

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for November 1903.

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR YOU WILL BE GLAD WHEN YOU WEAR Dunlop Rubber Heels

HOME CIRCLE

THE FAME OF THE CITY

(By John Boyle O'Reilly.) A great, rich city of power and pride, with streets full of traders, and ships on the tide...

The people were proud of their opulent town, the rich men spent millions to bring it renown; the strong men built and the tradesmen planned...

The nations that honored cared for its gold, its skill they exceeded a hundredfold; it had only been one of a thousand more...

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF HYGIENE (From a French Medical Review.) 1. Rise early, retire early and fill your day with work...

10. Do you gain your living by your intellect? Then do not allow your arms and legs to grow stiff...

Dreadful Results of Kidney Disease

Aliments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by DR. CHASE'S Kidney-Liver Pills.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder...

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the very first indication of such derangement...

1. Rise early, retire early and fill your day with work. 2. Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health...

3. Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity. 4. Cleanliness prevents rust; the best cared-for machines last the longest...

5. Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles. 6. To the sensibly pressed is to give freedom to one's movements and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes of temperature...

7. A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home. 8. The mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusement; but none of them leads to dissipation and dissipation to vice...

Children's Corner THE RING AND THE CROWN

A long time ago there lived in a distant land a certain Baron with his wife and their little daughter, who was called Clara.

This Baron once owned a castle and lands, but he was very extravagant and gambled, till he had to sell nearly everything he possessed and live in a little hut by a lake in the forest. Here he tried to earn his living as a charcoal burner.

His wife and their daughter had to cook and scrub, and as the Baroness had never learned to do anything so sensible when she was rich she naturally did her work badly.

The Baron, who had been so idle and silly in his prosperous days, was not much better when he became poor, therefore, he earned but little, so they often had to go hungry.

One day the Baron was out cutting wood, the Baroness was baking, and Clara went down to the lake to gather watercresses for supper.

As she came in sight of the water she saw something flapping on the bank, and drawing nearer she found a little blue fish just at the point of death.

"Oh! little girl," gasped the fish, "please throw me back in the lake." So Clara threw him in and began to gather cress.

She had nearly filled her basket when she heard "flip, flop" in the water, and two big red fishes poked up their noses and looked at her.

"Little girl," said the biggest fish, "you saved my son's life just now, so my wife and I have brought you each a present. Keep our gifts carefully, for one day this crown will bring you wealth."

"And this ring," said the other fish, "will bring you happiness." So saying, one laid a golden crown and the other a golden ring at Clara's feet.

Then they swam away and she saw them no more. Clara took the ring and the crown and put them carefully by, but she told no one of her adventure.

Years passed and Clara grew up into a charming young woman. She taught herself how to do the work of the house well and quickly, and even contrived to earn a little money by making lace in order that the family should always have enough food.

One night as she was sitting down to supper a ragged youth knocked at the door and asked for shelter and a meal. The Baron and Baroness would have denied him, but he looked so sad and tired that Clara begged he might come in and share her supper with him.

The next morning this beggar boy helped to build his fires. He did so well that the Baron asked him to stay another night. Then he helped the Baroness bake and brew; and he did this so well that she asked him to stay yet another night. Then he mended Clara's spinning wheel, and so it went on. Every day he did something useful. He was always gentle and kind; and in the evening after work was done he would sing beautiful songs to Clara and tell her beautiful stories. So without knowing it she came to love him dearly.

One evening in the summer he was sitting by her side as she span. He looked anxious and sad. "To-morrow," he said, "will either be the happiest day of my life or my death-day."

The thread snapped in Clara's hand with the start she gave. "Yes," he went on, "I love a dear and beautiful lady, and if she will not betroth herself to me to-morrow a dreadful enchantment will overtake me and I shall perish miserably."

Clara's heart seemed turned to stone when she heard this, for she had never thought of his loving any one but herself. "I am so poor," said the beggar boy, "on her betrothal day my lady will wear a golden crown like a princess, while I have only a peasant's cap perhaps she will despise and refuse me."

Then Clara said to herself, "I love him too much to suffer that." So she fetched the golden crown the Father Fish had given her. "For what are riches to me," she thought, "if I can not share them with the man I love?"

"She gave the crown to the Beggar Boy without a word, and ran away into the forest and cried as though her heart would break.

But the Beggar Boy smiled so brightly that he looked quite beautiful; and he, too, went away into the forest. Next morning he came back and said to Clara, "My dear lady has been very kind and sweet to me, and I think she will marry me to-day; but alas! I have no wedding ring to give her."

Then Clara gave him the ring the Mother Fish had brought her. "For," thought she, "the only happiness I can have now is to see him happy."

Children's Corner THE RING AND THE CROWN

through the world for seven years as a beggar, bidding me to seek a maiden who should love me better than riches or happiness. Failing this he doomed me to die. No man might help me, so I went to the meadows of the field and the birds of the air, but help they could give me none. Then I asked the fishes and they sent me to seek you in your father's house; for they said, 'She was a good and kind child, and doubtless she has grown into a good and kind woman, winning whose love you shall be happy,' and they told me of your crown and ring. Dear, your hand alone can break the spell that is upon me. Will you wear the crown you gave me as my queen, and the ring you gave me as my wife?" Then all the singers and musicians made such music that none but the Beggar Boy could hear Clara's answer. But it seemed that it pleased him, for he smiled and said the enchantment had proved to be a good friend after all. So they sent for the Baron and Baroness and Clara and the Beggar Boy were married with great splendor and they lived happily and reigned justly to the end of their lives; and that ends the story.

and I'll get you a drink of water, too." The young man hesitated a moment, but the coolness of the shady porch was too tempting to be resisted. He limped painfully up the walk and sank down upon the steps with a deep-drawn sigh. When Blossom brought him a cup of water, he drank it eagerly, and then leaned back with half-closed eyes.

Blossom watched him with ready sympathy. "You must have been hurt awfully to make you lame. What makes you walk around? Why don't you go home?"

"The gray eyes of the one on the steps gave Blossom a long scrutiny. Then their owner moved impatiently. 'I haven't any home.' 'Oh! Is your mamma dead, too?' Blossom asked pityingly. 'My mamma's dead; but I have a grandma. Have you any grandmamma?'"

The young man pushed his hat back from his eyes and stared at the cloud-flecked sky before he answered. "I've got a mother," he said at last, "and she's a good mother, too; but she's sick. I haven't very good boys to her. I'm afraid."

Blossom looked at him gravely. "I should think you'd go and tell her you were bad. I do grandma."

Agath there was a momentary silence, and the youth's thin face twitched curiously. He shrugged his shoulders, with an uneasy laugh. "Well, talking about it won't do any good," he said. "Home's a hundred miles away, and you see I couldn't walk that very well, with this lame knee." Again he leaned back and closed his eyes, hardly seeming to notice Blossom when she said: "If you'll please excuse me a minute, 'cause I want to tell grandma something."

Grandmamma was busy knitting by the open kitchen window when a breathless little maiden stole into the room. "Oh grandmamma!" cried Blossom, with a vigorous pull of the white apron to secure attention, "mayn't I give the money in my bank to the tramp, so he can go home?"

Grandmamma dropped her knitting. "The Tramp!" she exclaimed. "Blossom what do you mean?"

"He's lame, you know," Blossom eagerly explained. "And he's been naughty, he says, but of course his mamma'll forgive him. An' I want to give him my bank money, so he can go home."

Grandma rose hastily and went out on the porch. The one sitting there half dozing in the shade, roused confusedly at the sound of her footsteps. "I'm making rather free, ma'am, but you see the little girl invited me. I'll go now." He started to his feet, wrenching his injured knee as he did so, and then sank back, paler than before.

Grandma looked at him with eyes that were kind, but piercing. "You're sick, aren't you?" she asked. "Well, I've seen times when I felt better." The youth's evident effort to speak lightly was something of a failure.

Grandma pondered a moment. "You have a mother, Blossom says."

The other nodded. I've got a good mother. I came away to see the world, but haven't found much fun in it. I don't often speak about home, but the little girl got me to talking. I guess I'd better go along.

Just then Blossom's face appeared in the doorway. "You mustn't go yet," she cried, "cause I've got something to give you."

Grandma looked at her as she bent her curly head over the iron bank which held the precious pennies she had been saving for nearly half her life. Then she gently explained, "Blossom wants to give you her money so you can go home."

"Look here!" said the youth, and his voice sounded hard and unnatural. "How do you know I wouldn't take that money and spend every cent in the first saloon. I've done such things."

"My friend," grandma answered, "if you're tempted to do such a thing as that, remember that a little child has trusted you. Come, Blossom. We'll count the money and see that there is enough to take him to his mother."

While they looked over the pile of hoarded pennies and occasional silver pieces in Blossom's lap, the visitor sat very still, his face shaded by his hand. And when at last he took the money, he looked straight into the face framed in silver hair, and said earnestly, "You won't believe me, ma'am, but I'll send it back to her. I will honestly."

"She's been so long saving that money, I oughtn't to have let her do it," grandma thought, as she watched the stranger limping down the street. And when two months had rolled by with no word from "Blossom's tramp," grandma had repeated her self-reproach very often. But Blossom's faith remained unshaken. "O' course he'll send it back some time," she said, "cause you know, grandmamma, he promised."

And one day her confidence was rewarded, for a letter came addressed to grandma, and containing a crisp five-dollar bill. The letter was written by the youth's mother. Her boy had been very sick, but was now improving, and he was determined to be a better son. And either he nor his mother, so the letter said, would ever forget the dear little Blossom who in the darkest hour of his life had trusted him.

Blossom listened to the reading of the letter with great satisfaction. I'm glad my tramp boy's good now," she said. "And, grandmamma, I think I'll have the store-man give me some pennies instead of this money, so I'll have something to jingle in my bank again."

HE WAS A BEAUTIFUL HORSE

He was a beautiful horse in his youth. His long tail added much to his beauty, and was a sure defence against tormenting flies. A rich man in the city bought him to match another horse, and the two were attached to the family carriage.

The tail was cut off, because strangely enough, the bobtail, cut square, was more pleasing to the owner than the tail given by nature.

The horse did not at first miss his tail brush, for he was a rich man's horse and wore a net in summer; he so carefully groomed and kept in good condition. But occasionally his owner drove the horse to his box buggy and as he was a hard driver he was overdriven, spoiled, and of course sold.

The horse then came into the possession of a grocer, who had some compassion, and provided a net to keep off the flies. But at length the horse became too slow for the grocer and then began the downward road that ends always in misery and torture.

Last summer this horse was seen attached to a fruit hawker's dilapidated wagon. It was a hot day, and the horse was standing in front of a fruit store while the owner was within buying his stock in trade. A more pitiable horse-sight was never seen. The flies swarmed around him and drove him nearly frantic; he twisted, kicked, turned and bit himself till the blood had started. There was a fresh bruise on one hip on which the flies settled, the short hair of the tail was not long enough to reach this, and he was robbed of all defence.

The horse was little more than skin and bones, but he may have had food enough. His condition might be due to the continual worry and fighting. If the man who caused the tail to be docked could have seen the horse in his present condition he would have regretted the part he took in it. He had any feeling of compassion. Let every man remember, who cuts off a horse's tail cuts off not only the hair, but also the stump of the tail, and another stump will not grow in its place, and that the horse is practically tailless the rest of his life. Horses were given tails because they need them, and it ought to be a crime punishable by law to mutilate a horse at the command of soulless fashion.—The Biggle Horse Book.

BLOSSOM AND THE TRAMP

She sat in the shade of the overhanging woodbine on the front porch as the tramp came down the street. He was rather lame and walking slowly, so that Blossom's inquisitive eyes had time to notice the shabbiness of his clothing and the dilapidated condition of his dusty shoes. She saw now that it was the same man she had seen under a tree when down by the river gathering daisies. He had looked tired then and Blossom had felt sorry for him. Now he was right at their gate. How lame he walked! Suddenly an unreasoning impulse of pity in Blossom's heart prompted her to call out, "Hello."

The tramp glanced at her in surprise. In spite of the lines which his haggard face he looked very young, hardly more than a boy. And when he smiled at Blossom from under the old slouched hat he seemed younger than ever. Blossom smiled back at him, and two little dimples made their appearance in her round cheeks. "I guess you don't love to walk," she said, "cause you look pretty tired."

The youth drew his sleeve across his wet forehead. "I don't know as I do like it," he answered, "special-ly when the weather's as hot as this."

Blossom slipped from her seat and held the front gate invitingly open. "Don't you want to rest on our porch?" she asked. "It's real cool, and I'll get you a drink of water, too."

The young man hesitated a moment, but the coolness of the shady porch was too tempting to be resisted. He limped painfully up the walk and sank down upon the steps with a deep-drawn sigh. When Blossom brought him a cup of water, he drank it eagerly, and then leaned back with half-closed eyes.

Blossom watched him with ready sympathy. "You must have been hurt awfully to make you lame. What makes you walk around? Why don't you go home?"

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The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

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, 212 King street east.

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.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN McROGGAN.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 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, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 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.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

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 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.

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 forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. And I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify 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. CLARK.

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