

HAVI' glorified Thee on earth; I have dulished the work which Thou gavest me to do. John XVIII 4.

**EIGHTH MONTH 31 DAYS August THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY**

**1902**

DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF YEAR	COLOR	FEAST	REMN	MOON'S PHASES
1	31	W	St. Peter and St. Paul, Apostles	1 5 7 42	2 23
2	30	Tu	St. Stephen, Protomartyr	1 6 8 43	3 24
3	29	W	Eleventh Sunday After Pentecost	1 7 9 44	4 25
4	28	Th	Commemoration of All the Holy Women Martyrs	1 8 10 45	5 26
5	27	F	St. John the Evangelist	1 9 11 46	6 27
6	26	Sa	St. James the Greater	1 10 12 47	7 28
7	25	Su	St. Philip and St. James the Less	1 11 13 48	8 29
8	24	Mo	St. Bartholomew the Apostle	1 12 14 49	9 30
9	23	Tu	St. John the Baptist	1 13 15 50	10 31
10	22	W	Twelfth Sunday After Pentecost	1 14 16 51	11 1
11	21	Th	St. Lawrence, Bishop and Martyr	1 15 17 52	12 2
12	20	F	St. Peter Martyr	1 16 18 53	1 3
13	19	Sa	St. Hippolytus, Bishop and Martyr	1 17 19 54	2 4
14	18	Su	St. Ignace of Loyola, Bishop	1 18 20 55	3 5
15	17	Mo	St. Mary Magdalene	1 19 21 56	4 6
16	16	Tu	St. Mary of the Snows	1 20 22 57	5 7
17	15	W	St. Elizabeth	1 21 23 58	6 8
18	14	Th	St. Anne	1 22 24 59	7 9
19	13	F	St. Mary of the Visitation	1 23 25 60	8 10
20	12	Sa	St. John the Evangelist	1 24 26 1	9 11
21	11	Su	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 25 27 2	10 12
22	10	Mo	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 26 28 3	11 13
23	9	Tu	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 27 29 4	12 14
24	8	W	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 28 30 5	1 15
25	7	Th	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 29 31 6	2 16
26	6	F	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 30 32 7	3 17
27	5	Sa	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 31 33 8	4 18
28	4	Su	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 32 34 9	5 19
29	3	Mo	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 33 35 10	6 20
30	2	Tu	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 34 36 11	7 21
31	1	W	St. Mary of the Assumption	1 35 37 12	8 22

**Indulgences Prayer**

To thee, O Virgin Mother, never touched by stain of sin, actual or venial, I recommend and confide the purity of my heart. An indulgence of 100 days, once a day, to all the faithful who, devoutly and with contrite heart, recite this ejaculation.

**SILENCE.**

What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime requests effected during that pause, when the lips are closed and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her. When some of these cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken, which send the hot, indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silent, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them and the spirit of evil or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward Hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the Day of Judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty lord for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain or grief to them.

**A MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF.**

Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma, and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

**Chats With Young Men**

**FINDING A VOCATION.**

If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest feet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailor,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey  
Up the mountain, steep and high,  
You can stand within the valley,  
While the multitudes go by;  
You can chant in happy measure,  
As they slowly pass along—  
Though they may forget the singer,  
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver  
Ever ready at command;  
If you cannot toward the needy  
Reach an ever open hand;  
You can visit the afflicted,  
O'er the erring you can weep,  
With the Saviour's true disciples  
You a tireless watch may keep.

If you cannot in the harvest  
Garner up the richest sheaves,  
Many a grain, both ripe and golden,  
Off the careless reaper leaves;  
Go and glean among the briers  
Growing rank against the wall,  
For it may be that their shadow  
Hides the heaviest wheat of all!

If you cannot in the conflict  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If, where fire and smoke are thick-  
est,  
There's no work for you to do,  
When the battlefield is silent  
You can go with careful tread;  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do,  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you;  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do and dare,  
If you want a field of labor  
You can find it anywhere.

—Eileen Gates.

**CAN YOU ADD!**

The simplest operations are the ones most liable to be carelessly performed. The boy who expects to become an efficient business man cannot ignore the importance of the elemental units that go to make up his training.

"Any one can make figures. It doesn't take an artist to do that," indifferently replies the juvenile to the "old fogey" who insists upon pen-and-ink to illustrate his own dexterity, dashes off a series of nine digits and lecture in this humble acquirement cipher, which, after the first half dozen, begin to look more than anything else like the proverbial duck's tracks in the mud.

Let me tell you, boys, that there is one correct pattern for each figure, and the sooner you begin habitually to copy it, the better your chance will be for acceptance when you apply for a situation in a counting-house. A certain youth once learned this lesson by an experience that was costly both to himself

and to his employers. The figure five in the amount of an order for stock so closely resembled the figure nine that it was thus interpreted, and, standing in the fourth order, made a difference of four thousand dollars. The deal which the blunder compelled caused the company great inconvenience and loss. More serious still was the result to the clerk, whose situation was forfeited and reputation injured.

Any ten-year-old boy would regard it as an affront to be asked can you add? Test him, however, by requiring him to find the sum of a column of numbers, and note the errors he makes in the operation.

When the writer was attending a business institute a well-known business man of the city who was in immediate need of a clerk called and asked the principal if he had a student prepared to fill the place.

"Yes," he promptly replied, glad that he could accommodate the applicant and at the same time advantageously locate a capable young man who happened at the very time to be closing his final examination. Whilst the principal was enumerating at length the qualifications of the youth, the merchant sat wriggling in his chair. At length, his patience being exhausted, he burst out with the question, which seemed to the astonished principal an impertinence, "Can he add?"

"Can he add!" exclaimed the principal, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes," was the sharp rejoinder. "Could you trust him to add large amounts representing value without watching him?"

"I should deem it prudent to run up the columns myself for a while at least," said the principal, soberly, looking not at his interlocutor, but through and beyond him, thinking the while what it really meant to trust an employe inexperienced in actual business with calculations of value even the most ordinary without giving personal attention to the results. Was he exacting that fitness of his pupils which the business public demanded, he asked himself.

"That's it," said the visitor, curtly; "you must pay a man for doing your work, then have it all to do alter him."

"It's a fact—surprising to you, maybe," continued he, in better humor, "that more beginners in office work fail in addition than in all the other operations of arithmetic. If I get a man that adds correctly, I can trust him to do the rest, and I keep him as long as possible."

In offices where there is much adding to be done accountants are not allowed to work continuously a great length of time, because it is a brain-exhausting process and one loses his grasp on certainty. After a brief change of occupation—a change as always a rest—he can return to his figures with a clear head.

It is possible for boys in their school days to learn to add or perform other arithmetical processes with unerring accuracy, but it requires concentration of thought on the work. The boy owes it to himself to compel the calculation bump (which lies just over the outer angles of the eyes) to do honest service. By faithful drill, before you are aware of it, the habit of exactness will take such firm hold of you that, though the earth may quake or the stars fall, it cannot shake your faith in your own work.—The American Boy.

**WELCOME AS SUNSHINE** after storm is the relief when an obstinate, pitiless cough has been driven away by Allen's Lung Balsam. No option in it. The good effect lasts. Take a bottle home with you this day.

**THE MAN WHO WORE HIS HAT IN CHURCH.**

An interesting incident related by a recent convert, appears in the story of his conversion in The Catholic World Magazine for August. In his own language the writer relates the story as follows:

"Protestant historians and statisticians pretend to put in contrast the illiteracy of Catholic countries, and the education and enlightenment of Protestant countries, and I believed that the Catholic Church purposely kept the majority of its membership in ignorance, knowing that its unreasonable doctrines would not bear the light of knowledge. As an example of my inexcusable bigotry, I relate an incident that occurred in the year 1887. I was returning from the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville, in company with my daughter, and stopped over for a few hours in Chattanooga. It was a week-day, and while

out walking we came to the Catholic Church; actuated by curiosity, we entered. I did not take my hat off, but went strolling down the aisle with my hat on. A priest was slowly walking up and down one of the aisles reading, and noticing me, he rebuked me for showing disrespect to the house of God in not removing my hat. At that time the priest was totally unknown to me, and it was some three years later I learned he was Father Tobin, of Chattanooga, who has since then become to me a spiritual father indeed, and Providence so ordered it that the same priest who rebuked me some years afterward baptized me. I kept my hat on in church partly through thoughtlessness, but mostly through contempt; for I did not then believe that a Catholic Church building was in any sense the House of God."

**SIGNALS OF DANGER.**—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmalee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health and strive to keep so.

**OUT OF WORK**

For hours along the crowded streets  
With aimless steps I've trod,  
Without a home or hope in life,  
With scarce a hope in God.  
The cruel night is fitting close  
To such a crushing day,  
The earth is—oh! so dreary cold,  
And heaven so far away.

The friendless rouse no anxious thoughts,  
The busy throng sweeps on,  
I've strayed beyond the city lights  
The twilight's gray has gone  
My useless arms have failed to win  
A crust, a place to stay,  
Earth has no work, no room for me,  
And heaven is far away.

O, great wide world! O, frowning sky!  
So cheerless and so vast,  
I dare your keen and cutting sleet,  
Your piercing, bitter blast—  
Rage, howl and lash this living spark  
From out the tortured clay  
That feels existence dark, all dark,  
And heaven so far away.

How dull and black beside my feet  
The sluggish river rolls;  
It beckons as a demon might  
To lure unhappy souls.  
Its sly voice is whispering—  
Here, rest in peace for aye,  
O, God! the river is so near  
And heaven so far away!

—Exchange

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**HOME CIRCLE**

**MOTHER'S LAST LETTER.**

(M. J. Row.)

Thou'rt far from me tonight, alanna,  
In your new home o' the sea;  
But my heart is full of blessings,  
Though these poor eyes weep for thee.

I'm growing older, Tomacushla,  
And more childish with the years—  
Sure, you were my heart's own treasure,  
And you will forgive my tears.

I'm sitting here, to-night alanna,  
By the fireside's mellow light,  
And I think I see your features  
In the glowing embers bright.

I see your pale, sad face, my avour-  
nee,  
As you looked that autumn day  
When you said: "God bless you, mother,  
Pray for me when far away."

Ah, pray for your Yes, my ma  
houshal,  
While there's life in this old heart,  
For that heart, though all might  
broken,  
Loves you still, where'er you art.  
Beside the shrine you raised alanna,  
With your own true, loving hand,  
These my prayers are offered lightly  
For your sake—and Ireland.

No more I'll see you, Tom, my son,  
For my sight is growing dim,  
And my footsteps halt and true  
O'er the grave's dark, evening  
drim.

But ere I leave this world I fear  
One last boon I ask, my darlin',  
'Tis, be true to God and country—  
True to self—and pray for me—  
—Devil's Lake, N. Dakota.

temperament which they cannot overcome. Then there are those girls who are clever, such universal favorites, so much in demand for every occasion, that at length they awaken to the fact that in enjoying society as a whole, they have overlooked the individual, their youth and heyday have passed by and they have a string of admirers but not a lover among them.

**A WOMAN'S BEAUTY.**

A pleasing voice is one of the greatest feminine charms. The voice, let it be remembered, does more to characterize a woman favorably, or unfavorably, than anything else. How beautiful are those lines of Shakespeare where he says: "Her voice was over soft, gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman." Harsh, uncharitable thoughts lead discordant tones to the speech and kind, unselfish thoughts impart a natural euphony. The voice unconsciously portrays the loveliness, or unloveliness of our lives. Thus the necessity of cultivating high ideals and generous qualities. Beauty must commence way down deep in a woman's heart in order to give her a truly charming personality. Nothing could possibly be more vulgar than affectation in speech. Never cultivate some one else's voice, however desirable it may seem. Cultivate your own instead. Endeavor to acquire well-modulated tones and an easy, correct use of language. Thus you will keep your own individuality, which, when beautified, will exercise more charm over your speech than any amount of imitation, however clever.

**THE MOST POPULAR PILL.**—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmalee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims of excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

**The Wonders of Nature.**

Huckley—Why, I hardly knew you; you've got to look so round.  
Trydie—The effect of square meals, my boy.—"Lads."

**How They Move.**

"When I first settled here," said the Kansas man, "my nearest neighbor was twenty-five miles away, but now he's just across the road."  
"The way you put it," remarked the Easterner, "that doesn't show anything. That may mean—"  
"It shows, my friend, that cyclones are mighty powerful, that's all."—Philadelphia "Globe."

**WHY GIRLS DON'T MARRY.**

What is the reason so many girls do not marry? Well, some girls are too ambitious; they want a rich or a famous husband and will not marry for love in a cottage. Again some girls are shy and constrained, so afraid of seeming to run after men that they go to the opposite extreme and almost repel them. They show to the worst advantage in company, and though nice, intelligent girls, they are ignored and passed by.

Others are overlooked because they will not flatter nor flirt, they will not give man even ordinary encouragement; indeed, if they find themselves caring for one man more than another among their acquaintances a mistaken pride prevents them from showing it, not because they are stupid, but because of an unfortunate

**THE WHOLE STORY in a letter: Pain-Killer**

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