THIRD MONTH March S. JOSEPH 31 DAYS DAY OF WEEK + 1904 + T. Of the Feria, S. Simplicius, Pope. Of the Feria. The Holy Shroud of Our Lord. F. S. S. Casimir. Third Sunday of Lent Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor." Su. M. T. S. Thomas Aquinas. S. John of God. 9 S Frances of Rome. The Forty Martyrs. 11 12 The Five Wounds of Our Lord. S. S. Gregory the Great, Pope. Fourth Sunday of Lent M. T. W. Solemnity of S. Joseph at High Mass and Vespers. 13 [Hymn, "Te Joseph." Of the Feria. S. Zachary, Pope, Of the Feria. 17 18 S. Patrick. S. Gabriel, Archangel 19 S. JOSEPH. Passion Sunday Su. Vesper Hymn, "Iste Confessor." 20 M. 21 S. Benedict. S. Catharine of Genoa. 22 T. W 23 24 The Most Precious Blood of Jesus. S. Cyril of Jerusalem. ANNUNCIATION of the B. V. Mary. 25 26 Seven Dolours of the B. V. Mary. Palm Sunday Vesper Hymn, "Vexifia Regis." Su M. 27 28 Of the Feria. T. W. Of the Feria. 30 31 Of the Feria. Holy Thursday.

## HOME CIRCLE \*\*\*\*\*\*

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A WIND-CALL.

Dust thou art, and unto dust, Playfellow, return thou must; Lingering death it is to stay In the prison-house of clay-Bricks of Egypt year by year Walling up a sepulchre.

Better far the soul to free From its close captivity, And with us, thy comrades, go Whereso'er we list to blow. Come! for soon again to dust, Playfellow, return thou must. -John B. Tabb, in the March Atlan-

CANADA. Oh Canada! How green thy hills, And blossoms bright in spring; How sportively thy rippling rills Do gurgle, splash and sing. O native land! Thy beauties rare Grow sweeter with each year; Fair Canada, without compare To us thou art so dear.

O Canada, my native land, How bright thy tap'ring pines Do guard the lonely forest strand Like prince of ancient times. How sweetly thy hills in summer

Do smile to dawning morn, When son sters sing in merry rhyme From fields of rip'ning corn.

O Canada! O sunny land! Surpassing poet's dream When autumn spreads its mystic

Thy beauties fairly beam, And golden gleams of color veil Thy breast-O land so dear! And lonely breezes sweep thy dale And meadow sad and sere.

O Canada! O icy land! O maid of frost and snow! Thy children are a trusty band, And loyal hearts do glow. Thy snow-crown'd mountain peaks on

Are dear to all of us; Long may they kiss thy crystal sky In peace and happiness. -Dr. William J. Fischer, in The Bee

A SURFEIT OF CARICATURES. (By Anna T. Sadlier in March Donahoe's.)

So should Catholics of all origins remember and bend their heads before that faithful nation, which never bowed before strange gods, but forever beheld over the fairest landscapes, the glory of the Lord God of Israel. So remembering it should be incumbent upon all to condemn wherever opportunity offers, and practically to show condemnation of the ridiculous and senseless Irish dialect, and where a representation of Celtic character is to be drawn, let the novelist or the dramatist seek for the terms actually employed ev-en by the Irish of the lower orders, which are for the most tender, expressive and touching, and by no means, either vulgar or unmeaning. There have been manly and dignified protests against the stage Irishman. Let us have the same measure of disapproval meted out to the besotimitations, the "Irishisms" which are unfit for educated readers and insulting to a whole people. With the disappearance of this "vernacular" will disappear, perchance, from the pages of literature, the two fam-iliar "Mickeys" and "Denises and "Mickeys" and Paddies," who keep disreputable taverns or figure in shindles, or traffic in votes. Away with the tribe! There has been a surfeit of them.

over the waters. him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's after all, and as Jack loaded it into Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

Instead recall the glorious services

rendered by Irishmen in this great

Republic of the West alone and re-

member that the noblest and the

truest and the best of them loved

with a passionate love the green land

THE SHAMROCK.

Complete Plants Installed. Satisfactory results guaranteed.

McDonald & Willson

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the Gospel of God, Showed to the people a shamrock plucked at his feet from the sod. "Here is a symbol," he said, "and a ... sign of the faith I preach! Here is a symbol," he said, "and sign of the truth I teach!"

'God is not many, but One. One God, One only, is He, Persons in God are three, E'en as the shamrock I pluck for you-" holding it forth to them, "Still is but one, though its leaves are triple upon the stem."

Flashed o'er the minds of the people the truth that was erewhile dim, Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked to the feet of him, Passed from the faiths that had fettered them under the pagan rod, Giving their hearts and their souls and wills to the One True God!

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to the people, and made Ireland a nation whose sanctity never shall fail or fade. Centuries-old is the story-yet Irish

women and men Love as the badge of their faith the shamrock ever since then! -Ponahoe's

Despondence

(Written for The Register.) Wearily, drearily, why sit I cheer-

grate? When men pass silently, sneeringly, carelessly, All on one seemingly wish to dilate;

Am I an oddity, useless commodity, Rooming a space that were better it, if clear?

'Do not live sensitive," counsel they "take and give," good cheer.

Wearily, drearily, dark and still darkening, Scenery, the future, in colors agree, mured under his breath.

Many men, musing on subjects disheartening, Fain would obtain a disciple in Shall I share smilingly what is be-

guiling me, Answering yes, when my Father wills no? Welcome, ignoring eye, this is all

Wearily, drearily-why do you choose else's; and I tried to fix de trap, but to be Thus? It is not an aversion to sin;

Nigh is Adonia, wherever I go.

Others are calling thee, men of integrity,
Shining lights mentally, moral within. As a beneficence glance at their re-

ticence. Say what they may, speak approvingly back,

List to the bandolin, violin and mandolin, Duty wants you to direct the attack.

-George Gwilym.

The Demon Dyspepsia.—In Nolden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ington. No more 'Snowball' for ambient air, seeking to enter into you. You've earned the right to men and trouble them. At the preslarge in the same way, seeking habi- which is four times as much as we tation in those who by careless or need any way, where it is, or send unwise, living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult living invite him. And it to Mammie Snow for soup?" to dislodge him. a valiant friend to do battle for

Children's Corner



SNOWBALL'S VICTORY

(By Elizabeth Price.) His birthday was the 22nd of February, and his name was George Washington Snow. The boys called him "Snowball," probably because he was as black as human skin can His strong white teeth shone out of his stove-polish countenance, and his big eyes rolled and twinkled in a most comical way.

He was only eight years old on this particular twenty-second of February but he was quite old enough to be proud of his birthday and his name,

His birthday morning dawned clear mammie had "roomatiz" and couldhis pay till Saturday night.

she could.

He cut across fields to the woods, chunk of raw beek.

stood as if rooted to the ground for ely touching one-furnishes the key a moment, then his eyes began to to her character-at once gentle and dance. "I dun know who put him daring. With her to see the truth heah, but I know who's gwine tek and embrace it were one and the away, deed I does. Soup for dinner, same act; and, the truth embraced, whoopee! dat is a birfday gif. she would have held it against all

and said, "You Gawge Washin'ton, to provide for them as for

Five minutes later the chunk of sympathy and her support. hung again in place, while beef

Snowball stayed at his post. house, which he could see through Ireland was done for God.

to daily duties. Then the boys flocked over the woods,-all but Jack Oliver, who waited long enough to cover the fire Viewing the embers die low in the for Miss May. They found the trap empty, and near it huddled Snowball, -a cold, sorrowful little heap.

"What are you doing here, you lit-tle thief?" demanded Allen Brown. he's sprung the trap, so he could take some of the innumerable ways so We were just in time.

Tom Ball shook Snowball's arm borhood "What do you mean?" he asked. Greet all you meet with an air of "We'll have you locked up for steal- pearance, growing a little worse with

Then there will be one pickaninny less to get into mischief." Chronic Ailments, such as Stom
"I—I—never"— he stammered, then ach, Liver and Bowel Troubles, are stopped. "True an' hones'," he mur- well developed. Each takes one or

"Don't lie, and make matters up, now, that you sprung the trap to of some necessary vital force, or the steal the bait! "I did,-b-but I-put it back where I tuk it from."

"That's a likely tale! What did you put it back for?" "I done took it 'fore I remembered ca'se I cain't take what's somebody

so de bait would be safe."

"Who saw you spring the trap?"

"Nobody but er li'l rabbit." "Why didn't you run away, and leave things, and, if the boys ever asked about it, tell them you didn't know?" Snowball looked up into Jack Oli-

ver's face. "'Ca'se I wants to be true an' hones' lak you say, 'ca'se it's my birfday, an' I'm Gawge Washin'ton." "Give us your paw, George Washvour name. How about it, fellows? ent day the demon, dyspepsia, is at Which shall we do, -leave this meat, day.'

> "Soup!" "Soup !" He that finds him- Snow!" shouted the boys, already ed should know that ashamed of their unkindness. So Snowball got his chunk of meat

DEATH OF THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY

Her Romantic and Touching Career The announcement of the death of

Caroline Marchioness of Queensberry will be received with deep regret. She died on Monday last at Glen Stuart, Annan, at the advanced age of eightythree. Born in Ireland, of an ancient and distinguished family, she lived for two years in the neighborhood of Bantry, but never afterwards saw the land of her birth. By her mother's side she was descended from the O'Donels, and her father was descended from the Lord Mayor who brought William the Third into London. She was married at the age of seventeen and to know the story of the cherry-tree as well as he knew his way home. to the representative of the Douglas of Scotland. Thus, Caroline Queens-berry, Countess, Viscountess, Barony morning dawned clear Breakfast was scanty, "roomatiz" and couldn't go out to wash, pappy was working by the week, and wouldn't get was accidently shot through the heart while treading his native "Somepin's got to be did," declar health. Her second son, Lord Franed Snowball. He would go over to cis Douglas-a bright and brave the school-house first; sometimes youth-fell from the Matterhorn, and there were odd jobs to be had there. was killed, at the age of eighteen. Miss May always helped him when About the year 1864 she embraced the Catholic Faith, and in order to prevent her children being taken from where the wind was less piercing. It her she was obliged to fly the country made his walk longer, but it wasn't and hide abroad. Police were after so cold. A rabbit scurried by. If her everywhere—they went to Amer-he had a gun now he would get a ica, even to Australia, in search of dinner. He'd learn how to make traps and snares. Jack Oliver would teach him. Jack knew pretty much in France. She wrote to the Emall that was worth knowing, and he peror, Napoleon the Third, an old was, always kind. It was Jack friend of her family, and he at once who had taught him about the other assured her that the law of France George Washington and the hatchet. did not take a child from its mother Jack Oliver hated falsehood, "An' on any consideration, and that that I'll never tell one; I'll be true an' law would give her protection. She lak," he said, and Snowball was thus enabled to make her own with a determined nod. "Dev's plenterms with the Court of Sessions ty o' po' no-'count liars a'ready, an' and so after a long and painful strug-I ain't gwine be lak them." It was gle, the brave, devoted mother trijust at this point that he saw a umphed. Her children, therefore were all Catholics, with the exception of Snowball gasped and rubbed his the eldest son, who was at sea at the eyes. A thought of Elijah and the time. ravens flashed across his mind. He This incident-and it is an extrem-

spec it ain't gwine be long, case dis human opposition. She feared only possum's done cotch de bait, stid of wrong, but for the right she would bait cotchin' de 'possum." have willingly died. On a winter's Snowball ran with it toward morning in the year 1867 three men home till a sudden thought struck were executed upon the scaffold. Up What right had he to the mean It to that day her name was unknown was not his. He stopped show and in Ireland. She had had no comstood while he thought it out. Over munication with Ireland. She felt in the little cabin the hungry child-nevertheless, instinctively that a deed ren and lame mammie. Here in his of wrong was about to be done, and hand some meat. But somewhere she entered the protest of a Chriselse there was somebody to whom tian woman against the execution of the meat belonged. He didn't know the Martyrs of Manchester. For a who, only that it wasn't George considerable time after this tragic Washington Snow. Slowly he retraced his steps. But his head went up and his shoulders squared for he Christian revenge? To take charge blinked the moisture out of his eyes, of the families of the Martyrs, and on dis heah day, is yo' gwine back own. Till gratitude ceases to be on yo' raisin'? True and hones', an Irish virtue, acts like these will that's what he say, true an' hones' live in the recollection of a grateful God is not many but One, though the Persons in God are three, an' git out of hit." people. Every good and noble Irish cause since then commanded her

Charmed by the eloquent speeches Snowball tried to set the trap. But of the late Mr. P. J. Smyth, M.P. he could not open it, though he she communicated with him during tugged with all his strength. At the progress of the election of County last he gave it up and sat back on Westmeath in 1872. Sympathizing the snow. "'Pears lak hits a heap deeply with his character and aims easier to spil things than to fix she gave him her entire support, and he sighed. Now, Gawge he had in her a true friend, indeed Washington, you've done meddled to the last hour of his life. "I am with what wasn't none o' yo' business, you got to watch dis heah bait wrote; "but He often chooses the till somebody come along to fix de weak ones of the world, and those trap, 'deed yo' is." who are despised, to confound the With Jack's words fresh in his mind wise and bring to naught things that are." She was intensely religious. Down at the little white school- and she felt that everything done for the trees, they were having Wash- mory of her love for Ireland and her ington's Birthday exercises, to be fol- sacrifices in defence of Truth and her lowed by a half-holiday, and the boys sacrifices in defence of Truth and planned for a 'possum roast. Miss Justice grateful Irish hearts will not May reminded the pupils that it is willingly let die. May the turf lie not the great things that count for lightly on the grave of a true friend much in most lives, but faithfulness of Ireland and a gentle and blameless

Impure Blood

Almost every one is a sufferer from some disease caused by impure blood, but only here and there recognizes that in his blood lurk the seeds of disease, ready to manifest 'Fellows, he's here for our bait, and themselves at the first opportunity in dreaded by everybody. Every neighafflicted, many has its seemingly incurable, with complaints that have gradually made their apeach change of the season until Chronic Ailments, such as Stom more forms peculiar to such diseases, but all are due to impure worse," said some one roughly. "Own blood, to the absence from the blood presence of some foreign element which impairs its power to faithfully perform its duties, causing a long list of complaints which yearly drag thousands to the grave.

To purify the blood, eradicate disdat it wasn't mine, 'ca'se I cain't ease, build up the system, Vitae-have no dinner. But I put it back, Ore is without a peer among remedial agents. No other remedy can equal it as a constitutional tonic, I couldn't, so I stayed an' watched, a blood vitalizer, renovator and re-It contains elements generator. needed by the blood, which are ab-A new voice broke in:

"How long have you been ing, Snowball?"

"Sence recess down to de school
"Sence recess down to de schoolall foreign secretions that have been undermining the health. It supplies the waste of nature and can be pended upon to do its work under all conditions.

Read the 30-day trial offer made in this issue hy the proprietors, Theo. Noel, geologist, Register Dept. Yonge street, Toronto.

AN UNWONTED PLEASURE. Meekley: "I'm going to kick. My

wife doesn't let me have any money to spend at all lately." Henpeck: "Poor fellow! My wife gave me \$25 to spend only the other

"Oh! you're fibbing!" Meeklev: Henpeck: "No, sir! She allowed me to call on the landlord and pay

No man is wise who is unable to realize the uncertainty of a sure thing. Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything; it is the light that leads and the strength that be too lazy to turn.

Yes, let us watch over all. A thought, a look, a smile, a pulsation of the heart, a mere nothing, can debut from how much it proceeds; he does much that loves much.

dy for the trial.

dy for the trial.

dy for the trial.

ded a minute, then threw their caps in the air, and woke the echoes with three times three for "George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie."—
fessional labor; it robs endurance of difficulty and makes duty a pleasure. The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Toronto, Sept. 18, 1986.

GEO. FOGG.

John O'Connor, Toronto: Dear Sir-I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as 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 completely cured. S PRICE, 212 King street east.

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1992,

John O'Conner, 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 might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable fit. 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 astivity. 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

Yours Aruly, Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1961,

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimose ial, 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 \$ 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 to a trial. I am. Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON,

cacy of Benedictine Salve.

288 Victoria Street, Toronte, Oct, 81, 1991.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR-I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. 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 nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatics right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on

the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN McGROGGAN.

478 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1961, John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont .:

DEAR SIR-I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictiae 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 Salva. 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, 1981, John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont .:

DEAR SIR-After suffering for over ten years with both forms Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with Yours sincerely.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 18, 1903,

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,

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 tertimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN,

Toronto, Dec. 80th, 1001,

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 Iwould 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 and fering so long. It has given me athorough 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,

2561 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1962. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR-After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days a the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest rec 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 AUSTEN

Toronto, April 20, 1982, DEAR SIR-I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as

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

Mr. John O'Connor:

MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 18 Spruce street, Toronto

Toronte, April 16th, 1802. O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR-It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testime the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.

For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was make to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salv as directed, I am able to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, U. J. CLARKE.

JOHN O'CONNOR, 189 E

WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E.