

.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE VISION OF THE WOUNDS.

Two Hands have haunted me for days Two Hands of slender shape; All crushed and torn, as in the press Is bruised the purple grape; At work or meals, at prayer or play, Those mangled Palms I see; And a plaintive Voice keeps whispering: "These Hands were pierced for thee!" For me, sweet Lord, for me? "Yea, even so, ungrateful thing, These Hands were pierced for thee!" Thro' toils and dangers pressing on As thro' a fiery flood, Two slender Feet, beside mine own, Mark every step with blood. The swollen veins so rent with nails It breaks ry heart to see; While the same sad Voice cries out afresh: "These Feet were pierced for thee." For me, dear Christ, for me? "Yea, even so, rebellious flesh, These Feet were pierced for thee." As on the journey to the close Those wounded Feet and mine, Distincter still the Vision grows, And more and more divine; For in my Guide's wide-open Side, The Cloven Heart I see, And the tender Voice is moved to moan: "This Heart was pierced for thee." For me, great God, for me? "Yea, enter in, My love, Mine own, This Heart was pierced for thee." —Eleanor Donnelly.

RECEIVED THE GOLDEN ROSE.

Pope Pius X. has conferred the Golden Rose upon Princess Elizabeth, wife of Prince Albert, heir-presumptive to the Belgian throne. The princess is not only a good wife and mother, noble woman and devout Catholic, which the Pope requires in her who shall win this wondrous token, she is also a skilled physician, and one who puts her knowledge to use the service of the poor in the Brussels hospitals. She cares medically also for her husband and children. The Golden Rose is a mimic plant of pure gold, its stem and leaves superbly chased and strewn with sparkling diamond dust in imitation of the morning dew. It is set in a golden pot, emblazoned with the Papal arms, the exquisite case in which it is enclosed bearing, together with the Papal arms, those of the recipient. The plant consists of leaves, buds and flowers, and into the central flower the Pope poured rose halm on the occasion of blessing it. This offering used to be worth intrinsically many thousands of dollars more than it is now. The splendid ruby which formerly adorned the central flower and the other precious stones with which it was studded, have been dispensed with. The first queen to receive the Golden Rose was Joanna of Sicily, who received it from Urban VI. Other royal ladies thus honored were Empress Josephine and Queen Isabella of Spain, Queen Sophie of Naples, Donna Isabella, the wife of Emperor Pedro of Brazil, Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the late Queen of the Belgians, Empress Eugenie and the Princess of Bulgaria.

THE PHYSICIANS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Of the thirty-seven undisputed plays of Shakespeare, physicians appear in the dramatic personae of five. These are the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and "Henry VIII." In "Macbeth" there are two, an English and

The Struggle for Breath

IN ASTHMA AND BRONCHITIS IS PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSSEED AND TURPENTINE

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in relieving the terrible paroxysms of asthma and the hard, dry cough of bronchitis, and in positively curing these ailments, is the best proof that it is far more than a mere "cough mixture."

This well-known medicine is composed of a number of simple yet powerful ingredients, which are of proven value in the cure of diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. It is prepared by a long and tedious process, that cannot be carried out in filling a prescription at a drug store.

The ingredients are always fresh and of the best quality obtainable, for the reputation which Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has built up in years of success must be maintained by every bottle that is sold.

Persons who have suffered from asthma for years tell us that they never found anything to bring such prompt and lasting relief. Sufferers from bronchitis have a similar experience, and while this medicine is not recommended as a cure far consumption, it does bring wonderful relief from the dreadful cough that so tortures the weakened patient.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers. Insist on seeing the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on the bottle you buy.

A Scotch doctor, neither of whom is much of a credit to the profession of their time. One humbly admits the superiority of the king's miraculous touch to all the resources of his art for the cure of scrofula, a remedy practised for the king's evil in England as late as in the reign of Queen Anne. The other is worse than confounded by the somnambulism of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, and admits that "this disease is beyond my practice." When appealed to for aid by Macbeth in the notorious period beginning "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" the doctor lamely and impotently replies, "Therein must the patient minister to himself."

This is an unusually frank acknowledgment of incompetency, and shows an inexcusable lack of familiarity with the ordinary sedatives and hypnotic drugs which would have given lady Macbeth at least temporary relief in her disturbed sleep and distressed nervous state. Such drugs were numerous even in Shakespeare's day, as is shown by the powerful knockout drops of Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet," which were administered to the youthful heroine with such fine effect. Henbane, theraiac, opium, and probably also valerian were well known, and it seems a pity that Macbeth could not have had in consultation the physician of King Lear, who was far more resourceful, and would have been quick to prescribe for the unfortunate lady one of the many simples which he knew "whose power will close the eye of anguish."

Dr. Caius, the irascible French physician in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and one of the aspirants for the hand of sweet Anne Page, is a good deal of a buffoon, and is made the victim of much of the horseplay of the comedy. Mistress Quickly, in urging Penton's suit, asks Anne's mother, "Nay, will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician?" an argument which would imply that doctors were not then regarded with much favor by ambitious mothers with marriageable daughters, a social estimate which has perhaps not entirely disappeared at the present day.

Dr. Cornelius in "Cymbeline" was associated with the plotting queen in many curious experiments on animals. He has suspicions that her interest may not be solely that of a love for pure science, and declares that he will not trust "one of her malice with a drug of such damn'd nature which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs, then afterward up higher." It is interesting to note that a similar objection to animal experimentation has been raised by the letter day antivivisectionist. By substituting a harmless powder for the lethal draught the murderous stepmother had prepared, the doctor saves the life of fair Imogen. Dr. Butts, the royal physician in "Henry VIII," is but lightly sketched, and seems to have been little more than a bootlicking parasite at the court of the polygamous prince.

CUDDLE DOON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at night Wi' muckle faught an' din, "Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues, Your father's comin' in." They never heed a word I speak I try to gie a foon; But aye I hap them up an' cry, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid, He aye sleeps next the wa', Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece!" The rascal starts them a', I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks, They stop awee the soun', Then draw the blankets up an' cry, "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang wee Rab Cries oot frae 'neath the claes, "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at once, He's kittlin' wi' his tae!" The mischief's in that Tam for tricks, He'd bother half a toon; But aye I hap them up an' cry, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their faither's fit, An' as he steeks the door They turn their faces to the wa', While Tam pretends to snore. "Hae a' the weans been guid?" he asks, As he puts aff his shoon; "The bairnies, John, are in their beds, An' lang since cuddled doon." An' just afore we bed oursel's, We look at oor wee lambs, Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck, An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's. I lift wee Jamie up the bed, And as I straik each croon, I whisper, till my heart fills up, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at night Wi' mirth that's dear to me; But soon the big wari's cark an' care Will quaten doon their glee. Yet, come what will to ilka ane, May He who rules aboon Aye whisper, though their pows be bald, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

SYD, THE STRENUOUS.

When Syd is six, Who now is only five, No more display of any baby tricks, He's going to shed his kilts, as I'm alive, When he is six.

When Syd is six What wonders will arrive! A really, truly nickel watch that ticks; A cart and pony, too, for him to drive, When he is six.

When Syd is six He's going to swim and dive And shoot—in fact, my brain is in a fix To think of anything he won't contrive When he is six.

When Syd is six—I hope we will survive, I hope we won't be turned to lunatics From hearing of the strenuous way he'll strive When he is six! —Rose Mills Powers.

TOMMY'S WARM WEATHER.

Tommy's father owned an orange grove in the lake region of Florida. One evening it seemed to be growing colder, and he made frequent trips to the thermometer on the piazza north of the house. "I do hope it won't get down enough to do any damage," Tommy heard his father say, as he returned for the fourth or fifth time from the piazza. "How does it get down, papa?" asked Tommy.

Mr. Williams explained that the silver line inside was called mercury, and that when it got down to a certain point water would freeze, and if it kept going down great damage would be done. After his father left Tommy went to the piazza and climbed up on a chair to see if the mercury was still going down. And then a bright idea came to him.

When Mr. Williams returned to examine the thermometer once more it was gone.

"Oh, Tommy," he called, "where's the thermometer?"

"It's all right, papa," answered Tommy gleefully, as he danced towards him. "That mercury thing's gone up ever so higher'n it was when you was here. It's just as nice an' warm," and he led the way to the henhouse and drew out the thermometer from under a setting hen. Sure enough! The mercury had gone up ever so high, and it indicated such warm weather that father was obliged to turn away his face to laugh.

SMART WILLIE.

Willie—Mamma, I dreamed last night that papa gave me a bicycle for my birthday and you gave me a watch. Mamma—But, Willie, you know dreams go by contraries. Willie—Then you will give me the bicycle and papa the watch.

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

Schoolmaster—Who can tell me what a steward is? Johnny—A steward is a man that does not mind his own business. Schoolmaster—Why, where did you get the idea? Johnny—Well, I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said: "A man who attends to the affairs of others."

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept, No matter how large the key, Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard, 'Twould open, I know, for me. Then over the land and the sea, I'd scatter the smiles to play, That the children's faces might hold them fast For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough To hold all the frowns I meet, I would like to gather them, every one, From the nursery, school and street. Then, turning the monster key, I'd hire a giant to drop the box To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

A GREAT SECRET.

Gertie is only four, but she can keep a secret very well indeed. The other day she almost told about a nice surprise, but remembered in time not to mention it. It happened like this: Gertie was writing a letter all by herself, and was hard at work upon it when mother came in. "Why, what a beautiful letter!" said mother. "Who is it for?" "Oh, I can't tell you, the little maiden answered, hastily, "because it's a secret and a surprise, but—but you'll know when you get it."

THE WISDOM OF THE SPARROWS.

'Twas a city sparrow, wise and debonaire, Idly loafing through the country with his mate. Stupid country birds were building everywhere, For the nesting-time was growing very late. But the sparrow with his lady In a tree-top, cool and shady, Gazed with scorn upon the work and twittered: "Stuff!" To his mate he chirruped shrilly: "Isn't all this labor silly! When a roosting-place at night is quite enough!"

A CAMPBELLTOWN BUILDER SPEAKS

HE FOUND NOTHING TO EQUAL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS FOR THEY CURED HIM OF HIS TROUBLE

Mr. W. H. Wallace is a Well Man To-Day, But he was Pretty Bad Before he got Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Campbelltown, N.B., May 7.—(Special.)—"It was a cold started my trouble," says Mr. Wallace, of this place, "I am a contractor and builder and my work causes me to be out and exposed to all weathers so I suppose it was in that way I got cold. Anyway it settled in my kidneys and made me pretty sick. I got Lumbago in the back, cramp in the muscles, pains in the loins, shortness of breath, a dragging pain at the loins and my urine was thick with a dark sediment. Then I knew the kidneys were to blame so I took Dodd's Kidney Pills and they soon put me in shape and cured me so that I have had no trouble with my kidneys since."

'Twas a motherly old robin, near at hand, Who was busy at her building with the rest, And she turned upon the sparrows to demand How they meant to hatch their eggs without a nest.

"Such impertinence!" half sadly Said the sparrow; "and yet gladly I'll impart to you the knowledge that you beg."

Then, with a haughty condescension He remarked: "I need but mention That it's possible to obviate the egg."

'Twas a congress of the birds of every sort, All indignantly assembled to protest Their displeasure, when the robin made report Of the threatened abolition of the nest;

And they spoke of it as "awful!" "Selfish," "scandalous," "unlawful!" And they prophesied "the country's speedy fall."

But the sparrows, quite disdainful All this ignorant complaining, Simply went their way, unmindful of it all.

'Twas a sage old owl—a very solemn bird— Sat and listened while his feathered fellows fought. Never once he opened his mouth to say a word.

But he did a lot of thinking—and he thought: "So the sparrows think it best To abolish eggs and nest. Well, perhaps the wisdom isn't theirs at all.

But a plan of good Dame Nature's To eliminate such creatures, Let them have their way. The loss is mighty small."

—T. A. Daly. (Philadelphia Standard and Times)

JIM'S "FRESH-AIR."

Jim's great idea was to make a "fresh-air" of Nan. He had been one himself the year before, and visions of green woods and fields and running brooks had been dancing before his eyes all through the winter, and if possible growing stronger as the reality slipped farther and farther away. He was fourteen and Nan was eleven and they and their mother, who took in washing, constituted the Ganning family. Jim sorted scrap-iron for a junkman on the corner, and Nan sold ma's shoes and papers, and better even than being brother and sister, they were two of the best comrades in the world.

Outside of work hours they were generally together, and Jim had told her again and again about his country experience, and of his intention of living in the woods when he got rich. And Nan always listened with big, rapturous eyes and with little gasps of wonder coming from between her full, red lips. Jim never grew weary

of talking about the curious things he had been, and Nan never grew weary of listening; and the more he talked the more Jim was resolved that Nan herself should be a "fresh-air."

But there were a dozen children for each vacancy, and Nan was undeniably strong and healthy. Jim tried again and again, but without success. Then he accidentally learned that an unsuccessful candidate could become a "fresh-air" for a month by the payment of ten dollars. But this was more money than he and Nan had ever possessed, and his heart sank at the thought of such an insurmountable obstacle.

The next day he followed the "boss" of the "fresh-air" home with the desperate resolve of offering to work for him for the rest of his life if he would make Nan a "fresh-air." But his courage was not equal to the proposition, and he lingered outside the door of the elegant mansion until the "boss" came out from his dinner. A servant was sweeping the sidewalk, and the gentleman paused at the foot of the steps.

"I wish you could keep this sidewalk a little cleaner, Tom," he said; "it has looked extremely untidy lately."

"Yes, sir," Tom answered, "but it is the garden work, sir; it keeps me that busy."

Jim waited until the gentleman had passed on down the street and then edged up to Tom.

"S'pose you let me have the broom," he said, insinuatingly; "I'm a master hand for cleanin'."

"Are ye?" Tom looked at him dubiously. "Well, I don't mind. It's spring time, an' I'm that drove with garden work. Sure ye won't run away with the broom?"

"Me?" asked Jim, indignantly; "I'm not that sort. But it's queer your boss is in the 'fresh-air' business. This place looks like he is awful rich."

Tom sniffed disdainfully. "Business!" he echoed. "Sure, the master has no business. The 'fresh-air' is just charity work."

Jim spent an hour on the sidewalk with the broom, but was not satisfied with the result. The next morning he came again, and asked for the use of the hose and a scrubbing-brush. While he was at work the gentleman appeared.

"Ah, so Tom has engaged you to help him," he said, affably. "He has certainly made a good choice. It looks like a different place. How would you like to come every morning and repeat the work, my boy?"

"First rate!" Jim answered. "Very well." The gentleman opened his pocketbook and selected a coin, but Jim shook his head and drew back.

"It's not money I'm wantin'," he said, quickly. "I—if you'd only make Nan a 'fresh-air' I wouldn't ask nothin' else. An' I'd come every morning as long as you'd want me."

The gentleman looked a little surprised. "I don't quite understand," he said. "Then something in his eager upturned face made him smile. "Haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I'm the boy that's been pesterin' you about Nan."

"I remember." He looked at him some moments in silence. "Your sister is a strong, healthy girl, I believe and it would be unfair to let her deprive a weak child of an outing. We can send only a limited number, you know."

"But Nan wants to go awfully," pleaded Jim.

"Well, suppose you meet me here to-morrow at this time. Perhaps we can do something."

The next morning Jim was again scrubbing the sidewalk when the gentleman appeared.

"You seem to like work," he said, smilingly. "Is Nan equally fond of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the rest of the family? How many are there?"

"Just Nan an' mother an' me, sir. Mother takes in washin'."

"And does she like to work?"

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman looked at him thoughtfully.

"How would you like to go into the country and be a 'fresh-air' all the time?" he asked.

Jim looked at him with incredulous wonder.

"An' Nan an' mother?" he asked.

"Mother used to live in the country when she was a bit of a girl, an' she often wishes she could go back."

"Yes, all of you. I have a place on the Hudson, and my gardener writes that he wants a boy to assist him, and that his wife needs help in the house. There is a nice little cottage in the place where you can live. Do you think your mother would like to go?"

"Like to go!" Jim could say no more, but his glowing face was sufficient answer.

"Very well, you may come down to my office this afternoon, and we will make all the arrangements."

As the gentleman turned away Jim threw his cap into the air, and then indulged in a series of handspings and cartwheels and somersaults that made all the children of the neighboring windows clap their hands with delight.

NOW.

If you have work to do, Do it now. To-day 't'he skies are clear and blue, To-morrow clouds may come in view.

Known to Thousands.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

Yesterday is not for you; Do it now.

If you have a song to sing, Sing it now, Let the tones of gladness ring Clear as song of bird in spring. Let every day some music bring; Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say, Say them now. To-morrow may not come your way, Do a kindness while you may, Loved ones will not always stay; Say them now.

If you have a smile to show, Show it now. Make hearts happy, roses grow, Let the friends around you know The love you have before they go; Show it now.

OH, IF I WAS IN IRELAND!

Oh, if I was in Ireland this blessed May day, Walkin' up the chapel hill, sisgin' on the way, Through the turf smoke songs of birds sweet and glad and gay— If I was in Ireland in the mornin'!

Oh, if I was in Ireland, ather Mass I'd stand Askin' kindly questions, claspin' friendly hand, Wonderin' if the dawn was breakin' for the dear old land— If I was in Ireland in the mornin'!

Oh, if I was in Ireland all along the way, Neighbors would be welcomin', spreadin' out the tay, Askin' for the boys and girls that went across the say— If I was in Ireland in the mornin'!

Oh, if I was in Ireland—whisht, the sweet old airs! Soft and plaintive as the wind, sweet as children's prayers, Coaxin' from the mem'ry all the wrongs and cares— If I was in Ireland in the mornin'!

Oh, if I was in Ireland, young and glad and true, And leadin' in the jig an' reel as I used to do, Lookin' into dear loved eyes of laughin' Irish blue— If I was in Ireland in the mornin'!

Oh, if I was in Ireland! Say not the years have flown, An' gold has sapped the life's warm blood and turned the heart to stone, An' all I'd see would be the graves of friends in dear Athlone If I was in Ireland in the mornin'!

Oh, if I was in Ireland the greedy graspin' years Would haunt me up the chapel hill an' down the glen of tears, An' ghosts of what I might have been would shake my soul with fears— If I was in Ireland in the mornin'!

—Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, in Boston Pilot.

THE GREATER PULPIT.

In the Catholic Sun, of Syracuse, Mr. Charles J. O'Malley has a timely and impressive article on "The Need of a Catholic Reading Public." He quotes the thirty-year-old prophecy of M. Baudouin recently translated for The Universe and so startlingly fulfilled in France to-day, and also calls attention to the vigorous words of Pere Coube, one of the most eloquent Jesuits of France, at the Catholic Congress at Lille a few weeks ago. Pere Coube declared that "outside the church there is another pulpit from which the layman may make himself heard by 100,000—aye, 500,000 men. This pulpit is the newspaper. I say, then, that St. Paul, were he to return to earth, would certainly occupy it; and I say, also, that for too long a time we Catholics have been in the wrong by not endeavoring to take possession of it. We have left it to the Socialist, the Freethinker and the Freemason. The newspaper has the further advantage, that it is an arm of which the enemy cannot deprive us. Suppose you build ten schools, and at the same time found ten journals; what will happen? A Combes will come who will close your schools, but he will not dare touch your newspapers. Is it not Combes who one day said: 'I have swept away 17,000 religious establishments whose dark silhouette was cast on the town halls of our commune?' If we had 17,000 journals, or even less, well edited and widely read, Combes would not have swept them away; it is they that would have swept away Combes and his band."

It is Good for Man and Beast.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

HIS BEARD GREW SO FAST.

One morning, one of twin brothers went to a barber to get shaved, and a new barber shaved him. In the afternoon the other twin-brother went to the same shop and placed himself in the new barber's chair. The barber looked at the man and then went over to the master of the shop, and said, "I think I'll go home, I guess there's something the matter with me." "What's the matter?" inquired the master. "See that man in my chair, I shaved him only this morning and now he's got a two-days growth of beard. I guess I'll quit."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read differently from the first appearance of a cough, if it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the result."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.