

Table with 4 columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and THE SACRED HEART. It lists the calendar for June 1904, including feast days like Pentecost, Corpus Christi, and various saints' days.

"THE QUESTION OF LIGHT" is the subject of a little booklet recently issued by us. Of interest to everyone who wants good lighting. Mailed free on request. McDonald & Willson, Toronto

Children's Corner

A CHEERFUL BROTHER.

Springtime finds me happy, summer makes me sing; Autumn is so glorious, I hear the joy-bells ring!

Great old world, I tell you; don't care what they say; With the frosts of winter, with the flowers of May.

Every cup is brimming with joy for you an' me!

Great old world in darkness—great old world in day; Reap its happy harvests, walk its happy way!

Lots more light than shadow—light a-fallin' free, An' all the bloom an' beauty an' light for you an' me!

A JOKE ON A LITTLE PIG. (By Frances Margaret Fox.) Strange as it may seem, there was once a little boy who was at the same time a little pig.

When he was asleep, one would never have dreamed that he was a pig, and sometimes, when his mother tucked him in bed at night, the tears came as she thought how badly her only child acted when awake.

That boy wanted the best of everything—the biggest orange, the largest piece of pie, the most candy; in fact, he acted exactly like a pig, though, as he grew older, he reminded one of a polite pig, if there ever was such an animal.

The very first night at Aunt Arlington's the little boy was tempted. On the supper table was a plate of cake exactly in front of him. The boy liked cake. He liked it so well he could scarcely eat his bread and butter, thinking how much he wanted the largest piece.

Only one thing troubled the boy. Possibly the cake might not be passed to him first. As it happened, Aunt Augusta Arlington saw the boy looking wistfully at the cake, and looking wistfully at himself, and pass the plate.

It was a queer-shaped piece of cake—curiously large at one end, and small at the other. It was really two pieces close together, but the boy didn't notice that until it was too late.

It was Lester's turn to look surprised. "Isn't it just as well that way?" she added.

"Just as well!" he exclaimed, too much astonished to be polite. "You don't think I can keep a book in that way—do you?"

Some way that tiny piece of cake tasted unusually good. The boy ate it slowly. It was so pleasant to have pleased mother, even though he did it by mistake!

LESTER'S UPSIDE-DOWN POCKET

"Now, Lester, don't forget that you are to take the rhubarb to Mrs. Smith," said mama, "and then go to the post-office with the letters. After that you may go to Bert's, and play until five o'clock."

Lester never meant to be disobedient, but he was continually thinking that some other way was just as well, or would make no difference; and now, as he reached the corner of the street, he decided that he would go to the post-office first, then past Tommie's, and get him to walk over to Mrs. Smith's with him, and go to Bert's, where they three would have a game of duck-on-the-rock.

He mailed the letters, but found that Tommie could not go away; and as Tommie teased to stay there, he concluded it wouldn't make any difference to mama whether he played at Tommie's or Bert's, and he could leave the rhubarb with Mrs. Smith on his way home.

So he stayed, and he and Tommie had so much fun that the first thing he knew it was half-past five. My, how he did run then! He thought that Mrs. Smith looked rather annoyed when he gave her the rhubarb, but he hurried off again as fast as his legs could go.

Just before supper a neighbor called to see if she could buy some rhubarb. "I saw Lester—have some just now," she said, "and he told me he was going to take it to Mrs. Smith."

"I do wish I could have an inside pocket to put in it," he said, "to carry the little note-book that papa gave me."

Mama knew how much Lester prized his nice note-book, and how well he enjoyed making a note of this and that in it, as he had seen papa do in his. So she took the coat, and said thoughtfully, "Yes, I will put a pocket in it for you."

Lester went off to bed feeling very happy over his note-book pocket, but wondering that mama had said nothing to him about coming home so late.

In the morning Lester was busy with the small tasks which he was expected to perform each day before starting for school, and at the last moment he slipped on his coat, threw it open, and discovered the pocket neatly in place, then picked up his cherished note-book, and ran out of the house. As he ran he tried to slip the note-book into the pocket, but could not get it in.

After several unsuccessful attempts he stopped, opened his coat, and, taking both hands, started to put the book in, when he made a queer discovery—the pocket was on upside-down, with the opening at the bottom. At first he was vexed. "Dear me!" he said to himself, "now I can't use it, after all!"

Then in another moment he burst out laughing. "I've got a good joke on mama. Won't I tease her when I get home!" And he ran on to school.

At noon he came to mama the first thing with a very quizzical look on his face. "Mama," he said, "you sewed my pocket on wrong side up!" Mrs. Johnson did not look at all surprised. She merely said, "Yes, I know. I sewed it that way on purpose."

Trip Through the County of Renfrew

(From our special Correspondent.)

It has always been my pleasure to express approval of the happy change which drinking customs in Ontario have undergone in recent years. I remember very well that, before embarking on the dangerous enterprise of a highwayman, I was employed in a store, in a pleasant western town, not a thousand miles from Port Hope; and that if either Brown or Jones or Robinson walked down the main street drunk enough to stagger from the sidewalk into the centre of the thoroughfare, or hug telegraph posts, we rushed across to him, shook his hand, proclaimed him a good-fellow, and soothed him with the assurance that a fall from the effects of "tangle-leg" has been the fate of many a good man.

and hospitable little Kerryman. "Just a thimbleful," said the bibulist, "and I'll ask no more." "Now my good man," said the genial Mr. Neville, waking up to the highest point of the situation, "one word from me is as good as a thousand. You can't have a drop here on a Sunday if there was a yard and a half of your tongue stuck out."

FAIR

JUST SEEMED TO SUIT HIS CASE

Wellard Merchant Restored to Health by Dodd's Kidney Pills

Doctors and Medicines Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Succeeded—In Other Cases they just seem to Suet

Wellard, Ont., June 13 (Special).—J. J. Yokom, a prominent merchant of this city, is telling his friends of his remarkable cure of a terrible Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Yokom's statement is as follows:

"For more than a year I had been ailing with Kidney Trouble in all its worst symptoms. I had a distressed feeling in my head, little or no appetite and a feeling of languor. I became greatly reduced in weight. "Doctors and medicines failing to give me any benefit I became despondent when by good luck I chanced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and from the first they seemed to suit my case. After taking five boxes the old trouble had gradually disappeared and I was feeling better than I had in many years."

Dodd's Kidney Pills suit the case of every man, woman or child who has any form of Kidney Disease. They always cure and cure permanently.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELLONS 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. 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.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. 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.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. 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 weeks, 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

188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. 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 to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous 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, 1901. 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. 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. 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 in severe agony and lost all hope of a cure. On 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. 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. 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 Wolseley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. 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. J. SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 126 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.