

Table with 3 columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Color of Vestments. Includes 'THIRD MONTH 31 DAYS', 'March', 'S. JOSEPH', and '1903'. Lists liturgical events like 'First Sunday of Lent' and 'Second Sunday of Lent'.

Advertisement for Dunlop Creepers. Text: 'Not a "Pick Me Up" But a "Keep Me Up" Dunlop CREEPER RUBBER Heels'.

Advertisement for HOME CIRCLE. Text: 'The HOME CIRCLE' with decorative arrows.

FLOODTIDE OF ENERGY. How prodigal most young people are of their physical and mental forces! How little they appreciate their value!

Chats With Young Men. BISHOP SPALDING ON SUCCESS. The audience at Music Hall, Chicago, recently, to hear Bishop Spalding's lecture on "Success," was one of the largest ever gathered to hear a lecture in that city.

HIS MEMORY WAS GOOD. A law suit had arisen out of a dispute about a right-of-way, and the counsel for the landlord, who was the defendant, was cross-examining a venerable laborer who had testified that to his own personal knowledge there had been a right-of-way over the disputed land since he was a boy five years old.

THOUSANDS LISTEN. To the Strange Tale of Mrs. James Bradley—What Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets did for Her. "No tongue can tell what I have suffered," so says Mrs. James Bradley, of Smith's Cove, Digby Co., N. S. And when it is explained that Dyspepsia caused her suffering thousands of Canadians will echo, "That's true, sure enough." These thousands have Dyspepsia themselves and they know.

THE FRINGES OF DESTINY (Francis Coppee.) For twenty-five years he had played the roll of the villain at the Boulevard du Crime, and his harsh voice his nose like an eagle's beak, his eye with its savage glitter, had made him a good player of such parts. For twenty-five years, dressed in the cloak and encircled by the fawn-colored leather belt of Mordant, he had retreated with the step of a wounded scorpion before the sword of D'Arctagnan; draped in the dirty Jewish gown of Rodin, he had rubbed his dry hands together, muttering the terrible "Patience, patience!" and, curled on the chair of the Duc d'Este, he had said to Lucretia Borgie, with a sufficiently infernal glance, "Take care and make no mistake. The flagon of gold, madame." When, preceded by a tremolo, he made his entry in the scene, the third gallery trembled, and a sigh of relief greeted the moment when the first walking gentleman at last said to him: "Between us two, now," and immolated him for the grand triumph of virtue.

The young men of the present generation growing up in an atmosphere of religious freedom and tolerance should be always alert to encourage this condition by their nobleness of purpose and action. Years ago it made very little difference what a man did. If he was a Catholic, as a general thing, he was avoided. Today the spirit of the times is broader, and more disposed to accept a man for what he is. Catholics therefore should further this spirit all they can and strive to make their type of citizenship the highest. "By a good citizen," says Mr. Janvier, "we mean a man who, inspired by no other motive than a conscientious desire to do his duty, assumes earnestly and discharges faithfully those duties of citizenship upon whose honest discharge the integrity and efficiency of government depend."

"The temporal welfare and progress of the Church largely depend upon the honest administration of that system of civil government whose foundations rest upon the cardinal twin principles of liberty and of truth, and whose powers are so organized as to procure, without tyranny to any, but with justice to all, the greatest good to the greatest number. "If the people prosper, the Church must and will prosper. Just as a mother of human mold and with human impulses glories in the happiness of her children, and is happy because they are happy, so does the Church glory in the prosperity of the people and glory with them. But when the people are torn by civil strife or dissension, or when the blight of bad government is steadily sapping the energies of their industry, paralyzing the impulses of their enterprise, and despoiling the accumulations of their thrift, the Church cannot be indifferent for the distresses of her people necessarily distress her, and in a measure as their happiness and prosperity are arrested and impaired, so will her temporal welfare be retarded and suffer."

ARE WE PAGAN YET, OR CHRISTIAN? ARE WE PAGAN YET, OR CHRISTIAN? Look conditions in the face; Mars, the god whom still we worship! Mammon in our Ruler's place? After all our boasted progress, have we reached the nobler race? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we use as shibboleth The old watchword of the Roman, or of Him of Nazareth? Do we preach love's law of mercy or the leaden law of death? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Answer by the higher light; Let the test be by the standards of unchanging truth and right. Do we worship toward the morning, or the past's war-clouded night? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we rob and overreach? Do we wrong and slay our brothers neath the mask of godly speech? Sow we seeds of love or hatred? Do we practise what we preach? Are we pagan yet, or Christians? Tell the truth, what'er betide. By our lust, our greed, our conquest, is our Saviour still denied? By the murder of His brethren is our Lord yet crucified? —The Denver News.

found each other, they shook hands, and, in view of the circumstances, smiled cordially, while the women saluted each other through their veils. In passing, we could catch fragments of conversation like this: "When will the affair begin?" "Were you at the opening of the Varieties yesterday?" Theatrical terms were heard—"My talents," "My charms," "My physique." Some business, even, was done. A new manager was quite surrounded; an old actress organized her benefit. Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd. The undertaker's men had just placed the coffin in the hearse, and the young girls of the Sisterhood of the Virgin, to which the dead girl had belonged, arranged themselves in two lines, in their white veils, at the sides of the funeral car. Preceded by the master of ceremonies, in silk stockings, and a wand of office in his hand, the poor father appeared on the pavement in full mourning, with a white cravat, broken down by grief and sustained by his friends.

After the failure of the theatre where he had been for a long time engaged, some capitalists had thought of him to put the enterprise on its feet again. With his systematic habits, his good sense, his thorough and practical knowledge of the business, and a sufficiently correct literary instinct, he became an excellent manager. He was the owner of stocks and a villa at Montmorency; his son was a student at Sainte-Barbe, and his daughter had just come out of Les Oiseaux; and if the malice of small newspapers had retarded his nomination in the Legion of Honor by recalling every year, about the first of January, his old ranting on the stage, when he played formerly the villain's parts, he could yet hope that it would not be long before the red ribbon would flourish in his buttonhole. He had still preserved some of the habits of a strolling player, such as being very familiar with everybody, and dyeing his mustaches; but as he was, as a whole, good, honest, and serviceable, he conquered the esteem and friendship of those with whom he came in contact. So it was with sincere grief that the whole dramatic world learned one day the terrible sorrow which had smitten that excellent man. His daughter, a girl of seventeen, had died suddenly of brain fever. We know how he adored the child; how he had brought her up in the strictest principles of family and religion, far from the theatre, something as Triboulet hid his daughter Blanche in the little house of the cul-de-sac Bucy. We understood that all the hopes and ambitions of the man rested on the head of that charming girl, who, near all the corruption of the theatre, had grown up in innocence and purity, as one sometimes sees in the scanty grass of the faubourgs a field-flower spring up by the door of a hovel. We were among the first at the funeral, to which we had been summoned by a black-bordered billet. A crowd of the people of the neighborhood encumbered the street before the house of the dead, attracted by the pomps of the first-class funeral ordered by the old comedian, who had preserved the taste of the misc scene even in his grief. The magnificent hearse and cumbersome mourning-coaches were already drawn up to the sidewalk, and under the door, and in the shade of the heavy fringed and silvered draperies, amid the twinkling of burning candles, between two priests reading prayers in their prayer books, the form of the massive coffin could be seen under its white cloth, covered with Parma violets.

GREAT THINGS FROM LITTLE CAUSES GROW.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

Advertisement for PAINKILLER. Text: 'HEAD BACK LEGS Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe. Painkiller taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time. There is only one Painkiller—PERRY DAVIS'.

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As we walked among the crowd we noticed the groups formed of those who like us, were waiting the departure of the cortege. There were almost all the actors, men and women, of Paris, who had come to pay their last respects to the daughter of their comrade. Undoubtedly nothing could be more natural; but we experienced not the less a strange sensation on seeing, around the coffin of that pure young girl who had breathed away her last breath in a prayer, the gathering of all those faces marked by the brand of the theatre. Soon the cabs drove up with the functionaries connected with the administration of the theatre, in black hats and coats, with an official air of sadness; young reporters, the outflow of journalism, staring at everybody and taking notes; dramatic authors, Monday feuilletonists—in short, all of those nocturnal beings, tired and worn out, who are properly called the actives of Paris. The groups became more compact, and talked animatedly. Old friends

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Advertisement for ANGLIN & MALLON. Text: 'BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc. Offices: Land Security Chambers, 8, W. Ont. Bldg. and Victoria Street, Toronto, Ont. F. A. ANGLIN, E.C. JAS. W. MALLON, LL.B. Telephone Main 1358.

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