FOURTH MONTH THE 30 DAYS RESURRECTION * 1903 * Of the Ferit, S. Francis of Paula, Seven Dolours of the B. V. Mary. S. Isidore, Bishop, Doctor of the Church. w. Palm Sunday Vesper Hymn "Vexilla Regis," Of The Feria. Su. M. T. W. T. S. v. Of The Feria. Of The Feria. HOLY THURSDAY. GOOD FRIDAY. Collection for Holy Land, HOLY SATURDAY. Easter Sunday Su. M. T. F. EASTER SUNDAY. OF THE OCTAVE. Of the Octave. 15 16 17 18 Of the Octave. Of the Octave. Of the Octave. Of the Octave. Low Sunday Vesper Hymn, "Ad regias Agni dapes." w. w. r. r. 21 22 23 24 25 S. Anselm, SS. Soter and Cajus. S. George. S. Fidelis of Sigmaringen. S. Mark. Second Sunday after Easter SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, Vesper Hymn, "Iste M. T. W. w. S. Paul of the Cross. W. S. Peter, Martyr. S. Catharine of Siena. Your Heels With Junion Kunner

ON THE SECULAR PRESS.

The tastes of the people are reflect-

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ed in the reading matter provided by the eager panderers of the secular press. The great daily newspaper seems to be the Bible of a pagan land, says an exchange. It is pervaded by an arid and skeptical tone. A little sentiment and a great deal of superficial agnosticism is its average exced. Not so much in its positive teachings as in its influence upon morals and manners does it become a mighty engine of unbelief. It strikes in its narrations the fairest flowers of religious living. It blights innocence and virtue/ and corrodes all faith in human goodness and in human truthfulness. It brings into every household the knowledge of erime; spreading out to the mind of the innocent every obscene detail of the latest lust. It seizes as its proper subject every loathsome, foul, putretying excrescence of bad human nature, and familiarizes the less virtuous with the example of the utterly depraved. It sneers at virtue. It ands no private character above its power to bring down into suspicion and disgrace. It opens a "religious column" and puts a grinning devil Charming are our Irish songs, when behind the alliterative headlines. It stretches cable lines across the ocean for the purpose of importing European lies, fearing a dearth, perhaps, of the home commodity. Then it Maunts editorial utterances based upon those garnered fabrications, in which a diabolical pleasure is taken in drawing deeper and more able-bodied falsehoods from the lies that stand as the premises.

Bishop Spalding speaks the simple truth when he says: "The press of our great cities is the chronicle of our life. What does it record? Mur- Softly-sweet and winsome is the ders, suicides, robberies, thefts, adulteries, fornications, divorces, drunkenness, gambling, incendiarism, fraudulent bankruptcy, official peculation, with now and then a collision of trains and destruction of life and property by mobs. This fills the news mns. In the editorial we meet with reckless assertion, crude generalization, special pleading, ignorant statement of half-truth, insincere raise and lying abuses of public men, rivolous treatment of the highest ad holiest subjects-all thrown into that form of false reasoning and loose tyle which is natural to minds that ave not time to learn anything thorwal and moral growth."

OUR SOFTLY-SWEET, POETIC

HOME CIRCLE

(D. Lynch, M. R. S. A.)

Delightful are our Gaelic tales when daily work is done, kitchen floor

Beside a turf-fire cheery Each winter's evening dreary, And often till the "witching hour" is o'er;

When old Milesian stories recall our ancient glories,

woes that clung, When neighbors fondly share in Each others' cares in Erinsweet Tongue!

played on Irish pipes,

When rest from weekly labors

ing with his "dear." While the old folks gay and hearty as any festive party,

Look on, with spirits airy as when Recalling scenes long faded, When they too danced as they did-

off to milk the kine,

sweet Tongue!

At pearly dawn with deftly balance Trips forth each modest lass, O'er the dew-bespangled grass,

And her soft voice waking echoes through the vale: The boatman's lay when rowing-the

mowers song when mowing The "lu-lo-lo" to baby softly sung-The good wife's dinner call That so thrills the hearts of all-

our sweet Tongue! Language of the Gael,

Whose very prose is music to And O, what joys we catch As our neighbors lift the latch

With "God bless your work," "God save you," "God be here!" Not all that Greek inherits could compass half thy merits,

O brightest gem our ancient gues among: And henceforth our endeavor, Is to keep alive for ever

Our softly-sweet and winsome Irish Tongue!

IT KEEPS THE MUSCLES second visit to Paris. ughly. And this half-mental and PLIANT.-Men given to muscular But if Jeanne paid no respect to off-bestial brothel-and-grog mix- sports and exercises and those who his King, she hated the other one are brought from the great cities by suffer muscular pains from bicycle the one he had never seen, who lived asked Jacques, his heart beating fast- est competition, for, like every other cial trains to every household, falls riding will find Dr. Thomas' Eclectric in Paris. Jacques loves this king as er. ke a mildew upon the mind and Oil something worth trying. As a well as his own. The last time he was "They're going to try to." science of the people, taking Irom lubricant it will keep the muscles pli- in Paris, when he asked who had bem all relish for literature, all be- able and free from pains which often built the wonderful houses as big as

the first turning, and within walking a jewelled crown instead of one of "He wants to be your leader." distance for even the more or less thorns; but he never wondered why won't tell them the boy's silly, father could remember when it had things different. crudely tinted body, and many angry or he had not really known how much Jacques jumped from the men's storms had softened the outline of a king was before.

it to him, and it would not have frequently.

tle he knew he learned from other road, singing the Marseillaise. Lord. For Jeanne was an infidel. She wished to join. elieved vegetables grew to be sold, of France a dog of an aristocrat. And banish from our hearts the Aristocracy with her meant everything that was bad, or refined. had one note of womanliness in her, her love for her child. Not a tender O, delightful are those tales in our devotion, but the instinctive love of a mother, which did not make her kind or help her to understand him. Enchanting are our Irish airs when She protected him from everything but herself, played with him in a Or on the violin's dulcet strings so rough sort of way when she was happy, and was affectionate with him at was. times. She thought him a dull boy, Brings forth the friendly neighbors and it made her angry to hear him To the crossroads—each swain danc- talk about a king.

She discouraged him from going to even dared to take a little turquoise heart which a pretty, sad young girl, with a tiny baby in her arms, had hung upon it and then gone slowly down the road, leaving Jacques as-O, enchanting are those airs in our tonished by her tears, and wanting to ask her if she knew his king. He became so quiet, lying flat on the man, ground at one side, the wanderer had not noticed him. Neither did his later. She did not know why she ooked up at the crucifix; she seldom head sadly. "Too late anyway, for an did, it always "put her out," but old man. I'm going." something impelled her to this time, and she saw the quaint charm. If she did not take it some one else would. she immediately reasoned. It was much better to have an honest woman like herself take it, who would wear it to some advantage, than to O, charming are those strains in have the first common tramp find it, himself. So she went boldly up and tine this one." took down the little blue and silver heart, and put it in her bosom be- figure beside him. Did he, too, know neath her handkerchief, and then his King?

went on home. Jacques stood in front of her that he asked. night, and looked straight into her eyes, and said:

"I saw you take the lady's heart away from the King." Jeanne did not understand at first, but when she did her face flushed very cheek-it stung for three whole minutes afterwards-and sent him to bed. man, "going to kill the king, prob-He never dared speak of the 'heart ably.' again; but she never dared wear it.

ture, until one may doubt whether softening or impairing their strength. and who had made the beautiful fountaism, and who had made the beautiful fountaism, he had been answered "The ques."

visit, he stood under the cross by the end of the bridge, where they met the France is the country where the road, just where its shadows slanted mob. tall poplar trees show the silver side across him before the sun set, and "Oh, tell them," commanded Jac of their giddy leaves and where the lacked him before the sun set, and "Oh, tell them," their giddy leaves, and where the looked at the familiar face that ques. sun shines most of the time, and drooped there, and wondered where The crowd would have swept them where lilies are carved on the statues were the fountains He had made play down, but that the old man threw up and palaces. Jacques' home was not and the palaces He had built; they his arms and echoed their cry. far from Paris-near enough, indeed, must be somewhere certainly, for He "Long live the king! France, the for him to have been there twice too was a King. Had not the man in king, and the people!" And Jacques when he was only twelve years old. the lonely black cloak told him so, shouted it with him. He was very poor-because his par- and had said besides that He had died They were a few loval enthusiasts ents were. His parents did not even own a donkey to put to a cart and over? At least, that was what Jac-shout at, like all really well-to-do ques thought he said, though he con-But beside the road, just beyond it. He did wish his King had worn murmur.

been painted with very bright and He always said "Good-day, your king!" beautiful colors, but myriad rains had Majesty, when he came up to his The foremost men lifted Jacques up washed away even the cruel stains King, and "Good-bye, your Majesty," on their shoulders; the enthusiasm countless summer suns had faded the This time he bowed lower than ever, "France!" and "The king!"

For several seasons a little bird had people talking against the king; but "Come on!" he shouted, and ran built its nest in an angle of the cross, he was used to that at home, so it ahead of them. "Come on! The king! and her nestlings had fluttered out id not disturb him. And now at home France, the king, and the people! into the great big world from one of he heard much more. He heard very and the crowd pushed after him. the half-opened, nail-pierced hands. little of anything else, indeed. His For a time they carried everything Jacques loved this crucifix, not be- father and mother commenced to al- before them. The sight of the boy, cause he was a religious boy-for he low the garden to take care of itself. glorious in his excitement, at their was not; he, knew nothing about re- They often went away for all day, and head, roused latent sympathy in many ligion-but because he loved kings and when they came home talked about a breasts for Louis, and new voices queens and princes, and some one had "Republic" and "aristocrats," and took up the cry with which the others the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. told him the letters on the scroll at the "people." That is, his mother did were now so haorse. the top of the cross meant: "The most of the talking, but his father "Life for the king!" they shouted at King of the Jews," The only stories emphasized things generally. And the corner of the street, and back he had ever been told were about when they did not go out the neighfrom the other end came the reply: these wonderful people, and they had bors and some strangers came to see "Long live the Republic!" always, in the stories, done wonder them, and talk about these same Jacques' brain was on fire. He only was on the cross, or what they cross better than he did, except when the cry of his heart: "The king, was there for, and no one explained king was cursed, which was pretty king!" But his followers needed

never understood explanations. It was came, and Jeanne and her husband by this time anwhere. there,, that was sufficient for Jac- went away with them. Jeanne said ues; and it did not frighten him when Jacques must stay behind and look king!" the cried with him. He felt his mother said it would not be there after the house. She told him they as if the life of the king was in his ong, that the time was coming when were going to Paris to take down the very hands. it would be cut down. He simply felt king there, and when they came back | The two mobs were close together. they would take down the King by The leader of those who were tear-Jeanne Barot was different from her the road. She was in one of her ing down upon Jacques was a wochild. In the first place, she had no fierce moods. Jacques stood in the man. He stood face to face with her love for the crucifix. She never would doorway su,len and puzzled, and and he lifted his arm-but he stayed tell him anything about it; what lit- watched her lead the crowd down the it in the air above his head. It was

Jacques did. If there was no king, he started for Paris himself. It took wards her. what was there? Jacques felt then him a day and a half, and when fin- "The king! France and the king!" there was nothing, and the thought ally he reached the city he found it they cried. He saw someone raise was awful. There must be a king - in a strange commotion. In some club to strike.

and that life was stupid without some bridges across the Seine, when he sound, fell limp against his mother. sort of quarrelling somewhere, that found an old man looking over the She took him up in her arms, holdher husband was a fool, and the King side into the water. He stopped and ing him crosswise close to her body.

spoke to him. "Good-day, sir," he said. But the old man did not answer. "What's the matter here?" "The world is coming to an end,

answered the old man. "What!" exclaimed Jacques. "I mean," explained the old man, 'that things are turned inside out." Jacques did not know what he meant, so he asked him how the king the heavy weight of her son.

"The king!" The old man's face come to attack. flamed, but he drew himself up, and "I will take his place! Come on!" will kill him; kill their king!"

excitement. ques. "I will kill them first."

"Yes," said Jacques.

"What for?" "To find the King."

He must be crazy, thought Jacques. 'Where?' "By the throne."

Whose throne down there?" only to sell it to some one as low as nailed to a cross. They will guillo- half-grown grass like spring anemones.

Jacques gazed blankly at the bent "Was His crown made of thorns?"

"Yes," answered the old man.

it's on the road to my home." They both heard a distant shout, "It's the people," said the old of the claims advertised.

The mob was coming towards the This had happened long before the bridge; the old man heard their cry. "They're for the king!" he shouted. "I'm glad." "Are they going to save the king?"

> "Will they let me lead them?" "I don't know. But why not a boy

The King" for all. The one who had done all this was one to love, one to look up to, so Jacques throught. "Why?" asked the old man. "Silly boy!" he added under his breath. "Why! For the king! Come!" and When he came back home after that he dragged the old man towards the

fessed himself he did not understand falsetto above their / half suppressed

uncertain legs of a three-year-old - He had not-he was not that sort of thought-they'll never know. "He is for it was then he began to go to it- a boy. Jacques accepted everything young, but he loves the king, and is was a tall bare crucifix. Jacques' just as it was; he never imagined willing to lay down his life for him. Take him! Take him! Give him to the

that fell from the briar crown, and when he left Him, and bowed low. was almost terrible. They shouted

shoulders, waving one of their clubs In Paris he had heard a great many in the air.

a trial. I am.

nothing more than his figure ahead of been any good if they had, for he Then one day a crowd of people them. They would have followed him

"The king!" he cried, and "The

his mother! He fell back on the men people. She did not believe in kings. He remained behind three days, then behind him, but they pushed him to-

there could not be nothing. Poor Jac- places it was so quiet he felt the peo- In an instant he had thrown himques needed some person to look up ple were all dead, or were hiding, self in front of her just as the two to, to worship, for he had a large In others there were crowds making mad, struggling masses met; and at And our neighbors gather round the bump of reverence on his solid young ugly sounds like low thunder. Jac- the moment she knew him, a big head, and he had never heard of the ques saw no one anywhere whom he stone from one of her own people struck with a deathly thud on his He was walking on one of the young breast, and the boy, without a Both mobs, without their leader.

watched aghast and were unnaturally uiet, even those behind who could not see. Jeanne Barot turned and faced her own crowd. Her red cap hung on one side of her falling hair. "Dogs!" she shrieked, "Dogs!"

Words seemed to choke her. trong arms were bent up with a nighty tension of their cords to hold She turned and faced those she had

his voice was loud and steady. "There she velled. "The king! Long live the is no king. They have taken him, King! The King!" And now she led the crucifix on the road. Once she had these brutes, and in a few days they them on against her own people, now amazed and frightened, and scattered He commenced to tremble with his them. But before night they had collected again, and under a new leader "They shall not kill him," said Jac- had trodden out from the face of Paris this last remnant of the loyal-"You! You're only a boy! Would ists; while Jeanne Barot was walkyou lead a mob?" replied the old ing down an empty road with something cold and heavy in her arms.

She buried him herself, alone, beside beings to destruction.

And when the servants of the new regime passed along the Barbizon road they cut down the cross which bore Jacques' King, and left it lying on "Down there?" asked Jacques, the ground where it fell. It did not quite cover the beads of a little "The great King's throne, Who was wreath which peeped out through the

A man said to us one day: "Oh, well, I don't see anything remarkable about the great sale of "SALADA." Why shouldn't it sell? See how it's advertised." But, as we explained to "That's my King!" exclaimed Jac-him, all that the most skillful and to accomplish is to interest a person sufficiently to induce a trial purnd lifted their heads and listened. chase,. The future must depend enred, and she slapped him hard on the The sound was repeated, and louder. tirely with the truthfulness or falsity

The fact that "SALADA" Cevlor Teas have continued to grow in popular favor year in and year out, and that from extremely modest beginnings the sale now reaches the enormous output of 11 million packets annually, and this in face of the keennew and successful venture, hundreds of competitors have sprung into existence copying our every more and ideas save the quality of our specialthe public are fully alive to this fact is evidenced by their preference

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

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

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

192 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Conner, 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 rheumathen. have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable nements. 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 ac tivity. 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 eff cacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG. Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1961,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimen ial, 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

Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON, 288 Victoria Street, Toronte, Oct, 81, 1991.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. 16 has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been taping 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 recem mended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatics right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on

> Yours sincerely, JOHN MeGROGGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1801. 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 call-

always, in the stories, done wonder- them, and talk about these same Jacques brain was on me. He only ful things. This was a King, and things; and they made a great deal of faced his crowd for a moment, and that was why he loved Him. He noise and seemed to Jacques not to then hurried on. He knew no speeches; never puzzled himself about why He understand what was going on any he could only urge them with the one and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, the 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.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1961.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont .: DEAR SIR-After suffering for over ten years with both forms 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.

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 narvellous 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 ber Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1962.

John O'Cenner, Esq., 199 King Street East: 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 ca relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Saive, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on aThursday 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 was to the efficacy of Benedictine Sal ou are entitled to this testimonialve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely,

M. A. COWAN. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1991.

Jehn 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 sulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me said that if that did not cure me Iwould have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was su ing 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 athorough 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. 2564 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

John O'Conner, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days n the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy. "Boys have done so," murmured the the tall crucifix; and she made a in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to mother see him when she passed by old man, "but I'm afraid it's too white bead wreath with her own finlate now, too late." He shook his gers and placed it over him; and then days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just ever a she went back to Paris, where citizen- week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts. ess Barot led other mobs of human send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours forever thankful.

Toronto, April 10, 1902, Mr. John O'Connor:

DEAR SIR-I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as 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. When 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. 13 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1992.

O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR-It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testily ues. "His throne isn't down there; extensive advertising can be expected the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was uned to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salv as directed, I am able to go

work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, 72 Wolseley street. City. J. J. CLARKE.

114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1962, John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR STR-Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was

completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely,

T. WALKER, Blacksmith

Address C. R.

JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING.

199 KING.

in virtue, all reverence for God's follow constant use of them without hills, and who had put up the splen- to lead them-it's better than an old ty, and this not firm equals, and that WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. B.

Price, \$1 per bex,