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### HOME CIRCLE effekter effekter

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CALENDAR FOR THE WELLK. Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost Gespel, St. Matt. xxil. 35-46. The Piret and

22 | St. Thomas of Villanova, Apb. C. M. 23 St. Linux, P.M.
T. 24 Our Lady of Ransom,
W. 25 St. Cleophas, Disciple,
Th.20 SS Cyprian and Justina, MM.
F. 27 SS Cosmas and Damlan, MM.
S. 28 St. Wenceslaus, M.

#### <del></del>

HEART TO HEART. Full oft have we seen How the flash of an eye, The clasp of a hand, Or a sad little sigh,

May answer the word
Of the lips, but apart
And the more sacred the speech
When the heart speaks to heart.

For the lips seldom tell
Of the deeps of the mind
And the eyes often veil The expression behind. But alone and in silence And ever apart In the language of love Does the heart speak to heart.

This human Divine
When a still tender voice,
Which maketh the angels
Of heaven rejoice, Of heaven rejoice,
Speaks in accents of love
As He leads us apart
To commune in the sweetness
Of heart unto heart.
—Evelyn C. Murphy.

**\* \* \*** A PATIENT LIFE.

Let me tell you of one who was truly patient. She had ever a bright saying, a cheery tone and word for all who came near her. She could move her head and arms a little, and her thumbs. Her other joints were itiff and hent, so that she was always in a cramped up posture. She had auffere in this way for thirty-eight years. This is no sketch of fancy. I tell my girls "real facts and deep truths." There is no fiction in our talks. This dear old lady was buried, a week ago, and yet as I write about her to you hereclear blue eves and quick, merry manner of speaking are so plain before me that it is hard to realize that fact.

She was poor, could scarcely be poorer, yet in the four years I knew her I never heard, her complain or even express a regret at her state oflife or her helplessness. Many a merry, quaint turn she would give to a bit of serious advice, softening and making it easier to take for her hearer. Self never loomed up before her, shutting out the interests of others. She was eager to hear all the news, and to be told of the new hat to be trimmed, or the old dress to be "turned and made new." And she watched from her little window under the roof with such observant eyes that she knew when "large sleeves went out," and when eton jackets

"Can't you get half a yard of bright colored silk," she asked a young woman a few days before she died, "instead of that no-color ribbon you have? It would look nice and springlike to have a bit of tose color in your hat. I can tell you how to shire it just the way it is pur on hats

And the rose-color is on the hat, bravely shirred under the direction of the kind old friend, who will never again use her memory of old time

To another who was thinking of selling some of her valuable old furniture to get money for a pleasure trip, she said: "When you buy furniinre the price alw you have any to sell the price always drops. Keep your nice chairs, and walk in your own city parks for an hour every day, and it will do you as much good as an expensive trip.

"I know I'd have to sell the things for a song," began the young woman.
"And you would soon forget the tune of it," interrupted the old lady. A laugh followed this, taking all unpleasantness out of the advice, and the young woman still has her helrlooms. It, was that way with everythinginterest in every one, and keen good sense to help them in the little ways of life, and nothing was too small to deserve consideration.

"The good Lord knows the reason for things we can't understand," she would say, "so of course everything is bound to come out right in the

She sat day after day at her little window, that gave her a good view of the central door of the Dominican Church. The room was directly under the roof, and in the long, hot summers of Washington was nearly suffocating. But she did not want to leave it because it was so near the church. Once; just once, she had been inside that beautiful, large church, and had been carried "right near the altar." She was s convert, having become a Catholic alter her affliction, so that one visit was treasured in her memory like a vision of promise.

"I look at the big door," she said, "and then I seem to see through, up the long aisle to the little white and gold door that is the gate of heaven, for it is all that is between us and God who died for us."

Think of it, girls-she had never been at Mass! But when the bell rang at the consecration she would make the sign of the cross as well as she could, and bend her head reverently. She was asked once if she would not like to be in the church some day when that bell rang. She looked up at the questioner with her shining blue eyes and bright smile.

"There's many things we'd like in this world," she ar 'ered, "but if the Lord don't see fit to give them to us it's in my mind that He means us to make the best of what we have. SoI'm glad I'm so near the church."

She received Holy Communion often, and always on the first Friday when possible. A Protestant relative was present on one of these days, and remarked, after the priest had gone that: "He didn't say a single prayer in English that you could understandl" .

"He brought the Creator of all understanding to me," answered he old "and knew his duty better than to interrupt the silence of my soul at such a time.'

A beautiful life, although it was so hidden and so hum le. A useful life, though the frail hands could do nothing, even to help herself. And a true patience that bore mactivity for thirty-eight years without complianing or pecvishness.

"What a loss to the parish," said a religious, when told of her death, but what a wonderful gain to herself!" - Marie Agnes Gannon, in Rosary Magazine.

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CONVENT SCHOOL EDUCATION

We have had some experience as a teacher and we do not hesitate to say that the training received in convent schools is far superior to that given in other schools, sags a writer in The Pilot. The influence of a school dominated by the spirit of sanctity and gentleness inseparable from the religious state, is necessari-

ly and essentially elevating and e-Hining. The chief ends of education are to develop the faculties of the soul to broaden and establish the character, train the mind in harmony with a carefully nurtured heart. In view of the subject, as applied to the education of girls, the conspicuous requirements, it will be perceived, inherently belong to the system controlled by orders of religious teachers. The convent bred girl invariably possesses a "nanner" that distinguishes her from the less favored of her sex in all surroundings, and a "manner", means a great deal to a woman, no matter what her sphere, especially that product of the high and sympathetic element of Christian culture, engendered in the genia, radiance of the religious academy. The future of the Catholic world depends largely upon the preser ation of the faith and cultivation of the character of the women. The greatness of the work of convents in training and elevating those who, as the Catholic wives and mothers of the future, are to contribute such a large measure in the shaping of its destiny cannot be overestimated. Intelligent Catholics of to-day must appreciate the fact, and should act accordingly.

#### 0 0 0 TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is as delicate and as a dove. She must be approached softly and allured gently; but once taken, how faithful she is, and how she fills all life with her grace and beauty! Do you know what attracts her? Goodwill and affability-obscure little virtues, one of which does not see or at least does not look at the defects of others; and the other, which attracts by a hidden charm pervading one's bearing, one's smile, one's words-little virtues which cost little and are of great value.

# SPEAK TO THE SAV'OUR.

Troubled, auxious soul, needing direction, looking vainly about you, too timid or unwilling to seek counsel, through fear of not being understood or not heeded, poor soul feeling yourself in the midst of circumstances whic't seem to encompass you like an iron circle gradually narrowing and stifling your forces! Perhaps it is a matter on which your temporal future depends, and particularly the future of your loved ones—a calumny adroity fabricated, under the weight of which you reel yourself crushed—a religious vocation thwarted by obstacles humanly insurmountable—an impending humiliation which threatens to blight vour life. Whatever it may be, go you also to Jessis on the altar. And taking your soul in your hands, so to speak, present it to Jesus, as so to speak, present it to Jesus, as

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you would present a suffering little one to the physician, and say to Him: "Master, what do You wish it to do?" And work confidently in peaceful silence. If the day goes by without bringing you light, return tomorrow, and to-morrow again.

\* \* \* A JOYOUS LIFE.

Because they saw the love of God in everything around them, the immediate companions of the Saviour found the world a new world. The joyous and cheerful aspect of their life strikes every careful reader of the life in Galilce. Is God Father? Then we are children. The soft breath on your cheek is God's breath. The joy of life, as you look out on the morning, as all nature sings to song of praise, is the echo of His present joy. And at night, when you sink to sleep, that blessing is the blessing He gives His own. So you find Him in the sunshine, find Him in the cool of night, see Him in the stars of the infinite Heaven, and hear Him in His whisper which tells of right and truth; you love, and know that love rules the Heaven and the earth. As you know that, all darkness flies away.

\* \* \* writer in The Fashion World gives the following hints as to ways of using old stockings. Whenever pos sible, these are cut down for our baby or some other baby; but there are always a lot of legs accumulating, which can be varied in a variety of ways. After I had worn out two silk linings to my Astrachan muff, lined it with a piece from the leg of a stocking. It was nearly ready to put in, without sheping, and made a much more durable lining than silk. Four thicknesses placed together and button holed with worsted or silk make good holders. Two squares placed together, with a piece of rubber mending tissue between, pided ever, shaped with a hot iron, and notched around the edges, make nice dress shields that will be odorless and will wash perfectly. The legs are also nice to draw on over sleeves while preparing dinner, and they make good silver polishers. I made a sleepir cap for an old gentleman from two silk stocking less and orange embroiders silk, which I consider my crowning achieve ment.

# It is a Wonder To Everybody

How Speedily and Certainly the Wretched liching and Unessiness of Piles is Relieved and Thoroughly Cured by

#### DR. CHASE'S CINTMENT

It seems wonderful that after all

It seems wonderful that after all these years of investigation and research the physicians are still helpless to relive and cure one of the most common and most & stressing afflictions ro which men and women are subject, viz., itching, bleeding piles. In nine cases out of ten the doctors still recommend a surgical operation, with its expense, extreme pain and danger, as the only cure for piles. Prejudice alone keeps the physicians from prescribing Dr. Chase's Ointment in all cases of piles. It has made for itself a worldwide repatation, and is sold under a positive guarantee to cure any case of piles, no matter of how hom standing, no mat ter, how many operations have failed, and no matter how intense has been the suffering.

Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist minister, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ontario, states: "I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joy-

remedies before and to no purpose.

"Now, imagine how great and joyous "as my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very danverous and painful operation and many years of outfering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I "ive this testimonial, knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has do e so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

You are invited to make this test

You are invited to make this test and prove to your own satisfaction the almost magical power of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Ask your neighbors who have used it what they think of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Use it when you have the opportunity, and remember that it is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding piles; foc a box, at all dealers, or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Happiness is never found by those who seek it on the run.



#### WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play, That is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain This same question comes again:
From the boy with sparkling eyes
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son
Perils past and honors won—
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task. Burdened with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace; Let us love her while we may, Well for us that we can say:

"Where's mother?" -London Mail.

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A CURE FOR IDLENESS.

The following anecdote is related of the boyhood of Berryer, one of the most distinguished French advocates of the last century, whose school years were spent at the College of the Oratorian Fathers, at Juilly:

In those days, Berryer was terribly lary His trackers had the greatest difficulty in getting any work out of him, and he utterly refused to exercise his memory, which in latter days was to prove so unerring. He rebelled against essays, flung off the thruldom of grammar, and declined to bowthis head beneath the yoke of versification. His classmates at length gave him up in despair; they went to the Father Superior of the College of Juilly and told him that the boy would do nothing, and nothing could be done with the boy. The Superior, who was a man of sense, thought otherwsie He sent for Berryer into his study, and said to him, "My dear boy, work seems to hore you, and you appear to think that happiness consists in doing nothing. That being so you may come and sit in my study and watch me, have nothing to do, only understand work: it will not bore you, and you shall see that it will be literally nothing."

The boy was enchanted; he imme-diately enscoaced himself in a corner of the room, while the Oratorian Pather paid no more attention to him niture. The first hour passed pleasantly enough. The schoolboy reveled luxuriously in childish daydreams, and from time to time remembered his classmates, and congratulated himself inwardly that he had no words to look up in the dictionary, or lessons to learn by heart. Another half an hour passed by, and then the pleasure of idleness began to pall. He stretened out his arm to pick up a book; the Oratorian .coked up at once. "My child," he said, "you are forgetting our agreement; you are to do nothing whatever; reading is doing something; so take advantage of the permission I have given, and do nothing at all."

The boy was beginning to discover chat complete idleness is distinctively monotonous. So he ventured on a few remarks, but the Father did not answer. At last when he reached the bottom of the page on which he was writin he said: "My dear boy, everyone has his tastes You are fond of being idle: I am fond of work. I do not trouble you in your idleness, and I must beg you not to disturb me in

my occupation." At the end of three hours the Oratorian left his desk and went out into the garden to say his office under the shade of the trees. "That's all right," said Berryer to himself, "now I shall be able to amuse myself." As soon as he was outside, he prepared to run off and join his companions at their games. But the Pather Superior laid a restraining hand upon his shoulder. "My child," he said, "you are again forgetting our bargain. Playing is doing something; remain beside me, and we will go up and down this avenue; but, if you prefer it, you may go and sit on that bench."

The boy never imagined he could be so delighted to get back to his work, as he was when he had at length persuided his superior to let him return to his place in class. Nor was the lesson soon forgotten.

FOR NINIC YEARS,—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores, on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians; and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Ecletric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally). In a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

He is have whose circumstances suit his tempor; but he is the more excellent who can zuit his temper to any circumstances



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