

.....The HOME CIRCLE

LET US MIND OUR OWN AFFAIRS

It is extraordinary the passion most people have for managing other people's affairs, and ordering their lives. Not only do they give much advice when asked for, but far too many feel it their duty to give advice when not sought, in the case of those they know, whilst very many will be constantly speculating upon the affairs of comparative strangers, and say what they would do if they were "so-and-so."

Far too many of the frictions, quarrels and unpleasantnesses of this life are either caused or fomented by the interference of a third member, who would, in the majority of cases, be far better employed in managing her own affairs.

There are times, of course, when it is perfectly proper to give other people the benefit of whatever wisdom you possess, but it is a very good and safe rule never to volunteer advice.

Wait till it is asked for, or, better still, let it be dragged from you reluctantly. If your counsel is found to be valuable, the chances are that it will be asked for frequently, and even dragged from you, and if events prove it to be worthless, as it is quite probable, you can console yourself with the thought that you gave it unwillingly.

ATTRACTIVE ORNAMENTS.

Horns, when nicely mounted, make very attractive ornaments. In our Chicago stockyards, I expect, one could purchase a pair of horns for a very reasonable price; in fact, one might get them for the carrying of them away. When you have secured the horns, wash well and soak in hot water, curving them while soft according to fancy. When the horns are again dry, polish them, first with sandpaper, next use a stiff brush dipped in powdered pumice-stone and water, finishing with a soft brush and whiting. Fix the horns onto a smooth piece of wood, about eight inches long and two thick. Cover the wood with black or brown astrachan, letting it overlap the horns on each side for half an inch. Tack it along the back, and fasten in two good staples for hanging up.

TRUE TO HER PROMISE.

"Josiah," said Mrs. Chugwater, "what do you do at those lodge meetings you attend twice a month?" "You don't expect me to tell you that, do you? Our proceedings are secret." "A man oughtn't to have any secrets from his wife. What is the password?" "I have taken a solemn obligation never to communicate that to any outsider." "I'm not an outsider. A man and his wife are one. You have a right to communicate it to me." Mr. Chugwater reflected. "Well," he said, "if I repeat the password to you once, will you promise never to ask me to say it again?" "Yes." "And you'll never tell anybody else?" "Never." Whereupon he rapidly uttered the following astonishing word: "Magellielilikazentolotarucaistualizabelliwinkamanakallooleroo." Mrs. Chugwater kept her promise. She never repeated that password to a living soul.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

If sweethearts were sweethearts always. Whether as maid or wife. No drop would be half so pleasant in the mingled draught of life. But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes. When the wife has frowns and sighs, and the wife's has a wonderful glitter. For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes. If lovers were lovers always. The same to sweetheart and wife. Who would change for a future of Eden. The joys of this chequered life? But husbands grow grave and silent, and care on the anxious brow. Oft replaces the sunshine which perished. With the words of the marriage vow.

Happy is he whose sweetheart is wife and sweetheart still, whose voice as of old can charm him, whose kisses of old can thrill, who has plucked the rose to find ever. Its beauty and fragrance increase as the flush of passion is mellowed in love's unmeasured peace. Who sees in the step a lightness; who finds in the form a grace; who reads an unaltered brightness in the witchery of the face. —Selected.

If you are intending to can any strawberries this year, do not wait until they are cheap, for by that time the best will be past their prime. There is economy in paying a good price, not an extravagant price, of course, but one that will command early fruit, which is the finest, juiciest, best on the market. June is the best month for canning rhubarb, strawberries and cherries. When planning to put up fruit, it is well to make all preparations the night before. Fruit-cans and lids are sterilized by putting them in cold water softened by borax and allowing it to boil for 20 minutes. Provide new rings for a rubber that has been used once is only fit to be thrown away. When the cans have

been thoroughly cleansed, fill each one with water, put on the rubber and lid, screw tight and turn upside-down on a sheet of paper. The regulation canned strawberry is enough to take one's appetite away. All the goodness and flavor have been cooked out of them, and they are but bleached, shrivelled little globules floating in sticky, pink liquid. The only correct way to can these strawberries is without cooking. It is a trifle more expensive than the method of canning other fruits, but it repays by the quality of the preserve.

When you have enough berries hulled to begin work, sort them over, putting the large ones in one bowl and the little, bruised ones in another. The first are for canning, the last for juice.

Put the inferior berries with a half cup of cold water over a fire in a small saucepan. When they have cooked to a pulp, squeeze them through a potato ricer, then add to every pint of juice one pound of sugar and half a pint of water. While it simmers for twenty minutes, fill the cans with firm berries and set them into the wash boiler, which should contain a layer of excelsior and warm water sufficient to cover the cans half way. Add fresh fruit as the berries sink in the cans.

At the end of 20 minutes fill the cans with the hot syrup to overflowing, and put down the covers tightly. Cover the cans with hot water and allow it to boil half an hour. In removing the cans wrap them quickly in a towel that the cool air may not strike them and crack the jars.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

The best way to keep young is to feel young. And the best way to feel young is to learn how young people feel. It is such a simple remedy that most people won't try it. They think they must go to foreign climes in search of the fountain of youth—that they must pay a large sum to some soothsayer who will divulge the secret to them, or that they must consult a doctor who will give them some wonderful prescription for preserving the complexion, and so make them look young. But youth is a question of heart and feeling. So, if you would keep your youth, know children. Not in the way so many people know them. Don't be trying to teach them something all the time. Just be with them, play with them, sympathize with their troubles, and take pleasure in their joys; learn what they have to teach. When you have learned that you have learned of the fountain of youth.

THAT IS IT.

It isn't the music asleep in the strings. Of the lute that entrances the ear, and brings to the breast. The spirit of rest, it is only the music we hear. It isn't the silence of hope unexpressed. It's the word of good cheer that we speak. To triumph through strife, for the great things of life, that heartens and strengthens the weak.

It isn't the love that they have in their hearts. And neglect, or forget, to reveal. That brightens the lives of husbands and wives; it is telling the love that they feel.

For Spring Debility YOU SHOULD RESTORE RICHNESS TO THE BLOOD BY USING Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Habit is one of the strongest forces of nature. It is like a rut into which it is easy to run, but which too often leads to misfortune and calamity. The habit of dosing with salts and sarsaparillas in the spring is doing much to undermine the health of the present generation. In the spring the blood is thin, the system run down and the body weak and enervated. What you need is a tonic and restorative, such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. If you have been a slave to the habit of dosing the system with salts or similar weakening purgatives you will appreciate Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which acts on the principle of forming new blood, building up the system and creating new nerve force. It is something to strengthen rather than weaken that you most need in the spring, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies this need as no other medicine was ever known to do. By its use the action of the heart becomes strong and regular, the stomach is supplied with the nervous energy which is necessary to healthful digestion, and every organ of the body is enabled to carry out the duty imposed on it by nature. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE WOOD-SHED PARTY.

"Mama," said Dorothy, "I wish I could have a wood-shed party."

"What do you mean by that?" answered Mrs. Spear, in some wonder. "Why," exclaimed Dorothy, "all the girls in my class have said they just love to play out in a nice wood-shed, where there are lots of shavings and smooth boards and hammers and—"

"Just like ours, in fact," laughed Mrs. Spear. "I think it would be a nice idea."

"Then we'll have it," decided Dorothy, "and it must be on a stormy day, because we like to hear the rain spatter down—it seems so cozy."

"I think it can be managed," said mother. "We must try to interest papa in the matter. I think there must be a little picking up done."

That evening Dorothy sat up a half-hour later than usual, preparing her invitations. The following morning ten little girls found on their desks a square of white birch bark, to which a dainty card was fixed by two tiny bows. On the card were these words:

You are cordially invited to a Wood-Shed Party at Dorothy Spear's on the first rainy Saturday afternoon, at two o'clock.

A long "spell of fine weather" was patiently passed by the eager girls, and at last came a rainy Saturday afternoon. Never was a stormy holiday so gladly welcomed, and at two o'clock ten little cloaked figures came in damp line toward the house.

Wet wraps were left in the kitchen, and then the children trooped out to the great, roomy shed. Dorothy's father was a ship-builder, and in his leisure he often worked upon some small boat in the shed.

So when the guests came out, they saw first a nice, warm stove in one corner, in which birch bark was snapping comfortably; next, the good-sized body of a sailboat, resting on blocks, to the inside of which led a short stepladder.

In the boat were stools and cushions, and on its deck sat Dorothy's whole family of dolls in holiday dress.

The girls danced about and examined all the good points of the craft, and said there was almost water enough outside to sail it.

The logs of wood had been rolled up in such a way as to make a gradual flight of stairs to the top of the wood-pile, where a flat board was standing. Each guest was asked to run up the stairs and drive a nail in the board. There was a prize in the shape of a dainty birch-bark bonbon box tied with baby ribbon, for the one who could drive a nail without "striking off."

There were whole barrels of clean white shavings, from which they picked the longest and arranged on their heads for curls.

At four o'clock came the refreshments, part of which was ice-cream served in little birch-bark cups. But best of all—a surprise for Dorothy, too—was when Mr. Spear came out with a tray, on which were eleven little boats—perfect models of a brig with all sails set, and ropes, yard-arms, anchor and cabins all in correct position. On the stern of each boat was painted in tiny letters the name of the little guest for whom it was intended.

"Such a lovely time!" they all said as they bade Dorothy good-night. "A wood-shed party is the very best kind."

Only one little girl said, as she hurried home, "There! Dear me! We had such a good time I forgot all about hearing the rain splatter."

A GARDEN SURPRISE.

(By Mira Jenks Stafford, in Youth's Companion.) "Mrs. Hancock doesn't like little boys," said Hal, one day, coming from school and dropping down on the piazza at his mother's feet.

"Oh, I am sorry," said mother, "because she misses a great deal," and then she kissed Hal on the forehead. "But what makes you think so?"

"Well, she drove us away when we were down there this morning, and we were not anywhere near her land, either. She has only that tiny bit of garden, and it is all full of rocks. She was trying to make a garden in between the stones."

"But what reason had she for sending you away?"

"Well, you see, last winter some of the boys ran into her fence with a double-runner and broke a picket. They mended it, though, and now she seems to think we all want to do her some harm."

"You must do something to restore confidence," said mama. "She has never had any little boys, and doesn't know how nice they can be. Why don't you do something to please her?"

"No chance now; she is going away for a month."

"Just the thing," said mama. Hal looked up in surprise. "Why? How?" he asked.

"Why don't you and Ned go over there after she has gone and pick up all those small rocks on her land, and carry them off in your wheelbarrow, just as you did for father? The big ones you can roll over to the back and mound up in a rocky, and put good soil over and plant some flowers. Then you could dig a few small beds, and plant lettuce, beans, radishes and beets. She is too old to make a garden and too poor to hire one made."

FATHER'S FREE BLOOD PURIFIER. Koenig Med. Co. 100 Lake St. Chicago. Sold by Druggists.

of the house, and every night after school they worked for a half-hour or so. Mother would not let them work long enough at any one time to tire and to make the plan seem irksome. Papa shared his seeds with the boys, and came over once in a while to see that things were done properly.

Mrs. Hancock extended her visit to six weeks, and when she came back the yard was neat and clean, the grass mowed and thick as a carpet, the rocky was covered with morning-glory vines and nasturtiums, while up through the soil the beets, radishes and garden things were showing bravely. Under her door was a card: "Please accept the garden, with the compliments of Hal and Ned."

The next day when Hal came home from school, his face was radiant. "You were right, mother," he said. "She didn't know how to like us. Why, it's just the best game in the world to make people pleased, isn't it?" And mother thought it was.

OVER THE SALT.

At the breakfast-table Tom and Margery were talking amicably, when each put out a hand at the same instant for some salt. In the concussion the salt was spilled.

"Throw some over your shoulder, quick!" called the elder sister, laughing. "Then you won't quarrel."

Two hands came out again, and each pushed the other aside. "I spilled it over my shoulder," said Tom. "I must throw it over my shoulder."

"I spilled it myself," said Margery. "I'm the one to throw it."

"Well, upon my word! I put out my hand so—"

"I put out mine so—"

"And I just touched the salt-spoon—"

"So did I—"

"And I was the one who did it!" "Tom, how can you say so when—"

"So I shall be the one to throw the salt."

They were looking at each other, cheeks red and eyes flashing, when, at the same moment, one thought occurred to both. Margery put it into words.

"It's too late. We've quarreled now!" she said. And everybody laughed.

NOT A CELESTIAL VEGETABLE.

Many years ago "Uncle" Jerry Pease was a well-known character in the town of Southbridge, Massachusetts. He worked by the day for different persons during the week, and so, says the Boston Herald, he has not much time to devote to his own little place unless he cultivated on Sundays; and this he sometimes did.

One Sunday morning, when Uncle Jerry was busy in his garden, which was near the street and in full view of people going to church, the minister came upon him before he knew it. It was too late to get out of the way, and fearing the minister's censure, Uncle Jerry resolved to have the first word.

"Do you think," he began, with an uncertain smile, "that they raise any vegetables in heaven?"

"All kinds but peas, sir," replied the minister grimly.

A HANDSOME APOLOGY.

Ned and his grandmother are the best of friends, but sometimes the little boy's tongue is too quick to please the old lady. Then Ned apologizes, after a fashion of his own, which his grandmother approves.

"I got tired lugging that wheelbarrow for grandmother when she was changing her plants," Ned said to his mother, recounting the day's events at bedtime. "and I said, 'I wish there wasn't another speck of this hateful dirt in the world!' But then afterward I 'pologized.'"

"I'm glad of that," said his mother. "Did you tell her you were sorry?"

"No, that's not the kind grandmother likes best," said Ned. "I got another wheelbarrow full, and I just said, 'Don't you want some more of this nice dirt, grandmother?' and then we were all right again."

A GYMNASTIC MARVEL.

There are optical illusions of all varieties. Some are due to mirage, and some are not. A little boy who was drilling a squad of classmates at recess found difficulty in getting them to march properly.

"Lift your right leg!" he called. "Lift your right leg!"

Things went very well until Patsy Hennessy forgot and lifted his left leg, which happened to be clad in trousers exactly like those of the boy next him, who was obedient in holding up his right leg.

The drillmaster stopped aghast. "You can't do that, Pat Hennessy!" he called. "You're holding up both legs!"

Ignorance is a curse.—"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habits. The man who is acquainted with himself will know how to act when any disarrangement in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

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.

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.

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

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.

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 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 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. 34 Queen street East.

JOHNO'CONNOR 100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

FOR SALE BY WM. J. NIEMOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX

CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic or Aclit, no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Institute, 1230 C. St. Montreal, St. Lawrence, Ill.