

Table with columns: DAY OF MONTH, DAY OF WEEK, COLOR OF VESTMENTS, and liturgical text for the month of March 1904.

Electric Wiring advertisement: Complete Plants Installed. Satisfactory results guaranteed. McDonald & Willson, Toronto.

The HOME CIRCLE advertisement with decorative border.

A WIND-CALL. Dust thou art, and unto dust, Playfellow, return thou must; Languishing 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 Atlantic.

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

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

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 high 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. Sadler 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.

THE SHAMROCK. 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 a sign of the truth I teach!" "God is not many, but One. One God, One only, is He, God is not many but One, though the 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."

Despondence (Written for The Register.) Wearily, drearily, why sit I cheerlessly Viewing the embers die low in the 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 if clear? "Do not live sensitive," counsel they "take and give," Greet all you meet with an air of good cheer.

Wearily, drearily, dark and still darkening, Scenery, the future, in colors agree, Many men, musing on subjects disheartening, Pain would obtain a disciple in me; Shall I share smilingly what is begetting me, Answering yes, when my Father wills no? Welcome, ignoring eye, this is all vanity, Nigh is Adonia, wherever I go.

Wearily, drearily—why do you choose to be Thus? It is not an aversion to sin; Others are calling thee, men of integrity, Shining lights mentally, moral within. As a beneficence glance at their reticence, Say what they may, speak approvingly back, List to the bandolin, violin and mandolin, Duty wants you to direct the attack. —George Gwilym.

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 get.

His birthday morning dawned clear and cold. Breakfast was scanty, marmite had "roomatiz" and couldn't go out to wash, pappy was working by the week, and wouldn't get his pay till Saturday night. "I don't know who put him here, but I know who's going to get away, deed I does. Soup for dinner, whoopee! dat is a birthday gif, spec it ain't gwine be long, case dis 'possum's done cotch de bait, stid of de bait cotchin' de 'possum."

Snowball ran with it toward home till a sudden thought struck. What right had he to the meat? It was not his. He stopped short and stood while he thought it out. Over in the little cabin the hungry children and lame marmite. Here in his hand some meat. But somewhere else there was somebody to whom the meat belonged.

With Jack's words fresh in his mind Snowball stayed at his post. Down at the little white school-house, which he could see through the trees, they were having Washington's Birthday exercises, to be followed by a half-holiday, and the boys planned for a "possum roast." Miss May reminded the pupils that it is not the great things that count for much in most lives, but faithfulness to daily duties.

When the boys flocked over the woods, all but Jack Oliver, who waited long enough to cover the fire for Miss May. They found the trap empty, and near it huddled Snowball, a cold, sorrowful little heap. "What are you doing here, you little thief?" demanded Allen Brown. "Fellows, he's here for our bait, and he's sprung the trap, so he can't take it. We were just in time."

"I-I—never—" he stammered, then stopped. "True an' honest," he murmured under his breath. "Don't lie, and make matters worse," said some one roughly. "Own up, now, that you sprung the trap to steal the bait!" "I did,—but I—put it back where I tuk it from."

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 eighty-three.

This incident—and it is an extremely touching one—furnishes the key to her character—at once gentle and daring. With her to see the truth and embrace it were one and the same act; and, the truth embraced, she would have held it against all human opposition. She feared only wrong, but for the right she would have willingly died.

Impure Blood

Almost every one is a sufferer from some disease caused by impure blood, but only here and there one recognizes that in his blood lurk the seeds of disease, ready to manifest themselves at the first opportunity in some of the innumerable ways so dreaded by everybody.

AN UNWONTED PLEASURE

Meekey: "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 day."

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

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a 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.

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.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 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 nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial 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.

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.

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.

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.

JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E.