FIFTH MONTH 31 DAYS

BLESSED VIRGIN

| 3k 3 | | | |
|--|---|--|---|
| 不不 | 36.36 | 赤赤 | 不示示示示示示示示 ***************************** |
| DAY OF MONTH | DAY OF WEEK | COLOR OF VESTMENTS | + 1904 +··· |
| 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 | Su. M. T. W. T. F. S. | r. w. r. w. w. r. | Fourth Sunday after Easter SS. Philip and James Ap. Vesper Hymn, "Tristes erant S. Athanasius, [Apostoli," S. Monica. S. Pius V., Pope. S. John before the Latin Gate. S. Benedict II., Pope. |
| 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 | Su. M. T. W. T. F. S. | w. w. r. w. r. | Fifth Sunday after Easter Apparition of St. Michael. Rogation Day. S. Gregory Nazianzen. Rogation Day. S. Antoninus. Rogation Day. S. Alexander, Pope. ASCENSION of Our Lord. Holy Day of Obligation. S. Stanislas S. Paschal I., Pope. |
| 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 | Su. M. T. W. T. F. S. | w. w. r. r. w. w. | Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension S. John Baptist de la Salle. Vesper Hymn, "Iste Con- S. Ubaldus. [fessor." S. John Nepomucene. S. Venantius Octave of the Ascension. S. Bernardine of Siena. Fast and Abstinence. Vigil of Pentecost. |
| 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 | Su. M. T. W. T. F. S. | r. r. r. r. r. r. r. | Pentecost Sunday Vesper Hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus." Of the Octave. Of the Octave. Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave. Of the Octave. Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave. Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave. |
| 00 | e | 201 | Trinity Sunday |

Vesper Hymn, "Jam sol recedit igneus." S. Felix I., Pope.

S. Angela Mericia

For Electricity or Gas. Church work a specialty. McDonald & Willson

GIFFORD'S MISTAKE

blame for it. Anybody might have the water unless Tommy pushed the made the same mistake. Gifford was boat, but now he was always ready short and fat and new to the big woods. He had been in camp a week of weary miles, while Tommy, with and had spent most of the time ly- a smile hidden under his brown musing in a hammock and reading a novel tache, came skimmering along behind, while the other men tramped the with nothing but the lunch basket in trails or rowed eight or cen miles his skiff. through Eagle Creek to Virgin or When you consider that Gifford's

have made the same mistake.

Gifford fell desperately in love with once the most enthusiastic oarsman and wood tramper in the party. It Gifford fell into the creek. Fortun-made a hero of him. What would ately the creek bottom was good and have terrified him before he now soft 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 terrior, both entirely new to the woods, were leff came to the camp he had never up and after it in a minute.

Miss Shurtleff. "Do you suppose it er was coming. For some reason

progress over the sand.

Gifford's dog was even before him. It attacked the animal with open and then began to roll over and over, yelping with agony.

not touch it." 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 aeedles, 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. Shurtleff was a party to it. And the fact that the two women called each other by their first names-An-

ne 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 Gif-ford, at a look from Miss Shurtleff, 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 woman.

"Miss Shurtleff, I love you," again declared the red-faced Gifford. And then Miss Shurtleff's face broke into morning.

Every day, when he could persuade them to go, Gifford took the two wo-Really Gifford was not at all to he had been too lazy to go out on

Lake Julia. Everybody said that Gifford was too fat and lazy ever to make a woodsman. arms were short and thick, that his wind was bad and his hands tender, and that he had never done any row-But that was before Miss Shurtleff and her mother came to the camp. They had a log cabin next to the big cook shack and it was announced that Mr. Shurtleff would come up to join them later. The young woman back and legs, but not for a moment did he ever think of giving up was tall and athletic looking, full of ment did he ever think of giving up life, and eager to see and to do all the battle. Miss Shurtliff expressed kles. there was to be seen or done within an admiration for water lilies; Giftwenty miles of Big Lake. Perhaps it was intentional-at any ter and two feet of mud to get them, rate Gifford got mixed up on the greatly to the damage of his footintroductions. But that was nothing gear and trousers. Miss Shurtleff against him. Anybody might easily casually remarked that the great hairy woodpecker must be a curious looking bird. Gifford, fat and round. the younger of the two women at climbed a forty-foot pine stump and first sight. And the new love trans- took a young bird out of its nest formed him. He became all at to show her. Incidentally the stump broke as he was coming down, and

> climax came on a Saturday Tommy, the guide, precipitated matters the night before.

"Mr. Shurtleff is coming Sunday

morning," he said. Gifford started as if he had been shot. In the more than two weeks which had passed since Miss Shurtonce had an opportunity to speak 'O, what in the world is it?" cried with her alone. And now her fath-Gifford felt much afraid of Mr. Shurt-Gifford would show her he knew not leff, though he had never seen him. the meaning of fear. He ran directly He was anxious to reach some sort towards the beast, which, badly of an understanding with the daughfrightened as it was, made but poor ter before the old man put in an appearance. Only one day remained in which to make the attempt. Gifford's back ached and his arms were mouth. But it made but one bite, sore; his hands were one mass of blisters, and his legs pained him at every step. But he was game.

"Look out," called out one of the guides. "It's a porky hog. Better down to Big Dog Lake?" he asked, airily, that Friday evening, after But with Miss Shurtleff looking on supper. Big Dog lake was a good Gifford would have tackled a raging twelve miles to the south. Altogether the trip meant a row of twen-

ty-five miles. "I'd like to go," said Miss Shurtleff, "but it's a terribly long row." "Not at all," said Gifford, and Tommy, the guide, retired to the porch, and laughed noiselessly, with

one hand over his mouth. "I'll take you in my boat," said Gifford, desperately, "and—" "No," interrupted the young

man, "I think we'd better go togeth-We can both go in Toumy's boat, and you can-"Not at all," said Gifford. "I will

row you both, of course, if you prefer to go together." They started at five o'clock in the morning. Gifford felt sure he should faint before they covered the first five miles. But he gritted his teeth and kept on, though every stroke was agony. He had laid out his plan of He would wait until campaign.

they landed for luncheon and then make an opportunity to speak to the young woman alone. Luncheon time came. Gifford ate almost nothing. When they had finished their coffee he started to walk back into the woods. Presently there

came the sound of a cry.
"Come here, quick," Gifford was calling. Tommy, the guide, must have been posted before hand. At any rate, he did not move. But the young woman was up in an instant, running back through the wood's trail as lightly as a fawn. The old party as Gifford had expected.

Gifford wasted no time. "Miss Shurtliff," he began, abruptly, "I love you, and I made this chance to tell you so." "What?" said the startled young

Children's

THE SECRGT OF IT. Where does the clerk of the weather

The days that are sunny and fair?" In your soul is a room with a shun-And all of those days are there."

Where does the clerk of the weath-The days that are dreary and

'In a second room in your soul they And you have the keys of the two."

'And why are my days so often, I Filled full of clouds and of gloom?" Because you forget at the break of

And open the dreary room."

WHAT WORRIED TOMMY.

turn from the cemetery, where he had been greatly interested in some sculp-tured cherubs. "if angels in the sculp-tured cherubs." tured 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 ping. crannies of your brain, suggests a thought I only said 'maybe.' Besides writer in the Pittsburg Gazette. Be I was only joking." 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 col- my white dress." lege, each member is required to contribute something to general conversation at meal time. They have "But, I practiced," begun Marsation at meal time. They have pever been allowed to regard this gery. 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 incident of the day; no one forgets and comfort her. "I am glad you that he has met an old friend, or ev- had a good hour's practice. That en watched the trail of the fire patrol and the excitement it aroused. They have become more observant, sense of honor is sharpened, their sympathies are quickened in little street comedies, because of the apulause of the family circle. They are always sure of a friendly interest in their individual advenventures and misadventures. 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 t 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-"What's that?" she inquired. "Why, girls who chew gum screw

mitted.

"Of course not," he returned, pleased with his easy victory. "Is that the only reason why you! don't want to buy me gum?" insisted.

"Yes," he answered, thoughtlessly. "All right," she replied, with gnexpected cheerfulness. have candy, anyway." So she got 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 so queer. run from a hunter!" But it

"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

"Well?" "And had good, strong, swift legs.

"And didn't have any gun, and great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?" "What should I do? 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 piteously. 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

"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 time to interfere.
"Margory," 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, am Mrs. Shurtleff. Julia, there the bank, is my stepdaughter, and the only Miss Shurtleff I know of." Poor Gifford's face was purple

"You see, my husband is thirty-five sat still on her dishion-which was 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. Shurtleff 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 Milwau-kee. He didn't care to wait and meet the aged Mr. Shurtleff.

"Oh, mamma," cried the little girl, "I was only teasing; I did not really mean to drown kitty. It was only in fun, you know."
"Fun, little daughter, does not

consist in giving others pain. When will you learn that?" Then she took baby's hand and went

It really seemed as though Margery would never learn. She was a very lovable little girl, but for this one bad habit, Mamma knew that her little girl must be cured of her teasing ways, and so did papa, but how?
"I have a plan," said mamma, that
night, "and we will begin trying it
to-morrow." Then she told them
what it was, and papa and big bro-

ther Tom promised to help carry is The next morning as Margery was skipping down to the front gate she heard mamma's voice calling her, and slowly retraced her steps.
"Margery, how would you like to

go down town shopping this afternoon?" asked mamma. "Oh, may I? with you?"

"Put on your white duck dress and do your hair carefully. Then practice for an hour on your new music, and after lunch we'll see about it."

yes. After luncheon she waited as patiently as a little girl could wait, expecting to see mamma appear dressed for shopping, but when she came it was in a pretty house dress, with a book in her hand.
"Why, mamma," reproached Mar-

gery, "you said you were going shop-

I was only joking."
"Joking!" echoed Margery, astonished. "But you told me to put on "Yes; I mean for you to wear it.

"Yes," interrupted mamma, carelessly, just when she was longing to draw her little girl into her arms

was part of the joke. Margery swallowed the lump in her throat, and went slowly down the

hall, where she came upon her brother Tom. "Like to have some ice-cream, Margery)" he asked.
"Yes," said Margery

She was very fond of ice-cream (indeed I do not know any little girl who is not). "In the dining-room," explained

Away sped Margery, only to return with quivering lips. "There's no cream there," she said, soberly

Tom laughed. "It's a good joke on you, puss. was only teasing, you know. "I think it was mean—" began Margery, and then her face grew very

"You think it a mean trick, Oh, it's no harm to tease. I didn't say there was any cream, did 1? gum face?" he asked by way of reply. Nice joke, I say," and Tom went away, whistling. shall have to burn this

faces up into all sorts of grim- scrap-book," said mamma, later aces and make disagreeable wrin- the afternoon, as she picked up Mar-They don't look pretty," she ad- had fallen on the floor. "Burn it? Why?" demanded Mar-

"Because it fell off the shelf one of my prettiest vases. "The wind blew it off," explained Margery "The book isn't to blame.

"I know," said mamma, "but "I'd rather has been naughty and ought to be punished. The ready tears sprang to Margery's eyes, and she gazed at mamma,

hurt and amazed "What, dear, crying!" said mamma, pretending surprise. "Why, I was only joking. I didn't really mean to burn the book. It isn't really mean to tease once in a while, you know. Here's your book. The little girl tucked her precious book under her arm and went away

to wonder what made things seem But it was worse than ever at supper, when papa called to her in his usual cheery way, "Hurry, little daughter, and see what's under your plate," and Margery, smiling, slipped

into her place. Mamma might be cruel, she thought but papa was always kind. She lifted her plate carefully and gazed in disappointment at the folded napkin beneath it. "Why, papa," she cried, in pained surprise, "there's nothing

But papa was laughing reartily "What a splendid way to hurry little girls who are constantly being late at the table. Now, that's what I call a good joke.

"I think you are all so unkind," sobbed Margery. "Now, do you?" asked papa, in urprise. "Why, girlie, I was only teasing, as I have heard you do so many times. We have all taken lessons from you. There isn't any harm in a good joke; you say so yourself." With that Margery's cup brimmed over and she hastily left the table. When mamma found her in a disconsolate heap on the piazza, she thought it time to have it out with

the little girl. "Margery, dear, what troubles she questioned, gently, as though she did not really know. "Oh, mamma, I'm so miserable I've been teased all day long, and it

isn't fair. "Isn't it?" said mamma, in rather curious voice. "It seems to me that a little girl who has teased Harold's rosy face, she decided it was others for several years ought to be able to stand a few little jokes.

It isn't any harm-" "Oh, mamma, it is harm, but didn't know it. If only you will kind to me again, I'll try not to tease another single time." "Really, truly, daughter?"

"Really, truly, mamma. Then there was a long talk, such as only mothers can give, and when Margery dropped off into "the beautiful land of nod" she had learned that teasing is a cruel practice, which doesn't pay, and had promised faithfully to try to overcome, and had asked "Our Father" to help her, knowing His words, "Suffer little children," were meant for her.-Cordie Lee Herbert, in St. Louis Advo-

Rest is the sweet sauce of labor. A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics. The would-be atheist is inclined to believe in a God, when the thunders roar, when the lightning strikes, or when the earth quakes. THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

BENEDICTINE SAL

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 cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was complete-

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1991. 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 Benedictive 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.

2562 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 hodily according to the same of the s 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 emcacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly,

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 dectars. a number of doctors and have tried large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully,

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. Iapplied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it 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 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 suffer-

er 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 Solve 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,

BLOOD POISONING

Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

34 Queen street East.

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 er Respectfully yours,

72 Wolseley street, City.

With the Boston Laundry.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,-Early last week I accidently ran a rusty naif 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,

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET

WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 170 King St. E.

And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.