

# The HOME CIRCLE

## THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes," I answered you last night,  
"No," this morning, sir, I say.  
Colors seen by candle light  
Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,  
Lamps above and laughs below,  
Love me sounded like a jest,  
Fit for yes or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free;  
Vow, whatever light may shine,  
No man on your face shall see,  
Any grief or change on mine.

Yet the sit is on us both;  
Time to dance is not to woo!  
Wooing light makes fickle troth,  
Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high,  
Bravely, as for life and death,  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies,  
Guard her by your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,  
Ever true, as wives of yore,  
And her yes, once said to you,  
Shall be yes forevermore.  
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## ANCIENT CATHOLIC FAMILIES

By the approaching marriage of the Duke of Norfolk and Miss Gwendolen Mary Maxwell two ancient noble families belonging to England and Scotland will be united, though Scottish antiquaries may perhaps regret that since Miss Maxwell is heir-presumptive of the historic Scottish barony of Herries of Terregles, that dignity will probably be eventually merged, like the much more ancient honour of Arundel, in the Dukedom of Norfolk. The barony of Herries was created by James IV. of Scotland, fighting on whose behalf the second Lord Herries met his death gallantly on the field of Flodden. The present peer married in 1875 the Hon. Angela Mary Fitzalan-Howard, daughter of the first Lord Howard of Glossop, and first cousin of the present Duke of Norfolk. His eldest daughter, Miss Gwendolen Maxwell, who was born on January 11, 1877, is therefore related to the Duke in the degree of first cousin once removed. The Duke was born on December 27, 1847, and succeeded to the title in 1880. He married in 1877 Lady Flora Hastings, eldest daughter of Baron Donington, who died in 1887. There was only one child of the marriage, a boy, Philip, Earl of Arundel, born in 1879, whose death in July of last year closed a sad life of continuous weakness and ill-health. The Duke held the office of Postmaster-General from 1895 to 1900, when he resigned in order to serve in South Africa with the Imperial Yeomanry. He has also taken considerable part in civic life, and was for three years Mayor of Sheffield, and first Mayor of the newly-constituted City of Westminster. At the coronation of Earl Marshal and Premier Peet of England he was a very important figure. The wedding, it is expected, will take place on this side of Lent. A dispensation is of course requisite before the knot can be tied. The Duke is 56 and the bride is 26, but the thirty years' disparity is not without happy precedent in the family, the Duke married at the age of 21 Mr. Hope sister, Lady Victoria Howard, having Scott, G.C., Gladstone's great friend, who was 49.

Loyalty was always the glorious appanage of the House of Howard. The first Duke fought and died by his master's side at Bosworth, though he had the day before received the famous warning—  
"Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold  
For Dickon, thy master, is bought  
and sold."

When the Reformation came the Dukes hung gloriously to, and suffered terribly for, the ancient Faith. In a single century two Dukes of Norfolk were attainted, one died on the scaffold, and of two heirs to the title, the Earl of Surrey and the Earl of Arundel, one was beheaded and one died in prison. It would be a pity if, after all that has happened, the glories of "all the blood of all the Howards" should pass into Protestant hands. The Howards are connected with Ireland by the marriage of the eleventh Duke with Marian Coppinger, of Ballyvane, a family of which the present chief is Mr. Coppinger-O'Connell, a collateral descendant of the Liberator's.

## EPITAPHS ON GRAVESTONES OF FAILURES.

He lacked tact,  
Worry killed him.  
He was too sensitive  
He couldn't say "No."  
He did not find his place.  
A little success paralyzed him.  
He did not care how he looked.  
He did not guard his weak point.  
He did not fall in love with his work.  
He got into a rut and couldn't get out.  
He did not learn to do things to a finish.  
He loved ease; he didn't like to struggle.  
He was the victim of the last man's advice.  
He was loaded down with useless baggage.  
He lacked the faculty of getting along with others.  
He could not transmute his knowledge into power.  
He tried to pick the flowers out of his occupation.  
He knew a good deal, but could not make it practical.

## THINGS WE SHOULD KNOW.

I give you a few examples in regard to pronunciation, grammar and custom. Pronounce Tuesday, new, duty and stupid with the sound of a broad clear "a," not Toosday, noo, dooty, stoopie. Educated persons pronounce the "wh" in which, whisper and white. They do not say wich, wisper or wite. They sound the "ow" in window and yellow, and do not say winder, yellor, Ay, and the schools, whereof we take it is careless to omit the final "g" in going, coming, singing, evening, and to say goin', comin', singin', evenin'. It is illiterate to add letters where they do not belong and to say across for across, height for height. It is incorrect to cut words and to say suddh for sudden, cert'n for certain, patt'n for pattern.

Some persons confuse the verbs lay and lie, and say, "I shall lay down for a nap," when they should say, "I shall lie down for a nap." The word get and got are often used superfluously. It is incorrect to say, "I shall go when I get time," or, "I have got a new dress," or, "Have you got time to go there?" instead of saying, "I shall go when I have time," "I have a new dress," "I have you time to go there?"

## ABOUT INTRODUCTIONS.

Frequent inquiries made by correspondents in regard to the etiquette of introductions make it essential to discuss some of the points on this subject. There are many complications in society which make certain rules necessary.

It is an acknowledged rule that in any unpremeditated introduction a man should not be presented to a woman unless her permission has been asked. For instance, at any social gathering a man may ask a mutual friend to introduce him to a certain lady. It is optional whether a lady grants the request or not, but it is unusual to refuse unless there is some very good reason for declining an introduction. A positive rule that after an introduction and on a subsequent meeting a man must wait for a lady to recognize him before she claims her acquaintance; but, even if she does not intend to allow the acquaintance to progress further, it is proper for her to bow.

At a large dinner it is not customary for a hostess to make any introductions in a general way, but a few moments before dinner she introduces to a lady the gentleman who is to take her to dinner. At a small dinner a host or hostess may introduce a man to a lady who are strangers to each other, if there is time to do so before dinner is announced.

If a dinner or any other entertainment is given in honor of a friend, or if there is a distinguished person among the guests, introductions are made. A hostess has privileges about introducing her guests, as she is not supposed to assemble together those who are averse to meeting each other, yet on this point discretion is needed. A guest can never decline an introduction proposed by a hostess, and, in fact, a hostess need not consult a guest in this matter; yet a hostess needs to be sure of her ground and to have a knowledge of conditions in general society, because there is an established rule among well-bred people that if introduced by a hostess to one with whom one is not on friendly terms it is not allowable to show one's hostess that a mistake has been made, and a hostess may mar the pleasure of guests by a stupid error. A positive rule, without any exception, is that a man is introduced to a lady never the reverse. Ladies are introduced to each other, and their privileges are never abandoned. In making an introduction it is best to say, "Miss A., allow me to introduce Mr. C." If the gentleman is a stranger it is allowable to add after his name, "of Washington," or "Mr. C. has just returned from a trip to Colorado."

When introducing two ladies, the younger is introduced to the elder, unless they are nearly of an age, when no distinction is made. Young girls are introduced to married women, and young married women to older matrons.

## MIS-STEPS.

Nothing can call them back—the years  
With unguessed riches sent,  
That blind complaints or baseless fears  
Foiled of their just intent;  
No future need, no present pain—  
Nothing can call them back again.

Nothing can change, for you or me,  
Those moments big with fate;  
Whose awful power of destiny,  
We recognize too late;  
Yet error, in the courts of Time,  
Is punished equally with crime.

Sad counsel, strive in vain  
To reconcile the heart, or make  
The dark enigma plain;  
Philosophy, tho' Heaven-born,  
Grief and remorse will put to scorn.

# Children's Corner

## OUR BLESSED LADY'S KNIGHT.

(Specially written for the "Children's Corner.")

There stood beside a cool spring one evening near sunset on a far eastern plain a young cavalier beside his faithful steed who seemed anxious to be going by the manner in which he beat the ground with his stately front foot, but his young master seemed in no hurry to move on. As the glories of the sunset seemed to enhance the scene he seemed to be gazing even further than the vision could penetrate. Perhaps he was thinking of the home of his youth where he played at sunset on the green lawn of his father's estate and again recalled the kind and gentle face of his sainted mother, gazing with pride on her handsome boy, anticipating an unsullied and spotless career for him and in this she was more than rewarded. To look on that noble face and pure brow no one could have a doubt of his integrity and honor. As the sun was disappearing behind the last hill he made the sign of the cross and bowed his head and repeated the Angelus, the beautiful prayer taught him by his mother, and tears almost of affection fell from his eyes when he thought how pleased she would be to meet again her darling son and press him once more to her loving heart as of old for no other love had entered his heart save that of the sweet hereafter and his mother. And now he was returning from the war of Palestine, loaded with testimony of brave and honorable deeds. As he again withdrew his gaze from the eastern horizon where the sun had just disappeared, he beheld before him a vision so beautiful in the form of a young knight clothed from head to foot in purest white with helmet of burnished gold and sabard of silver in which was thrust a sword encrusted with precious jewels and sandals of pure white with gilded buckles. His face was so ethereal it caused our young cavalier to hesitate in addressing him. However, after a pause, he spoke and said: "Hail fellow traveller, from where comest thou and for what parts art thou destined? Perhaps we may bear each other some news on this lonely road? Perhaps thou too, have a mother waiting your coming, or perhaps a lady love who waits your coming and whom you may have her image engraved on your heart, or who presented you with that white banner you so carefully guard. Come now and we will exchange confidences and he told him of his childhood in all its simplicity and all its connections, with his thoughts previous to his appearing before him. During his narrative the face of the young knight became angrier and his kindly eyes flashed. "To your first question I must answer, No. My mother is not of earth. To your second question I answer, Yes. I have a lady love to whom I am returning. I hold her image near my heart, and to her I always mean to be true. She placed her white banner in my hand long ago and I am returning with it, unsullied and untarnished. My Lady Love is our Blessed Lady of Victory. The young cavalier bowed his head and bent his knees in prayer on this lonely road. When he again raised his head his young companion had disappeared.

## THE BACHELOR UNCLE

(For The Register.)

Mrs. Philip Walker swept along the front hall with her chin tilted in the air. The metallic flash of her eyes, the firm set look about her thin lips, and the ominous swish of her silken skirts all betokened something. She did not have her usual nonchalant easy air nor her silent, stoic (too silent her brother-in-law often thought) which she graced the drawing-room with or carried sulkily into the very kitchen itself. For Mrs. Philip always thought it her duty to make her presence or absence felt. As for her presence, she would not waver in regard to that but the absence was certainly a relief.

To-night, Mrs. Philip felt it her bounden duty to assume the most censorious and dignified air possible to assume on any sweet womanly face. She swept majestically along the hall, up the stairs to the children's apartments.

The lights burned low; and in the dim, hazy and "ghostly" glimmer the room looked delightfully artistic. The red glow from a decaying ember threw a subdued light over the various articles of furniture; grotesque and uncertain shadows played about the book-cases and shaded of curiously into dark corners around the open doors.

A half smile played about the lady's mouth as she reached over and turned up the gas, and—! What a room! What a transformation! It was well that the light had been uncertain, for in all Mrs. Philip's vast experience she had never seen such a disgustingly untidy room—such a perfectly awful room! Although Uncle Neil afterwards said it was "hugely and delightfully pleasant." But the room—the table was littered with books, apple-cores, nut-shells, ink-stands and fancy work—chairs were upset—toys broken and strewn around.

But Mrs. Philip would investigate no farther. She would find out where those children were and then,—Yes, she knew who was to blame for it all. It was their Uncle Neil. She didn't see how Philip kept "that fellow" as she termed him contemptuously enough around Walton Hall. If she had any influence in her own home (and she felt she certainly had) she would "mighty soon" send him packing. He was simply spoiling the children, teaching them to scoff at etiquette and social observances, to act like romps, like mere common children. For you needs must know Mrs. Philip Walker's children (in her opinion) were something above the ordinary.

Uncle Neil usually had his answer, "Things that are not ordinary must be extraordinary and we call extraordinary things phenomena or freaks." Mrs. Philip was indignant. "Her children," sharply, "were not freaks but if they contended long with him they soon would be."

So as Mrs. Philip Walker swept down the stairs from the somewhat dilapidated school-room she determined in her heart of hearts that the thing would come to a sudden end there and there.

Neil would have been an agreeable adjunct to the household, she reasoned. He was a very popular man with a genial, optimistic disposition and also a man of high social standing. The best society in the place patronized him. But, then, he didn't do just what Mrs. Philip would wish. Often Philip was detained at the office on an evening and Neil never once offered to take her even to the theatre or to an evening party. And she felt she had a right to be indignant and exacting. She had fought hard for social success and now, when she had all but reached the culminating point she must do her best to keep it. And to think that her husband's brother did not make one effort to help her.

"Mine's like a rock, it's so hard," growled father. Grumbleboy could hardly keep from smiling, it was all so like the good old story of Silverlocks and the three bears, but he'd come down stairs feeling cross, and it was his habit to stay cross.

And then the finish came when some lovely hot griddle cakes were brought on. Grumbleboy wanted to complain, just because he felt like it, so after he'd poured maple syrup over his cake he touched it with his fork and grumbled: "These cakes are tough." "Aren't they?" sighed Aunt Emma. "I can hardly cut mine," wailed mother, in a tearful voice. Father started to cut his then, and so did all the others, and at the same time father growled: "Shame to send such tough cakes to the table," and the cakes simply fell apart on their forks, and everybody burst into a roar of laughter.

After that, when by chance the Grumbleboy appeared at breakfast, it was enough for Auntie to say: "Hello, are your cakes tough this morning, boy?" to break the clouds and bring back the sunshine.—The Examiner.

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quettishly on Uncle Neil's head and Carmel sat on the bachelor uncle's knee and amused herself by opening his tiny bow tie, while young Arthur lay on a rug in close proximity to the unconscious uncle's slipper which was rapidly cracking and peeling off. Mrs. Philip often wondered why the skin didn't peel off the "dear boy's face."

But there was a tempest that night. Nobody knew exactly why but next morning Uncle Neil's trunk left Walton Hall and with it went the owner.

"Good-bye, youngsters," he said sadly to the red-eyed, forlorn looking three. "Sometime when I'm in a house of my own I'll bring you all down and finish that Indian story. We were just in the exciting part too, weren't we? Well, I'll tell you this much Chief Tomach got away from the Iroquois that night of the feast, and—but there!—the story can wait a while, until I get a home of my own can't it, Gracia?"

She pouted. "But you never will, Uncle Neil, your a—a bachelor, you know" she whispered. "Nonsense! I shan't be always, Goodbye, chicks!"

"Good-bye, Uncle Neil!" And he was gone,—the bright, jovial gladstone Uncle Neil and with him went domestic peace and felicity.

"It is a horribly dull night, Gracia," yawned Philip Walker as he hung down his mail with a weary frown.

"Dull, Philip?" she questioned, elevating her eye brows, as she moved easily in her chair and smoothed out her fancy work.

"When would that piece of trash be finished?" Philip had queried rebelliously of himself as he watched the deft fingers of his lady-wife move rapidly as she sat stiffly erect in her straight-backed rocking chair.

It was a pretty bit of work, and just like Mrs. Philip Walker herself, perfect in all its exquisite preciseness. I can't just remember what it was,—whether it was a cushion top or a centre piece, but it was an exceedingly dainty combination of delicate green and soft pink—"with a lot of lacy stuff between," the bachelor uncle often said.

It was pretty and Mrs. Philip knew it. She felt she made a pretty picture as she sat stiffly erect in her dark chair, her pink waist contrasting picturesquely with her dark trailing skirt, for Mrs. Philip had an in-born passion for graceful, clinging effects.

# The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS

John O'Connor, Toronto: Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.  
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.  
198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 31, 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 a vascular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted many might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable result. 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.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am,  
Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City:  
DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal.  
Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN.

478 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 19, 1903.  
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 on 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, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1903.  
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.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 19, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous 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.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East:  
I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you are entitled to this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve in removing rheumatic pains.  
Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1903.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—I can say 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 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.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 18, 1903.  
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 forever thankful, PETER AUSTIN.

Toronto, April 16, 1903.  
Mr. John O'Connor:  
DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.  
Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING.

18 Spruce street, Toronto, Toronto, April 16th, 1902.  
J. O'Connor, Esq., City:  
DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify 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 can't thank you enough.  
Respectfully yours, U. J. CLARK.

Address C.R. JOHN O'CONNOR, 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 17 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. Price, \$1 per box.