

Table with columns: TENTH MONTH 31 DAYS, October, THE ROSARY THE HOLY ANGELS, 1903, DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and a list of feast days and saints.

Children's Corner

WHAT'S THE USE. (Burgess Johnson in the August St. Nicholas.) I. What's the use o' growin' up? You can't paddle with your toes in a puddle; you can't yell when you're feelin' extra well. Why, every feller knows a grown-up can't let loose. I don't want to be no older— What's the use?

Toggles looked him squarely in the eye. "I don't know what your name is," he said, "but it's a very wicked thing to tell lies. I saw the oriole last Sunday." "Something very like a smile crossed the man's face, but when he answered, it was grave enough. "And so did I," he said; "and Monday. Have you seen him since then?" Toggles thought a moment. "No," he said. "And neither have I. He started south Tuesday night, and he won't be back until next May. He'll never use that nest again. And I wouldn't mind a big plan taking away my house, if I were all through with it, and had gone to live in another country— would you?"

ADVICE TO BOYS. Whoever you are, be brave, boys! The liar's a coward and slave, boys; Though clever at ruse And sharp at excuse, He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys. Wherever you are, be frank, boys! 'Tis better than money or rank, boys; Adhere to the right, Be lovers of light; Be firm—but not, as a crank, boys. Whatever you are, be kind, boys! Be pleasant in manner and mind, boys; The man gentle in mien, Words and temper, I ween, Is the gentleman truly refined, boys. Then ever be honest and true, boys! The world surely needs such as you, boys. Leave others the shamming, The cheating and cramming— And life will have nothing to rue, boys. A CURE FOR ASTHMA. Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has provided a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchia tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 347 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903. 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 completely cured. S. PRICE, 212 King street east. 183 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 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 activity. 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 efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEP. FOGG, Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1904. 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 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. 288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGGAN, 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, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE, 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 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, 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 18, 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, 65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my right arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no 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 Thursday 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 you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN, 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 consulted 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 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 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 suffering so long. It has given me 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, 256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 14, 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 forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN, Toronto, April 19, 1902. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. 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 troubled 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, 14 Spruce street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1902. J. O'CONNOR, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify 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, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolseley street, City. Address C. R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

Dunlop Creeper Rubber Heels NO JAR NOR SLIP. MADE OF FINE RUBBER.

HOME CIRCLE

AS TO MARRYING AGES. There are times in every woman's life, according to a high feminine authority, when she will marry anybody that comes along. These times are when she is 17 and 27. Between these ages she is indiscriminate, and after the second of the two she is apathetic. To the girl of 17, it is said, the idea that she makes a real live man's heart go pit-a-pat is so ecstatic that in gratitude for the distinction of a passionate proposal she easily fancies she is in love. She thinks her refusal to marry Augustus will break his heart and send him to an early grave. So she weds him out of generous pity in order not to wreck his life. She says "yes" and learns afterward that Augustus' heart is tough and that she survived numerous prior desperate attachments. At 17 it is any man—any individual sufficiently offensive to allow her to nourish unchecked the illusions which her self-love cherishes. For at this age man is only the occasion, not the object of her affections. He is only a dummy; it is she who occupies the whole stage with her swiftly varying fancies and caprices. At 19 she has evolved an ideal. It is no longer any man, but a particular man—a man tall, dark, passionate looking, with a Byronic air. One at war with his kind and of abnormal opinions in type. He may be pessimistic and melancholy. His merit is that he finds in her the beauty and innocence that restores his faith in humanity and make happiness again a rational hope. A year later she is still romantic, but experience begins to make her a trifle more practical. The spectacular beauty of striking physical aspect is reined into the strong, earnest man, who looks at things in a lofty, high-minded way and has a fad. Her idol may be a matinee hero, an unappreciative genius, a social settlement worker of a long-haired poet. It is a theological student or clope with her music teacher. Such is her missionary spirit that she is capable of marrying a drunkard to reform him. With 23 there is less risk of such unpromising ventures. She begins to enjoy life in its objective aspects, and to exclude reference to her subjective meditations. Matrimony, like heaven, is a cherished aspiration, but social incidents have become interesting. She sees farther than before into the drama of life as others play it and it entertains her. Many timid admirers, she thinks, are better than one who is fiery. In short, she is having a good time and is averse to exchanging the gayeties of life for a humdrum husband. If she marries at this age, she is likely to make a discreet choice. At 27, however, comes a period of panic, and, as ten years before, the danger is great. It is seen that her contemporaries have nearly all married. The girls who were her schoolmates are settled matrons and boast the virtues of their children. She cordingly begins to feel lonesome! The younger set put her aside or ask her to chaperon their parties. Perhaps a gray hair—awful sight!—makes its appearance. Is she an old maid? The idea frights her. She loses her nerve and plunges wildly, taking the first man that offers. Foolish matches belong to this period—the supernaturated beau or the widower with ten children.

THE MARSHAL OF THE CITY OF REFUGE.

When we reached the fence, Toggles stopped before the sign that he and grandpa had nailed there the day they made a farm a City of Refuge for the birds. He read it through again: TRESPASS IF YOU WANT TO BUT DON'T HARM THE BIRDS. The summer was almost over; it was what grandpa called Indian summer now, and Toggles had been thinking that he and the birds had had a very good time of it. Among those he liked most was the beautiful bird that grandpa called a golden robin, and mamma a Baltimore oriole, and whose wonderful nest was swung like a tiny hammock from the branch of the big walnut-tree on the edge of the orchard. He was just thinking of him when he came into the woods, and saw, just a little way ahead, the man with the green tin box. The man had not seen Toggles, for he had his back turned. Toggles thought he might be a soldier or a sailor, he walked so straight; but maybe he thought that only on account of the cap and the field glasses. The man was going toward the orchard, and Toggles followed him, keeping out of sight, but watching closely; for, being the Marshal of the City of Refuge, it was his business to see what a stranger was doing on his grandpa's farm. The man was walking slowly. Once he stopped to pull some leaves and put them in the green tin box, and several times he whistled—so like a bird that, when the real birds answered him, Toggles could hardly tell the difference. Then he came out by the big walnut, laid the green tin box and the field-glasses down on the ground, and, throwing off his coat, began climbing the tree. Toggles had never seen a grown man climb a tree before, and he watched eagerly, very much surprised and interested, until he saw him swing to the limb from which hung the oriole's nest, and take out his knife; and then he suddenly wished he were big enough to take hold of the tree and shake it until the man should come tumbling down like a ripe apple. He was so very angry that he never stopped to think of anything but the outrage to the oriole, and, when the man reached the ground with the nest in his hand, he walked straight up to him, his eyes blazing and his words fairly tumbling over one another in their eagerness to get out and tell his indignation. "Don't you know it's wicked to steal nests?" he asked. "That's the birds' house, that they live in, just the way we live in our houses. How'd you like it if you went home some night and found a big giant had carried off your house?" The man seemed very much surprised, but he laid down the nest, and then sat down on the grass. "Whose little boy are you?" he asked. The voice was kind, and Toggles answered the man's question, although he was very angry still. "My name is Toggles," he said, "and I am living with mamma, here on grandpa's farm, and my grandpa does not like people to steal nests on his land. Did't you read the sign?" "Yes," answered the man; "and I thought it was a very good sign. Do you help your grandpa take care of the birds?" "I'm the Marshal of the City of Refuge for the birds. If you saw the sign, why didn't you mind?" "Is it always wrong to take birds' nests?" he asked the man. He spoke so gently, and looked like such a nice, good man, that Toggles could hardly believe he had really done the wicked thing that he had seen, on—there lay the branch cut off, with the nest hanging from it. "Yes, sir," he answered promptly; "it always is—that is, unless, of course, they're last year's nests." The man took the branch from the ground. "Did't you read the sign?" he said. "This is a last year's nest," he said.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

Little Nellie had been for a short visit to her great-grandmother, and on her return had been asked how she liked her. "Oh," was her reply, "I liked her pretty well, but I wished she had been a little newer." Robert loved to pet the small chickens, but only two or three of them would allow him to touch them. He overheard one morning to say, "I'm tame to all of you little chickens, but only a few of you are tame to me." Toggles was in a hurry for dinner and did not wash his face thoroughly. When asked if he called that washing his face, he said: "Of course I do. I did wash my face, but I didn't think it necessary to go into details." "Ned," said his father, as the small student came home from school, "which do you like best, arithmetic or geography?" "Well," said Ned, reflectively, "I think I like geography best, because arithmetic is just a little less than mine." Little Alice had just passed from the primer class to the First Reader, and her first lesson was about a dog and puppy. Returning home, she surprised her mother by exclaiming, "O mamma, what do you think? I'm in the dog-and-pup class now!" Not long ago Lydia had a birthday and discovered that she is the youngest member of her class at school. "How does it come," she asked her grandmother that evening, perplexed, "that all the other little girls of my age are nine or ten and I'm only eight?" "Mamma, what mountains are these?" asked Rolla, who had been gazing out of the car window with great delight. "The Ozark Mountains," replied his mother. With a startled look Rolla turned back to the window. Presently he asked, doubtfully: "Mamma, are you sure these are the Noah's Ark Mountains?" When Willie was four years old there had been just six people in the family as long as he could remember, and he knew that if he bought a half dozen oranges or candies there were just enough to go around. When the new baby was placed on exhibition Willie looked at it solemnly for a few minutes and then remarked: "Well, the grocer will have to give me seven for a half dozen now!"—Youth's Companion.

AT LOW TIDE

From "Clinging to the Stones" in August St. Nicholas. The beach near the water's edge at low tide was probably not a little farther away were smooth stones as large as your head. Near the high-water mark was a long, wide row of rounded boulders, varying from a foot to several feet in diameter. Nearly all these stones, from the smallest to the largest were covered with barnacles, piled, boulders, bottoms of vessels, and all kinds of submerged woodwork, as well as to the backs of lobsters and crabs and the shells of various mollusks. It is one of the commonest animals along our seashores, often covering boulders and timbers with a continuous coat. The long-necked barnacles, commonly known as "goose-barnacles," in allusion to the fable that geese spring from them, are usually found suspended from floating timbers, seaweed, etc. The external similarity of barnacles to mussels and other mollusks caused them to be regarded as mollusks until the discovery of the free-swimming young showed them to be crustaceans. When first hatched the young barnacle has a rounded form, and swims about freely by means of several pairs of hairy legs. It molts several times, grows, and undergoes a change in shape, the skin becoming reduplicated to form the shell, and the antennae giving rise to a sucking disk. After swimming about for some time, the young barnacle settles down on some foreign body, and is thereafter permanently attached through a cement which is secreted by a special gland and hardens when in contact with water.

DID HIM GOOD AND NO MISTAKE

What Simon V. Landry has to say of Dodd's Kidney Pills He was Weak, Run Down and a Total Wreck—Thru boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills put him to Work Again. River Bourgeois, Richmond Co., Que., Sept. 23.—(Special).—Simon V. Landry, well-known here, adds his testimony to the thousands of others all over Canada who owe their health and even life itself, to Dodd's Kidney Pills. "I was bothered for over a year with Lame Back, Weak Back, Palpitation of the Heart and General Weakness," says Mr. Landry. "In fact I was a total wreck. I could not work as I got tired and weak so easily and I had a weakness in my stomach so that I could not bend down to do anything. "I had tried different kinds of medicine without benefit till I gave Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. From the first they did me good and I had only taken three boxes when I was able to start work again. They did me good and no mistake." Dodd's Kidney Pills are known by their cures in every corner of Canada. They cure the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys ensure pure blood. Pure blood means good health, cheerfulness and abundant energy. That's how Dodd's Kidney Pills make new men and women out of run down, worn out people. Price, \$1 per box.