SECOND MONTH FEBRUARY HOLY FAMILY. DAY OF WEEK 4th Sunday after Epiphany S. Ignatius, Martyr. Vesper Hymn "Ave Maris Stella."
Purification of B. V. Mary. Su. M. T. W. T. S. S. Dionysius, Pope. S. Agatha. S. Hyacinth Mariscotti Septuagesima Sunday. At Principal Mass and at Vespers, Solemnity of the Purification. Vesper Hymn. "Ave Maris Stella." Su. M. T. W. Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden. w. Our Lady of Lourdes. T. F. S. S. Telesphore. 13 S. Gregory II. S. Agatho. Sexagesima Sunday Su. M. T. W. T. F. Vesper Hymn "Iste Confessor."

Blessed Gregory X.
Commemoration of the Passion of Our Lord.

Quinquagesima Sunday

Seven Founders of the Servite Order.

Vesper Hymn. "Iste Confessor."

Su. M. T. W. T. F. Ash Wednesday. S. Margaret of Cortona. The Crown of Thorns of our Lord, S. Peter's Chair at Rome.

S. Raymund of Pennafort.

S. Cyril of Alexandria,

S. Peter Damian.

S. Mathias Apostle.

S. Titus.

17 18

19

21

23 24

HOME CIRCLE EEEEEEEEEEEEE

IRISH MATCHMAKING.

Although the preliminaries to an Irish country marriage are frequently lacking in tender sentiment, Irish marriages are proverbially happy. But surely Judge Adams, the County Court Judge of Limerick, exaggerated the matter-of-fact details in his speech at the Irish Social Club in London recently. "The matches are up, and I am heartily glad!" of blue eyes and golden hair, but been busy for several days. mostly about cows and sheep, pigs "Is it well done, too?" asked pracfeather beds. It often happens that a tical Aunt Mabel.

A young girl once rushed into the house of a girl friend of gers and ing." of the boys of the Donovans." "To this evening?" which of them?" asked her friend. "Well," said the bride, "'twas rather rightly know which."

where a woman called out to her end of that these six weeks." daughter an hour earlier than usual "Still, you have finished and folded ed Mollie. "Now, what's that to it again and every line and fold. Your on, sir, go on, sir." you?" replied the mother.

LOVELY WOMAN.

A woman who has in her the sav-

Why should a woman everlastingly want to be a man? To take the rough and scuff of life? Little fool! Why isn't she content to sit on silken cushions in her glass case and feed on nectar of roses? Why does she cry for her "rights?" It is her "right" to be man's comfort, man's solace, man's holiday.

Every man needs some woman to hang on to his coat tails to keep him from going to the devil.

A man loves a woman because she's a woman. A woman loves a man for the want of something better to love. -New Orleans Picayune.

A GOOD REPUTATION.-Brown's Bronchial Troches have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles.

Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath."

and Bronchial Affections. and only in boxes.

than with its nationality.

CORNER the fact that among a ers of the world the state only absolutely flo however, is the case. The St. Lawrence disturbance. Its greatest of the world the state of the world the state of the stat

generally made on Shrove Monday, Bertha, as she took off her little and the talk between the parties con- thimble and laid on the table a pretty one who has traversed all the imcerned is not of love, or constancy or blue muslin dress, on which she had mense lakes that feed it, and for the

mother says I improve in dressmak- ocean save through this gigantic, ex-

said: "Mary, Mary, I'm to be mar- "That is encouraging. Now, Bertha. ried in the morning!" "Yerrah, to do you know that something else of whom?" inquired her friend. "To one yours is also finished and folded up

had to do this week, unless it is The Judge mentioned another case that tidy. I do not expect to see the

of a morning: "Mollie, get up at up something more important than once!" "Yerrah, for what, mother?" your tidy or your dress, even; some-"You're to be married to-day, Mol- thing that will not be unfolded again day's history is done, and gone from your keeping. You may remodel the dress if it does not please you, but Beware of demure women. They are you cannot change one jot or tittle of the day's record."

Aunt Mabef had the fashion of dropping these seed-thoughts, which often agery of the devil may also have in grew into strong, vigorous plants in

our hearts. "What has the record been?" asked Bertha of her own heart, as she thoughtfully laid away the blue muslin. As, little by little, she tried to go over the hours, there was much

"I wish I had spoken pleasantly to New when he wished me to help him taken me a minute or two, and he Times: was first sad and then vexed with my crossness. It is too bad! I left mother to do all her baking alone, and the street. She grasped my hand fer- been sleep, but he sit up long time bedid not even prepare the cherries for her, in my haste to finish my dress.

record, when I began it in too much you a rise." haste for prayer." The day's work did not look so satisfactory from this standpoint, and she sighed as she felt it was "folded up."—Selected.

No wonder I have sach a poor day's

LANDED HIS FISH.

A young man who at twenty years of age had patented twenty-four dis-They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore tinct inventions, as had Sir Charles to New York, he boarded a crowded voice in de fores'. Bym-by it cum Price, 25 cents. For sale everywhere, having been able to think to some lad in a corner rose and politely of it, meester? I dunno. It many miles purpose at the age of ten, especially Hale took it, saying in his heart way when I run pas' lak glass breekin' in when a big fish was the reward. In as he did so: "Thank you, my boy, camp. I don't hear it wit' mah ears. is not thoroughly national and which "The Life Story of Sir Charles Tils- thank you. I'll do as much for you but here," putting his crooked hand cannot more easily part with life ton Bright" his brother describes an when you are eighty, if I happen to to his heart. instance of the ability of Sir Charles be around then."

as a boy to-think and act quickly. When we were boys, writes the brother, there was a large pond near and excellent carp. These carp were long, muscular fish, always ready to fight hard. Once and again the tackle was broken by an enormous fellow that we occasionally got a sight of. His size was naturally magnified in the imagination of the boys who fished with us, and we fancied him much reality.

One of us would get hold of him, when, after a rush or two, he would start right away for a patch of weeds in the deepest water.

Early one morning my light floater, after swirling about, went quietly down and traveled toward deep wa- in the leather shoops. ter. Then the usual rod-bending commotion ensued. The fish got tired, and so did I. We had no landing net, cried: "Wait a minute and I'll have

He scrambled over a hedge and a through the weeds to the edge of the

the mat of stuff that he could not he stood with them.

ed our fined such joy in fishing before or afterward, and were off for

A GLORIOUS RIVER.

is so independent of the elements. It despises alike rain, snow and sun-bound forests of his home. shine. Ice and wind may be said to phenomenal as the St. Lawrence itself is the fact that there is so little generally known about it. It might be safely affirmed that not one per cent. the leathern jacket. of the American public are aware of the fact that among all the great rivers of the world the St. Lawrence is the only absolutely floodless one. Such books, neither."

The St. Lawrence despises rain and sunshine. Its greatest variation caushappen even out here, I suppose, don't happen even out here, I suppose, don't "De ice have cut mah "There, that is finished and folded The St. Lawrebce is fed by the said mightiest bodies of fresh water on earth. Immense as is the volume of water it pours into the ocean, any surplus waters of which it is the only channel to the sea, wonders that it is not even more gigantic than it is. Not one drop of the waters of the bride and bridegroom meet for the "Pretty well done, for me, auntie; five great lakes finds its way to the Hans awkwardly, "an' I not fetch 'freid lil while but hymphy I stretch John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: traordinary and wondrously beautiful river. No wonder, then, that it should despise the rain and defy the sunshine.-Nature's Realm.

"What else can it be, Aunt Mabel? "When I was a boy," said a great "Yes, tell me about it," urged the

In one of his discouraging moments he declared he was going to give Dane. them up. He collected his pooks and

Did he take the advice?

Yes: he took these words for his ing, this master was his teacher: hard. "Go on, sir; go on, sir."

"No one ever won a victory by

A "RISE."

she would gladly have changed if she

"Yes," said I, "they did."

"Well," she continued, "and I'm an' easy. pleased for that. It's yourself that deserves the rise."

they give you will be to heaven!"

CROOKED HANS.

our home that held plenty of roach A Simple Story by Which One Hero not freeze dead. But bym-by I mek Recognizes Another.

(By Helen F. Huntington.) Not all heroes are on the rolls of the Legion of Honor.

"Ten days more of this!" grumbled the Hero, looking about at the bare bigger than he was likely to be in rough walls of his prison. "And ten nights!"

> plained of anything. The three men smoking by the stove looked over at him collectively.

"Got misery?" demanded the man

The wounded man nodded mutely sleep till mornin'. and the fish was in thick weeds and sat bolt upright in the stiff little Just then Mr. Carp shook the weeds and down Charles popped the rake on thoughts seldom passed their lips, and heem cryin' foll hees mudder and heem cryin' her done for me in three days what doctors

Charles then pressed a heap of gaunt lad, who shuffled into the room de snow. No, meester, I not 'fraid the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. weeds on the broadside of the row of big prongs, and so enclosed and landed our first and so enclosed our first and so big hands were crooked and stiff; and breekin' ice way down de reeber, so I several fingers were bent almost hurry fas' as man feet can so, but home at once to announce our cap-double. But for all that he could t'ain fas' lak de wolves. Befoh dey ture. The fish, weighed nearly eight swing an axe at the lumber camp as pounds. well as the best of his fellows. Every logs, strong an' tight, but de door night since the stranger's advent, been gone. Anyway, I tak de babby Crooked Hans had appeared at the in an' wrap heem in mah coat an' among rivers. No other river is fed shack at the same hour and taken his tell heem stay inside while I watch by such gigantic lakes. No other river hoping to hear something of the lakes always out. Den I call an' call so loud, seem John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: great world beyond the silent, show- lak mah fader mus' hear me.

to tell.

"News don't come this way be-"Then tell me a yardn, one of you

"We don't have much use for story

"I don't care about made-up stor-

the stove. "I dunno none, meester," he stuttered apologetically.

"Tell 'im about the Norris kid you your crooked hands and feet," commanded the man in the leather coat, whom nature and habit had made spokesman.

heem home. Th' half-breed do dat." "Tell him how you found 'im," the other man admonished austerely. To the Hero he added, soberly, "Twas then he got his crookedness, savin' carryin' me home on hees back." a widder's son from freezin' to death."

the stolid, homely face of the young

dat year, foh de deer all been gone feet frozen to the bone!" sout' t'ward Gran' Prix, where de "Hans, come here," said the moss ain't all been covered wid man imperatively. master. All through his life, when- freeze. It had been so col' de trees The lad rose and shuffled over

turning his back and running away," but he been so lil dey tink it been face. Then he took both the crooked said this wise man. The American easy to fin' heem, foh he not walk hands in his and pressed them hard. fas'. Me'n fader work till dark an' we'n de job been done I wan' go look knew," said he in a voice of caressfoh de babby, foh all de time I tink ing tenderness. a good. I save mah supper and wrap it mute heart. Then he drew his hands Shortly after I was made vicar-gen- up w'en he not lookin' an' go to bed away and shuffled back to his place eral an old Irishwoman met me in ve'y early, jus' waiting foh heem to behind the stove.-The Criterion. foh de fire smokin'. an' bym'by I get an' dey been so ve'y light I go fas' right and claim to the good opinion

"All time I hear day lil voice, ve'y sof' an' low, lak de sob of de win ve'y far off, an' I go swif' across the After Work or Exercise "And ail I hope is, the next rise greet snowbank t'ward de nort'. I t'out 'bout day lil boy way off in de col' an' ran so fas' till mah blood Not long ago, when the venerable boil and keep me ve'y warm, an' I Edward Everett Hale was on a visit stop an' listen often, foh dat sof' Tilston Bright, may be credited with Broadway car for a trip up-town. A clear, lak a chil' cryin'. How I hear fered the grand old man his seat, Dr. off, an' de col' been snappin' de trees

heem walk foh to save hees life, foh he been 'most stiff, an' de pore lil t'ing cry an' cry till mah heart ache. But bym-by, we'n he gin to git supper, an' he eat an' stop cryin' an' feel good. "Meester, I been so glad to see dat

in de snow, cryin' foh hees mudder,

an' mos' freeze. I jus' grab heem in

mah arms an' run. I been so glad he

lil boy I forget to watch de road, an' bym'by I got fraid we been los' It was the first time he had com- in the greet white forest. De lil boy been so ve'y sleepy he cry an' beg me let heem lie down, an' w'en we foun' two greet pile lumber where de col' babby he say lil prayers, an' go fas'

so hungry he cry foh more. But he could not move. Suddenly Charles stretcher, his head swathed in band- good chile. He stop cryin' w'en ages, and a frieze greatcoat loosely tole heem hees mudder been waiting buttoned over his shoulders, for the for heem with nice good tings, and big John O'Connor, Ess., Toronto: ditch and borrowed a hay rake, with room was draughty in spite of the start out, which way I dunno, w'en which he waded into the water. He roaring fire. He was a hero in the dere been no stars to look by. Long had the greatest difficulty in getting hearts of his rough companions betime we go on, stoppin' often foh to deserted; but the men of Murdoch foh I not walk ve'y fas'. De lil boy

seat behind the rusty stove, always foh hees mudder an' keep de wolves

mighty flow. Something almost as the Hero, unenthusiastically, know-close to de door, I slash an' cut piles. heem bad, an' de res lik lick hees blood an' kill heem. But dat wasn't tween seasons," remarked the man of nuff foh de hungry pack! Dey howl an' screech lak debi!s, an' de hal-breed cuttin' ice way down de reeber hear 'em an' cum up quick. He been 'fraid foh to use all hees shot foh fear oder wolves foller heem home, so he kill tree wolves an' scare de res' away till he can tek de babby an' carry

ed by drought or rain hardly ever exceeds a foot or fourteen inches. The cause of this almost everlasting sameness of volume is easily understood.

Hans, grew very red of face

happen even out here, I suppose, don't they? Come, talk up, the youngest first. I'll do my part when my turn comes. Hans, tell me a story."

Hans, grew very red of face fader back foh me. He look scare an'

jus' 'bout a meenit. Den dey how! an' ou are entitled to this testimonialve in removing rheumatic pains. screech an' rush into de hut an' try 'fraid lil while, but bym'by I stretch on mah stomach easy-lak, an' watch "And then?" said the Hero very

"De lil's boy's mudder nurse me lak his shoulders and looking intently at ain't done nuttin' 'tall, foh de halfbreed brung babby home, meester."

The man in the leather coat looked began to but them aside. One book, began haltingly; "jus' bout a lil tion; then he turned to the Hero however, he thought best to look boy five year ole wad got strayed off and said calmly: "Twas then he got into again. Now, what think you were f'um hees mudder when we work up his crookedness. He was in the worst lie." "Indeed, and to whom?" inquirfor ages, perhaps; then you will see that fixed his attention? These: "Go ples lives. De wolves putty hungry fort frozen to the hone!" the words that this boy found there at Gran' Reeber where not much peo- fix I ever saw-his hands an' arm

tracks. foh de snow been freeze hard, then at the queer, homely, old-young send him to me and I will prove it to him. "You are the bravest lad I ever Mr. John O'Connor:

Charity itself commands us, where the Lord bless you! I hear they gave dryin' befoh de fire, so I tak de mo- but friendship, that always goes a of his friend.

preparations represented to be "the san

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

warm, I sit down an' feed heem mah 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_ 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 intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted. I win' don' come, we creep in between 'em an' cuddle up foh lil res'; an' de fit. 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 acand put his hand to his breast. He "Dere been only jus' a scrap of tivity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than bread lef' foh day lil boy an' he been gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the effi-

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1991.

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 cause he had risked life and limb by listen, but couldn't hear nattin'. Mah got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of and was soon up to his waist in water.

deserted; but the men of Murdoch

288 Victoria Street, Teronto, Oct, 31, 1991.

DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It peration had so jammed himself into wherefore no one had told him how so hungarity for here mudder an' has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been tryso hungry it mos' breek mah heart. ing to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed "Wen we cum to be reeber, I t'ink with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recomback out. The rake was pushed under The door opened suddenly, letting I hear wolves, jus' a lil cry lak a mended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatics ight in a driving gust of wind and a big, baby's voice, cumin' creepin' 'cross out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on

> JOHN McGROGGAN. Yours sincerely.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1801. 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 I am, your truly, it to any one suffering from Lumbago.

(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE. 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901.

DEAR SIR-After suffering for over ten years with both forms of "De wolves dey smell humans an' Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application "Well, Hans, what news?" asked go mad fon taste of blood, but I get I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I be the only things that affect its the Hero, unenthusiastically, know-JOS. WESTMAN. Yours sincerely,

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.

MRS. SIMPSON. Yours respectfully,

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. he tak de boy home an' sen' mah John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left try mek me come, but he have hurry arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no foh fear de wolves ketch heem, an' so relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, he lif' me up on de rafters so de gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a hursfound in the snow the winter you got wolves can't get me, an' leave me. day night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the "Bym'by de wolves cum back an' latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had tear an' crunch de dead wolves in a trace of rheumatism. I feel that yas to the efficacy of Benedictine Sal

Yours sincerely,

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 con-'sleep. W'en I wake, mah fader been sulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me Iwould 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 be was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave dark near the fireplace, and I didn't This is the only piece of work I have astronomer, "I grew tired of matheHero, drawing his coat closely about she been mah mudder, too, an' I 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 athorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. Dane.

"Ain't nuttin' much to tell," Hans at the speaker, without visible emoIt 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, 1961.

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 remedy to in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to ever he grew tired of any undertak- snap lak glass w'en win' strike deem the bed, and the Hero raised himself stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three and looked first at the great awk- days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a "Nobody couldn't see de babby's ward feet and the misshapen hands, week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts.

Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

Torento, April 10, 1902.

DEAR SIR-I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease Archbishop John M. Farley tells a I hear lil voice callin' way up de A sob rose in Hans' throat and a in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I story which shows the love and good- devide, an' once I tol' fadder listen; strange, unaccustomed smile lighted heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found will entertained for him by those to but he laugh an' say I been crazy, his face for an instant, like a fiash great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to me daily whom he stands in the relation of foh no lil boy coudn't crossss dat of sunlight upon dark, still water, household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled friend of spiritual adviser. It is given greet snowbank. Fader he not let me revealing a glimpse of unsuspected with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and with his flag. It would only have in his own words in The New York go. He say I been too young, an' no beauty hidden in the depths of his do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly,

MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 13 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1992.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to tastify to "O father!" said she, "Sure and up and creep out. Mah shoes been we know no ill, to think well of all; the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable

casins wad mah fader fine in de camp pitch higher, gives a man a peculiar 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 to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours,

72 Wolseley street, City. J. J. CLARKE.

114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902 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 now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was

JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E.

completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely,

WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.

J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E.