

SIXTH MONTH 30 DAYS		June		THE SACRED HEART	
↑ 1904 ↑					
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS			
1	W.	r.	S. Eleuthera.		
2	T.	w.	CORPUS CHRISTI.		
3	F.	w.	S. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.		
4	S.	w.	S. Francis Caracciolo.		
Second Sunday after Pentecost					
5	Su.	r.	S. Boniface. Solemnity of the Feast of Corpus Christi at High Mass and at Vespers. Hymn, "Pange Lingua."		
6	M.	w.	S. Norbert.		
7	T.	w.	S. Augustine of Canterbury.		
8	W.	w.	S. Ferdinand.		
9	T.	w.	Octave of Corpus Christi.		
10	F.	w.	SACRED HEART OF JESUS.		
11	S.	r.	S. Barnabas.		
Third Sunday after Pentecost					
12	Su.	w.	S. Leo III., Pope. Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor."		
13	M.	w.	S. Anthony of Padua.		
14	T.	w.	S. Basil.		
15	W.	w.	S. John of St. Facundus.		
16	T.	w.	S. John Francis Regis.		
17	F.	w.	S. Bede the Venerable.		
18	S.	w.	Our Lady Help of Christians.		
Fourth Sunday after Pentecost					
19	Su.	w.	S. Juliana Falconieri. Vesper Hymn, "Deus tuorum militum."		
20	M.	r.	S. Silvester.		
21	T.	w.	S. Aloysius Gonzaga.		
22	W.	w.	S. Innocent V., Pope.		
23	T.	w.	S. Isidore the Husbandman.		
24	F.	w.	NATIVITY OF S. John Baptist.		
25	S.	r.	S. Gallianus.		
Fifth Sunday after Pentecost					
26	Su.	r.	SS. John and Paul. Solemnity of S. John Baptist at High Mass and Vespers. Hymn, "Ut queant laxis."		
27	M.	w.	S. William.		
28	T.	w.	S. Leo II., Pope.		
29	W.	r.	SS. PETER and PAUL.		
30	T.	r.	Commemoration of S. Paul.		

"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.

THE OWL AND THE LARK.

(Carolyn Wells in June St. Nicholas)

Oh, the Owl and the Lark
Went a-sailing after dark,
And they boated and they floated down
The river to the sea;
On their mandolins they played,
And such merry music made
That the donkey in the distance fair-ly
Laughed aloud in glee.

The tide was ebbing fast,
And the boat went drifting past;
The donkey gave a whistle as he
Munched a thistle bloom,
And he said, "It's my belief,
They will surely come to grief,
And the motion of the ocean will pre-
cipitate their doom."

The boat it sped along,
And so merry was their song
That the moon very soon wondered
What the noise could be;
Peeping over the horizon,
She exclaimed, "Well, that's sur-
prising;
Do those strangers know the dan-
gers of this shiny, briny sea?"

Then the boat gave a lurch,
The Lark wobbled on her perch,
She was handlin' her mandolin, when
Overboard it went,
But the Owl said, "Now, my dear,
It will get it, never fear!"
And with an oar he dashed and
Splashed to reach the instrument.

But alas! the boat upset
In the watery waves so wet,
And both the quaking, shaking birds
Were dumped into the deep.
The Owl was washed aground,
But the little Lark was drowned,
Which caused the Owl to yowl and
Howl, and moved the moon to weep.

AN ODD NESTING PLACE.

Where a Sparrow Has Built a Home
in a Lion's Mouth.

(George W. Picknell in June St. Nicholas.)

Not all of the delights of spring
Are for the country boy. We who
live in the city have a host of them,
and can see many a strange and
pleasing sight if we keep our eyes
open. A few days ago, while rid-
ing my bicycle doting of sparrows,
and looking up saw in the mouth of
the building on one of the city's prom-
inent clubs, the remains of a last
year's nest, and two sparrows get-
ting ready to build a new one for
this year.

It was such a novel place for a
bird to choose for housekeeping that
I stopped and made a sketch of it.
While standing on the opposite cor-
ner sketching, the policeman of that
"beat" came over to talk with me.
He seemed pleased that I should have
noticed the birds. He said that the
sparrows had been keeping house
there for several years. He had
often stopped to watch them build
their nests, and later feed their lit-
tle ones; which, later, would play
around the lion's head as saucily as
could be, as much as to say: "You may
look very fierce, but—whose afraid?"

WREN DISCIPLINE.

How the Father Bird Forced His
Family Into the World.

(From William Lovell Finley's "Rear-
ing a Wren Family" in June
St. Nicholas.)

Hidden in the grass, I tried to
solve the secret of the father's petu-
lant actions. Each time the patient
mother returned he grew more rest-
less and violent in his language.
Soon I saw his wife whirl joyously
with an unusually large white
grub—surely a prize for any bird.
But alas! for all her prowess, her
spouse started at her as if in mad-
ness, hile she, trembling in terror,
retreated down the limb and through
the bushes. For a few moments it
seemed as if the wren household was

to be wrecked. I was tempted to
take the mother's part against such
cruel treatment as she quivered
through the fern on fluttering, wing
toward me, but at that moment, as
if thoroughly subdued, she yielded up
the bug to the father. This was the
bone of contention. A domestic bat-
tle had been fought and he had won.
The scolding ceased. Both seemed
satisfied. Mounting to the tree top,
the little mother poured forth such
a flood of sweet song as rarely
strikes human ear. From that mo-
ment a different wren, released from
all care and worry. Her entire
time was spent in search for bugs.
Each return was heralded by the
high-sounding trill from the tree top,
and her husband whirled out of the
tangled vines to take the morsel she
carried.

But what of his actions? He had
either gone crazy or he was a most
selfish little tyrant, for he flew about
the alder stump, calling now and then
a softer tone to his children within,
and finally swallowed the grub him-
self. Two or three times he did
this, until I was so disgusted I
could hardly endure him. If he
were hungry, why could he not skir-
mish for his own bugs?

While I was chiding him for his in-
famous action, the mother appeared
with a large moth, which he readily
took. Among the alder limbs the
father flew, and finally up to the
nest-hole, out of which was issuing
such a series of hungry screams as no
parent with the least bit of devotion
could resist. Hardly could I believe
my eyes, for the little knave just
went to the door, where each hungry
nestling could get a good view of the
morsel, then, as if scolding the little
ones for being so noisy and hungry,
he hopped back down the tree into
the bushes.

This was indeed cause for a family
revolt. The brown nestling nearest
the door grew so bold with hunger
that he forgot his fear and plunged
headlong down, catching in the branches
below where the father perched.
And the precocious youngster got the
large moth as a reward for his brave-
ry.

Not till then did it dawn upon me
that there was a reason for the father's
queer actions. The wrenlets
were old enough to leave the nest.
Outside in the warm sunshine they
could be fed more easily and would
grow more rapidly, and they could
be taught the ways of woodcraft. In
half an hour, one after another, the
little wrens had been persuaded, ev-
en compelled, to leave the narrow
confines of the nest and launch out
into the big world.

What a task the father had brought
upon himself! Surely the old woman
in the shoe never had a more trying
time. The fretful father darted
away to punish one of the wrenlets
for not remaining quiet; he scurried
here to scold another for wandering
too far, or whistled away to whip
a third for not keeping low in the
underbrush, away from the hawk's
watchful eyes.

MR. BLUE JAY.

I had always heard stories about
the disagreeable disposition of the
Blue Jay family, but I never liked
to believe them—the Blue Jays are
such handsome birds.

Last summer I had a chance to
watch a pair, and now I think, my-
self, that some Blue Jays are not
very amiable.

The two bright creatures chose a
branch in the great maple by the pa-
try window on which to build their
nest. I soon noticed that when Mr.
Blue Jay might just as well have
been at work as not, he was so busy
telling Mrs. Blue Jay that she must
"work a leedle, work a leedle, work
a leedle," he quite forgot to work
himself.

When he did work he used coarse
twigs because they went so much far-
ther than the small ones; and he-
ter than the small ones; and he
was not at all particular about the
lining. Instead of hunting for horse-
hair, and bits of wool, he took the
grass at the foot of the tree because
it was less trouble.

But Mrs. Blue Jay didn't seem to
mind the rough nest nor Mr. Blue
Jay's idle habits. She used to sit
there on her eggs and turn her head
this way and that to watch him as
he flew about. He was such a beau-
tiful fellow, with the softest of blue
coats, and the blackest of satin ties,
that she thought he was too fine to

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found in other constructions. One
of the most important of these is the

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iron in the Radiator. It has been
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of steel and iron makes the most ef-
fective furnace but the method of
joining them with bolts and cement
is unsatisfactory as the unequal ex-
pansion and contraction of the iron
and steel works the bolts loose and
grinds out the cement allowing gas
and dust to escape through the house.

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are fused together at a white heat
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tection against GAS, DUST or
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PRESTON, ONT.

work, and she hoped the children
would look like him.

One day a dreadful thing happened
to him.

The morning, instead of going to
the brook, he flew down to the ice-
water drain to get a drink of water,
and almost at once he saw another
bird marching straight toward him.
(It was only his reflection in the cel-
lar window, but Mr. Blue Jay did
not know that.) With a shrill cry
of rage, he ruffled his feathers, and,
hopping toward the window, raised
his wings to strike. The other bird
did the same thing. This made him
so angry that he bounded into the
air like a ball, and drove his sharp
beak against the window. He meant
to make an end to the saucy fellow,
but there he was, still unharmed.

Mr. Blue Jay was so angry now
that he fairly screamed as he struck
over again, his feet and bill striking
against the glass, and almost stood on
her eggs, looking down to learn what
was the matter.

"I could see the poor thing flutter."
"Jaygee!" she called gently, "I'm so
hungry! Bring me up a bug, won't
you, dear?" She did this to get
him away from the other bird, I sup-
pose.

"Just wait till I finish this rascal!"
he called back.

He spent the morning fighting; and
by afternoon he was so tired that he
had to stay on the nest while Mrs.
Blue Jay hunted bugs for herself.

The next morning it was the same
thing over again. Even when the
little birds were hatched, Mrs. Blue
Jay had to feed herself and the four
hungry children, because each time
that Mr. Blue Jay went for a drink
he would forget his family and ev-
erything else in fighting the bird in
the window.

I used to hear Mrs. Blue Jay plead-
ing, but all in vain. Mr. Blue Jay
might have gone on fighting until
this very time, if one day he had not
nearly broken his wing trying to kill
the bird in the glass. That taught
him a lesson.—Little Folks.

MOTHER'S HERO.

(By Hilda Richmond.)

"I'd like to have been Alexander
the Great," said Charlie, drooping
his book with a sigh. "Just think
of the wonderful things he did!
Wouldn't it be splendid to conquer
the whole world?"

"I know who I'd rather be," said
Josie, looking up from her book.
"Joan of Arc! She was splendid if
she didn't conquer the whole world.
I think it's a mean shame they
treated her as they did while she
was alive, and now make a great fuss
over her."

It was a stormy afternoon, so all
three children were reading by the
fire to pass away the time till Char-
lie started the subject of heroes.
Mother was patching Joseph's trou-
sers and listening to the conversation
as it waxed warmer and warmer, and
the young people grew red in the
face as they defended their favorites.

"They weren't either of them half
as great as King Alfred," said Joseph
emphatically. "He was a good
man, too, and your Alexander wasn't.
Our teacher said he drank, and did
lots of other wicked things, but Al-
fred was great and good too. And
your Joan of Arc?"

"What about her?" exclaimed Josie.
"I guess she was greater than"
"Children, children!" said a gentle
voice.

"You decide for us, mamma," said
Charlie. "Which one of us is right."
"That is a matter of opinion,"
said mother wisely. "Different peo-
ple have different ideas about those
things. I will tell you about my fa-
vorite hero, and then you can see
what you think of my choice. I will
not say a word against the ones you
have chosen, so you must try to like
mine."

"We will!" "We will!" cried the
children, drawing their chairs nearer
mother, as she took a new patch.

"I can guess who," said Josie,
with a knowing look. "It's George
Washington!"

"I'll guess Abraham Lincoln!" put
in Joseph.

"I think it's King Arthur of the
Round Table," said Charlie, remem-
bering the stories mother had read to
them so often.

"All misses," said mother, patch-
ing away. "This man I'm going to
tell you about had to stop going to
school, when he was only twelve
years old to work for his mother and
little sister. He studied hard in
the evenings, and when he was seven-
teen he went back to school, and
graduated, doing his work night and
morning at the store where he clerked.
An uncle of his father's wanted
to send him to college when he saw
how well the boy had done, but
wouldn't do anything for the family,
so he gave up the plan, and went to
work again for them. You may be
sure it was hard to do this, but no
one ever heard him complain.

"His sister was married when she
grew up, but soon died, leaving three
little ones for her brother and mo-
ther to care for; so my hero had
to work harder than ever. He brought
up the children as well as he could,
and took care of his old mother when
she grew childish and fretful—for no
one would help him when they found
out how peevish the poor old lady
was. He might have put her in an
hospital, where she would have been
well taken care of, for he began to
be better off when he was middle-
aged, but he took care of her himself
till she died. He is free now to do
as he pleases, but living as he did all
those years kept him from making
friends like other people. His work
at home and away from home filled
his life completely till a few months
ago, but no one could have done that
work more cheerfully than John
Aiken. Now you know why my
hero is."

"John Aiken! I am so disappoint-
ed!" said Josie. "It sounded like
as if he were some great man while
you were telling the story."
"Well, I don't know that he isn't
a great man," said Charlie stoutly.
"Our heroes had lots of praise and
honor, but mother's is unknown. I
think hers is best, after all. Some
of us boys say 'Crooked John' when
we see him, but I never will again."

"His back became crooked lifting
his mother so much, and I always
think of that hump as a badge of
honor," said mother. "I am glad
you think my hero greater than Alex-
ander."

"I think he is as good as King
Alfred," said Joseph, and I think
Josie will say the same."
"Yes, I'll say he is as good as
mine," admitted Josie. "I don't
see why he doesn't tell people what
he has done, and then they would
treat him better."

"That is what makes him a hero,"
said mother. "He is content to do
his work without being praised and
without boasting. There, the sun is
peeping out, so you can run and
play."

Labor, indeed, if we would but per-
ceive it, is one of the greatest of
earthly blessings. It rewards with
health, contentment of mind, cheer-
fulness of spirit, and sound, refresh-
ing sleep; few of which blessings
of life are long enjoyed by those who
do not daily, in one form or another,
labor. And why is this? Because
fact, of course, Mr. Galton was
speaking by the book, as Stanley's
to labor is to perform the business
of life; to carry out the purpose for
which every human being is called
into existence.

Our soul, which the world pretends
to divert with its vanities, resembles
the child which is consoled by the
offer of a rattle in lieu of a star.

A Lasting Cure of Itching Piles

**A Chronic Case of Unusual
Severity and Long Standing
Cured by
Dr. Chase's Ointment**

Throughout Canada there are hun-
dreds of cases similar to the one de-
scribed below in which Dr. Chase's
Ointment has proven a positive and
lasting cure for the most severe form
of itching piles.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, for 30 years
a resident of Bowmanville, Ont.,
writes:

"For twenty long years I suffered
from itching piles, and only persons
who have been troubled with that
annoying disease can imagine what
I endured during that time. About
seven years ago I asked a druggist
if he had anything to cure me. He
said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was
most favorably spoken of, and on his
recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt
better, and by the time I had used
one box I was on a fair way to
recovery. I continued the treat-
ment until thoroughly cured, and I
have not suffered any since. I am
firmly convinced that the ointment
made a perfect cure.

"I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment
an invaluable treatment for piles.
In my case I think the cure was re-
markable when you consider that I
am getting up in years, and had been
so long a sufferer from this disease."
Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a
box, at all Dealers, or Edmanson,
Bates & Company, Toronto. To pro-
tect you against imitations the por-
trait and signature of Dr. A. W.
Chase, the famous receipt look au-
thor, are on every box.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS
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.

John O'Connor, Toronto:
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 comple-
tely cured.
S. PRICE.

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

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
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
days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a
week, 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.
John O'Connor, 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 in-
tervals 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 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 ef-
ficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly,
GEO. FOGG.

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.
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.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimo-
nial, 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.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:
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.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
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-
tense agony and lost all hope of a cure.
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.
John 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 con-
sulted 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 opera-
tion. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suf-
fering 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 suf-
fering 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.
John O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of 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,
73 Wolseley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq.:
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. J. CLARKE,
34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 192 KING STREET
EAST, TORONTO

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