

The HOME CIRCLE

A MEANS OF DAILY EXERCISE.

As a sex we do not get sufficient exercise to keep us in good trim. We are busy enough, for that matter, but our employments tie us to a chair. Housework is said to be the most healthful of all work because of its diversity and the necessary exercise that goes with it, but even that has been so simplified by suite living in houses provided with elevators that one particular kind of exercise, going up and down stairs, is cut out entirely. One doctor is a foe to elevators on that account, but he has never succeeded in convincing his patients that indulgence is a foe to health. "If you won't walk upstairs," he says in desperation, "walk down, for your liver's sake," and some few follow his advice. Elevators are a habit like street cars. When you can be transferred from your front door to your place of business, you never attempt to walk even a block, but you do not give a thought to the distance that takes you to a car line. In tall buildings elevators are a joy and comfort, but they ought not to be considered for one or two flights of stairs, except by those whose business requires a constant travelling between different stories.

CARE OF BEDDING.

Nothing in a household requires to be more immaculately kept than the bedding. Mattresses need a daily dusting, for it is the nature of ticking to catch and hold fine fluff from the floor and lint from coverings. Thick as the covering is, a good part of this fluff goes through to the inside, so that besides the constant careful brushing mattresses should be taken apart and thoroughly cleaned inside every three years, if not oftener. The pickers who do this work say that clouds of dust rise from the filling of a single mattress while the process is going on. Springs and the framework of a bed should be cleaned every week after the room has been swept. When the bed is made up in the morning, shake and air the blankets and comforters. Heavy double blankets will be much more easily managed if they are cut apart and the raw edge bound to match the other one. Watch all bindings carefully, for they soon become soiled or frayed. Rebinding is so simple a matter that untidy edges should never be permitted to remain. Air blankets out of the house and as often as possible. Sun and air are great purifiers. Dry cleansing is the only proper way to renovate a blanket. Water always mats the wool. Cotton ones stand washing better than any others, but even these should be very carefully dipped and then stretched on a curtain frame to dry. Fashionable Marseilles and "satins." The "satins" are the newest. They look like the Marseilles, but have a different finish and wear even better. These two have already supplanted the dressier bed covers. "Honeycomb," spreads are lighter and easier to do up, but one of the heavier ones will outlast six of these. For every-day wear the latter make less work, however. Down quilts are best for extra covers, and then come wool and cotton quilts or "silk" blankets. The last mentioned are not silk at all, but have that appearance. Sateen is more used for quilt coverings than silk because of the difference in price between the two materials. Air quilts as often as blankets and recover when soiled. The cotton ones can, however, be washed as often as necessary if they are carefully done. Pillows and blankets that get soft usually need new feathers, and assuredly need new ticking. When changing tickings or adding feathers, do so in a tightly closed room, where no air can blow the filling. Feathers make litter enough at best, and unless the head is tied up the wool will catch in the hair most aggravatingly. A pretty way to mark bolster and pillow cases is to work the initials exactly in the centre, just above the hem. Make the letters large and pad them heavily, embroidering with white cotton.

TO MAKE SMELLING SALTS AT HOME.

Every one knows that smelling salts are most refreshing when one is suffering from headache, but not every one knows that they may be easily made at home. Take one gill of liquid ammonia, a quarter of a drachm each of otto of rosemary and English lavender, eight drops each of bergamot and cloves. Put into a stoppered bottle and shake vigorously until well mixed. Fill the smelling bottle with asbestos or sponge cuttings and pour the mixture over them, taking care not to put in more than the sponge will retain, else the ammonia will run out and stain fabrics when the bottle is inverted.

A SICK BABY.

Last summer I saw a baby fade. It was seventeen months old and suffered from a combination of August and stomach and eye-teeth. It grew pale and finally had to be cared for on a pillow. The mother thought the sea air might be too strong, so she carried it inland, but the doctor sent it back. No one expected the child to live. An experienced grand-mother, who was a guest in the house, advised a change of food. This was what was tried with the best results. A piece of fat from a lamb's kidney was boiled in a quart of milk. The fat was the size of a plumb. Every particle of the fat disappeared and became a part of the milk. There was no fat caked on the top of the milk nor on the bottle. This was fed to the child from his bottle and he had no other food with the exception of a raw egg beaten with a teaspoonful of brandy every morning and a teaspoonful of brandy added to his bottle of enriched milk at night. The mother took all the care of the child herself. On this food and with this care, the child thrived, and in a week I saw it dancing a cake walk, holding up its little dress and laughing with renewed strength. I suppose the fat healed the delicate stomach and intestines so its food could be assimilated. He probably needed a "bracer," and this the brandy supplied.

FATHER AND CHILD.

A man is sometimes thoughtlessly careless and inconsiderate in the home and if he is shown himself as others see him, he will mend his ways. When he vowed at the altar to endow his wife with all his worldly goods, he was not supposed to mean one dress a year, and a hat in two years. And because he has made such violent love to a girl and sent her so many flowers and pounds of candy, he must not be surprised if she expects some of those attentions after marriage. Nor must he think she will be satisfied with the ancient joke of the man running after the street car.

When Iago was torturing the soul of Othello with tales of Desdemona's infidelity, he tried to comfort her by saying, "She had eyes and soul me." A wife may say the same thing of her husband, and yet she likes him to tell her of his love. Even a very young child quickly learns what to expect from the father, and he will meet him on whatever ground the father has mapped out. The man who keeps his child at a distance and has never words of reproof for him, can never hope to win that child's love. The busy man who goes to his work in the morning before the children are awake, and returns at night after they are asleep, cannot get on very familiar terms with them. Some one has told the story of a little boy coming in crying to his mother one Sunday morning. When she asked him what was the matter, he answered: "A man out there slapped me, and made me come in the house." It was the child's own father, but he had seen him so seldom that he did not recognize him. A mother who has been over-indulgent to her child, is often compelled to call upon the father to enforce her commands. A child who is obstinate or refuses to obey, is subdued by the threat, "I will tell father when he comes," until the child begins to think the father a very severe person. This is scarcely just to him, and he does not relish the position of a last tribunal. His ideas of child government may be entirely different, and he may wish to control by love and not by fear, but if he is called upon always to enforce the obedience of the child, he will be regarded as a personage much to be feared. No other such an exalted sensation can come to a man as when he holds in his arms his first-born son. The helplessness of the infant appeals to his tenderness, and his pride is gratified that the name of his race is to be perpetuated. He has dreams of ambition for the boy, and he hopes to see him great beyond anything which he himself has attained.—Maud Murray Miller, in The Pilgrim.

JANE'S COURAGE.

This little incident—it is a true story—occurred some time ago in Philadelphia: The owner of a large retail store gave a holiday to all his employees. Cashiers, foremen, salesmen and women, cash boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country seat owned by their employer. Teats were erected, a bountiful dinner and supper were provided, and a band was stationed in the grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy day. The salesgirls, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evening, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion. But Jane Elroy felt she could not indulge in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want. "What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next her behind the counter. "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black merino. "But that is a winter dress. You'll melt! There'll be boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown or else don't go." Girls of fifteen like pretty gowns. Jane said nothing for a few minutes. "I shall wear this one," she said, firmly. "And I think I will go. Mother wishes it."

"But you can't play croquet in that!" "It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely. The day came, bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-brushed dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself and set to work to help the others find it. On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for children, ran to lay the table and brought water for the older women, was ready to pin up torn ruffles or to applaud "a good ball"; she laughed and was friendly all the time. She was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went. On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd business man, beckoned to his superintendent. "There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young, sunshiny girl in black," and he pointed her out.

YOU MUST LOOK TO THE LIVER

If you would have good digestion and good health. It is kept active by

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Bile in the blood is poison. Bile in the intestines is necessary to digestion and the healthful action of the bowels. Bile in the blood causes biliousness, headache, jaundice, muddy complexion and is the source of innumerable pains and aches. The lack of bile in the intestines brings on indigestion, constipation, kidney derangements and a clogging of the whole digestive and excretory systems. The liver separates the bile from the blood, where it is poison, and pours it into the intestines, where it is of inestimable worth. For this reason the health of the body is dependent on the health and activity of the liver. By making the liver active, when it becomes torpid and sluggish, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills insure a healthful flow of bile into the intestines and the cure of ailments arising from "bile poison," indigestion and constipation. Set the liver right by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and you will remove the cause of many pains and aches, of many annoying symptoms, of irritable temper and depressed spirits. There is no liver regulator so certain of action, so quick to relieve, so lastingly beneficial. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

THE GIRLS OF IRELAND.

There are pretty scenes in Ireland, From Wicklow's magic vales, To where the sweet meandering Moy Divides Tyravley's dales; There are flowers all o'er the meadows, There's honey in her trees, But the pretty girls in Ireland Are fairer far than these. There are charming scenes in Ireland—Killarney's lakes and fells—Her parks, her woods, her mountains, Her deep, romantic dells; Fair Cork's delightful river, And then, O sweet Adare, But the charming girls of Ireland Are fifty times as fair.

THE GIRLS OF IRELAND.

There are noble scenes in Ireland, From Mourne to proud Mullree, From Corrib's waves to Ventry's stream, All sparkling pure and free; Oh, crystal are her fountains, That laugh by night and day, But the high-souled girls of Ireland Are purer far than they.

"The truth is mighty and will prevail," quoted the Wise Guy. "Yes," if it isn't suppressed," added the Simple Mug.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

PROPRIETARY RIGHT.

Little Edith had spent an afternoon busily searching with nimble fingers through the soft fur of her pet kitten, says Lippincott's Magazine. When she was through she came to report to her mother. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "I found a little flea on kitty, and I caught it!" "What did you do with it?" asked her mother. "Why, I put it back on kitty again, of course. It was her flea."

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The next day Jane was promoted, and since that time her success has been steady. The good nature and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" were the best capital for her in her business. She had the courage, too, to disregard poverty and to make the best of life, a courage which rarely fails to meet its reward.

WILLIE'S QUESTION.

Where do you go when you go to sleep? That's what I want to know. There's loads of things I can't find out, but nothing bothers me so. Nurse puts me to bed in my little room. And takes away the light; I cuddle down in the blankets warm. And shut my eyes up tight. Then off I go to the funniest place. Where everything seems queer. Though sometimes it is not funny at all. Just like the way it is here. There's mountains made of the candy there. Big fields covered with flowers, And lovely ponies, and birds and trees. A hundred times nicer than ours. Often, dear mamma, I see you there, And sometimes papa, too; And last night the baby came back from heaven. And played like he used to do. So all of this day I've been trying to think, Oh, how I wish I could know. Whereabouts that wonderful country is. Where sleepy little boys go. —The Independent.

KITTY CALLED THE POLICE.

A pet kitten belonging to one of the sergeants at the central police station in Pittsburg, Pa., called out all the reserve police force and sent in a riot call, which brought all the officers sleeping in the station, rushing in half dressed. The electric buttons with which the calls are turned in are at the side of the sergeant's desk. The kitty while in the vacant chair at the lunch hour, began playing with the buttons, with the result that both calls were sent in almost simultaneously. Business was slow, but in a minute the officers were started to see two patrol wagons dashing up from the stables, while half-dressed policemen ran in from all directions, carrying the remainder of their uniforms in their hands.

HE WANTED TWO.

Master Bobby, whose shoes were getting shabby, was taken to a shoe store to get a new pair. The clerk who waited upon them removed the old shoe from Bobby's right foot and proceeded to try on shoes until finally he found one that suited. Bobby's left foot was entirely neglected by the shoe clerk. As they were leaving the store Bobby suddenly burst out crying. "Why, Bobby, what is the matter with you?" "I want two new shoes!" sobbed Bobby. It was only by opening the box that he was convinced that two new shoes—one for each foot—had been purchased.

THE LOST KITTY.

"Mamma, I can't find Jetty anywhere," said Grace, very mournfully, one morning. Her little black kitten was her dearest pet, and she always looked for it the first thing after coming downstairs. "Oh, I guess she will come," answered mamma, cheerily. "She is probably out playing with some other little cat." But Grace refused to be comforted, and went to school with a very long face. Lessons were no fun that morning, for all the time she had before her the vision of poor little Jetty being eaten up by some awful dog. At noon she ran all the way home, but no frisky little cat came to meet her, and scramble up her dress to her neck, as Jetty used to do. She went all over the house and barn, calling and hunting, but Jetty did not appear. By night poor little Grace was nearly sick with grief for the loss of her pet. Then big brother Ned came home. Grace brightened up a little, for she had great faith in brother. He could do most wonderful things—surely he would find Jetty. After supper, he took Grace's hand and said: "Let's go for a walk, and you tell me all about Jetty, and where you think she likes to go, and what other kittens she visits, and maybe something will happen."

So they went along the street till they came to a house that was vacant. Here they stopped and sat down on the steps while Ned went on telling a delightful story about a cat he once knew, that would come to his dinner when they rang a bell for him. Suddenly Grace jumped up. "Hark!" she said. They listened, and surely heard a faint "Miaou!" "Kitty! Kitty, kitty, kitty," called Grace. "Miaou!" answered a kitty from somewhere—but where? Ned tried the door; it was locked, of course. "Do you suppose she is in the house?" asked Grace. "Oh, do let's get a key and try to get it!" "I don't see how she could possibly be in the house," said Ned, "for this house has been empty for months." Another "Miaou!" louder than before interrupted him. "Oh, where is she?" sobbed Grace. "She'll starve to death." Ned put his head on one side and listened very hard. Then he got up and walked around the corner of the house. "Where are you going?" called Grace. "Hark!" he said. "Kitty, kitty!" "Miaou! Miaou!" was answered, and Ned dropped quickly on his hands and knees. Grace had followed him, and cried out: "Oh, do you suppose she is down there?" A cellar window was open, and Ned was trying to look down into darkness. "There is a kitty there," he answered, "but maybe it isn't Jetty."

"Oh, it is! I'm sure it is! Oh, how shall we get her? Jetty, Jetty, is that you?" "Miaou—ou!" "Oh, it is Jetty! I know it is! How can we get her out? Can't you get in and hand her to me?" "Then how should I get out? Besides, it's a deep cellar, and I don't know as I want to jump down into it." "Well, then, get the key. I'll star here and talk to Jetty so she won't get lonesome." "That's not so easy, little one," said Ned. "The agent's office is way downtown, and he wouldn't be there now, anyway." "But we've got to get her out! Oh, hear her try to climb up! Poor little Jetty! Brother Ned will get you out some way. I know he will!" "I have it," said Ned, suddenly, and was off like a shot. Soon he came back carrying a length of old carpet. "Nora is talking yet," he said, laughing, "wondering what I am going to do with her ironing blanket, but I told her I'd bring it right back." Then he lowered it through the window into the cellar, and Grace kept calling: "Kitty, kitty, come, Jetty, come, Jetty!" till kitty did get on the carpet, and then she scrambled up in a hurry. It really was Jetty, and you never saw such a happy little cat as she was when she was all cuddled up in Grace's arms. She purred and purred, and seemed to enjoy being talked to and stroked, as they went toward home. Suddenly Grace said: "Why, Jetty cat! You never thanked Brother Ned!" "That's a nice way to get out of it," laughed Ned. "You forgot it yourself!" "Well, I thank you now, lots and lots," answered Grace, "and when we get home I'll give you a great big hug."

Then she held Jetty up and made her bow and shake hands, and she purred so loud that Ned said he was sure she meant "Thank you." The whole family stood around and watched Jetty drink her milk when she got home, for they were as glad as Grace that the kitty was found.—Camilla J. Knight in S.S. Times.

A cough is often the forerunner of serious pulmonary affections, yet there is a simple cure within the reach of all in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, an old-time and widely recognized remedy, which, if resorted to at the inception of a cold, will invariably give relief, and by overcoming the trouble, guard the system from any serious consequences. Price 25 cents, at all dealers.

FATHER KNOX'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A SURE CURE FOR ALL NERVOUS DISEASES. Sample bottles for address. Post free this medicine. FREE! ROENIG MED. CO., 102 Lake St., Chicago, Ill. Sold by all druggists and by mail, 25c per bottle.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELLOWS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 21. King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903

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. S. PRICE.

475 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, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. 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 for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

188 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1903. 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. 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

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

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

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,

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

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 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 suffering so long. It has given me a 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.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits "of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of 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 Walseley street, Ctr.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. I. O'BRIEN, 34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE 25c PER BOTTLE.