cannot find that pleasant dream,  
Tho' gold, and gems, and all earth gives us,  
Tho' all our way be strewn with glowing flowers,  
Poor fools! We cannot find that tender dream.

Home sick fever! cry these hearts all lonely,  
Save when we meet the pressure of His hands,  
Save when He fills the hearts He understands,  
And gives them peace, sweet peace—He only!

## CHILDREN'S FOOD.

Children as well as their elders need change in their food. Nothing so soon palls on the palate as a too frequent repetition of the same dish.

Cereals and fruit are good for breakfast, but it is well to change them daily, and it costs no more. Rice, tapioca or hominy puddings are excellent, but they can and should be prepared in a variety of ways. Children are fond of jam, and this is good for them, if given in the form of sandwiches; a dish of jam to eat with a spoon clogs the stomach. Nuts, raisins, figs, dates and good plain chocolate are all good fare; a little box of these makes an excellent lunch. Many crackers are unwholesome.

Never stint the milk, and have cream for stewed fruit if you can; it is really condensed nourishment.

## A TALK TO WIVES.

Such details as a bright room, pretty curtains, his wife's voice singing in the kitchen, seem to give a welcome to a tired man after a day's work, and a dainty well-cooked meal will make him feel that there is no place like home. Such a meal does not demand the highest skill of a cook. It demands the loving thought of the wife and the knowledge that consideration and kindly thought will do more to retain her husband's love and appreciation than all the culinary art of a Parisian chef.

There are a few other points which a wife will attend to if she wishes to gain the name of a good wife. She must make a resolve each day to be as cheerful and bright as possible, for nothing causes so much difference in the happiness of a home as the temper of the wife. Undoubtedly little things will occur to ruffle the temper, but such small troubles must be gotten over as quickly as possible. It is wrong to vent temper on the husband who is innocent of the cause of the temper, for such an action irritates a man and draws on his stock of patience.

When the husband is out of temper a good wife behaves discreetly, and tactfully. She does not argue with him in such a mood, nor does she get cross and show him that she perceives he is out of humor. No, she should not notice it at all. But in her own clever way she should be sweeter and nicer to him than ever, so that he will find it impossible to remain long in the dumps.

There is only one good time for each of us to die, and that is at the exact hour at which God wills that death should find us.

## TO MEND TABLE LINEN.

A housewife whose table linen always does her good service mends it with embroidery cotton of a number to correspond with the quality of the cloth. Under the ragged edges of the tear she hastes a piece of stiff paper and makes a network of fine stitches back and forth over the edges, carrying the stitches about an inch beyond the edges. Thin places and breaks in linen may be run with the flax or embroidery floss, and towels should be mended in the same way.

## EIGHT HOURS' SLEEP.

At least eight hours of sleep are needed by the average person thoroughly to restore the tired body and brain. Although there is much discussion on the subject, the best authorities agree on this point. The hours for retiring and rising should be as regular as possible, and for at least fifteen minutes the mind should be allowed to relax from any previous worries or business of the day before trying to sleep.

## THE POISON OF THE COBRA.

The venom of the cobra contains an ingredient not well known that acts upon the nerves. Its effects are rapid and difficult to counteract. This ingredient exists in the cobra's venom to a greater extent than the other substances that make up the poison. The poison of the viperine and crotaline snakes (the rattlesnakes, copperhead, moccasin, etc.), contains but a small percentage of this nerve-destroying (or paralyzing) element. The poison of these snakes acts principally upon the blood, and in consequence its action is slower.

## GOOD HUMOR.

You dust your furniture and burnish your silver; believe me, it is as necessary to keep watch over your temper, to freshen it and brighten it, says Charles Wagner in an exchange. We are threatened without ceasing by a subtle evil like those that attack the leaves of the vine and weather and corrode them. Beware of bad temper, that mildew of the soul; its nature is contagious. From parents it spreads to children and to all the household, and I even knew a parrot to contract the malady. It had a fund of amusing sayings, but at the end of two years in an ill-tempered family it had forgotten them all and incessantly repeated, "I'm in a perfect rage!" Youth does not look at this matter of temper in the right light. It has less grave cares, fewer reasons for dark moments than its elders; but its lack of the habit of self-control leads it to attach to its sulks and bad temper too great an importance. It wraps itself up in them as in a sort of royalty. "I'm in a bad temper to-day," say these young lords and ladies, and think it the final word. They ride their dark horses in defiance of the humble mortals; nothing else so exalts them as bad temper. We should learn early to consider such grandeur as very questionable, if not ridiculous. The more we see the outcome of this unhappy disposition, both in the home and outside, the more disposed we are to bestow our homage elsewhere. Good humor is a power; it is a victory gained over brutal facts and over our own hearts; it transforms the world. I agree that good humor is less imposing than the cardinal virtues, and yet, what are they all together unless touched by a ray of this beneficent light?

## ABANDONED PETS.

A good deal of love is lavished on animal pets. Cats and dogs, faithful friends that they are, too, are loved and cared for as tenderly as are many children. Their feelings are considered, their rights are a matter of moment. They are a resource when there is nothing better. When something else offers, however, the pampered animal can shift for itself. A woman—and it is a woman who is to blame for most wrongs—arranges for a summer vacation. She plans for every one but the helpless cat, the home-loving, clinging cat, the honest dog. When she locks the door, she says "Scat," and poor pussy is an outlaw from then on until kind fate provides help or oblivion. And the loyal dog, who will give his life for his master, is locked out with the choice of the neighbors' garbage cans for his life's chance, until the pound-master takes pity on him and sends him to the dog heaven.

We hear sneers about the old maid and her cat, but that cat is always provided with a shelter and food. It is the prosperous, hard-hearted married woman who locks the cat and dog out of their home when she has a chance of a good time. Such women should not own pets—let them lavish their affections on inanimate objects.

## WHO LOVES BEST?

Love begets love, it is true, but it is always being questioned whether man or woman loves the best. Some folks are emphatic that woman's love is all-enduring, and that the more it is crushed or neglected the stronger it grows, whilst man will get out of the love that is scorned at. Yet, cases are always known where, though apparently living a calm, quiet, easy life, a man will hold so sacred the love of his life that even his best friend scarce dreams of its existence.

Some scientist has said: "Take a good man or woman with equal intelligence and strength of character, and one is capable of loving as long as the other if the little god really enslaves their hearts." There is no self in love, and once you truly love, even though poverty, disgrace, and sickness come, you will remain true. Men often mistake gratified vanity for love. They love the pretty face, the stylish appearance, and when those are gone what they call love is gone. But once sure it is love they will allow no one to come between them. A woman can make a man love her as long as she wishes, once being sure he loves her for what she is.

Since God is love, love is the supreme law of the universe, and man's first duty and highest perfection is to love God and all men. This is the gospel, the glad tidings, arousing millions from sleep in the shadows of death.

For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. True devotion to our Lady consists in nothing else than a conviction that she loves us and those whom we are helping.

## Children's Corner

## WHERE SHE STOPPED.

Contentment went a-roving—  
"Twas very strange, you'll say,  
That when asked by Wealth to tarry  
She quickly answered, "Nay!"  
And from Wisdom's outstretched fingers,  
Without recognition fled;  
While to Pleasure's invitation  
She only shook her head.  
But where did she stay for lodgment?  
In a cellar damp and dim,  
Where dwelt a tired laborer—  
She stopped and supped with him.  
—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

The following conversation is said to have taken place in the home of a soldier of the South, shortly after the great civil war:

Willie—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?  
Annie—Yes.  
Willie—Where is the other one?  
Annie—Hush! it's in heaven!

## SHE WAS WISE.

He was a curly headed boy with life before him. She was a little girl with a saucy pug nose, but wise, it would seem, beyond her years. The fact that she was nursing a doll with eyes that opened and shut with a click may have been his inspiration. "Say, sister, I think I'd get married if I knew how."  
"Oh, that's easy," replied the owner of the pug nose. "First you buy a diamond ring and give it to her, then you buy a gold ring like mamma's got and give that to her. And then you must buy her a watch for her birthday."  
"An' what she give me?" expectantly asked the little chap.  
"Why, nuthin', of course," smartly replied his little companion.  
"Say, sister," he added, "I guess I won't marry."

## SHOD HIM WITH IRON.

We are told in Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" that in the reign of James I. of Scotland a Highland robber chief named MacDonald plundered a poor widow of two of her cows and that she in her anger vowed that she would never wear shoes again till she had carried her complaint to the king for redress.

"It is a false boast," replied the bandit. "I will have you shod myself before you can reach the court." To carry out his threat, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the woman's naked feet, and then thrust her forth, wounded and bleeding, on the highway. The widow, however, faithful to her word, as soon as her wounds had healed, went to the king and told him of this atrocious cruelty.

James heard her with mingled pity and indignation, and in righteous retribution caused MacDonald and twelve of his followers to be seized and shod with iron shoes as they had done to the poor widow. In this condition they were exhibited to the public for three days and then executed.

## GUESSING SONGS.

I.  
My house upon my back I bear,  
And so, however far I roam,  
By climbing backward up my stair  
In half a minute I'm at home.

I travel slow, and never speak;  
I've horns—but never try to shove  
Because my horns are soft and weak,  
Like fingers of an empty glove.

II.  
Two servants listen, two look out,  
Two fetch and carry for their share,  
And two are sturdy knaves and stout,  
Well used their master's weight to bear.

And may I not be proud and bold,  
With eight such servants, tried and true,  
That never wait until they're told,  
But know themselves what they've to do?  
—Henry Johnstone, in July St. Nicholas.

## THE LEGEND OF THE ASS.

"What means the mark upon thy back, dear Griz?  
I trace it on thy shoulders as I ride.  
Slender the cross it seems that showed  
Even to thy side."

"Well mayst thou ask of me, who bearst the sign,  
Albeit unseen, upon thy tender brow.  
Are we not signed with the self-same sign,  
Even I and thou?"

"Behold an heritage, and who shall know  
What mystic virtue the great sign contains—  
Where is the hardship of the cruel blow  
Of whip and reins?"

"Nay, when we shrink beneath a cudgelled hide  
Dawns a far memory all sorrow calms,  
We hear the murmur of the multitude,  
We see the palms—"

"And all else falls from us. It matters not  
If we with Suffering keep patient trust.  
We, as a race, O child, may share thy lot,  
We have served Christ."

The gray ass halted in her pattering pace,  
Hick-hoofed and obdurate, sleek-eared and mild.  
A world of wisdom in velvet face  
Turned to the child.

"So have we patience. And in fortitude  
Do thou wax stronger as the years pass on,  
So shalt thou in thine heart; a living road,  
Carry God's Son."

—Pamela Tennant.

A Medicine for the Miner's Pack.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions, where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will offset the effects of exposure, reduce sprains, and when taken internally will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

## 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. 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.

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.

256½ 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 perceptible 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, 1902.

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, 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 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 Wolsley 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.

N. J. SHERIDAN,

84 Queen street East.

## JOHN O'CONNOR

100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.

J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E.

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