

The HOME CIRCLE

SWEEPING A ROOM.

It requires skill and patience to sweep a room properly. The chief mistake made by the novice is in taking long, heavy strokes. Short light strokes which are firm do the work as it should be done. It is always best to sweep a heavy Brussels carpet or one of similar make once with the grain and then across it, going over each three or four yards in this way until the entire carpet is swept. When a carpet is old and worn evenly this is not necessary, but if it is new or has perceptible ages in the weaving, this method should be followed.

After going over a room thoroughly allow the dust to settle, and in ten or fifteen minutes give it the final brushing—sweeping once again rather lightly. This can be done with a carpet sweeper or dampened broom. Tea-leaves scattered over the carpet, however, are better than either. They should be wrung out and loosely sprinkled over the carpet just before this final sweeping. It is a good plan to add a cup of salt to every two cups of tea leaves used. The salt seems to brighten the colors of a faded carpet, as well as to aid in the removal of the dust. When this second sweeping is over use a whisk broom around the corners and at the edges of the carpet.

After the walls are dusted and the carpet is thoroughly swept some housekeepers wipe off the carpet's surface with a cloth dipped in salt and water and then thoroughly wrung out. This will remove every atom of dust. A cloth used for this purpose must be frequently rinsed out in fresh water and then dipped again into salt and water, wringing thoroughly. Other housekeepers rub the carpet with a cloth wrung out as dry as possible from water to which two tablespoons of ammonia have been added for every gallon. This will also brighten faded colors. It is needless to say that in sweeping as thoroughly as this everything in the room should either be removed or covered carefully with dusting sheets. Housekeepers who are buying heavy pieces of furniture should select only those that can be set on casters, so that they can be pushed out and the dust under them removed.

VACATION HOUSEKEEPING.

With the heated term at the door and energies flagging, the wise woman is she who learns to simplify the daily routine, says an exchange. Banish all the dust collecting draperies, fringed and bric-a-brac possible. Throw open your house to the fresh air, but live out-of-doors all the same.

Don't stint the table, but go back to the natural foods in large measure. Have plenty of fresh fruits and salads, and if you are doing your own work, plan to have one meal at least each day of bread and milk, or berries and milk, so as to avoid being over the fire more than is absolutely necessary. Do the most of your cooking in the early morning, before the air gets oppressive. Wear plain underclothing and things so easy to "do up" that you can afford to change often without making hard washing and ironing. Get some of the plain things go rough dry. Sheets, bath towels and much of the underwear, when dried out-of-doors, retain a sweet, fresh odor untraced that many fastidious people are exceedingly partial to. Do as much of your work as you can out-of-doors, and eat out there if you have porch or yard that admits of privacy. There is a growing tendency to do this even in the large cities.

Simple rustic summer-houses are being put up in many a back-yard to serve as summer dining-rooms. A pretty way of lighting these summer-houses or the piazza, when artificial lights are needed, is with candles in Japanese lanterns. A large Japanese umbrella costing from thirty-five to seventy-five cents, according to size and quality, is inverted and suspended from the centre of the ceiling by its handle, then from the up-turned pointed bamboo ribs are hung the small lanterns, which are sold at \$1 a dozen in the Chinese shops. These are very decorative and barring accident will last a season.

WOMEN IN EPIGRAM.

There are some women who never seem to grow old. The charm lies in a sunny temper, the happy facility of looking always on the bright side of things.—Saunders. A beautiful woman with the qualities of a noble man is the most perfect thing in Nature.—La Bruyere. A woman in love is a very poor judge of character.—Timothy Titcomb. Great women belong to history and self-sacrifice.—Leigh Hunt. Serenity is the one thing that the world will never cease to exact of women.—Century Magazine. To glorify the common offices of life, that is the grandest part of woman's work in the world.—J. J. Durvea. Women are compounds of plain sewing and deception, daughters of Sham and Hem.—Frederick Sheldon. God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.—Holmes. A hundred men make an encampment, and one woman makes a home.—Hindoo Saying. I say that I know women. I mean that I know that I don't know them.—Thackeray.

THE WISE WOMAN.

The wise woman as well as the most graceful one, is she who knows how to produce the greatest possible results with the least expenditure of strength. This is an all important knowledge, my dear sister woman, and the one who acquires this knowledge has won the secret of perpetual youth. Do deliberately what is to be done, and never make the

mistake of losing your force by fretting and puttering. It is one of the errors of womankind to make "work" of everything. Don't waste your strength by being too energetic, and above all keep cool and deliberate, and cultivate repose. You must not make the mistake of getting old before your time. Never be too busy to look after your skin and person. Brush your hair daily, and wash your hands and face thoroughly at night before retiring, so as to remove all soil, free the pores and keep them healthy. Wash the hands in borax water every night as this whitens and softens the skin and keeps it healthy. It is wonderful how a few little helps will make a woman retain her youthful beauty and grace.

THE CARE OF TEETH.

Don't bestow less care upon the teeth than upon complexion and hair. Don't brush across the teeth, but up and down, the upper teeth from the gums downward, and the lower teeth from the gums upward. Don't go to bed without brushing the teeth, for it is at night that the acid of the saliva gets in its work on the teeth. Don't let tartar accumulate on the teeth, for it brings a whole train of evils in its wake. Have it removed by a dentist at least once a year. Don't use a tooth powder which contains gritty, acid or irritating substances. Don't fail to rinse the teeth thoroughly with an alkaline wash after taking acids, such as lemon juice, vinegar or strong medicines. Don't swallow food without mastication. Modern cookery, by making mastication almost unnecessary, is responsible for much decay of the teeth. Don't use one side of the mouth only when eating, for then the teeth have not all the same amount of exercise, and decay sets in more rapidly on one side than the other. Don't crack nuts or bite bread with the teeth. Don't fail to ponder occasionally on these facts, that: Without good teeth there cannot be thorough mastication. Without thorough mastication there cannot be perfect digestion. Without perfect digestion there cannot be proper assimilation. Without proper assimilation there cannot be nutrition. Without nutrition there cannot be health. Without health what is life worth? Hence, the paramount importance of good teeth.—New York Globe.

Symptoms of Nerve Disorders

WHICH FORETELL THE APPROACH OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION, PARALYSIS AND Locomotor ATAXIA.

Twitching of the nerves and muscles, sensitiveness to light, sound and motion, jerking of the limbs, sleeplessness, headache and indigestion—such are some of the symptoms of exhausted nerves. Because there is no acute pain people do not always realize the seriousness of nervous diseases. They do not think of the helplessness of body and mind, which is the result of neglecting such ailments. Because of its extraordinary control over diseases of the nerves, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has come to be considered the one great treatment for disorders of this nature. Not only does it revitalize the wasted nerve cells, but actually forms firm flesh and tissue, builds up the system and sends new vigor and vitality to every organ of the body. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"To my mind, every dollar spent in support of the Catholic press has two great effects. It is invaluable personally to those rendering the assistance; it is of immense value to the parish where the help is given, through the intelligent and whole-some interest in all things Catholic, which the truly Catholic paper never fails to create and further among the Catholic faithful."—Archbishop Montgomery.

We must not be deterred by either the love or fear of riches, but accept what God places in our way, in a spirit of gratitude, and with a determination to employ His gifts in accordance with what we know to be His will, seeking wealth, not as an object of selfish desire, but as a means to increase the merit of a useful life.

Who could withstand the wicker of star-eyed, smiling May? Even the cemetery—that silent city of the soundest sleepers upon the distant hill—acknowledged her magic, and small life stirred between the close-crowded cots, whose tenants must abide the coming of a grand, eternal May.

Of what good is it to learn? That we may become modest; that we may occupy life with something better than those things to which our vanity prompts us; that we may make ourselves of some little use to our fellows, without exacting gratitude, from them.

Don't on any account let people's shortcomings or anything of that kind bother you in the least. God leaves each one of us our free will, and we are accountable for ourselves. So do what you can, but keep your mind not alone peaceful but joyous, and the more joyous the better for yourself and all.

It is An Officer of the Law of Health.—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding-place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

FOR THE ONE WHO TRIED.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.) Yes, I love the youthful winner, With the medal and the mark; He has gained the prize he sought for, He is joyous as a lark. Every one will haste to praise him; He is on the honor list. I've a tender thought, my darlings, For the one who tried, and missed.

One? Ah, me! they count by thousands, Those who have not gained the race, Though they did their best and fair-est, Striving for the winner's place. Only few can reach the laurel; Many see their chance flit by. I've a tender thought, my darlings, For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble, If you're made of sterner stuff Than the laggards who are daunted When the bit of road is rough. All will praise the happy winners; But when they have hurried by, I've a song to cheer, my darlings, The great company who try.

MY FOX TERRIER.

A little demon in defense, Brave as a lion he; I wish I had the courage Of this atom on my knee.

A little universe of love, Unselfish as the sea; I wish I did by others As he has done by me.

A little lump of loyalty, No power could turn from me; I wish I had a heart as true, From fear and favor free.

A little fountain full of Faith, Forgiveness, Charity; I wish I had his patience And true nobility.

A little flash of fire and life, Whatever the summons be; I wish that I could face the world With half his energy.

A little white fox terrier, In whose brown eyes I see The little windows of a soul Too large to live in me. —Harry W. French in The Independent.

THE TWO REASONS.

Down in one of the west side kindergartens is an enthusiastic young teacher who, having boastfully vaunted the superior intelligence of her scholars, came a dire cropper recently when an unlooked for visit from the principal resulted in over-much testing of this alleged cleverness, says the New York Tribune.

The first child to be selected for quizzing was a bright-eyed little Jew, and to him the question put by his smiling teacher was, "Now, Abraham, how many seasons are there and what are they? Don't be afraid to speak up. I know you can answer correctly." "Two," came the prompt reply; "the busy season and the slack season."

UNCLE RALPH'S BROWNIE.

When Rose and Nannette Snow went out to the Yellowstone Park with their mother, what they really wanted to see was Uncle Ralph.

Uncle Ralph was an uncle of Mrs. Snow, but he was not much older than she was. He had expected to make his fortune in the mines, but he had not had very good luck. Still, he stayed on, working and hoping. All the time he had been writing to Mrs. Snow and the children often. He made pictures on the letters—told funny stories. Many of the stories were about his wonderful collie dog, Brownie. The children wanted to see Brownie almost as much as they wanted to see Uncle Ralph. Every little while Uncle Ralph would send a box of presents to the children. He had never seen them, but they had sent photographs back and forth, so that they felt sure they would know each other when they met.

There was a great time finding out what train to take to get to Uncle Ralph's. He lived at Tentacle—a tiny mountain village, twenty miles up from a railroad. Traymore was the nearest railroad station to him. But the express trains ran over another road, what was called the "Short Cut"—a new track not yet entirely finished, but still so that it could be used. Axtell, on the "Short Cut," was the most convenient station for the Snows to come to. It was finally arranged that Uncle Ralph should come down to Axtell, and they would all spend the night there and have a good visit.

At the last moment Mrs. Snow decided to go to Traymore instead of by the "Short Cut" to Axtell, so she telegraphed to Uncle Ralph at Tentacle. But, as we know, Uncle Ralph was quietly waiting up at Axtell, and never got the telegram at all.

Behold the train drawing into Traymore! Out tumble two excited little girls and their excited mother. The porter follows, carrying their bags. "Set them right down," said Mrs. Snow.

"Yes, Uncle Ralph will take them" cried the children. But no Uncle Ralph was there. Off went the train, and the little girl felt lonely enough in the strange, wild country; for there were only a dozen or so shanties in the whole village of Traymore.

As they stood there, looking gloomily around, Nannette's quick eyes spied a dog prowling about a stage coach. "Look!" she cried. "There's Brownie!"

"It does look like his picture," admitted Mrs. Snow. "Let us ask." They walked over to the stage coach. "The driver was just mounting the box." "Yes, that was Mr. Ralph Kane's Brownie." "But where is Mr. Kane?" asked Mrs. Snow. "The dog pricked up his ears. 'Brownie!' said the stage driver, sternly, 'go over there and lie down under the shed—clear over—clear over I say! There—now stay there!'"

"You see," he explained to the Snows, in a low voice, "Mr. Kane told me not to say before Brownie where he was. He's gone to Axtell to meet some friends, but, if Brownie knew it, he'd be in Axtell 'too, as quick as he could get there." "Oh, Mr. Kane has gone to meet us," cried Mrs. Snow, explaining in her turn to the stage driver. "He could not have received our telegram." "Probably not," assented the driver. "Telegrams are mighty uncertain around here." "But we can't stay long," cried Mrs. Snow, "and we wouldn't miss seeing Mr. Kane for the world. What shall we do?" "You might tell Brownie that he's at Axtell, and tie a note to him, and Mr. Kane'd get it before dark tonight." (It was then about two o'clock.) "Really?" breathed Mrs. Snow. "I'd be willing to bet most anything on it," said the driver. "He is so crazy to find his master that he has run twice from Tentacle here with me and back again. It's a good twenty miles, and he gets tired; but he will go every time till his master gets back to Tentacle. I never saw such a dog."

FATHER KANE'S FREE BOOK ON NERVOUS SYSTEM TONIC

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So Mrs. Snow wrote a note. It was put into a tin box, and then tied securely around Brownie's neck. Then the stage driver said, "Mr. Kane is over to Axtell, Brownie—Axtell! You understand?" The dog barked excitedly. "Well, you get along there and find him, and bring him back with you as quick as ever you can. Now right up the mountain there, as fast as you can go."

So up the steep, rocky side of the mountain bounded the dog, and late that afternoon, watching the trail which had been pointed out to them, the Snows saw, through a strong spy-glass, the faithful creature toiling over the upper rocks of the great hill nearly at the top.

The next morning, just as soon as breakfast was over, they began to watch the trail again. Everybody said that Mr. Kane would probably take a burro and come right over the mountain just as the dog had gone. It was nearly eleven o'clock when a speck appeared on the exposed part of the trail. You never saw more wildly excited people than Rose and Nannette when they saw through the spy-glass that the speck was a man riding a burro, and that a dog was running along beside him.

"Mamma," the girls cried, "it is Uncle Ralph and Brownie!" Coming down the mountain is quick work, and it was only a little past noon when Uncle Ralph rode into the yard of the rough inn where the Snows were waiting for him. Then they had some happy hours together; and the "happiest one in the whole party was Brownie."

"Oh, you good, wise dog! You so understand words and names of places too, don't you?" Rose said to him. "I wish somebody would invent something nice to do for dogs when you love and thank them very much. All—see can do is to pat them and give them bones, and we must not give them many bones or else they will be sick."

The girls begged to take Brownie home with them, they loved him so much; but their mother said she would not for the world take away that faithful friend from Uncle Ralph.

MAMMA'S DRUMMER.

When I'm a man, I won't be king and rule the land; No, sir, I'm going to join the band, When I'm a man.

I won't go tootin' some old horn Like ma's fisherman so forlorn, Or blowin' a high-tone fancy fife; No—there's somethin' better in life. I'm goin' to have a great big drum. Oh, how I wish that time would come!

Trum a trum, trum, Trum a trum, trum.

Then I'll go marching up the street; You bet that drum I'll beat and lead, And when the others all keep still I'll just play louder—yes, I will. Rub a dub dub, Rub a dub dub.

And all the horses, won't they prance And all the girls, oh, how they'll dance! And when small boys the players cheer, They'll mean the drummer in the rear. Trum a trum, trum, Trum a trum, trum.

And when I march by mamma's house, I won't be still as any mouse, And she is sure her boy to see, And oh, how proud she'll surely be! Rub a dub, dub, Rub a dub, dub.

And then I'll play so loud she'll say, In such a proud and happy way: "Friends, neighbors dear, would you believe That man with spangles on his sleeve Is just my Roy, Is just my Roy, My little boy?" Boom, boom, boom, boom! —Mary C. Phillips in Chicago Advance.

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your heart. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.

To those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active outdoor lives. The former will find in Par-melee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap, considering their excellence.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital 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 cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

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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 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be 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.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige. Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, Yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905, and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited by its use. Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD. Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the upper part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital 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 cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. SHERIDAN. 24 Queen Street East.

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JOHNO'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists