

Calendar for September 1903, showing days of the month, feast days, and liturgical events such as 'Fourth Sunday after Pentecost' and 'Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost'.

Children's Corner

WE WILL TELL A STORY THAT'S TRUE.

If you will receive it, And firmly believe it, I will tell you a story that's true, Of a canine sagacious, We call Ponto Cassius, Whose pedigree we never knew.

He was given to my sister, By a pet-loving mister, Who won his affections at sight, His bushy tail waggy, His coat black and shaggy, With vest that is spotlessly white.

Oh, he is a beauty, And deems it his duty, That bushy tail proudly to wag, When Nellie or Harry Permit him to carry Their parasol, bundle or bag.

When told by my mother To walk my brother, He will instantly cater up his bell, And heartily shake it, Saying "up" loud as actions can tell.

If the bell does not wake him, He will jump up and shake him, And not very gently, I vow, In a few minutes after, We hear a great laughter, Interspersed with, good fellow, hello!

He will catch up his basket, Whenever we ask it, And go to the market for meat, Then home he comes running, Don't you think it is cunning? Without ever stopping to eat.

When the girls are put coasting, This is no idle boasting, He will race with the sled down the hill, Then, with dignified pride, The girls walking beside, He will draw the sled up with a will.

Though of mild disposition, Yet he knows well his mission, And guards us from burglars at night, When he hears footsteps prowling, He will set up a growling, And show inclination to bite.

But 'tis not my intention, At present, to mention A title of his wonderful ways, Time and space won't allow it, And besides, you'd avow it A tribute too great to his praise.

RUTH AND NOEMI.

"Edith," said Grandma, as a lonely little girl went up the road, "why don't you play with Amy now?" Grandmothers have time to think, although their fingers are the busiest; and this grandma had seen Amy dropped from the little circle of playmates. She knew, too, what trouble had come to Amy's home.

THE DREAMLESS SLEEP.

The best sleep is the dreamless sleep. It is the most restful. It permits the sleeper to awake feeling the most refreshed. "To dream or not to dream" has been the soliloquy of many a person lying down to sleep, and usually it is with the fervent hope that there may be no dreams. To prevent them take care of the circulation.

Another fundamental principle to be observed is to have the room well ventilated and well aired. There can be no healthful, restful sleep in a close room into which no currents of fresh air find their way. A drawn, weary looking face sometimes is evidence of an inclination to keep the windows tightly closed in the sleeping room.

The center of the nervous system is the back, and therefore it is not advisable to lie with the full weight of the body on the spinal column. One lie with the whole body relaxed, the legs outstretched, and the trunk of the body slightly on one side. That is the best sleeping position. It is best calculated to produce sound, refreshing sleep.

Sleep has a curative effect and some physicians have gone so far as to say that the turning point usually is reached in a disease when the patient is sleeping, and that a heavy sleep is all that is required many times to give the sufferer the first step on the road to health. People who have heart trouble are known to sleep with the arms over the head. In this attitude the lungs are supposed to be lifted and the breathing cavity made larger, but it is not advisable nor is it well to sleep on the left side, so that the weight of all the organs of the body falls towards the heart.

Dead men never feel cold. Frozen feet do not ache. A soul given up to ungodliness is not troubled with unbelief of any kind. No man is in a state more wretched than he who has fallen into a state of indifference in regard to all beliefs, all faiths, and all teachings that relate to the spiritual.

TO PASTEURIZE MILK.

Any housewife can "pasteurize" milk, making it sterile, if she cares to go to a little trouble. Place a pan of cold water on the stove and until the vessel containing the milk into this pan. Just as soon as the water comes to a boil take it off. Add a pinch of baking soda to the hot milk, the proportion being a little less than half a teaspoonful to the quart. If the milk is sweet it will remain so for twenty-four hours even in the hottest weather. If put in a stoppered bottle. Physicians recommend this method of treating milk for the use of babies in summer.

and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches." Tommy was a little queer, certainly, but, if a great many people were more like him, they would have less troubles and would throw more sunshine in this world. We must cry sometimes, but try and be as brave as possible.

JIMMY'S DADDY.

While the mother and faithful old Ellen were away Jimmie and his father looked after themselves—Jimmie rather less than his father. As it was holidays, Jimmie got up when he chose, ate what he liked, amused himself in his own way, and went to bed when he was sleepy, sometimes in his own bed. And his father never said a word. Every morning when his father went to town he kissed Jimmie and said, "Be a good boy. This wholly reasonable command was never accompanied by any don'ts, 'don't fight, don't tear your clothes, don't tease the cat,' or 'don't play on the railway.'"

And Jimmie's joyful, "Yes, daddy!" was invariably followed by a series of handspins down the walk to the gate and back again, by way of working off the overflow. When his father came home at night he never asked Jimmie if he had been a good boy. He found a cleanish place to kiss, and ignored completely the rent in the corduroys or the bruise under the eye. Once, when the night was wet and both were feeling a little lonely, Jimmie sitting close, showed his appreciation and understanding of such delicacy. "I say, daddy," he whispered, "you make it awful easy to be good. I expect you were a prettybad one, weren't you?"—Scottish-American.

RUTH.

A personal experience of Governor Odell, of New York, recorded in The Tribune, illustrates anew how often the soul encompassed by infirmity knows the compensating secret of happiness. Governor Odell was inspecting the State Institution for the Blind at Batavia. As he was walking through one of the buildings he noticed a golden-haired child standing at a window. She had her back to him. Governor Odell walked over to the window and said:

"How do you do, my little lady?" The child turned to him with a smile. She was exceedingly beautiful, but her eyes were sightless. "Are you Governor Odell?" she said. The Governor said that he was. "Oh, I have been waiting to see you," she said. "I heard you were coming."

The Governor then took her on his lap and asked her name. "My name is Ruth." "I have a little girl at home just about as big as you are, but her name is Estelle." They talked freely after that. The little girl told her story without sighs or bitterness. She was unable to go home for a vacation because it was necessary for her to remain for treatment. It was a disappointment, but she smiled brightly as she said that "seeing" the Governor partly "made up." Finally, when it came time for him to go, the Governor said:

"Is there any message I can take back to my little girl from you?" "Yes, oh yes, you can give her my love." "Is that all?" asked the Governor. "No," said the child, clasping the Governor's neck and kissing him. "Say I sent her a kiss."

The next day, when the Governor was in Buffalo, he bought the biggest doll he could find and sent it to Ruth. A few days later he got a letter from the child. "I can feel his eyes shut when I put it to bed at night," she wrote. "and in the morning can feel them open. I have named my dolly Estelle, and I pray every night that your little girl may never be blind."

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

The author of "Legends of Woburn" tells the following story of his dog: One day as my dog was sitting listening to my performance on the violin, it occurred to me to test the extent of his natural and acquired musical ability. So I dropped down in playing to the G string, and in a soft, low tone began a minor air from Mozart. It was really astonishing to witness the effect upon the dog. As the minor tale told by the violin floated on the air, the tail of the dog wagged, lost its curl, and soon lay stretched out perfectly flat upon the floor, while he bowed his head and drooped his ears, occasionally casting up his eyes to my face, as much as to say, "Isn't it beautiful?" He was musically mesmerized, dog-gone. "Lock, stock and barrel." I now changed to a lively measure. At once his ears pricked up, his tail left the floor, curled up again, and began to wag, keeping time, as I thought, with the music. Soon he rose and frisked about, his whole demeanor being completely changed, way very plainly. "Much obliged for the treat, you see. I appreciate it." Can any one say that animal had no music in his doggy makeup?

OUR PRAYERS.

A prayer of dependence and a prayer of confidence. Not a request that we be taken out of temptation, but that we be kept in temptation. We need falter in no testing into which duty shall lead us. When in loyalty to life's highest standard it is your purpose to try as best you can to do the right thing, count it all joy, when you fall into manifold temptations. They are a bugle call to battle in which you may win the crown of an eternal life. Yet ever let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Envy is not only a great weakness, but it is a great ignorance, too; no man envies what he can surpass or equal.

A Hindu Fable.

Once upon a time in a great jungle there lived a great lion. His name was Rajah of all the country round, and every day he used to leave his den in the deepest shadow of the rocks and roar with a loud, angry voice, and when he roared the other animals in the jungle, who were all his subjects, ran here and there, and Singh Rajah would pounce upon them and kill them and gobble them up for his dinner.

This went on for a long, long time, until at last there were no living creatures left in the jungle but two little Jackals—a Rajah Jackal and a Raneek Jackal—husband and wife.

A very hard time of it the little Jackals had, running this way and that way to escape the terrible Singh Rajah, and every day the little Raneek Jackal would say to her husband: "I am afraid he will catch us to-day; do you hear how he is roaring? Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And he would answer: "Never fear. I will take care of you. Let us run on a mile or two. Come, come, quick, quick!" And they would both run away as fast as they could.

After some time spent in this way they found one day, however, that they could not escape. Then the little Raneek Jackal said: "Husband, husband, I feel much frightened. The Singh Rajah is so angry he will certainly kill us at once. What can we do?" But he answered: "Cheer up, we can save ourselves yet. Come and I'll show you how to manage it." So what did these two cunning little Jackals do but go to the great Lion's den, and when he saw them coming began to roar and shake his mane and said: "You little wretches, come and be eaten up at once. I have had no dinner for three days, and all the time I have been running for you. Ro-a-a! Ro-a-a! Come and be eaten, I say!" and he lashed his tail and gnashed his teeth and looked very terrible indeed.

Then the Jackal, Rajah, creeping quite close to him, said: "Oh, great Singh Rajah, we all know you are our master, and we would have come at your bidding long ago, but indeed, sir, there is a much bigger Rajah even than you in this jungle, and he tried to catch hold of us and eat us up, and frightened us so much that we were obliged to run away." "What do you mean?" growled the Lion. "There is no king in the jungle but me!"

"Ah! sire," answered the Jackal, "in truth, no one would think so, for you are very dreadful. Your voice is death. But it is as we say, for we with our own eyes have seen one with whom you cannot compete, whose equal you can no more be than we are yours, whose face is as flaming fire, his step as thunder and his power supreme."

"It is impossible," interrupted the Lion; "but show me this Rajah of whom you speak so much, that I may destroy him!"

Then the little Jackals ran on before him until they reached a great well, and pointing down to his own reflection in the water, they said: "See, sire, there lives the terrible king of whom we spoke." When Singh Rajah looked down into the well he became very angry, and he thought he saw another Lion there. He roared and shook his great mane, and the Shadow Lion shook his and looked terribly defiant. At last, beside himself with rage at the violence of his opponent, Singh Rajah sprang down to kill him at once, but no other Lion was there—only the treacherous reflection—and the sides of the well were so steep that he could not get up again to punish the two Jackals, who peeped over the top.

After struggling some time in the deep water, he sank to rise no more, and the little Jackals threw stones upon him from above and danced around the well singing: "Ao! Ao! Ao! Ao! The King of the Forest is dead, is dead! We have killed the great King who would have killed us! Ao! Ao! Ao! Ring-a-ting-a-ting-a-ting! Ring-a-ting-a-ting-a-ting! Ao! Ao! Ao!"

A Peppery Queen

On a recent Shakespearean tour a new heavy lady joined us at Manchester, her opening part being the queen in "Hamlet." This actress, having been disengaged for some time, to preserve her wardrobe from moth had smothered it in black pepper. Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect upon all on the stage.

The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with most sublime tragedy air, but after a convulsive movement of his princely features buried them in his somber robe, while sneeze after sneeze was all the public heard from him.

I was playing Ophelia, and what with a wild desire to laugh and then to sneeze and then to cry jumbled the lot up in a violent fit of hysterics. Amid the hubbub on the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager sneezing rang down the curtain. — London Press.

I am so longing to go and see God, and talk to my friends the saints; but it is not for a little slave to choose, but to obey; I am quite willing to linger here in pain so long as God wills.—Dying words of Cardinal Vaughan.

Jesus is the Saviour of sinners; Mary the Mother of sinners, and to us sinners He is still uttering from the Tabernacle the words which He uttered on the Cross and in His commandment: "Behold thy Mother. Honor thy Mother." God is obviously nearer to us than father or mother. We come more directly from Him than from them; we are more bound up with Him and owe Him more. We cannot come of age with God nor alter our position with Him. We cannot grow out of our dependence upon Him, nor leave the home of His right hand.

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

108 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 phys-ia-a 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, 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 six 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 MCGROGAN, 478 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: 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. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous 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 left 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 a 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 pain. 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 it 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 16, 1902.

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 AUSSER, Toronto, April 10, 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, 18 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 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, 72 Wolsey Street, City, 114 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my 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 completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blackhawk, Address C. R., 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.

Clergymen, who are continually on their feet, try DUNLOP RUBBER HEELS for Comfort

The HOME CIRCLE

THE BOARDING HOUSE LADY. Once she was grand and once she was great, The lady who keeps the boarding house, She was brought to this by a cruel fate, The lady who keeps the boarding house, She mentions her splendid family tree, She talks of her grand old pedigree—Too bad it has come to this, ah, me! For the lady who keeps the boarding house; She sadly refers to the long ago, The lady who keeps the boarding house; When she had her carriage and pair, you know, The lady who keeps the boarding house; You feel it an honor that you may pay The price she asks by the week or the day, And you're rather awed by the state-ly way, Of the lady who keeps the boarding house; She is always sadly "reduced," alack! The lady who keeps the boarding house; She has always come down the same old track, The lady who keeps the boarding house; There are rich relations, she hints to you, But there is her pride to be lived up to, The story is old, it never was new; And you never must doubt that the tale is true, Of the lady who keeps the boarding house.

MOTHERS AND BOYS.

"A noticeable feature of our shoe trade just now," said a Toronto salesman last week, "is the willingness mothers show to buy better shoes for their children than they get for themselves. A woman will cheerfully pay \$2 for a pair of boys' or girl's shoes and then take a pair at \$1.50 for herself, or ask if there are any marked-down goods in stock here. A big store that deals principally in boys' clothing, one of the staff was of the opinion that more knickerbockers were sold the week before the schools opened than in any other one week of the year. Blouse waists and jackets are a close second. "No one knows better than a clothier how useful hard boys are on clothing during vacation-time," he confided, with an amused chuckle that he hastened to explain by telling of an interview he had had that very morning with an irate mother. "She brought in a boy of 10 to get him a suit," he said. "The clothes he had on were unusually hard shaped, literally going to pieces, I noticed. "His mother explained the reason. It seems that only a few days before she had found out that a favorite game of her son and his companions was 'fat man,' which was played by tying up the ends of jacket sleeves and trousers legs and then stuffing the legs and arms to the bursting point with sand. "During her agitated recital the young hopeful sat looking as demure as a kitten. "The other night I myself saw a game that is splendid for our trade,

but pretty hard on the family exchequer. I happened to be downtown when I came across a dozen or more small urchins playing. At first I thought they were fighting. "Every boy had his jacket rolled up like a bat and was hitting the other boys with it right and left, like a young savage. They were all laughing, so I knew it was a game, though I couldn't tell for the life of me what the rules were. One thing I was sure of, that those jackets would be in shreds in mighty short order."