

The HOME CIRCLE

MOTHERS.
(From The Century.)
Mothers are the queerest things! Member when John went away, All but mother cried and cried When they said good-by that day. She just talked and seemed to be Not the slightest bit upset— Was the only one who smiled! Others' eyes were streaming wet. But when John came back again On a furlough, safe and sound, With a medal for his deeds And without a single wound, While the rest of us hurried, Laughed and joked and danced about, Mother kissed him, then she cried— Cried and cried like all git out!

HELPS TO HEALTH.
Oil stoves and gas stoves should never be kept burning in a sleeping apartment, for they are burned in the open air of the room and having no connection with a chimney flue, throw the poisonous carbonic oxide of combustion into the air of the apartment and make it unfit for respiration.

People who keep their mouths closed except when they are talking, eating or drinking, rarely contract colds or coughs. Disease germs floating in the air find a direct route into the lungs of a person who breathes through his mouth. They are arrested by the fine, sieve-like network of hair in the nostrils of the individual who breathes through his nose. Keep your mouth closed and you may defy pestilence.

If one's work is tiresome and exacting, fretfulness makes it more so. Physical ills and bitter disappointments are depressing, but she who endures them with equanimity and cheerfulness imparts to all about her a power in lightening the unpleasant, humdrum toils of the household, where, after all, lies the charm for most true-hearted women.

It is the dark corners and those places about a house seldom frequented which generally contribute to its unhealthfulness. The warning, therefore, cannot be too often given to see that the cellar is not neglected. Keep it as dry and clean as possible, and in clear weather ventilate it by opening doors and windows communicating with the air outside. Neglect in regard to this matter is sure to entail serious consequences, because the real reason is so often overlooked.

It is important what kind of shoes are worn, even by a baby. Often they are too short, and in such case they are almost sure to cause great discomfort, if not absolute pain. In creeping the toes are spread out, and if they are kept cramped by the shoes, the motions of creeping are apt to cause the toe-nails to become distorted, and it may be the beginning of that very annoying affliction, "ingrowing toe-nail."

If the bath, either hot or cold, is followed by a feeling of comfort it is beneficial; but if lassitude or chilliness results, there is something wrong, and the advice of a physician should be sought. Advocates of the cold bath, who enjoy it and feel invigorated after its use, must remember that it cannot be depended upon as the sole means of cleanliness, consequently perfect cleanliness requires frequent hot baths, especially in warm weather.

It is a mistake either to bathe the face too frequently or not to cleanse it thoroughly when it is bathed. Baths night and morning are about all that agree with a good skin, and it is hazardous to bathe it either immediately before or after exposure to wind and cold, or when very warm from exercise. The most thorough bathing should be given at night, with hot or tepid water, for it is fatal to the purity and beauty of any skin to retire at night leaving its pores coated with powder or atmospheric impurities, to say nothing of those which the skin may have endeavored to throw off itself.

Only the best cold creams should be used on the skin, and the following, which is simple, may be prepared at home, thus insuring its purity. Four ounces of almond oil and one ounce each of white wax and spermaceti; melt these in a vessel which is set in another which contains hot water, stirring together as the mixture warms; when it is a smooth mass, remove from the hot water and stir in, as it cools, an ounce of fragrant water—violet and orange-flower are both good. Lettuce, cucumber and iris creams are made as above, with the addition of four tablespoonfuls of their respective juices, pressed from the fresh vegetables or flowers. They are especially efficacious in bleaching tanned skins, and healing those irritated by dust and winds. The cream should be put in small jars and covered closely to prevent absorption of impurities and evaporation of the perfume.

When going out on the water or for

a long walk or ride in the sun and wind, much discomfort may be avoided by rubbing the face and throat with cold cream, wiping off all that is not absorbed by the pores, and dusting over any simple face powder—one containing neither lead nor bismuth.

The following face powder is said to be good for general use and perfectly harmless: French chalk, seventy-five parts; zinc oxide, twenty-five parts. It is said that actresses always use a little cold cream before applying any powder or paint to the skin, so that it may all be washed off and prevent injury to the complexion.—Woman's Work.

THE CHILDREN AT TABLE.

We can all look back to the time when we were children; and there is nothing that we remember more plainly than our training, and perhaps more especially our training in table manners. At least, the effects of that training will remain with us as long as we are able to sit at table. I wonder if parents appreciate the fact that children are creatures of habit and if so, why they do not teach them better table manners. We all know people whom we would love to have visit us, but to whom we refrain from extending an invitation because we cannot endure their children; or rather, cannot endure the manners of those children.

I recall an incident which left a deep impression upon me. I had occasion to sit at dinner with a gentleman and lady and their three little daughters. The host was most affable, the hostess gracious, but—those children! Upon being seated at table the baby of the family got in a tantrum because she was not seated beside me. This arranged to her pleasure, grace was scarcely concluded when conversation began—led by the children with scarcely an interruption except by urgent requests from the children to be served. Their elbows were extended at each side of their plates, almost reaching the plates of their neighbors at table. They talked loudly and with their mouths filled with food. In no instance during the meal did I hear one of them say "please," or "thank you." They ate with their knives, spoons and fingers, scattering their food and spilling the contents of their glasses.

The meal was at last concluded, but I had eaten little. The truth is, I was too much surprised to enjoy a dinner. The parents of these children were apparently refined, educated and bore evidence of having been well trained in early life. He was a hustling business man, and both were earnest workers in religious interests. I felt that they were neglecting the duties that lay nearest while attending to others that were of but secondary importance. I am, no doubt, old-fashioned, but is there not still some virtue in the homely old adage about children being seen and not heard?

I was quite refreshed the other day upon meeting a quiet, modest, low-spirited little girl, lady-like and well-mannered, who neither knew more than I did nor tried to make me think she did. I shall always feel thankful to my parents for the wholesome training "we children" at home received. I believe there is nothing that will cling to one more tenaciously than the evidence of early training or the lack of it. I believe also that parents do not begin early enough. I know from experience that a child of two and one-half years may have acquired manners at table that would do credit to many an older person.

I think this is a work which even at this day is not receiving the attention of parents which it ought. It is a pity that it should be neglected, because no after training will bring the same results that the early training will do. I believe there are enthusiasts in different lines of work who lose sight of many of the home duties. It is sad to see a parent with interests ahead of those relating to the children.

SUMMER SALADS.

Tomato Jelly—A pretty course to serve at a luncheon is a salad of tomato jelly. A pint of tomatoes is strained, seasoned with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Dissolve a quarter of a box of gelatine and add to the tomatoes. Put aside for half an hour, then bring to a boiling point before moulding in tiny egg cups. Make a half pint of mayonnaise dressing, to which a half pint of whipped cream is stirred in just before serving. The moulds of jelly are arranged on lettuce leaves in individual platters, the mayonnaise heaped round, the whole sprinkled with finely-chopped parsley.

French Bean Salad—Trim some French beans, throw them in plenty of fast boiling, unsalted water, add

a tiny bit of soda and let boil until they are done. Then drain them, put them in a bowl of cold water for ten minutes, drain them again thoroughly and place them on a dry cloth. Prepare a salad dressing with French mustard added. Toss the beans about in this, arrange them in a salad bowl, add chopped parsley and chervil and garnish with hard-boiled eggs in quarters.

New Potato Salad—Boil four good-sized potatoes until they are just done; drain and drv. While they are drying put into a bowl half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of white pepper; add gradually six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, then add two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar; mix and add one onion sliced very fine. Cut the potatoes right into this mixture while they are hot, tossing them carefully without breaking, and stand the bowl aside until they are very cold. At serving time turn the mixture on a dish garnished with large pieces of parsley; put in the centre on top three or four sardines; sprinkle over chopped parsley and pickled beets and serve. This makes a delightful accompaniment of cold roast beef.

The Salad Dish—Decorate the border of your salad dish with some freshly-plucked nasturtiums before setting dish upon the tea table. Retain some of the foliage, which to an artist's eye is the most beautiful part of the plant. These green shields and the glowing orange flowers make a pretty border for your dish of salad, and in hot weather, when the appetite is capricious, often tempt the family to partake of the dish on account of the attractive exterior.

YOUNG WOMEN AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

We would remind the girls who have just left school that the influence of women for good or ill is truly said to be great, but in cities like New York and Brooklyn it is simply irresistible. The sister is the guardian of the brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of faith in female purity and worth. As a daughter, she is the light of home. The pride of the father often centres in his son, but his affection is expended on his daughter. She should, therefore, be the sun and centre of the home. "The most experienced" priests on the mission remark that the character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent and accomplished, the young men will feel that they themselves should be upright, gentlemanly and refined, but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found dissipated and worthless. Even the humble Irish servant girl, by her fidelity and honesty, has exercised, and will continue to exercise, a great influence for good on the families in which they live.

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"Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared, and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation, and many years of suffering. It is with the greatest pleasure and with a thankful heart that I give this testimonial, knowing that Dr. Chase's Ointment has done so much for me. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is for sale by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 60 cents, by Edmondson, Bates and Company, Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

NATURE'S TE DEUM.

Deep in the woods I hear an anthem singing
Along the mossy aisles where shadows lie;
It is the matin hour, the choir are singing
Their sweet Te Deum to the King on high.

The stately trees seem quivering with emotion;
They thrill in ecstasy of music rare,
As if they felt the stirring of devotion,
Touched by the dainty fingers of the air.

The grasses grow enraptured as they listen,
And join their verdant voices with the choir,
And tip their tiny blades that gleam and glisten,
As thrilled with fragrant fancies of desire.

The brooklet answers to the calling river,
And, singing, slips away through arches dim;
Its heart runs over, and it must deliver
Unto the King of kings, its liquid hymn.

A shower of melody, and then a flutter
Of many wings; the birds are praising, too!
And in a harmony of song they utter
Their thankfulness to him, their Master true.

In tearfulness I listen, and admire
The great Te Deum Nature, kneeling, sings,
Ah! sweet, indeed, is God's majestic choir,
When all the world in one great anthem rings.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ROSE.

(Adapted from the French.)
Once upon a time there lived a great queen, in whose garden were to be found the most beautiful flowers. She especially loved roses, and therefore possessed many varieties, from the wild hedge rose, with its apple-scented leaves, to the splendid Provence rose. But care and sorrow can dwell within the palace walls, and there came a time when the queen lay upon a sick bed and the doctors said she must die. After a second consultation the wisest of them said there is just one thing that could save her. Bring her the loveliest rose in the world, or which exhibits the purest and brightest love, and if it is brought to her before her eyes close she will not die.

Then from all parts came those who brought roses that bloomed in every garden, but they were not the right sort. The flower must be one from the garden of love; but which of the roses there showed forth the highest and purest love? The poets sang of this rose, the loveliest in the world, and each one named that which he considered worthy of the title; and intelligence of what was required was sent far and wide.

"No one has yet named the flower," said the wise man. "No one has pointed out the spot where it blooms in all its splendor! It is not one of the roses which sprouted forth from the blood-stained fame of Winkelreid. Neither is it the magic flower of Science, to obtain which wondrous flower a man devotes many an hour of his fresh, young life in sleepless nights in a lonely chamber."

"I know where it blooms," said a happy mother, who came with her lovely child to the bedside of the queen. "It is even on the blooming cheeks of my sweet child, where it expresses the pure and holy love of infancy. When refreshed by sleep he awakens and smiles upon me with child-like affection."

"This is a lovely rose," said the wise man; "but there is one still more lovelier."

"I have seen it, and a loftier and a purer rose does not bloom," said one of the women. "It was white, like the leaves of a blush rose. It was on the cheeks of a queen. She had taken off her crown of gold, and through the long dreary night she carried her sick child in her arms, and walked incessantly. She wept over it, kissed it, and prayed for it as only a mother can pray in the hour of anguish. This rose is mother-love."

Holy and wonderful in its might is the white rose of such grief, but it is not the one we seek.

"No, the loveliest rose I ever saw," said a good old bishop, "was at the Lord's table. I saw it shine as if from an angel's face. A young maiden knelt at the altar, and renewed the vows made at her baptism. She looked up to heaven with all the purity and love of her young spirit; with all the expression of the highest love."

"May she be blest!" said the wise doctor; "but no one has yet named the loveliest rose in the world." Just then the queen's little son came running into the room. He seemed all excitement. Tears stood in his eyes, and glistened on his cheeks; he carried a great book in his hands. "Mother!" he cried, "only hear what I have read." He seated himself by the bedside and read from the book of Him

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who suffered on the cross to save all men, even those who are yet unborn. He read: "Greater love than this, no man hath," and as he read a roseate hue spread over the cheeks of the queen, and her eyes became so enlightened and clear that she saw from the leaves of the book a lovely rose spring forth, a type of Him who shed His blood on the cross; of Him who said: "The bread which I give is my flesh for the life of the world."

And so the queen recovered. Every one in the palace was happy, for she was a good woman and much beloved by all her subjects.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First, man—and that means everything strong and brave and noble; and then gentle—and that means full of these little kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.

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