

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for February 1903. Includes sections for 4th Sunday after Epiphany, Septuagesima Sunday, Sexagesima Sunday, and Quinquagesima Sunday.

COMFORT'S LADY

The fishing smack, the Betsy Jane, in lead, was only a dot on the horizon, and a mother and her little boy were standing on a big rock watching her disappear.

little cot—oh, such a small cot!—and, thinking "I will sleep just a few moments, and then wake and keep mother company," was lost to all the woes of his young life.

stretching out his arms to be taken up and soothed. Then the sun, rising from the water, following the moonbeams with its rays, illumined the carved face once more; and the boy remembered; and, remembering, was never again quite alone, for the face was with him.

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

193 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.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. 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.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901. DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve.

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.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. 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.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901. DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in a General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve.

13 Spruce street, 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.

114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1900. DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured.

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Noiseless, Resilient, Nerve Restoring Dunlop Rubber Heels

The HOME CIRCLE

AT HOME IS BEST. The sun's rim dips, the west shows gray; The red kite take their evening way.

THE HOME OF BEAUTY. In my home, the Home of Beauty, I am happy all the day.

HOW WOMEN EXCEL. At all times when men have had things all their own way in the literary world.

A GIRL'S CHARACTER. A girl cannot be too careful about her character, for like a snowily lily, the least blemish tarnishes its beauty.

INFLUENCE OF THE HOME. The home is a divine institution, and hence the elements of a true and

pure home-life are spiritual in their character. As we value the sacredness and peace of the family circle; as we deem important the individual soul-needs of loved ones; as we rightly estimate the demand of the nations for true men and noble women;

KEEP CLEAR OF ROCKS. "Keep clear of rocks, my son," cried the old skipper, who had passed sixty years of his life on the ocean.

Ben, the old fisherman, very, very old now, was sleeping when Comfort carried the figure into the loft which was his treasure-house. He placed it on the little table so that the full harvest moon was striking the face; and, looking at it, fell asleep.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES are all the time Perry Davis' Painkiller needs to stop a stomachache, even when it is sharp enough to make a strong man groan.

The mother did not answer, and the boy, gazing quickly into her face, saw the look that always came whenever the Betsy Jane sailed for the fishing banks.

He was not a heritage of happiness. He was poor, he was lonely, and as he gained level ground one could see that he had a crooked back and the sad face that ever accompanies such deformity.

Once in a while a Spanish ship would stop at the islands—a lazy old hulk, manned with gay sailors, with whom Comfort liked to talk, sometimes even exchanging his own treasures for a handful of spices or a foreign coin.

Thus the years went on. One night in September, when the fierce, equinoctial storm had passed, leaving destruction in its wake, a rumor flew from mouth to mouth that wreckage more valuable than usual was coming in with the tide.

A dead parrot was all of Comfort's floss, until, when it seemed as if the ocean had no more to give the island people, something that at first he took for a log came ashore beneath the cliff from which he and his mother had so long waved their hands as the Betsy Jane put out to sea.

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The meeting-house represented the boy's idea of grandeur, although he did not care to listen to the buffoonery called "preaching" on the island. There were no trees anywhere in sight. There might have been even in that inhospitable climate, but the fisher people burned the saplings whenever the supply of driftwood gave out.

A new life—if any life could be new in those circumscribed limits—now began for him; and, strange as it may seem, it was a life in which he found a certain happiness. He went to live with an old fisherman who spent most of his time out on the deep water searching for the wily cod.

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