

The sun's rim dips, the west shows The red kine take their evening way

Slowly along a darkening wold Whose skirts have all but lost their

gold. Afar the shepherd gathers in His scattered flock, and homeward

win God's feathered songsters to their

our highest estimation the religious settled upon her face it seemed as if gan to grow dim. life of the home.

KEEP CLEAR OF ROCKS.

COMFORT'S LADY The fishing smack, the Betsy Jane, difference in the mark and then wake and keep in the moments. and then wake and keep in the moments are the moments and then wake and keep in the moment. The moments are th COMFORT'S LADY in lead, was only a dot on the hori- mother company," was lost to al. the moonbeams with its rays, illumined zon, and a mother and her little boy woes of his young life. When he the carven face once more; and the were standing on a big rock watching opened his eyes his mother was gone; boy remembered; and, remembering, they never found her. The blue was never again quite alone, for the her disappear, The mother wore a ponnet was fast in a crevice of the face was with him. blue home-spun gown and a sunbonnet cliff, where the wind had taken it, The strange coming of the "Lady" to match. The lad was bareheaded, but there was no other clue. The -in his thoughts she was always Neither wore shoes nor stockings. The poor, distraught woman had evident- called that-he kept a secret, knowwind was strong, and due east, and and was somewhere under the swell- next time the villagers had a carousal the skirt of the blue gown was blown ing waters. So fiercely that it looked like a sail. The big rock was on an island, some Perhaps that is because it is a true Upon such occasions they burned evthree leagues out at sea; and there one. It would be pleasant to be able erything combustible. Twice they were other islands near-all low white home reformed, and how the little fel- would have descroyed the third h shoals, except to the seaweed where low's maternal kindred from the could be made to ignite. the big clean cliffs reared their heads mainland sought him and enriched "Somehow it looks as if it was

year, and where the fish was stored at all seasons. boy's idea of grandeur, although he days' wonder. At the end of that did not care to listen to the buffoonery called "preaching" on the island. mothers were made "queer;" There were no trees anywhere in alas! poor Comfort's story was now sight. There might have been even in ancient history. that inhospitable climate, but the A new life - if any life could be that inhospitable climate, but the fisher people burned the saplings new in those circumscribed limits — now began for him; and, strange as head." whenever the supply of driftwood it may seem, it was a life in which gave out. Even the low blueberry he found a certain happiness. He went their ears-not because they had any bushes shared the same fate. On the to live with an old fisherman who bushes shared the same fate. On the to live with an old fisherman who whole it was a dreary scene on which spent most of his time out on the because they craved excitement, and the mother's eyes and those of the deep water searching for the wily boy rested as at last, whe dot which cod. At long intervals Comfort went was the Betsy Jane having disappear- with him; but his usual fashion was "When will father come back?" slight housework and mending the don't, we'll burn it for him." asked the little fellow, as they nets and sails. That done, his time climbed down the granite rocks worn was his own. All the sweet, long raised a storm he could not quell. smooth by the beating waves of summer days he could lie upon the countless years. The mother did not answer, and the thrive, or walk on the short beach to boy, gazing quickly into her face, saw find what the waves had left behind should the loudest in the grotesque the look that always came whenever them. Often these were curious things services in the meeting-house and

would not be herself again until the a sailor's cap snatched by the fresh- us?" fishing boat and its skipper were safe ening breezes. And then sometimes "Why, you see," said the panicthe cliff.

ly tried to follow the Betsy Jane, ing too well what would happen the if they knew that the figurehead of This is not, so far, a cheerful story. the Santa Maria was within reach.

captain drank too freely one night, attempted to explain why a piece of poor huts where the fishermen lived and steered her on to some locks wood made his wall little loit a la Perched on a high rock, like an eagle that were her sudden ruin and his mant place. Lut once in a which sunning its wings, was a little stone death; and the fair, smiling land when the light was right, there was meeting-house, where a man from the from whence the little hunchback's a suggestion of a face of his own mainland preached several, times a the secret of her identity. I glad; for his Lady, he thought.

The meeting-house represented the events were but material for a few his one haunting fear.

time other fishermen were in peril, secret, old Ben could not; and the a trial. I am, other boys were orphaned, other next time he went fishing he otold and, some of his friends of the silent companion of the boy's solitude.

> "It's my sartin' and sure belief," said a listener, "that he makes a

a quarrel was better than nothing.

"Idols is heathenish. Make him ed, they turned their faces homeward. to stay on the island, doing the burn it," suggested one. "If he Old Ben began to fear he

> rocks or watch his tiny garden wrong!" he explained. "Idols is wrong," insisted one who

the Betsy Jane sailed for the fishing brought to that shining strip of sand drank more rum than any man on banks. He knew what the look -a little boat set afloat by some the island. "They're graven images. meant; young as he was, he knew happy child, a dead bird with bright Ye're spoilin' that boy, anyhow. that she was "queer," and that she feathers, an oar lost from a dory, Why don't he work like the rest of

once more in the little cove under there were objects the sight of which stricken, tender-hearted old Ben made his heart beat very fast - gar- "he's always been so spindlin' and

He was not a heritage of happi- ments which looked like his mother's weakly. And he does work." ness. He was poor, he was lonely; old blue gown, or the pea-jacket "Work! He works about as much so should we deem important beyond and when the vacant, strange look mental picture of his poor mother be- just a figurehead, and it's nobody's



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, 1992 John O'Connor, Esg., 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 rheumation. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable pend-fit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless Beside the lighthouse, there were no him with love and possessions. But somebody's mother—'' usually Com-dwellings in sight other than the betsy Jane never came back. Her fort got no further than that if he betsy Jane never came back. Her fort got no further than that if he betsy Jane never came back. Her fort got no further than that if he betsy Jane never came back. Her fort got no further than that if he betsy Jane never came back. Her fort got no further than that if he betsy Jane never came back. Her fort got no further than that if he betsy Jane never came back. Her fort got no further than that if he betsy Jane never came back. 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 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 testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more And yet, so used to tragic sadness would keep him from forgetting, and the in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My were those 1. w islands, all these that he might forget his mother was got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of If, however, Comfort could keep a pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give its Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

> 288 Victoria Street, Toronte, Oct, 31, 1991. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City:

DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. In has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been taying 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 recemmended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatics right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend is as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal.

JOHN MEGROGGAN. Yours sincerely,

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1991. 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 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 "Oh. he don't mean nothin in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend I am, your truly, it to any one suffering from Lumbago. (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont .: DEAR SIR-After suffering for over ten years with both forms iles, I was asked to try Henedictine 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 JOS. WESTMAN. Yours sincerely, piles.

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 marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. pure home-life are spiritual in their and as he gained level ground one which his father buttoned about him as a jelly-fish. But that's your busi- There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised character. As we value the sacred-ness and peace of the family circle; as and the sad face that ever accompan-the anchor of the Betsy Jane. The it's the business of the hull island." I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after we deem important the individual soul-needs of loved ones; as we right-grief was his mother's "queerness," for mackerel anyway?" retorted old Ben, goaded ly estimate the demand of the na- as the islanders called it. She was fishers have a strange likeness to one to brave speech. "What harm can last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried tions for true men and noble women, his companion, almost his only friend; another. But, in spite of himself, the a whittled-out log do? A figurehead's large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

O east and west, Hame's best.

My life's sun sinks, night falls, and I, With faltering feet and slow, pass by, Earth's traveler, soon no more to roam.

Home of my God, my Father's home,

Let me direct my steps toward thee. Where all is throned, there all should

Not here, my heart, not here thy rest:

O east and west, Hame's best!

THE HOME OF BEAUTY. In my home, the Home of Beauty.

I am happy all the day, Discontent and care and trouble By love's smiles are chased away, In my home, the Home of Beauty,

Want and misery dare not stay.

HOW WOMEN EXCEL.

At all times when men have had things all their own way in the literary world. But there is one thing, however slight it may seem, in which women excel, and that is letter-writing. Their pens are ready with those turns and expressions which men often discover after long and tedious cried the old skipper, who had passed of the white-winged gulls; he learned choice of words, and place them so well, that they have all the charm of novelty. They alone have the gift of moving the hearts of their readers by a single word, and of patting with delicacy a delicate thought. What they say depends upon the sense and not upon any rules of composition.

A GIRL'S CHARACTER.

A girl cannot be too careful about her character, for like a snowy lily, the least blemish tarnishes its beauty. Some girls do not really mean any harm, but they seem to lack a delicate sense of propriety and frequently invite criticism of an unkind nature. They laugh loudly, make acquaintances too freely and consider reticence a requisite best suited for our grandmother's day. The girl who is slow to make acquaint- they hear the wail of those coffinless

sort of girl. When you get to know low. her, you feel her worth and place her I have also known a young skipper sleep of a tired boy. He had helped on the list of your friends with a who entered the sea of life heedless his father from sunrise to the hour feeling of pleasure. A little dignity is of the advice of those who had spent of sailing; and after that he had done an excellent thing. It checks the fam- vears on it. His self-confidence and odd jobs about the house, and tried iliarity of others and affords a superior attitude of mind. The girl who is truly up to date in her ideas fol- know when saints keep their midnight whom he disdained to fraternize. for his very cwn. she proves herself to be well-bred and his wrecked soul. smart, shielding herself from the un-

pleasantness that is sure to come from a careless demeanor.

INFLUENCE OF THE HOME.

The home is a divine institution, man groan. Don't be fooled by imiand hence the elements of a true and tations. 25c. and 50c.

the sun had been put out. No man can afford to slight his the sun had been put out. No man can afford to slight his the sun had been put out. No man can afford to slight his the sun had been put out. She had come from the mainland, the sun had been put out. No man can afford to slight his the sun had been put out. She had come from the mainland, the su to lay up dollars for his children. No boy had seen but a bit of the edge. no one to say this to-that is, woman dare neglect the spiritual cul- Her husband, a stalwart young fel- one would quite understand.

ture of those whom she holds most low then, had brought her back when Once in a while a Spansih ship dear, in order that she may give he returned from one of his cruises. would stop at the islands-a lazy old more time to the follies of fashion No one ever knew where her former hulk, manned with gay sailors, with and the demands of society. It rests home had been. She was gentle- whom Comfort liked to talk, somewith the woman of the home, no mat- voiced, shy as a violet, and kept her times even exchanging his own ter in what condition of life she may own counsel and company; and for treasures for a handful of spices or a be-the poorest like the richest - to that the fisherwomen hated her in a foreign coin. The Spanish vessels form the characters and give the pitying, contemptuous way. When took away the well-cured fish, stopminds of her children a religious her husband was at sea she was ut- ping on their way from Boston, where training. Home-life approaches its terly bereft. Her little boy was born they had left their cargo of dried ideal, only, as the children are made during one of these seasons of lone- fruits and fine fabrics. to look upward, and who, but the liness, and so she named him Com-Thus the years went on.

mother, can interest her little hearers fort. A confort he proved to be so as to make religious topics pleas- her only one; for her husband fell a ing subjects of conversation in her victim to the sailor's fondness for home-circle. gtog. Her terror when he was at

Home-life is not complete without home was almost equal to her anxiety the merry prattle and ringing laugh- when he was away. And yet-he was ter of little children through the her husband, and she loved him. house. But let us remember that the Comfort was about five years old house is not the home. It may be a when he first noticed the queer look days and nights afterwards, the wild, hovel or a palace, but it is home only in her face and the taciturn manner where hearts, bound together by the that went with it. She would spend golden chain of love, beat in unison long days up on the highest peak of and join in harmonious praise to the the cliff, looking out over the water Lord of the home.

for the ragged sails of the Betsy Jane, and he was left to himself. It was then he began to find out Nature's secrets. He knew the note "Keep clear of rocks, my son," of the song sparrow and the habits

sixty years of his life on the ocean, the time of the tides and the ways to his self-confident son, who for the of the deep sea fish; he became famifirst time received command of a liar with the coast-line and every litship. The reply from the boat was a tle inlet with its dancing bit of surf. careless laugh. The weather-beaten He could detect sounds unknown to sailor waved his tear-stained hand- most of the islanders. He knew kerchief, and uttered yet another how the song of the ripples on the

warning in a broken voice. short sands differed from that of the That night the young captain order- lazy breakers farther away; and ed all hands to make merry with the pebbles and shells were his toys, as

future chief of the "Royal Queen." marbles and tops are the playthings They caroused far into the night, of most boys. He could tell the when a terrific storm burst from the name of every weed and flower and western sky. The rain fell in tor- bush; and had his own little garden, rents; the wind lashed the waves high over the ship. The young skipper, for- father brought him from what was getful of his father's warning, left his to him the great world. Curiousship to the mercy of the sea. A cloud ly enough, he never had any wish to land in the spring; but his knowledge let the "idol" wait until Comfort formed between the moon and the see that world. He learned the lesson vessel; when it passed away only the -oh, so sadly soon!-that the world spars of the sinking ship could be has no place for a little fellow with

seen. As other mariners sail the sea, a big head and crooked back. So the smack had sailed away once ances is, generally speaking, the best dead that slumber in the depths be- more. Comfort went to bed early

that night, and slept the dreamless pride swept him to the hidden rocks to forget that he was different from piest and not a bit queer. And now and the figurehead of the good ship where he was lost forever, and I the straight little fisher lads with

lows the dictates of good form. Thus vigils, they hear the angels weep for Perhaps, too, he was trying to forget Ben, the old fisherman, very, very over the spot, and in winter the his loneliness; for there is not a child in the world so lonely as one whose carried the figure into the loft which the ravages of the storms.

FIVE LITTLE MINUTES are all mother is "queer" - that is if he was his treasure-house. He placed All this happened long, long ago, the time Perry Davis' Painkiller needs loves her. Otherwise it doesn't mat- it on the little table so that the and the fishing village is a thing of to stop a stomachache, even when it ter so much. Comfort loved his full harvest moon was striking the the remote past; but the memories of is sharp enough to make a strong mother very tenderly. man groan. Don't be fooled by imi-He tried to keep awake, but Nature He awoke with a start. "Mother" still preserve for us the story of prevailed; and so he crept into his he said, and was a little child again, Comfort's Lady.

Spain for nothin', and I say it's an idol, and a disgrace to the community."

The sudden bite of an unsuspecting cod interrupted their conversation, but old Ben had had his warning.

That night the islanders discussed the matter, and their indignation waxed hot. By the end of the week John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

the indifferent had been won over, and One night in September, when the fierce, equinoctical storm had passed, leavthe door. ing destruction in its wake, a rumor

flew from mouth to mouth that wreckage more valuable than usual was coming in with the tide. Evidentof the law!': ly one of the Bilboa ships had come

window in the loft. "Keep quiet,

fierce faces of men and women were there! Comfort's dead!" eager and drawn with the lust for "Tell that to the lobsters." said

to grief. All that night, and for

rocks.

treasure, as pieces of fine silks, wathe leader of the expedition, "and ter-soaked bales of broad-cloth, and heave the image out of the winder!" fragments of rare woods came from "I tell you he's dead." repeated the breakers that roared and dashed old Ben. "Come and see. His heart's and broke into white foam upon the always bin wrong, and he's dead." They, incredulous, filed up the lad-

flotsam, until, when it seemed as if and, one by one, came down convincthe ocean had ao more to give the ed. But even the presence of death island people, something that at first cannot quench that fever that burns he took for a log came ashore be- in the veins of those bent on mad deneath the cliff from which he and struction; and Comfort's Lady not behis mother had so long waved their ing found, they went away to burn

hands as the Hetsy Jane put out to the school-house as the best substisea. With some difficulty he rescued tute for a graven image.

his prize, and found it to be the ear- Yes, Comfort was dead. His lonely ven figure of a woman with a face young soul had fared forth upon the into which the artist had put the im- "unknown sea that rolls round the mortal mother-look. It was no less world." He died with an infant than a wooder statue of Our Lady - prayer upon his lips, and the pitying the figurehead of the good ship Santa face of his Lady looking down upon Maria, wrecked on the coast of Maine. him.

Comfort had seen it before, for the The mob vented its enthusiasm Santa Maria had stopped at the is- upon the school-house and decided to of Spanish was scant, and the Eng- was buried. Then they gave him lish of the sallors quite as little; the best funeral their resources afand when he had pointed to the fig- forded, making him a grave in his urehead they had said: "Santa own little garden, soil being rare Maria; in English you say St. Mary. and precious.

She Our Lady," Poor little Comfort They never burned the "idol." That had never heard of a saint, and re- night, while the island slept, old Ben membered the figurehead just as a opened the earth again and laid Comlady-a lady who looked as if she was fort's Lady beside him; and there somebody's mother; something as his there they moulder away together own mother looked when she was hap- the bones of the orphaned hunchback the sea had given the Lady to him Santa Maria. In summber the tourists trip carelessly and unthinkingly old now, was sleeping when Comfort snows protects the scant earth from

face; and, looking at it, fell asleep. one or two of the ancient inhabitants

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 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 yas to the efficacy of Benedictine Sal ou are entitled to this testimonialve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901_

DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure Iwrite this unsolicited testimonial one evening a motley procession and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve tramped over the sharp rocks to the thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I conhut old Ben called home. He was sulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and not. as was usual at that season, said that if that did not cure me Iwould have to go under an operasmoking his comfortable pipe beside tion. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was a ing from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he The leader of the mob called out, was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Sales and it make n pompous and authoritative tones: me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now competent "Bring out that idol in the name cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after a fering so long. It has given me athorough cure and I am sure it will

"Hush!" said old Ben, whose face, never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was somewhat pale, appeared at the littje It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc.,

ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry,

2561 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, 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 remote 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 A dead parrot was all of Comfort's der into the poor little chamber, days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just ever a week. I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these factor, send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTERN

Terento, April 10, 1900.

J. J. CLARKE.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR-I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as

sure sure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad dise in my arm, and it was so had 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 treubled 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. Teronte, April 16th, 1902.

O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR-It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testily the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unal 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.

114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1200

John O'Connor, Esq. DEAR SIR-Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am new completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, Address C. R. T. WALKER, Blacksmith

JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.

J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. L. Price, \$1 per box.