

.....The HOME CIRCLE

CAT REFUSED TO DIE.

Students of one of the big universities in this city have a cat that has utterly refused to become a martyr to science. Its history is another instance of the refining and elevating influence of science.

Professor Blank asked J. P. Morgan, the janitor, to get a cat for him, as he wished to illustrate his lecture on "Respiration" by experiments upon the animal.

Several subsequent attempts to carry on the experiments were alike ineffectual, for as soon as the glass was put over her and she felt the removal of the air, the cat would put her feet over the pipe and keep them pressed there.

The students, struck by the remarkable intelligence shown by the cat, asked the professor to liberate the animal, and loudly cheered her self-possession, when the cat, after coolly cleaning herself and smoothing her ruffled fur, jumped down and rubbed itself against the legs of the students sitting on the front bench.

EASY LESSONS.

A funny old professor kept a school for little boys, and he wouldn't mind their noise, and he wouldn't mind their noise, and he wouldn't mind their noise.

"It's for tired little pupils," he explained, "for you will find how very wrong indeed it is to force a budding mind; the child grows sleepy and he can't hold up his head, and he can't hold up his head, and he can't hold up his head."

"And sometimes it will happen on a warm and pleasant day, when the little birds upon the trees go tooral-tooral-lay, when wide-awake and studious it's difficult to keep, one by one they'll get a-nodding till the whole class is asleep!"

"Then before they're all in dream-land and their funny snores begin, I close the shutters softly so the sunlight can't come in; after which I put the school books in their order on the shelf, and with nothing else to do, I take a little nap myself!"

AVOID LOUNGING ATTITUDES.

The woman who wishes to preserve or improve her figure indulges in gymnastics and cures galore; she reads all that the magazines and newspapers can tell her, and she tries everything more or less consistently, with varying results upon her physical charms and a great depleting of her pocketbook.

But in spite of all she reads and experiments in she is very apt to overlook her attitudes and her ordinary occupations and amusements. She may stand properly, breathe properly, sit properly during her hour or half hour of prescribed exercise once or twice a day; but when that hour has expired she will throw herself back in a chair or upon a lounge in a comfortable but cramped attitude, or she will stoop over a book, disregarding the fact that all the good done by her gymnastics has been more than canceled by falling immediately into a careless lounging position which again contracts her chest, and by that her lungs, curves her back, and probably hurts her eyes by improper positions while reading.

Our grandmothers rarely went for excessive physical exercise, but it is a fact not to be denied that judicious shaking of feather beds and wedding of the homely broom, and sitting in straight-backed chairs all did have and do have an enormous influence upon a woman's physique.

Irishmen frequently declare that the best bulls are really made by Englishmen and an example quoted in the current issue of an English journal devoting itself to just such things, may tend to corroborate their contention. They have no desire for a corner in that branch of the livestock market.

The late John Hollingshead was certainly a typical Englishman, and yet, in his book, "The Story of Leicester Square," he achieves the perhaps unique feat of perpetrating a double bluff in a single sentence. On page 16 he wrote: "When Lord Mohun was killed he was living in Maclesfield House, Gerrard street, Soho, at the back of Leicester House, a site now occupied by the defunct Pelican Club."

It's a good one. And yet one may wonder whether it equals the saying of a British Member of Parliament who announced that "Our young men are the backbone of the army, and it is high time they were coming to the front!"

Put both these fall behind that forcible simile employed by another member of Parliament—this one necessarily an Irishman. He was describing the cupiditv of a certain set of plutocrats, and he said in the warmth of his disapproval: "If we were to banish them to an uninhabited island, it would not be an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

JAPANESE WOMEN AT TABLE.

An ex-professor at the Women's University at Tokio tells these tales of her experience outside the classroom:

Their eagerness to learn sometimes puts foreigners into laughably embarrassing positions. Two of such stand out especially prominent in my memory. On one occasion I was invited to lunch at one of the largest colleges in Tokio, and accepted. On my arrival the head of the Domestic Science department met me, and, after some beating round the bush, a fault from which the Japanese are not free, said: "Would you mind giving the students a few hints as to how they ought to serve and eat lunch?"

"Of course I promised to do my best, and we went inside to the room in which the feast was to be eaten. Seats were set for twenty, and while waiting for the other guests to appear my hostess asked me to look round and see if the table arrangements were perfect. One or two small faults I pointed out to the students who were acting as maids, and meanwhile the other members of the party came in, all students of the department. We sat down in solemn silence, for it is considered very rude in Japan to talk during meals, and all my well-meant efforts to make conversation failed, the girls addressed immediately bolting what was in their mouths and hastily hiding their faces behind their long sleeves or paper handkerchiefs.

My attempts to teach them the proper way of handling their knives and forks had equally poor results, both being hastily concealed at the first glance of my eyes in their direction. The first course was a huge cold fish, covered, with thick white sauce and many kinds of vegetables cut very small and most artistically arranged. The struggles of the company to eat this with their knives was truly pathetic, and recalled my own exceedingly clumsy efforts to eat with "hashi" (chopsticks). Next came large balls of minced meat wrapped in cabbage leaves and stewed with rich brown sauce. Then followed lettuce, and then a pudding. I have given the menu in full because it serves as an instance of the food they think typically English. As a matter of fact, their foreign cooking is a sample of second-rate American dishes, very rich and unwholesome.

During the whole of the lunch described every movement of mine was carefully scrutinized and copied by the girls at table, while those in attendance were no less on the alert. But, after all, this was only a school demonstration, and my second ordeal was much more trying. This was on the occasion of a foreign dinner party at a Japanese house to which I had been invited, and for whose success my hostess had sought my advice. To help her with the arrangements before the guests arrived was easy enough; but to be the cynosure of all eyes during the whole meal was not so pleasant. As the foreigner and the guest of the evening, each dish was handed first to me, and I soon saw that whatever I refused the other ladies thought it their duty to refuse likewise, although it was quite evident they were longing to try the new foreign dishes.

The great ordeal came for them when the pudding appeared, and I began to eat it with a fork; they valiantly tried to imitate me, but the effort was too great, and finally they abandoned it. I think none of us were sorry when that dinner came to an end.

THREE THINGS TO COAX.

An old proverb says: "There are three things which can be managed only by coaxing—a kid glove, a fire, and a man." "Take my advice," says a wife who knows, "and never try any other method with a husband. The woman, married or single, who fights for her rights has a hard struggle, often to fail at last; while she who takes them graciously is allowed to walk off freely, if not invited to come back again. Any married woman gifted with even a small degree of diplomacy will have her own way quite as much, if not more, than is good for her, if only she be careful always to defer to her nominal lord and master, and never to allow any one, himself least of all, to suspect that she has been able to persuade him that her way is his own. The secret of her power lies in a nutshell: It is the power behind the throne which never openly asserts itself."

What is the difference between a bottle of medicine and a troublesome boy? One is to be well shaken and then taken and the other is to be taken and then shaken.

When you feel lack of energy and ambition and are easily fatigued and discouraged, depend upon it your blood is thin and watery, your nerves are exhausted and your vigor is at low ebb.

It is under such circumstances that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be of greatest usefulness to you. This great food cure possesses restorative and reconstruction powers which are not to be found in any other preparation.

In this regard it is different to any medicine you ever used. Instead of tearing down the tissues it builds them up and gives to the body the vigor which is required to throw off disease.

You are invited to test Dr. Chase's Nerve Food by keeping a record of your increase in weight while using it. Gradually and certainly the wasting process is overcome, and week by week new firm flesh and muscle is added. 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE THREE SIEVES.

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so. I got it from Miss White, and she is a good friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you prove it to be true, is it kind?"

"I do not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And is it necessary?"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If we can't speak well, speak not at all."

ALL WERE HELPERS.

A bird at night once came upon a candle shining in a window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the gas light."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candle light in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small! You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle; and I can be easily carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night, or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird; and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights, here and there, little and great. "All are helpers."

JENNIE'S WONDERFUL PET.

Dennis Nolan had promised that he would give the children a story after supper, so when the things were "cleared away," as Mrs. Nolan expressed the removal of the dishes, the children climbed upon Mr. Nolan's knees, the arms of his great chair and one curly-headed little girl leaned her chubby arms on his shoulder and tickled his ear with her raven tresses.

"Tell us a story!" said the smallest of the children. "Ah, y-e-s! You s-a-i-d you would!" pleaded 10-year-old Mary, with a conquering pout on her pretty face.

"Very well, children; I am surely going to do so," consolingly replied Mr. Nolan, as he took down a pipe and prepared to smoke.

Mrs. Nolan brought him a match, and as smoke rose in a cloud above his head he began his tale.

"My story is called 'Jennie's Pet,' because it is about a pet which Jennie—a little Irish girl—once had."

"Was it a cat?" inquired one little girl.

"Not exactly," said Mr. Nolan, slowly.

"A dog, then?" asked the curly-headed tot on his shoulder.

"No, not that either; but suppose you children wait until I tell you all about it and don't be so curious."

"All right," came from all sides.

"Well, then, Jennie had a wonderful pet which she got from a blue-haired fairy when she was but five years of age.

"It happened in this way: Jennie was helping her mother to gather gooseberries near their home in County Carlow and Jennie was a wee little girl and pushed into the bushes where her mother could not go. She heard a soft sobbing near her, and she was so kind-hearted little child she moved quickly through the bushes to where the crying was coming from. What was her surprise to find, as she thought, a doll weeping softly.

It had a wonderfully pretty pink face and beautiful blue eyes and blue curly hair. Its sweet face was covered with tears that sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight.

"Oh, oh! Poor little dolly!" exclaimed Jennie as soon as she saw it.

"Hush! not a word!" commanded the blue-haired doll, and it held up a little finger to warn Jennie not to speak.

"Jennie became very much afraid and did not say another word. "Untangle my hair from this gooseberry bush and I will reward you. I have been here a month, for the fairy queen punished me for being naughty, and I was to remain here until an innocent child released me, so you must do it!"

"Jennie marched all through the bushes, but could find her nowhere. Then it was getting dark, and Jennie had come into the dark woods and could not find her way. Her cat, too, was meowing piteously.

"Soon she heard robbers swearing dreadfully, and she did not know what to do. With her pussy in her arms she ran through the woods to escape.

"Now, the robbers heard her footsteps and followed her and were very close to her when she fell. Her pussy squealed and Jennie cried. Then she thought of what the fairy had told her and she called aloud, 'Fido!'

"Instantly the cat disappeared and a great dog stood up in the woods and growled so ferociously that the robbers became frightened and ran away.

"Then the great dog walked before Jennie and led her out of the underbrush.

"Presently there came a rocky part of the road which was covered with rats that ran in and out of the cracks in the rocks. Jennie was very much afraid of rats and she said, 'Sick 'em, Fido! Sick 'em!'

"But Fido seemed as afraid of the rats as Jennie, and she was afraid to run back to the woods. Just then she cried out excitedly, 'Come here, Pussy!'

"In the twinkling of an eye the dog vanished and so did the rats, for Pussy ran among them and killed several.

"Jennie picked her pussy up and fondled it and went on her way, and soon found friends who took her to her mother.

"She kept her strange and wonderful pet for many years, and in the daytime it was always a pretty pussy, but when Jennie and her mother were going to bed, Jennie would go to Pussy's warm box in the kitchen and in a moment a great ferocious dog watched the house all night."

"Has she got it yet?" inquired the curly-headed girl on Mr. Nolan's shoulder.

"I was just about to tell you about that," replied Mr. Nolan.

"One morning, when Jennie was 16 years old—it was her birthday—her mother and she missed 'Fido,' and 'Pussy' was nowhere to be found. On the sill of the front door they found a gooseberry. Jennie cried when she saw it, and her mother could not comfort her.

"Both were much surprised suddenly to see a little blue-haired lady standing before them. She held up her hand and said: 'Listen! When you were a child you needed a pet. I gave you one. Now you are a woman and I took it away. But don't grieve, for you will need no other pets. Good-bye!'

"Sure enough, Jennie very soon met a handsome young fellow who asked her to marry him and she consented. Her husband loved her so dearly that he bought her a dog to bark at night and a cat to mew all day, and she is now happy."

"Is it a real story, Papa?" asked several of the little ones.

"The story is real enough; but if you want to know if it is all true you will have to ask some old Irish philosopher."

The children then went to bed—Joseph P. Kealy, in the New World.

KINDNESS WINS.

It was a very little donkey to have such a will of his own. You wouldn't have thought, unless you know donkeys, that the small brown animal with the bright eyes and long ears could be so stubborn. He stood there in the road and refused to go a step farther, neither would he turn his head toward home.

"Oh, dear! What a bad donkey!" exclaimed little Bertie in despair. "How shall we ever be able to make him move?"

Her brother Lloyd, with the confidence of eight years, ran to the side of the road and brought back a short stick, with which he industriously prodded the obstinate animal's sides. Alas! the donkey bore it better than he did, and he soon stopped, breathless.

After a moment's thought Bertie, as a last resort, drew an apple from a basket in the little cart and held it up in front of Dick's nose. For a single instant he sniffed at the rosy fruit, and then moved forward obediently and took it in his mouth.

"All aboard!" cried Lloyd, and he and his sister clambered upon the seat.

And if you will believe it, whether he had forgotten his late ill-temper or because of the kindness of his good little mistress had conquered him, Dick set off at a lively pace, still munching the apple, and they had no more trouble with him during the remainder of the drive.

THE BOY THAT BLOWS THE HORN.

I hardly know, exactly, just what I'd like to be—

A soldier in the army, or a sailor-boy at sea.

I love the noise the drum makes, the horse the colonel rides, The flag the sergeant carries, and the soldiers' jerky strides.

But when the tide turns seaward, and up the anchors come, I forget the flying banners and the bugle and the drum.

O then I'd be a sailor, with rough and tarry hands, Bound out for Yokohama, or 'India's coral strands.

And yet, although I'm fairly brave, and not afraid to roam, I shouldn't like to find myself too far away from home.

So, if I get the chance, some day I'll give the folks the slip.

And get to be the bugler on a trans-Atlantic ship.

It is the Farmer's Friend—the farmer will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a potent remedy for wounds or pains in the body or for affections of the respiratory organs and for household use generally. He will also find it a convenient friend in treating injured horses, cattle, etc., or relieving them when attacked by colds, coughs or any kindred ailments to which they are subject.

CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic, Acids; no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Specialists, 123 E. Main Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS 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 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a 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 cured 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.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. 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.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, Yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 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 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 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.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited by its use. Yours respectfully, M. McDONALD. Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

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 upper 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 uncured 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 cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this 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. J. SHERIDAN. 24 Queen street East.

JOHNO'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 \$1.00 PER BOX