

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENT, and text for the month of July 1904. Includes feast days like Octave of St. John the Baptist, Sixth Sunday after Pentecost, etc.

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.

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 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.

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

HOME CIRCLE. 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.

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.

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 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; else where? 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 its beneficent light?

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.

FILES. 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. 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.

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.

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 kinder than our souls may touch.

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.

WHO LOVES BEST? Love begets love, it is true, but it is always being questioned whether man or woman loves the longest. 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.

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 dog, the honest pig. 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.

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 may'st thou ask of me, who bear'st 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."

BLOOD POISONING. Toronto, April 16th, 1902. DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolsley street, City.

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists. PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.