

.....The HOME CIRCLE

LIFE'S LITTLE WORRIES.

"What can't be cured must be endured." There cannot be many people who have not said these words hundreds of times, and certainly their truth is obvious, so obvious, in fact, perhaps their true meaning is apt to be overlooked.

Study the lives of great men and women, and it will be found that in many cases the greatness was achieved in spite of continual worry or constant suffering. And what one person can endure so can another.

At the same time, there is no virtue in enduring what can be cured. Whatever the adversity, or worry, or illness that comes, it is our bounden duty to cure it, if possible.

Our lives are given us to make the very best of, and though we can only see "as through a glass darkly," the way, narrow though it be, has been told to us by which we may gain full knowledge of the glorious life to come.

SWEET FACES.

The most expressive face is not the one which writhes or agonizes with every sorrowful feeling, or twists and squirms with every amusing situation; it is rather the one which retains a calm exterior while the strongest emotions of the soul play upon it with their lights and shadows.

The face should be the smooth curtain on which the heart exhibits its various pictures without disturbing it, not the stage which requires the shifting of scenery for every act. The reason why so many beautiful faces are to be found in a convent is in a great measure due to the daily habit of composing the features in long hours of meditation and prayer.

Because good humor is an obliging quality, many women think they must always be in a laugh or a broad smile in order to be charming. This is a grievous mistake.

WHEN YOU ARE TIRED.

There is one little trick which the tired woman should learn, be she society woman or working girl. She should learn to change her clothing. Nothing rests one like this does. Take off the shoes you have been wearing all day, and put on other shoes. The pinch will come in a different place.

Take off the blouse you have worn all day and the collar which has been round your throat since morning, and put on a different blouse and a different collar. You have no idea how a fresh blouse rests one, and especially a fresh piece of neck-gear. The pinch goes on a different set of muscles.

The tired-out woman usually eats the wrong kind of food. When tired, one should select foods not for their food value alone, but for their recuperative powers. Hot soup of any kind quickly refreshes the tired woman.

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP.

How many overworked and nervous people there are who have the greatest difficulty in getting to sleep when they go to bed! Nervous people who are troubled with wakefulness usually have a tendency to blood on the brain, with cold feet. It is the pressure of blood on the brain that keeps it in a stimulated and wakeful state.

Overworked and business men and women must, when they go to bed, make up their minds not to think of their work. This is the first great point.

A short, quick walk before going to bed and a good sponge and rub with a rough towel will both aid in equalizing the circulation and promoting sleep. Rubbing the whole body with a towel is especially helpful.

Then the ventilation of the bed-room must be seen to. The windows should be left open top and bottom all day, and the top half kept down in good way during the night. A light of any description should never be kept burning in a bed-room during the night.

RENOVATE YOUR CLOTHES.

Where money is an object, it is a wise plan for everyone to know as much as possible about the art of renovating. For instance, velvet may be made as good as new by the following process: Place a damp cloth over a hot iron, and draw the back of the velvet over the cloth; when the creases are all out, remove the cloth and dry by rubbing the back of the velvet over the iron.

Light colored velvets may be cleaned by rubbing with benzoin or paraffin oil. Chiffon can be washed in tepid water in which has been dissolved a small piece of castile soap. Crepe should be wound round a bottle and steamed over boiling water. Ribbon should be well brushed, dampened, and ironed between folds of tissue paper. White silk should be washed in lukewarm water, rolled in a cloth, and ironed quite damp. Chip hats to be first well brushed, then cleaned by rubbing with equal quantities of oil and ink; while felt hats, if white, may be cleaned by rubbing with oatmeal.

ABOUT MARRIAGES.

The solemn young man who walks down the aisle with the sweet, white-roxy June bride upon his arm did he marry "to get the best wife in the world?" Of course. And she married, if not the best man, at least the second-best in the world. If she doesn't think she did, she is not worth one of her bridal roses.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

BOYS ARE WATCHED.

When you see the boys on the streets and public places we often wonder if they know that business men are watching them. In every bank, store and office there will soon be a place for a boy to fill. Those who have the management of the affairs of business will select one of the boys. They will not select him for his ability to swear or smoke cigarettes. Business men may have a few loose habits themselves, but they are looking for boys who are as near gentlemen in every sense of the word as they can find, and they are able to give the character of everybody in the city. They are not looking for rowdies. When a boy applies for one of these places and is refused they may not tell him the reason why they do not want him, but the boy can depend upon it, that he's been rated according to his behavior.

GAVE THE SUN PERMISSION.

"One of the odd things that I saw in a trip up the east coast of Africa was the permission given each day by one of the kings for the sun to set," said a man who made a trip to South Africa. "At one of the ports where we stopped the soldiers were drawn up on the parade ground before the royal palace as the sun was setting. With pomp and ceremony the ruler advanced to the front of the balcony on the second floor and majestically waved his hand toward the sun."

One of his subjects explained to me that it was the royal sanction for the sun to set. When asked as to whether the ruler gave his permission for the sun to rise in the morning the man replied that the sun must always rise before the ruler, but that it could never go down unless the royal hand waved approval. The king who did this was the sultan of Zanzibar."

CANNED FLOWERS.

Ethel's auntie was canning strawberries. Ethel liked to watch her and to think how nice the berries would taste next winter, when the snow was on the ground. She looked out of the window at the flowers and said: "I wish we could can some of the flowers, auntie, and have them next winter."

"Auntie laughed and said: "Go and watch the bees while, and then come and tell me what you think about it." When Ethel came back, she said: "I watched the bees a long time. They went to the flowers to get their honey. I think that honey is canned flowers. I will remember that next winter, when I eat the honey."

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz! This is the song of the bee. His legs are yellow, a jolly good fellow, And yet a great worker is he. In days that are sunny he's making his honey. In days that are cloudy he's making his wax; On pinks and on lilies and gay daffodils. And columbine blossoms he leaves a wax. The sweet-smelling clover he, humming, hangs over, The scent of the roses makes fragrant his wings; He never gets lazy—from thistle and daisy. And weeds of the meadow some measure he brings.

A TRIP TO A STAR.

"Let us suppose a railway to have been built between the earth and the fixed star Centaurus," said the lecturer. "By a consideration of this railway's w-kings we can get some idea of the enormous distance that intervenes between Centaurus and us."

"Suppose that I should decide to take a trip on this new aerial line to the fixed star. I ask the ticket agent what the fare is, and he answers: "The fare is very low, sir. It is only a cent each hundred miles."

"And what, at that rate, will the through ticket one way cost?" I ask. "It will cost you just \$2,750,000,000," he answers.

"I pay for my ticket and board the train. We set off at a tremendous rate. "How fast?" I ask the brakeman. "Sixty miles an hour," says he, "and it's a through train. There are no stoppages."

"We'll soon be there, then, won't we?" I resume. "We'll make good time, sir," says the brakeman. "And when will we arrive?" "In just 48,663,000 years."

Sure Regulators.—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

CANCER Permanent Cure Guaranteed, without knife, X-Ray, Arsenic, or Acids; no inconvenience. Write for book. Southern Cancer Sanitarium 1836 E. Monument St., Baltimore, Md.

FATHERS' FREE SWEETBRIER LIFE. A SWEETBRIER LIFE. Outside, a summer rain, soft but steady, was dripping from the eaves. Inside, the group had been talking and reading and doing fancy work in the desultory fashion of people shut in by a rainy night. Presently one opened the piazza door a moment, and a wave of the fragrance of wet, green, growing things filled the room. The one at the door turned her face full of delight.

"Do you smell the sweetbrier down by the gate?" she cried. "Did you ever know anything so exquisite? It's lovely always, but never so lovely as in the rain."

One of the others—a young girl—looked up impulsively. "It makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth," she said.

"Why Aunt Elizabeth?" someone else asked. The girl flushed; it was never easy for her to tell her thoughts to anyone, but she was too brave to retreat.

"Why, you see," she explained, slowly, "there are ever so many roses that are beautifully fragrant—the roses themselves, I mean—but I don't know any other whose leaves are so sweet. That's why it makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth, because everything she does—not the big or happy things, but all the common, everyday duties—seem to have something beautiful about them, something that she gives them from the spirit that is in her, and what goes out into everything she says or does. I'm afraid I'm not explaining it very well, but I don't know how to do it any better."

An older woman smiled down into the girl's face. "Yes, dear," she answered, gently, "we understand."

THE "FOOLISH" BOY.

Some years ago, in a small town of the Middle West, a young man who was just beginning to work as a journeyman carpenter, was hired to patch a fence by one of the petty officeholders of the place. "Don't put any unnecessary work on it," the man said. "I just want it sufficiently strong to keep out any stray livestock, and being over there out of sight behind the shrubbery, it won't matter what it looks like. It isn't worth more than a dollar; if you're willing to do it for that, go ahead."

The young man went to work, and spent the best part of the day on the job. When he went for his pay his employer said: "You haven't just finished, have you? What's the matter with you, anyway? And he went out to look at the "patch." It was not only substantially done, but with the utmost neatness and care.

"I told you I didn't care how it looked, didn't I?" said the owner, angrily. "Now you'll be wanting three-quarters of a day's pay."

"I said I'd do it for a dollar," returned the workman, shouldering his tools, "because I wanted the money. If I'd finished it in half the time and gone home I should only have been sitting around there doing nothing. I did the work to suit myself. Now, if the price suits you, that's the end of it."

"Well, you're a mighty foolish boy, that's all I've got to say," replied the other, turning on his heel as he handed over the money.

Not long after this the young carpenter went to a neighboring town and steadily worked his way up. Some ten years later the owner of the patched fence had risen to the position of county commissioner, and his little town was a growing city, about to erect a number of fine municipal buildings. Among the many applicants for the contract, which, besides being an important one financially, would undoubtedly make an enviable name for its successful bidder, the commissioner noticed a name that seemed in some way familiar to him. After a moment he recalled the incident of the patched fence, which had really made a much deeper impression on him than he had allowed himself to admit at the time. The estimate of the young carpenter who was now a contractor, proved to be a reasonable one, and the work was given into his hands.

"You want bonds," the man began. "No," returned the commissioner. "It won't be necessary in this case, I think. That patch you once put on my fence is guaranteed enough. It's standing yet!"—Indianapolis News.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Notwithstanding her tender years, Catherine's characteristics are in evidence, and the most pronounced of them all is the unflinching tendency, in the most harrowing situations, to look on the bright side.

On one occasion, having got hold of a hammer, she ambitiously endeavored to drive a tack into the wall, on which to hang her doll's hat. After repeated failures to hit the troublesome tack by clutching the hammer in both fat hands and thus delivering a terrific blow, she next tried holding the tack in one hand and dealing a less powerful stroke with the hammer in the other hand. The result of this experiment brought the whole family running to the nursery.

After the damaged finger had been bathed and kissed and bandaged, in the midst of various consolations and commiserations, Catherine's tears began to stop and her philosophy to rise.

"It don't hurt so awful bad now, mamma. 'Sides, when my finger got hit, I was jus' holdin' the hammer in only one han'—an' jus' 's'pose I'd been strikin' with both hands!"

We All Have Missions in the World.—There is a work to do for every man on earth, there is a function to perform for everything on earth, animate and inanimate. Everything has a mission, and the mission of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description and cure coughs, colds, croup and all affections of the respiratory organs.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELLOWS 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 21, King street east, Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900. 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.

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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

286 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, 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.

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1900. 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, 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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism a trial and must say that after 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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901. 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.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. 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.

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 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.

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

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JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORO 473 FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE 61 00 PER BO