

.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE PRICE OF A DRINK. "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? "Five cents a glass," I hear you say. "Why, that isn't very much to pay." Oh, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum. You are passing o'er 'twixt finger and thumb. And if that were all that you gave away It wouldn't be very much to pay. The price of a drink? Let him decide Who has lost his courage and lost his pride. And lies a grovelling heap of clay Not far removed from a beast to-day. The price of a drink? Let that one tell Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell. And feels within him the fires of hell. Honor and virtue, love and truth. All the glory and pride of youth, Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame, High endeavor and noble aim— These are the treasures thrown away As the price of a drink from day to day. The price of a drink? If you want to know What some are willing to pay for it go Through that wretched tenement over there, With dingy windows and broken stair, Where foul disease like a vampire crawls With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls; There poverty dwells with her hungry brood, Wild eyed as demons for lack of food; There shame in a corner crouches low, There violence deals its cruel blow, And innocent ones are thus accused To pay the price of another's thirst. "Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all, The sacrifice would indeed be small, But the money's worth is the least amount. We pay, and whoever will keep account Will learn the terrible waste and blight That follows this ruinous appetite. "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think That that is really the price of a drink? —Josephine Pollard in Kansas City Star.

MAKING WIVES HAPPY. "It seems to me that the way to make a woman happy is to give her all your sympathy and affection," says Dr. Edward Brooks in Rochester Herald. "As for overlooking any faults, a man ought not to see any faults in his wife. If it does happen that there are a few very patent ones—and I suppose there are some women who are not exactly angels—a man ought not to see them any more than he sees the spots on the sun when it is shining brilliantly in the heavens, and he ought to remember that no matter what disillusion he may experience after the marriage it was he himself who undertook the responsibility of taking to himself a young woman that he promised to love and honor."

TO TAKE THE DRUGGERY OUT OF YOUR OCCUPATION. Do it cheerfully, even if it is not congenial. Endeavor to do it better than it has ever been done before. Keep yourself in condition to do it as well as it can be done. Choose, if it is possible, the vocation for which nature has fitted you. See how much you can put into it, instead of how much you can take out of it. Train the eye, the ear, the hands, the mind—all the faculties—in the faithful doing of it. Remember that work well done is the highest testimonial of character you can receive. Remember that every vocation has some advantages and disadvantages not found in any other. Write it indelibly in your heart that it is better to be a successful cobbler than a botch physician or a briefcase barrister. Educate yourself in other directions than the line of your work, so that you will be a broader, more liberal, more intelligent worker.

A WOMAN'S WINNING CARD. A woman's winning card is cheerfulness. She may be capable of countless self-sacrifices, infinite tenderness and endless resources of wisdom, but if she cloaks these very brilliant possessions under the garb of melancholy she may almost as well not have them so far as the ordinary world which she comes in daily contact is concerned. Tell the average busy man that a blossom blooms away down the underground cave, and he won't care enough to have time to delve down there and look at it. But let the lovely flower nod its face up in the daylight and on the every-day level that the busy man treads, and he is certain to see it and pretty sure to look at it with pleasure too. That is cheerfulness. The root of gladness may be in the heart all right, but it has to blossom out into a sunny face and pleasant words before men will pay the slightest attention to it. The sunny aspect toward the world is the only course that can be based. "Someone has been quoted as saying: 'Come let us gather up violets and make them into balls. Then I will toss them at you, and you will toss them at me.' Foolish? Oh, no. For while we toss figurative violets back and forth we are all making each other's acquaintance and laying the groundwork over which we may walk up to such closer relationships as the fates have destined for us, and meanwhile the air is made fragrant for everybody." —The World of Women.

THE AGE TO MARRY. The girl who marries at twenty is usually quite convinced in her own mind that she will be absolutely and perfectly happy all her life long, simply because she seldom looks far into the future. Her husband is all

she sees or wants to see, and advice, questionings, and what not, fall upon deaf ears. But the girl who marries at twenty-five is tolerably sure of domestic happiness. She does not enter into the bonds of matrimony without thinking well of the life she is about to take up. These few extra years of her life have given her time to see how others manage and mismanage their matrimonial affairs, and she learns a good deal from the mistakes of others. She has the advantage over the girl of twenty in this way, and does not step into many of the errors that she would not know how to avoid were she younger. At twenty-five most girls have seen that it is not always the most brilliant wedding that is the forerunner of the happiest married life, or that the most dazzling prospects guarantee every-day joy and peace. A girl at twenty-five is more able to see all around the subject and weigh the pros and cons than her younger sister, for this one does not mind nor care what happens so long as she is with her sweetheart. Up to about that time other people have usually done and settled things for her, she only saying what she would like best. She takes it for granted that such smoothing of her path will still go on. Married folks, however, whether they are very young or of a ripe age, have to learn quickly to depend upon themselves, and it is then that they learn the difficulties, and often shipwreck their happiness. They get into a way of not caring, and it is then love soon flies out of the window.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY. Across in my neighbor's window, With its drapings of satin and lace, I see 'neath a crown of ringlets, A baby's innocent face. His feet in their wee, red slippers, Are tapping the polished glass, And the crowd in the street look upward, And nod and smile as they pass. Just here in my cottage window; Catching flies in the sun, With a patch on his faded apron, Stands my own little one. His face is as pure and handsome As the baby's over the way, And he keeps my heart from breaking. At my toiling, every day. Sometimes, when the day is ended, And I sit in the dusk to rest, With the face of my sleeping darling Hugged close to my lonely breast, I pray that my neighbor's baby May not catch Heaven's roses all; But that some may crown the forehead Of my loved one as they fall. And when I draw the stockings From his tired little feet, And kiss the rosy dimples In his limbs so round and sweet, I think of the dainty garments Some little children wear, And frown that my God withhold them From mine so pure and fair. May God forgive my envy! I knew not what I said; My heart is crushed and humbled, My neighbor's boy is dead! I saw the little coffin, As they carried it out to-day, A mother's heart is breaking In the mansion over the way.

IN HANGING A MIRROR. Choose a spot where it will reflect the view from the window or some thing pretty; then it will add to the beauty of the room. In any case, whether the object of the mirror be decorative or merely useful, do not place it anywhere where the sun's rays will fall on it, for the sun acts injuriously on the mercury and clouds the glass.

EVILS OF SMALL SHOES. There is no excuse for aching feet and ill-fitting shoes in these enlightened days. Shoes were never more smoothly finished, better made, or sold more reasonably than now, and if feet suffer, then the fault lies with the individual. A rightly chosen shoe means to women comfort, happiness and the absence of those tell-tale lines about the forehead which bespeak corns or tight-fitting shoes. Shoes too small or too large will both do mischief. So will a high heel, which causes the bones of the instep to soften and give way, bringing much pain.

'Tis Prudent to Prevent Disease A LITTLE CARE AND ATTENTION NOW MAY ADD YEARS OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS TO YOUR LIFE. Disease does not, as a rule, develop in a few days or a few weeks. When you hear of people becoming victims of Bright's Disease or dropping dead from heart failure you can depend on it that they have been ailing for months and years. If you are on your guard against the first symptoms which tell of serious disease you can prevent the painful and fatal results. When the back aches, when the bowels get constipated, when the liver becomes clogged and inactive and you suffer from indigestion you cannot afford to trust to these troubles wearing away. A few weeks' treatment with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will regulate and invigorate these organs and may save you years of suffering. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER FORTUNATE COUNTRIES. Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who can not read and write. On the northwest coast of New Guinea, the island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral three hundred feet high on one side and from fifty to one hundred feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime, and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canton Yand, in Switzerland. Nearly every one is well off, and there are no paupers. Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere for any length of time, and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it, but, in the rare event of a man's wishing to borrow of his neighbor during his absence, he will take only the smallest sum he requires, and place a message in the hole telling of his urgent need and promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will invariably keep his word, for the Finn is invincible in his independence. BRUNO, THE ST. BERNARD. I first saw Bruno, a magnificent St. Bernard, in one of the corridors of the Villa Quisiana, at Capri. He was sitting at the foot of the stairs; his fine wide eyes, clear and luminous as agates, were fixed on the upper steps, where two women of mature years and affected youthfulness stood nervously hesitating, as if they feared to descend. His master, a young Scotchman, as I afterwards learned, had come to call on a friend on the floor above, and had requested Bruno to wait there until he returned, and Bruno never disobeyed orders. The donkeys that were to carry the ladies on their daily excursion were waiting at the door with their impatient padronas, while Bruno guarded the stairs, immoveable as a sphinx. To me the scene was rather amusing. The gentle, benevolent looking animal with his noble face and honest eyes was anything but awesome and I tried to reassure the timid, nervous women by patting and fondling the dog's silky head. "I am sure you need not be afraid," I said, vainly trying, by tugging at his collar, to drag Bruno to one side. "You see how gentle he is. I am a stranger, and yet he allows me to put my hands on him. I am sure you can pass him safely." "Oh, no, not for the world!" they cried, in one voice, with shrugs and timid gestures. "He is so large and savage looking! He is watching us, and if we go down, he will attack us. We must return to our rooms and ring for the landlady. The dog must be sent out of the house. Either we or the dog must go." At that moment two other figures appeared at the top of the stairs, a nursemaid and a lovely little girl of four or five years, a darling little creature whom we all adored, the only child of her mother, who was a widow. The moment little Rosalie saw the dog she flew down the stairs with a cry of delight: "Prince, my Prince!" "No, no; it's not Prince," said the nurse, "but he's like Prince." Then in an explanatory tone to the ladies: "She has a large St. Bernard at home called Prince, and she's very fond of him. Be careful, Rosalie, as the child fairly fell on the dog, hugging and caressing him lovingly. Still Bruno did not budge; neither did he remove his agate eyes from the top of the stairs, but his beautiful feathery tail wagged with gentle appreciation. "Now," I said invitingly to the two prisoners, "you surely are not afraid to come down; you see he is very friendly." "Do you think we might venture, sister?" said one. "If you are sure it is safe, I will follow you," replied the other. Hesitatingly, and with many furtive glances at the innocent Bruno, they stepped timidly half-way down the flight of stairs, when suddenly Bruno gave a sharp, loud bark. He heard his master's step in the corridor above, and wished to tell him that he was waiting for him. But at an attack, and imagining that the dog was close upon them, they turned wildly for flight, with piercing shrieks that echoed to every corner of the villa. In an instant the landlady, the guests, the servants and Bruno's master were on the spot, to find Bruno calmly sitting in the midst, his neck encircled with little Rosalie's arms, while his great eyes, full of earnest inquiry, turned from one to the other as if asking what had happened. As soon as the timid women found that nothing had really taken place, they were alive and unharmed, they began with great volubility to demand of the landlady that the faithful and obedient Bruno should be expelled from the house. "You see, dear sir, how it is. If the ladies object, what can I do?" And the poor landlady shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "Certainly, my friend," said Bruno's master, good-humoredly. "But when Bruno goes I go. We will remove to the Hotel Tiberio at once. The ladies are necessarily alarmed. Bruno is the most gentlemanly dog I ever knew. He protects and defends women and children. He has a medal for bravery. He has saved five lives: three from the snow and two from drowning. He has a pedigree as long as your arm. There are many human beings who are less human than Bruno. Look at that little angel." "She does not fear him. They are alike in innocence, fearlessness and affection. Come, my friend and companion, we will seek other quarters." And how pleasantly to the discomforted group, he walked off, followed by Bruno, while little Rosalie looked after them wistfully, and murmured to herself, "Prince, my Prince!" And now for the sequel of this incident, of which I was not a witness,

CHILDREN'S CORNER

but I will tell it as it was told to me. A few days after Bruno and his master had removed to the Hotel Tiberio, Rosalie and her mother and her nurse were on an excursion to the Villa Tiberio, which is near a majestic cliff that rises hundreds of feet above the sea. Just how it happened neither the mother nor the nurse could tell. They were sitting not far from the edge of the cliff, the mother sketching the maid sewing, and Rosalie was near them, gathering the pretty campanellas that bloom profusely amid the ruins. A moment after, when they looked, she was gone! With a cry of terror, the women sprang to the edge of the wall of rock, and there, fully ten feet below them, between the sea and the sky, hung Rosalie, caught by her muslin frock on a ragged point of rock. Beside herself with fear, the nurse rushed away for aid, while the mother hung over the edge of the cliff, in helpless agony, stretching her hands imploringly toward her child. Alas! Rosalie was far beyond her reach, any moment the flimsy material of her frock might give way and plunge her into the depths beneath. Far, far below, among the rocks near the sea, were two moving figures, and while the mother shrieked for help, there came a hopeful shout: "Courage! Courage! Bruno will save her!" It was Bruno's master, who was struggling up the face of the cliff, where there was scarce footing for man or beast. But Bruno was far in advance, puffing, snorting, pawing, clinging to tufts of grass and slight projections, inserting his strong nails in crevices and fissures, leaping chasm after chasm, fighting every inch of the way, his eyes blood-red and his muzzle white with froth. On and on he came until at last he reached the child. Seizing her firmly at the waist, and holding his powerful head well up, he pawed and wormed himself to the top of the cliff, and laid her, half unconscious, beside her mother. It seemed almost a miracle, but beyond a few slight bruises, Rosalie was uninjured and her first words were, "Prince, my Prince!" After that Bruno was indeed a hero and a prince to every one, and I, when I left him, felt like weeping. I have told you about him first because he is the only prince and the greatest hero I have ever known personally.

AN EDUCATED CROW THE LATEST WONDER IN LONDON. Tommy, an educated crow, that arrived recently at the London, England, Zoo, has already astonished the officials and visitors by his remarkable proficiency in speech. He is a fine specimen of the well known Indian talking bird, the larger hill mynah, and he was presented to the Zoological Society by Major J. T. Galvert. The bird is not only a talker, he is a linguist, for he can speak Hindustani as well as English. The Zoo authorities would not place him in one of the aviaries. His linguistic talents would have been wasted there. Instead he has a cage to himself in the insect house, and the following list of the favorite English phrases is posted up outside: Tommy is so naughty. The Lord bless you. What are you talking about? I'm surprised at you? Good-morning. How's your liver? What's the row, eh? Really, you don't say so. Well, Tommy, my boy. Well, well. You'll break your bicycle. Who are you? At the end of the list are some of his favorite Indian speeches. The bird has a mannerism of holding his head sideways when he is spoken to, as though listening, and for the greater part of the day his beak is half open, giving one the idea that he is ever ready to turn on his eloquence. It is most curious to hold a conversation with him, for if one of his phrases is repeated he will answer with another. "How's your liver?" says a visitor, and the bird answers, as though shocked: "I'm surprised at you." If he hears the remark: "The Lord bless you," he is as likely as not to reply: "Really, you don't say so." "I'm surprised at you" is his favorite utterance. He is always saying it—sometimes with curious effect. It is possible that the uncouth manners of a silver eared meerkat, a handsome rainbow hued little bird from the Himalayas, not much larger than a sparrow, which occupies the next cage, offend him. The bird is fed on wood ants, and in order that the insects may not sting his throat when he swallows them, he squeezes them in his beak and deliberately turns his tail round and rubs on it the poisonous fluid the ants exude. His tail feathers are stained through constant repetition of this process. No wonder Tommy says he is surprised.

Every heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad. They drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Acid; no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Sanitarium, 1320 E. Monument St., Baltimore, Md.

CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Acid; no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Sanitarium, 1320 E. Monument St., Baltimore, Md.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

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's 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 Gerard 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 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, 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. 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 benefitted 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. 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 50.00 PER BOX