

HOME CIRCLE effete effete eff

"THE DAY I MET YOU."

The day in which I first met you Is like a priceless gem A diamond of varied hue

In some rich diadem, A splendid point of changeless light To make my whole world bright.

The day in which I first met you Is like a burning rose Bejewelled with the morning dew Within a weed-grown close, A gorgeous and a fadeless bloom.

To star the tangled gloom.

The day in which I first met you Is precious, set apart And put away from common view, Looked fast within my heart; A gilt vouchsafed me from above That day-and you-and love!

MOW TO BE HAPPY.

Hearts that are lonely, listen to me. Let me tell you of a sure and certain way to be happy, a way which never fails.

Try and make the world a happy place for other people, never mind yourself, never think of yourself, lose yourself, forget yourself, empty your beart of self, and fill it with love and care for others; encourage love and love will grow. Live with the one idea of trying to make the world a happier place. If you have means given ungrudgingly, good things scat-tered here and there mean much happiness to many a poor toiler. When in possession of plenty yourselves, you are apt to forget that others are ngt so fortunate.

If you have not these means, you can still give kind words, kind thoughts, kind actions, love-no matter how poor, how lowly, how miserable, we can each scatter good things around, small they may seem, but certain it is we can never know the full value or the end of little deeds of love and kindness. The man, woman, or child whom you have made happier by some triffing word or deed at once feel that they, too, would like another to share their pleasure, and so Love is handed on and on. There is no limit to the influence of Love.

THE FARMER'S ALMANAC.

The year has many seasons more than are recognized in the Almanac. There is that time about the arst of June, the beginning of summer, when the buttercups blossom in the now luxuriant grass, and I am first reminded of mowing and of the dairy.

Everyone will have observed differ-ent epochs. There is the time when they begin to drive cows to pasture, about the 20th of May-observed by the farmer, but a little arbitrary year by year. Cows spend their winters in parns and cowyards, their summers in pastures. In summer, therefore, they may low with emphasis, "Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures I sometimes see a neighbor or two united with their boys and hired men to drive their cattle to some far-off country pasture, fifty or sixty miles distant in New Hampshire, early in the morning, with their sticks and dogs. It is a memorable time with the farmers' boys, and frequently their first journey from home. The herdsman in some mountain pasoure is expecting them. And then in the fall, when they go up to drive them back, they speculate as to whe-ther Janet or Brindle will know them. I heard such a boy exclaim on such an occasion, when the calf of the spring returned a heifer, as he stroked her side, "She knows me, father; she knows me." Driven up to be the cattle on a thousand hills.

GIRLS DISLIKE HOUSEWORK.

Factories are overwhelmed with applications for work, sweat shops flourish on cheap and abundant labor, department stores turn away thousands of would-be salesgirls, typewriters are legion, there are more teachers than there are places, and the cry of the unemployed is often heard in the land. Yet households are broken up, cases glitter, restauing-houses multiply, and the Ameri- developments. can home is yearly growing less, because the American housekeeper cannot obtain willing and competent service. In factories are girls who would rather cook, in shops women who would make good housekeepers, hundreds of typewriters are reeling off badly spelled words who would make creditable waitresses, and many are teaching school who should be doing anything else in the world. The Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston made a systematic effort to attract the workers in shops and factories to domestic service, but with signal failure. From 564 women who were asked to consider bousework, only thirty-six applied, and these were not altogether satis-Their dislike for the work is frankly stated to be on account of the long hours, no evenings for themselves, the isolation from other workers, and the social stigma that attaches to the occupation .- Jane Seymour Klink, in the February Atlan-

NEWSPAPER DISILLUSIONMENT.

There is an ever-increasing army of young women coming on from colleges and schools, who have in them the ambition to do more than make a They will not take the trouble to remove their pipes because a room with them; they will not wear coats nor remove their feet from the table. They may even throw "spit balls" at her. But if she would be popular with the "boys" she must take all this as a matter of course. Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal fore-

pular by smoking cigarettes, swinging her feet from the table, and betting on the races, will not achieve unbounded popularity, since it is necessary to stand well with the managing editor; but she who can retain her own refinement and good manners without surrounding herself with the air of superiority is liked by all classes. And yet, let her smo-ther her love of refinement and persuade herself to enjoy a seat in the room where cuspidors are as numerous as desks, breathing an atmosphere of mingled tobacco-smoke and profanity, for a few years, and her moral tone is sure to be blunted and her manner to take on a certain brusqueness not native to the delicately reared girl with college affinities. If she is honest with herself, she will own this, and question seriously whether the experience is worth while .-Helen Winslow, in the February At-

FOR TIRED MOTHERS.

Mary Milton, a writer in an English journal, says that someone in a house has to be unselfish. If the wife and mother over-developes that virtue, her husband and children very take a dare from nobody. often go to the opposite extreme. Now that is very true. Many mothers in their love and devotion to their daughters, and in a strong desire that they shall have "a good time while they are young," live a life of toil and hardship so that the parties and dances. They economize

and wear shabby clothes so that the girls may make a gay show in hats and frocks at social functions. Mother takes most of the domestic duties on her shoulders so that her daughters may practise their singing, have time to learn the latest dances, and play a leading part in amateur theatricals.

person to learn that in showering er s-m-a-r-t! her gifts of unselfishness on others sometimes deteriorates their characters. But this is the truth For one person cannot go on day by day receiving from and absorbing tired of staying in the house. His the unselfish devotion of another mother was ill and had tried to keep without some degree of deterioration. him in the room with her because her

er should sometimes pull herself up room, but his toys were all in the short. If she cannot really become playroom and he became restless to selfish for a season, she should play go to them. the part and demand in her turn some of the devotion and sacrifice she has will come back in a thousand years."

showered on others. Such a moral tonic is necessary time, son. sometimes to a family spoiled by The little fellow stopped a moment, dose-just as she dislikes giving castor-oil and other nasty remediesboth have to be done occasionally for the ultimate good of her family But she must be careful to apply the remedy in time. After her family is saturated with the selfishness her unselfishness has produced, it will be too late to turn over a new leaf and teach them the lesson of fair Even an unselfish mother may But she must take care to turn in time.

The White Plague Follows Colds | ing on me, he yer laffin' at?' Not at you

NEGLECT THE COLD AND CON-SUMPTION FINDS AN EASY STARTING POINT-YOU CAN CURE THE COLD

BY USING Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed

Turpentine

Linseed and Turpentine you can cure rants issue cheap meal tickets, board- the cold and avoid the risk of serious would develop into an honorable and

> It lessens the coughs, aids expectoration, clears the choked up air passages, heals the raw and inflam- The three were next door neighbors,ed membrances and thoroughly cures the cold.

There are many newer medicines than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, but few that have been so long before the public, and none with such a grand record of success-of success in curing disease

and consequent enormous sales. Especially in the treatment of croup, bronchitis and severe chest colds this great perscription of Dr. Chase has easily taken the lead. It is far more than an ordinary cough mixture, and can be depended on even

in the most serious cases. Don't be satisfied with new and un tried remedies, when you can obtain Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from any dealer at 25 cents a bottle

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

The wide universe is a school, the passing throng of humanity the pupils, experience the teacher. In this school there are many classes, and Let them not waste time from one to another graduates conliving. Let them not waste time from one to another graduates con-and talent on the newspaper. The tinually pass. Man learns his lesson first thing they will learn is that the but slowly. He has struggled long newspaper office is not a drawing- to understand his material environ-room. Men will treat them as they ment; and at last behind the phywould another man,-or the office sical he discerned the spiritual, beyond the substance saw the shadow. became conscious of the abstract mowoman happens to sit in the same tive, that for ever hides behind the concrete action.

balls" at her. But if she would be popular with the "boys" she must take all this as a matter of course. The sensible woman who can take this philosophically, without becoming herself "one of the boys," will find that she is cordially liked by the men in her office. But if she persists in feeling that hats should be dolled by the men in her office. But if she persists in feeling that hats should be dolled by the men in her office. But if she persists in feeling that hats should be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegeons in the world be dolled by when ahe comes in the will got make friends.

The girl who give to an opposite or the world when the comes in the world when the comes in the will got make friends.

The girl who give to an opposite or the world when the comes in the world when the comes in the will got make friends.

The girl who give to do the whole body up to wretchedness, when the mind dismal fore take with gloom and dismal for the was paid, eagerly. "Our and was pardoned in this husiness. The was take? Well, I guess he can! Well was nationed in this husiness.

The girl was contained to the district will was a gues

THE CHINA BOY'S DEFINITION

It was a Maine Sunday School, says Lippincott's Magazine, that a teacher recently asked a Chinese pupil she was teaching to read if he un-"an old cow."

prompt answer.

JUST WHO PROVIDED THE SILK.

Mamma-Now, then, Charlie, don't you admire my new silk dress? Charlie (with emphasis)-Yes, mam-

Mamma-And, Charlie, all the silk is provided for us by a poor little worm. Charlie-Do you mean dad?-Modern Society.

READ IT FOR SPITE.

Johnny-Papa, I've read the President's message. Pleased Parent-I am glad to hear it, my son. It isn't every boy that takes an interest in such things. Did you reed all of it?

Johnny - Yep. Read it clear through. That pie-faced box next door dared me to do it, and I won't

SHE COULD SPELL.

Two women were recently calling on a new neighbor, and while awaiting her appearance a little girl came into the room, evidently bent upon girls r ay enjoy themselves at garden the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there. Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, secure in the child's obviously tender age, spelled a lowvoiced comment: "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y!"

To her horror the small maiden paused on the threshold and, fixing a contemptuous eye upon the cul-It is a hard lesson for the unselfish prit, remarked with lofty composure:

A RECOMPENSE.

Young Edward, aged six, was quite For this reason the unselfish moth- room was warmer than his play-"Good-bye, mamma," he said,

"I will be dead and buried by that

mother's unselfishness. And though with his hand upon the door, and, the mother hates to administer the thinking of the creed, he replied: "Never mind, mamma, you will rose

again."-M. E. C. in Lippincott's. AN HONORABLE NEWSBOY.

"I chanced to be walking down Liberty street in New York," says an artist whom the Detroit Free Press quotes, "during that hard storm we had a few weeks ago. The wind struck a small newsboy about eight years old and scattered his papers right and left in the mud. As he picked up the few that were near him, I heard him say: 'Dat busts

"For some foolish reason I laughed, probably at the odd speech. Turning on me, he asked, savagely: 'Wot

'Not at you, my boy,' I hastened to explain; and then to put myself

right, I said: 'Here's half a dollar to start you in business again.' "He thanked me. 'You ain't a bad guy,' he said, as he scooted in the direction of Park Row.

This was not the last I saw of him. As I was hurrying to reach the ferry, I heard th? patter of feet. overtook me, and asked breathlessly: Say, mister, do you go by dis way every night?' "'No.' I said, 'I don't live in New

York. Why?' ''Cause,' he explained, 'I want If you check the cold you prevent I squares myself wid vouse.' "Now, is there a man," continued

By the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of the artist, "who wouldn't like to help a boy of that sort; or who doesn't believe that with half a show he successful business man?'

A DREADE L QUARREL.

Bobby and Bessie and Kate: And a tale that is truly shocking Of them I'll now relate.

Bessie and Kate were sisters, And each was a "darling pet"; Kate a dainty blond was,

And Bessie a gay brunette.

Bobby, lived at the house next door; A frolicsome little fellow With roguish eyes of golden brown, And curls so soft and yellow.

He went to the home of the two one

Before they had finished their din-And greedily drank their bowl of

The sisters were very angry then, And fought him shamefully, Till little Bob in fright and dread, Ran hastily away.

The naughty little sinner!

But next day he returned again, And chased them spitefully, And frightened them until they climb-

To the top of the maple tree. Now Pessie and Kate, you see, were cats

Belonging to Winnifred Bogg; And Robby, of course you understand. Was the next door neighbor's dog.

AN INFANT WONDER Mrs. Prattle looked at her visitor with reproach in her wide blue eves.



that child has a vocabulary of fifteen words, but, my dear, if you could near him! He says 'bay' when they show him bread, and 'flis' for fish, derstood the meaning of the words und 'apa' for father. Those are a iew instances. Now I'll try Harold "Been a cow a long time," was the with those very words, and you'll see the difference.

"Say bread, Harold, bread -"Wed," said the baby. "Now say fish, fish, fi-ish." "Whish," said the baby.

"That's a splendid boy! Now can you say candle for mother? Candlecan-dle.

"Wangle," said the baby. "And now, horse," said Harold's mother. "Horse, ho-orse, hor-r-se." "Woss," said the baby.

"And here's the last for a precious to say," declared Mrs. Prattle, gayly, "and you say it best of all father, fa-ather, fa-a-ar-ther.' "Wthwah," said the baby.

"There, you see!" cried Mrs. Prattle, in triumph. "He seems to catch the sound of every word. He has a vocabulary of twenty-two words, really; but I don't tell my cousin She's one of those mothers who think no other baby is as smart as her own. I feel sorry for her. Now say good-by, darling, and then nurse will take you upstairs. Good-by, goo-ood-by-y-y."
"Wy-wy," said the baby.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

The best he could hope for was dismissal. To be allowed to go out of the office alone, disgraced, brandedthis would be a mercy and forbearaace. What limited another's fears was his hope; but then he had the dock in prospect, the curt and irritable magistrate, the penalty of embezzlement, the unending shame of the jail. Or perhaps the First Offenders' Act would return him to the hardened faces and condemning eyes of his world, a marked man, an offence against his class, a traitor to his family and friends.

Waiting in the ante-room till the senfor partner should be ready for him, George Hanbury clenched his till the palms bled under his He was ready to face his nails. doom and take what he had earned, if he could have but taken it alone. Since the discovery of his defalcation had become inevitable, and during the two days that had elapsed since the discovery itself had taken place, he had realized, blindingly, vividly, the responsibility for the happiness of others which depends upon every man. His father, his mother, his brothers and sisters! This struck at them all; this was aimed at their home, at the completeness of their lives and the root of their selfrespect and happiness. His head swam as the picture of their misery, when the news should reach them, took shape in his mind.

Alone he could have borne it. He had himself in a tight hold. Two days before, the manager had sent for him, and he found him with certain books open on his desk.

"Can you explain this?" she manager had asked, pointing to a page. Hanbury looked, and knew at once

that the blow had fallen. "No, sir," he answered, quietly. "Nothing to say?" queried the manager, closing the volume.

"Nothing at all," the quiet answer.
"Very well," said the other, "Mr. Burns will have to hear of this. Go back to your work."

Then elapsed two days of terrible punishment.

His fellows among the clerks knew nothing, and it cost a strong effort to keep a calm face in their midst and so escape remark. He was awaiting sentence from Mr. Burns, who came down to the office only occasionally, and whose very remote-ness from the daily life of the business seemed to Hanbury to add another terror to his position.

The door of the inner office clicked, and the manager came out. Hanbury rose to his feet, biting his lip. The manager looked at him gravely.

"Go in," he said. Hanbury entered. Old Wm. Burns was sitting at a table. He was an old man, white-haired, with a chin and cheek hidden in a fluff of white beard. Keen gray eyes looked out from under heavy brows; his face bespoke strength and resolution, but there was nothing of harshness in it. It was very grave now, and perhaps

sad; but not hard nor vindictive. They looked at one another in silence for a moment, the strong old man who had succeeded, and the young man who had failed.

"I have been hearing details of an embezzlement which you have committed," said the old man, slowly. There was a country burr in his voice; Hanbury noted it with an odd sense of having expected it. "I understand you make no defence?" Hanbury found his voice with an

effort. "None, sir," he answered. "And you know what you have incurred by this crime?"

Hanbury nodded, gulping. "Very well," said the senior partner. "If you know that, we need say no more about it. I shall not send you to prison. He waited for Hanbury to speak,

but the young man could sav nothing. "If I permit you to return to your work and to gradually refund money you have misappropriated, shall I be safe? Can I so trust The clerk started and looked up.

Old William Burns was watching him wistfully. "Sir," stammered the voung man, "I promise-I swear-" His voice failed him, and he struggled with rising hysteria.
"Very well." said the senior part-

ner, rising and sneaking very gently. une will consider that arranged. No word of it will be said again by any He held out his hand, and Hanbury

grasmed it feverishly.
"You are the second man who fell

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE

Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISUNING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says

John O'Connor, Toronto:

212 King street east.

Toronto, Sept. 18, 1908

DEAR SIR,-I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was complete-

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901 John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.

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 Benedictive Salve, and the specific to directions. In three hours, I got relief and in 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 to to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,

(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

2561 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 year 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 week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these less send him to me and I will prove it to him.

Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

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 rhoumatism. 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 a salve I was a helpless cripple. 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 cacy 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 suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected as 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.

PILES

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, 1903.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

Man in Little

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 suffer-er 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 in-

tense 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 heartfly 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 DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonia, 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 suf-fering from Bleeding Piles. He told me be 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 setfering 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

> Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE. With the Boston Laundry

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,

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 poleceing for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening for about six montals, the trouble standard afterwards turning to ing of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-noisoning. 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 also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, well-out relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.

Toronto, April 16th, 1908.

MISS M. L. KEMP.

John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testing 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 as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough

72 Wolseley street, Ott.

Toronto, July 21st, 1962.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,-Early last week I accidently 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. 34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR THE KING STREET

WM. J. NICHOL, Drugglet, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E.