

| FIFTH MONTH<br>31 DAYS |             |                    | THE<br>BLESSSED VIRGIN<br>May                  |  |
|------------------------|-------------|--------------------|--|--|
| DAY OF MONTH           | DAY OF WEEK | COLOR OF VESTMENTS | 1904   |  |
| 1                      | Su.         | r.                 | Fourth Sunday after Easter                     |  |
| 2                      | M.          | r.                 | SS. Philip and James Ap. I                     | Vesper Hymn, "Tristes erant"             |
| 3                      | T.          | r.                 | S. Athanasius.                                 | Finding of the Holy Cross. [Apostoli.]   |
| 4                      | W.          | w.                 | S. Monica.                                     |  |
| 5                      | T.          | w.                 | S. Pius V., Pope.                              |  |
| 6                      | F.          | w.                 | S. John before the Latin Gate.                 |  |
| 7                      | S.          | w.                 | S. Benedict II., Pope.                         |  |
| 8                      | Su.         | w.                 | Fifth Sunday after Easter                      |  |
| 9                      | M.          | w.                 | Apparition of St. Michael.                     | Rogation Day. S. Gregory Nazianzen.      |
| 10                     | T.          | w.                 | Rogation Day. S. Antoninus.                    |  |
| 11                     | W.          | w.                 | Rogation Day. S. Alexander, Pope.              |  |
| 12                     | T.          | w.                 | ASCENSION OF OUR LORD. Holy Day of Obligation. |  |
| 13                     | F.          | w.                 | S. Stanislas.                                  |  |
| 14                     | S.          | w.                 | S. Paschal I., Pope.                           |  |
| 15                     | Su.         | w.                 | Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension      |  |
| 16                     | M.          | w.                 | S. John Baptist de la Salle.                   | Vesper Hymn, "Iste Con-                  |
| 17                     | T.          | w.                 | S. Ubaldu.                                     | [fessor.]                                |
| 18                     | W.          | w.                 | S. John Nepomucene.                            |  |
| 19                     | T.          | w.                 | S. Venantius.                                  |  |
| 20                     | F.          | w.                 | Octave of the Ascension.                       |  |
| 21                     | S.          | r.                 | S. Bernardine of Siena.                        | Fast and Abstinence. Vigil of Pentecost. |
| 22                     | Su.         | r.                 | Pentecost Sunday                               |  |
| 23                     | M.          | r.                 | Vesper Hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus."          |  |
| 24                     | T.          | r.                 | Of the Octave.                                 |  |
| 25                     | W.          | r.                 | Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.                |  |
| 26                     | T.          | r.                 | Of the Octave.                                 |  |
| 27                     | F.          | r.                 | Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.                |  |
| 28                     | S.          | r.                 | Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.                |  |
| 29                     | Su.         | w.                 | Trinity Sunday                                 |  |
| 30                     | M.          | r.                 | Vesper Hymn, "Jam seq̄ recedit igneus."        |  |
| 31                     | T.          | w.                 | S. Felix I., Pope.                             | S. Angela Mericia.                       |

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TORONTO

### GIFFORD'S MISTAKE

Really Gifford was not at all to blame for it. Anybody might have made the same mistake. Gifford was short and fat and new to the big woods. He had been in camp a week and had spent most of the time lying in a hammock and reading a novel while the other men tramped the trails or rowed eight or ten miles through Eagle Creek to Virgin or Lake Julia. Everybody said that Gifford was too fat and lazy ever to make a woodsman.

But that was before Miss Shurtliff and her mother came to the camp. They had a log cabin next to the big cook shack and it was announced that Mr. Shurtliff would come up to join them later. The young woman was tall and athletic looking, full of life, and eager to see and to do all there was to be seen or done within twenty miles of Big Lake.

Perhaps it was intentional—at any rate Gifford got mixed up in the introductions. But that was nothing against him. Anybody might easily have made the same mistake.

Gifford fell desperately in love with the younger of the two women at first sight. And the new love transformed him. He became all at once the most enthusiastic oarsman and wood trapper in the party. It made a hero of him. What would have terrified him before he now gladly undertook.

One evening, when everybody in camp was sitting out under the birch trees watching the sunset, a curious animal as large as a small dog ran shambling down in front of the shack and tried to hide under a pile of logs. Gifford and Gifford's Irish terrier, both entirely new to the woods, were up and after it in a minute.

"O, what in the world is it?" cried Miss Shurtliff. "Do you suppose it is dangerous?"

Gifford would show her he knew not the meaning of fear. He ran directly towards the beast, which, badly frightened as it was, made but poor progress over the sand.

Gifford's dog was even before him. It attacked the animal with open mouth. But it made but one bite, and then began to roll over and over, yelping with agony.

"Look out," called out one of the guides. "It's a porky hog. Better not touch it."

But with Miss Shurtliff looking on Gifford would have tackled a raging lion. He raised a club he had picked up from the ground in his right hand, and with the other grasped the beast by the back. But, like the dog, he did not keep his hold. His hand felt as if it were full of red hot needles, and from his heroic lips came a groan of pain.

But even that was worth while for his suffering called such expressions of tender sympathy from the red lips of his divinity that Gifford would gladly have embraced another porcupine. Tommy, the guide, pulled barbed quills out of Gifford, who bore the pain like a Spartan, and then performed a similar operation on the dog, which for the remainder of its stay in the woods absolutely refused to go within reaching distance of anything that had life.

Doubtless Gifford would have discovered his mistake earlier if the two women had not persisted in always remaining together to keep him in ignorance of his mistake, though no one believed that either Miss or Mrs. Shurtliff was a party to it.

And the fact that the two women called each other by their first names—Anne and Julia—prevented his making the discovery in that way.

With his left hand done up in bandages to soothe the pain of the porcupine quills Gifford became more than ever the slave of the young woman. She, on her part, was kind enough to him, though she seemed anxious that he should pay attention to the older lady rather than to her. And Gifford obeyed her commands and waited on the ancient person assiduously. Once the old lady announced that she would like to drink some milk, fresh and warm from the milking, and Gifford, at a look from Miss Shurtliff, volunteered to get up every morning at 4 o'clock, when Tommy milked and get the milk for her. That was heroic, for Gifford liked better than most men to lie abed late in the morning.

### Children's Corner

THE SECRET OF IT.

"Where does the clerk of the weather store the days that are sunny and fair?"  
"In your soul is a room with a shining door,  
And all of those days are there."

"Where does the clerk of the weather keep The days that are dreary and blue?"  
"In a second room in your soul they sleep,  
And you have the keys of the two."

"And why are my days so often, I pray,  
Filled full of clouds and of gloom?"  
"Because you forget at the break of day,  
And open the dreary room."

WHAT WORRIED TOMMY.

"Mamma," said Tommy, on his return from the cemetery, where he had been greatly interested in some sculptured cherubs, "if angels is little boys' heads with wings on them, where do they have pockets?"

FAMILY CONVERSATION.

Make sure, in partaking of hospitality, that you are able to discharge the obligations it imposes. Hunt out conversational coin from the crannies of your brain, suggests a writer in the Pittsburg Gazette. Be ready to give out something when the conductor glances your way.

I know a family in which, from the youngest child to the son in college, each member is required to contribute something to general conversation at meal time. They have never been allowed to regard this as a mere stop for stoking the physical engine, to be made as brief as possible. Each treasures up some incident of the day; no one forgets that he has met an old friend, or even watched the trail of the fire patrol and the excitement it aroused. They have become more observant, their sense of honor is sharpened, their sympathies are quickened in little street comedies, because of the applause of the family circle. They are always sure of a friendly interest in their individual adventures and misadventures. They all keep in touch with each other's pursuits. Meal times are not dull in that family. The mind, as well as the body, is refreshed.

LITTLE STRATEGIST.

She may have deliberately planned it or she may not; that has no bearing on the result.

"Buy me some gum," she urged when she was out for a stroll with her father.

"No, indeed," he replied.

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Do you want to get the chewing-gum face?" he asked by way of reply.

"What's that?" she inquired.

"Why, girls who chew gum screw their faces up into all sorts of grimaces and make disagreeable wrinkles."

"They don't look pretty," she admitted.

"Of course not," he returned, pleased with his easy victory.

"Is that the only reason why you don't want to buy me gum?" she insisted.

"Yes," he answered, thoughtlessly.

"All right," she replied, with unexpected cheerfulness. "I'd rather have candy, anyway."

"So she said her candy. How could he help it?"—Chicago Post.

THE RABBIT A COWARD.

Here is a little talk between a boy who is a great hunter for his age, and a woman of his acquaintance, which shows that cowardice sometimes depends upon the way things are looked at.

"A rabbit," said the young hunter, "is the most awful coward there is in the world. My! How he does run from a hunter!"

"So you think that the rabbit is a coward?"

"Why, of course."

"Well, let us suppose a little. Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall."

"Well?"

"And had good, strong, swift legs."

"Well?"

"And didn't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have a gun, and would you do?"

"What should I? I should streak it like lightning."

"I think you would, and I think, too, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward?"—New York Recorder.

HOW MARY LEARNED.

Mamma heard an unusual noise on the lawn, and went out to see what it was all about. She found Margery carrying a long, round stick, with baby Harold's pet kitten perched on the end of it, mewing pitiously. Mamma stood quite still for a moment, listening.

"Yes, kitty has been very naughty," Margery was saying, "and we shall have to drown him in the duck pond."

"Oh, no, Margie. Don't drown my kitty," pleaded baby Harold's sweet voice.

"But he was," argued Margery, and he must be punished. Run and get me a bag to put him in."

Then, when mamma saw tears on Harold's rosy face, she decided it was time to interfere.

"Margery," she called, "come here. The little girl came slowly, looking rather shame-faced. Mamma took kitty from his perilous position and gave him into Harold's gentle hands. She said nothing, but looked reproachfully at Margery, and Margery understood.

"Why, my dear man," she said, "I am Mrs. Shurtliff. Julia, there on the bank, is my stepdaughter, and the only Miss Shurtliff I know of."

Poor Gifford's face was purple.

"You see, my husband is thirty-five years older than I am. But I'm not angry with you. In fact, you've paid me a great compliment. But I thought you knew all the time."

Mrs. Shurtliff wanted her stepdaughter to help her row back to camp in Tommy's boat, but Gifford would not listen to it. He was game to the end. He left the camp that night, and went back to Milwaukee. He didn't care to wait and meet the aged Mr. Shurtliff.

### 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 completely cured.

S. PRICE.

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

John O'Connor, Esq., Neslon 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. COSGROVE.

256½ 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.

198 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,  
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 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.

##### 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 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 intense 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 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 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,  
J. J. CLARKE,  
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. SHERIDAN,  
34 Queen street East.

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