

.....The HOME CIRCLE.....

MOTHER IN EVERY-DAY DRESS.

Good morning to you, Mr. Artist, Here's a picture I want you to paint; Just a photograph of my mother In a style that is olden and quaint.

'Twas caught in a pocket camera One day when she sat all alone; The shades of the evening were falling, And all of her work had been done.

Don't try to leave out any wrinkles Or bind up a straggling hair; 'Tis just as she looked on that evening, I want every one to be there.

Her pictures at home in the album Are fairer than this one will be; As she looked in the bloom of her beauty, But this one is dearest to me.

I can look at all those and remember Her beauty and numberless charms; I can look at this one and remember How she rocked me to sleep in her arms.

Then make it as plain as this picture, Nor think I will love it the less; The dearest thing under the heavens Is a mother in every-day dress.

—Whitney Montgomery in Christian Observer.

WHEN I GO HOME.

It comes to me often in silence, When the firelight sputters low— When the black uncertain shadows Seem wraiths of the long ago;

I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces odd and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range

Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain; But there'll be joy in the coming When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That may never die away And it seems the band of angels, On a mystic harp to play,

Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain, To which is my fond heart wending— When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn's shadows Come drifting, drifting in,

Sobbing, the night winds murmur To the plash of the autumn rain; But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again.

AN EXILE

Oh, the green is on the meadow, an' the laughter in the rills, An' the maple-buds are swellin', an' the bush is on the hills.

Shure the very trees are laughin', an' they seem to wink an' nod, Spillin' dainty, fragrant blossoms all across the smilin' sod.

Oh, the air is soft an' balmy, an' it stirs the blood like wine,— For I know the sun is shinin' far across the ocean's brine,

Kissin' all the hawthorne-hedges, till they're white with fragrant snow, As they were that fair spring mornin' when I left them—long ago.

Tho' me head is frosted over with the snows of many years, An' me face is lined an' wrinkled, an' me eyes are dim with tears,

Where others come to weep, Your eyes shall see a wearied face Calm in eternal sleep. The speechless lips, the wrinkled brow,

The patient smile may show— You are too young to know it now, But some time you will know.

CHILDREN AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

"The effort to foster in the hearts of children devotion to the Blessed Sacrament should begin early in their lives," said the Rev. M. F. Foley, of Baltimore, in an address delivered at the last Eucharistic Congress in this city.

"Their immature minds may be capable of little or no effort to understand how or why Jesus is present in the Blessed Sacrament, but their innocent hearts can be taught in many ways to realize the reality of our Lord's sacramental presence and to love Him who so loves the clean of heart.

Tell the child that the Lord is in His holy court, and that all the earth should keep silent before Him. Tell the boy why his head should be uncovered in the church, and tell the girl of the contrary usage.

Tell the meaning of the ever-burning taper. Tell the little one, too young to assist at Mass, but old enough to assist at the shorter Benediction, what the Benediction is.

Indeed, in many ways Christ Himself is, without noise of words, teaching His little ones and bringing up to His holy mountain and into His holy place the innocent in hands and the clean of heart.

One day, some years since, two little boys were at play near their parish church, where the Forty Hours' devotion was in progress.

Tired of sport, one of them said to the other, 'Let us go in to the church and see God.' They went and saw Him.

The little fellow who made the suggestion now at the altar daily knows his Lord in the breaking of bread; the other child has long since seen his Lord in the Beatific Vision.

Truly from the lips of babes there comes to God the perfection of praise. Parents should by word and example encourage their children in the practice of visiting the Blessed Sacrament.

Let the little ones be taught that the dear Lord is a good friend and neighbor upon whom they are in duty bound to call, that He loves them and wishes them to come unto Him to speak to Him, and ask of Him what they want.

This good habit can be easily formed, and, once formed, it will oftentimes abide with the children all their lives, and be handed down to their children and their children's children.

Dr. Chase's Ointment brings almost instant relief from the itching, burning, stinging sensations of piles and is a positive and thorough cure for every form of this wretched, torturing and oftentimes stubborn disease.

FATHER VAUGHAN DENOUNCES VOTARIES OF PLEASURE.

A strong attack upon "smart" London, England, society was made at Farm street church lately by Father Bernard Vaughan.

Preaching on the Pharisee and the publican who went into the Temple to pray, Father Vaughan said life, especially the life of the leisured class, was artificial. Society was exposed to the temptation of being idle like the Pharisee, formal, conventional, and unreal even in prayer.

Life was like a play, in which they were each taking a part. On the stage everything was unreal. Was the London season less conventional or unreal? The three acts of a drama, upon which when the curtain was rung down at the conclusion they were often enough forced to look back upon as a disappointing farce if it had not proved a terrible tragedy.

When smart people, as they were called, were so habitually playing a part all the week long, it was, he took it, difficult for them to continue playing it even when Sunday came round. Actors sometimes became so absorbed in their parts, so identified with the characters they had assumed, that even when they were away from the footlights they continued to personify them, not returning to their true selves in their own homes.

The votaries of pleasure were often just as much absorbed in the part they were acting on the social stage as actors in the theatre itself. It was no easy task for them when Sunday came round to all of a sudden forget their class distinctions, their privileged sets, their social successes, their worldly goods, and to remember that they were going into the presence of Him before whom man and woman were not what they happened to have, but what they happened to be.

That the debutante beauty might be before God less than her maid who waited up half the night for her, nay, less than the meanest scullery-maid below stairs; while the millionaire, with means to buy up whole countries, might be in God's sight far less pleasing and very much more guilty than the lowest groom in his stable-yard.

It was a lamentable pity that society was so shallow, so hollow, so unnatural and so unreal, but most of all, it was a pity that it did not attempt to return to its true and genuine self at least on Sundays. To pretend to be what one was not, to pose and attitudinize before one's fellow-beings was silly enough, but to carry on the childish game before the Almighty Himself was not only silly, but sinful.

Mayfair, so studded with chapels, was fast discovering it had little need of any of them, but Farm street, in spite of its extension, was all too small. What, then, became of the privileged denizens of the West End from Saturday to Monday? Were they on the river, in the country, or where? Certainly they were not in any church. There was no room anywhere in London, except in its churches.

Society had discovered it could get on very well without prayer, that when it did pray nothing came of it. Perhaps society had prayed like the typical Pharisee, and had gone to church with the same object as the Pharisee.

If so, then society had better take up the attitude of the publican, and try what that might do. The Pharisee went to the temple to be seen and to congratulate himself upon what he was; but the publican went to hide himself and to blame himself for what he was not. He was real, true, simple, and straight. There were people in the West End who had nothing real about or on them but their sins. The only security against sin in the future was sorrow for sins in the past. It might be worth while to try if that were not true.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

"Watch ye and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit, indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."—St. Matt. xxvi. 41.

Some people think, or at all events act, as if they thought that prayer is a kind of spiritual luxury, a thing to practise as long as things go well and pleasantly, but to leave off when the times are dark. Others do not go as far as this, but look upon prayer as a duty to be done, a command to be obeyed, and if they grow careless about their obligations, this must share the same fate.

I wish to point out, however, that prayer and its necessity stand on an entirely different position. While it is perfectly true that prayer is a duty, yet the necessity of prayer is greater even than the duty of observing God's commands. To understand this you must remember the difference which exists between those things which must be done, or which we must have, because God has made them means to obtain our salvation. Perhaps the best way to make this clear is by a few examples.

manded all men to enter this Church and that they may be able to know that it is His own Church. He has given to it certain notes of which no other body of men is in possession. But now, let us suppose that there are some men, who owing to their dullness of apprehension, their bad education, their prejudice or any other reason, are unable to see that the Catholic Church is really and in truth the Church of God, would they commit a sin on account of the mere fact that they do not do that which they did not know they are bound to do? By no means.

Ignorance in this case also excuses. It brings with it many disadvantages and entails many evils, but it is not sinful in itself. But when we come to those things which are necessary, not merely because God has commanded them, but because they are made by Him means to the end, then the omission of such things involves more serious consequences. If a thing is a means to the end, the end cannot be attained unless the means is made use of; and if we could suppose a case in which a person were even in unblamable ignorance of such a means, that ignorance could not excuse him; he would not, and could not, without the means, get the end.

Now, there are some things which are necessary to salvation, not merely because God has commanded them, but as a means to attain it, and among these things is prayer. If we wish to be saved, prayer is so necessary that even ignorance will not excuse us from it. How foolishly, then, do those people act who leave off their prayers for every little misfortune or contradiction when our Lord bids them pray at such times.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Apathy, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.



The Government of the Province of Ontario, under the authority of Chapter 4 of the Statutes of Ontario, 1906, invites subscriptions from the public for a loan of \$3,000,000 on bonds of the Province of Ontario, dated 1st July, 1906, and payable \$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1926, \$1,500,000 on the 1st July, 1936.

With coupons attached for interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on the 1st January and the 1st July in each year, at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, Toronto. Bonds will be of the denominations of \$200, \$500 and \$1,000, and will be payable to bearer, but on request will be registered in the office of the Provincial Treasurer, and endorsed as payable only to the order of certain persons or corporations, and on request of holders may be exchanged for Ontario Government Stock, bearing the same rate of interest.

The issue price during the month of July, 1906, will be par, and after the 31st July, 1906, the issue price will be par and accrued interest. ALL BONDS AND INSCRIBED STOCK ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SAID ACT ARE FREE FROM ALL ONTARIO PROVINCIAL TAXES, CHARGES, SUCCESSION DUTY AND IMPOSITIONS WHATSOEVER.

Purchasers of amounts up to \$1,000 will be required to send certified cheque with the application. For amounts over \$1,000 payment for subscription may be made in instalments, 10 per cent. on application, 10 per cent. 1st August, 10 per cent. 1st September, 10 per cent. 1st October, 10 per cent. 1st November, and 50 per cent. 1st December, 1906, with privilege of paying at an earlier date the interest on instalment subscriptions being adjusted on 1st January, 1907.

In the event of any subscriber for bonds payable in instalments failing to make payment of subsequent instalments, the bonds may be sold, and any loss incurred will be charged to the purchaser in default. Forms of subscription (when payable by instalments) may be obtained on application to the Treasury Department.

This loan is raised upon the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of Ontario, and is chargeable thereupon. All cheques should be made payable to the order of "The Provincial Treasurer of Ontario," and subscribers should state the denominations and terms (20 or 30 years) of bonds desired. A. J. MATHESON, Provincial Treasurer, Treasury Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 27th June, 1906. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Calendar for July 1906, showing days of the month, days of the week, color of vestments, and feast days such as Fourth Sunday After Pentecost, Fifth Sunday After Pentecost, etc.

Stations of the Cross in Oil, Half Relief, or Oleograph. W. E. BLAKE, Mfr. Vestments, etc. Long Distance Phone M. 2453 123 Church St., Toronto

Advertisement for Eddy's Washboard and Fieretub and Pail, featuring the Eddy logo and text: "Your washday labor can be reduced to a minimum and your comfort correspondingly enhanced."

Advertisement for Gold Medal Ale and Porter, awarded to John Labatt at St. Louis Exhibition, 1904. Includes a logo for the award.

Advertisement for Tomlin's Bread, Ring up Park 553 for Tomlin's Bread. Includes text: "If per chance the phone is in use, ring again. Success in the battle of life is won by persistence; and with good bread as the leading article of diet you have ten chances to one against your opponent who uses poor bread."

Advertisement for The Dominion Brewery Co., Limited, White Label Ale, Toronto, Ontario. Includes text: "Manufacturers of the celebrated White Label Ale. Toronto, Ontario. Joseph E. Seagram Waterloo, Ont. Distiller of Fine Whiskeys. Brands 83 White Wheat. Toronto Office 30 Wellington East. C. T. Mead, Agent."