

The HOME CIRCLE

TO REMOVE IRONMOLD.

Place the ironmolded part, stretched tight, over a basin three-parts full of boiling water, so that the steam may come through the fabric.

NURSES FOR DOGS.

In an English paper is found the following: The Dogs Protection League is shortly to take on a staff of trained ladies as nurses for pet dogs.

"MY ANGEL BOY."

A mother knelt when stars were paling, And her heart knew nought of joy. Thus cried she, while her strength seem'd failing.

THE "COURTING-STICK."

For a man to court or "walk about" a girl in the time of the Puritans was strictly forbidden, and "making love" was only allowed in the presence of the fair one's parents.

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired! Well, what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease.

Lonely! And what of that? Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all.

Dark! Well, and what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?

Hard! Well, and what of that? Didst fancy life one summer holiday.

No help! Nay, it's not so! Though human help be far, thy God is nigh.

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.

"I just can't keep my mind on my work," said a little stenographer to me the other day.

"You must be in love, my dear," I said to her softly, and the tell-tale blush that swept over her pretty face was far from being a denial of my accusation.

And so it is. We all know that Cupid is a lazy little cherub, prone to dreaming days and nights away in blissful reverie, and so jealously bent on being monarch of all he surveys, that even work receives a cold shoulder, and to continue our daily occupation in the early days of his power is just the hardest thing in the world.

It is for this reason, and maybe others, that from the moment she falls in love there are many crumpled petals on the little working maid's couch.

Of course, before Love came there were no flowers at all, and looking back, she vainly wonders how in the world she managed to live through the dull gray days before Love came to cheer and make sunshine for her.

With ears echoing to well-learned tones, a beloved face forever coming between her and her duties, how can the little working girl work as she did before Love glided her sky? And just because she can't, she doesn't.

and her tender conscience has a little pain in it at the end of the day; there is the least shadow on her new-found happiness—a shadow if she did but know it, felt by every man or maiden whose conscience remains as industrious as ever, the while naughtily Dan Cupid lures hands and brains to idleness.

Love is said to prove an incentive to work, and this is true when the work is for the one beloved and each day brings the little home within nearer view. Yet while the dream of love is new, to put it aside and work requires not a little heroism.

A TALK TO MOTHERS.

"Don't trifle with a cold." That is one of the first nursery rules that the careful family doctor utters, and it is especially urgent in winter. The majority of intelligent physicians deprecate the continuous or considerable administration of drugs to children, but are in favor of fresh air, dry, clean apparel, and sanitary surroundings as commonsense safeguards against catching cold.

Most ordinary colds will yield to the simplest treatment; moderate laxatives, hot foot baths, a free perspiration, and an avoidance of sudden exposure to wet or cold after such treatment will usually dispel the ordinary cold of childhood. If such treatment fails, or the cold grows worse, the family doctor may be trusted with the more heroic measures.

There are a great many parents who never think of doing anything for their children's colds. They contract colds themselves, and because no serious consequences follow they assume that they are trifling inconveniences at worst. But the child is infinitely more susceptible to a number of maladies that find ready lodgment in its inflamed membranes, where the neglected cold has been permitted to form a genuine culture bed for the reception of whatever malady may be prevalent.

A Small Pill, But Powerful—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required.

How often it is difficult to be wisely charitable—to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. To give alms is nothing unless you give thought also. It is, written, not "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." A little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money.

Do the duty which lieth nearest to thee. Thy second duty will have already become clearer.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

Drowsiness After Meals

A PERSISTENT SYMPTOM OF NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA—CURE IS OBTAINED BY USE OF

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Many a sufferer from Chronic dyspepsia dates his ailment from the same time he began to feel "drowsiness after meals."

The blood is weak, and there is not sufficient nerve force to carry on the work of digestion and supply the vital force required for mental and physical activity.

Headache, dizzy spells, defective memory, inability to concentrate the mind, brain fag, irritability of temper, nervousness and sleeplessness are the resulting symptoms.

Owing to defective digestion the body is not deriving proper nourishment from the food, and some method of obtaining strength must be employed.

In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the most effective blood-building and nerve-renewing elements of nature are contained in condensed form, so as to be easily taken into the blood.

Under this treatment you soon find that the appetite is sharpened, digestion improved, and the vitality of mind and body greatly increased.

It takes time to thoroughly cure dyspepsia and its accompanying symptoms, but you can be certain that each dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of some benefit to you, and that the cure will be complete and lasting.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Company, Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

SORRY FOR THE QUEEN.

Once upon a time Professor Wilson of Edinburgh University wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory: "Professor Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to her majesty, Queen Victoria."

In the course of the morning he had found on his return that some student wag had added to the announcement the words: "God save the queen!"

A SONG.

All the laughter and the play Vanish when you go away; All the sorrow and the pain Linger till you come again.

All the fever and the strife, All the fretful things of life Fly before the songs you sing; I live upon the joys you bring.

Go not, Love, for life drifts fast; May-time days are soonest past; Winter hath but hoarded cheer; Stay! I need you always, dear.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

There were six of them, each in a new gown, says the New York "Sun" reporter. It may be that the gowns only looked new to the newspaper man, but at any rate the young women were quite content with themselves and each other as they boarded a Broadway car. They had very little regard for the dull routine and commonplace details of life.

The conductor looked at her, and on each side of her, and all around her. She was oblivious. Then he said, "Where are the others?" "The girls looked up, startled and confused for an instant. Then she spoke with cold dignity.

THE MISSES AT SCHOOL.

There was once a school Where the mistress, Miss Rule, Taught a number of misses that vexed her. Miss Chief was the lass At the head of the class, And young Miss Demanor was next her.

Poor little Miss Hap Spilled the ink in her lap, And Miss Fortune fell under the table; Miss Conduct they all Did a Miss Creant call, But Miss Take declared this was a fable.

Miss Lay lost her book, And Miss Lead undertook To show her the place where to find it; But upon the wrong nail Had Miss Place hung her veil, And Miss Deed hid the book safe behind it.

They went on very well, As I have heard tell, Till Miss Take brought in Miss Understanding; Miss Conjecture then guessed Evil things of the rest, And Miss Counsel advised their disbanding.

THE WONDERFUL WOOD-PILE.

"I'll be glad when I get that whole pile of wood in. Then I'll be through mamma." "No, Ted. You know I shall want you to carry out the ashes after the wood is burned up," answered mamma.

"Then I'll be through with it, through with it, mamma." "No, I think not," answered mamma, while Ted's eyes grew big with wonder.

"You will scatter the ashes on the corn field, and papa will plow them in in the spring. Then you will help him plant the corn, you know. The corn will grow, eating the ashes and ground about it, and by and by you will eat the sweet corn."

"Oh, we'll sort of eat the wood ourselves, and that will be the end of the old wood-pile."

"Not quite," said mamma. "There will be cobs left, and stalks of the corn. We may feed them to the pig or to the cow, and that will give us meat or milk."

"Well, I never knew before there was so much in a wood-pile," said Ted—New Idea.

AN INDIAN'S SHREWDNESS.

The Indian of the plains, on account of his trained powers of observation, has the qualifications for an excellent detective. Charlevoix has recorded for us a remarkable event which proves this.

An Indian returned to his wigwam one day and found that a piece of meat had been stolen. He looked around for a few moments, and then set out in search of the thief, asking of every person he met the following question:

"Have you seen a little old white man with a short gun, who had with him a small dog with a short tail?"

When asked how he was so sure of the personal appearance of the culprit, he answered: "I know the thief is a little man by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison; that he is an old man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the leaves in the woods; and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does."

His gun I know to be short by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark off the tree on which it leaned. The dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a short tail I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat."

The Indian finally caught the thief

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Placing the little hats all in a row, Ready for church on the morrow, you know;

Washing wet faces and little black fists, Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;

Putting them into clean garments and white, That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out rents in a little worn hose; Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;

Looking o'er garments so faded and thin, Who but a mother knows where to begin?

Changing a button to make it look right, That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair, Hearing them hiss their evening prayer.

Telling them stories of Jesus of old, The Shepherd who gathers the lambs to His fold;

Watching them listen with childish delight, That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep— Silence the token of childhood's sleep; Anxious to know if the dear ones are warm;

Tucking the blanket round each little form; Kissing each little face, rosy and bright— That is what mothers are doing to-night.

WHO ATE THE RING?

Harold was having a birthday party because he was six years old, and Aunt Helen and grandma and Miss Nellie, and ever so many big people were there, helping all the little ones to have a splendid time. They played games and sat in the darkened parlor to look at the magic lantern pictures till the clock struck five, and then Harold knew what was coming.

Out in the dining room the table was set with mamma's prettiest china, and there were candies and flowers and bon-bons just like a grown-up party.

Harold was very anxious to have all the children see the table, so he was glad when Aunt Helen said: "Now we are going to march to the dining-room."

Miss Nellie played a bright little march, and the boys and girls formed a long line through the parlor, and out on the piazza.

"Just like a long white ribbon," said grandma for most of the girls wore white dresses and the boys white waists.

The tiny sandwiches and wee pickles vanished like magic and all the grown-up people were kept busy waiting on the little folks. Playing games makes one very hungry, you know, and most of the guests had been too excited to eat much dinner that day.

Altogether it was a very jolly supper, and when mamma wanted to make a little speech she had to ring the tea bell several times.

"Now, children," she said, "I am going to pass some little cakes, and one of them has a ring baked in it. You must eat them very slowly and carefully, so someone does not swallow it. You must not break up the cakes to find the ring, but just nibble away till some little boy or girl says, 'I've got the ring.'"

Aunt Helen brought in ice cream made to look like dear little chickens, and the children ate the cakes and the cream very slowly. At last all had been eaten, and still no one had said, "I've got the ring."

"That is very strange," said mamma. "I will ask Mary if anyone took one of the cakes."

"No, ma'am," said the maid positively. "There has been no one but me in the dining room since I put the cakes on the table."

"I just know I swallowed it," sobbed a little girl. "I felt it going down."

"So did I!" said a tiny boy, and had to cry too.

"There! there!" said Mrs. Clifford, much perplexed. "Two of you could not have eaten it, so don't cry."

"I feel bad, too," said another little girl. "I think it must have been in my cake."

"I really don't know what would have happened just then if papa had not come in. He was so surprised to see tears at a birthday party that he had to inquire the cause. Though he was in a big hurry, in a few minutes Dr. Clifford came back to tell how happy the little girl was with her treasure."

"She is sitting proudly on her old bed looking at the pretty green stone in the gold band," said papa, "and I didn't go in at all. Are you all glad poor Pess got it?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried all the children.

"O papa, you go right over and see!" begged Harold.

"I home she did get it," cried all the children, and sure enough, in a few minutes Dr. Clifford came back to tell how happy the little girl was with her treasure.

"She is sitting proudly on her old bed looking at the pretty green stone in the gold band," said papa, "and I didn't go in at all. Are you all glad poor Pess got it?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried all the children.

It Has Many Offices.—Before the German soldier starts on a long march he rubs his feet with tallow, for his first care is to keep his feet in good condition. If he knew that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil would be a much better service he would throw away his tallow and pack a few bottles of the Oil in his knapsack. There is nothing like it.

The woman who can make a good pudding in silence is better than the one who can make a tart reply.

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: King street east, Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding 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.

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits "of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolsey street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1903. John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. I SHERIDAN, 34 Queen street East.

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.