

.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE PRESS AS A PULPIT.

There is a pulpit existing to-day which did not exist in St. Paul's time. It is not set up in our churches. There is one, it is true, in our churches from which the pastor explains truth and condemns error before some hundreds of pious persons. But outside the church there is another pulpit, from which the layman may make himself heard by a hundred thousand—aye, five hundred thousand—men. This pulpit is the newspaper. I say, then, that St. Paul, were he to return to earth, would certainly occupy it. And I say also that for too long a time we Catholics have been in the wrong by not endeavoring to take possession of it. We have left it to the Socialist, the freethinker and the Freemason. The newspaper has the further advantage that it is an arm of which the enemy cannot deprive us. Suppose you build ten schools, and at the same time found ten journals; what will happen? A Combes will come who will close your schools, but he will not dare to touch your newspapers. Is it not Combes who one day said: "I have swept away 17,000 religious establishments whose dark silhouette was cast on the town halls of our communities?" Ah, if we had 17,000 journals, or even less, well edited and widely read, Combes would not have swept them away; it is they would have swept away Combes and his hand.—Pere Coube, S.J., at the Catholic Congress of Lille.

GROWING OLD.

If one of the objects of our life on earth is that we may gain experience, as some teach nowadays, there is every reason why we should hail advancing age. For with years experience surely comes, and we are that much ahead. When we count our wrinkles and say how d' do to our grey hairs, instead of bemoaning our lessening days, we should rejoice; for have we not had experience? If we have our work to do and have not done it "in the forenoon," we may have to live on and on until our strength is but labor and sorrow. But as growing in years is inevitable, why should we make so vain a moan against it? Our bodies wear out and are cast aside when the Creator wills. And we cannot help ourselves.

But there are alleviations to all unpleasant conditions. We may count our years in middle life or even in old age, and still be young enough to do the work the Creator planned for us, still be young enough to be agreeable and attractive, to make a happy home and retain love and the affection of friends. That part of growing old depends upon ourselves. It is so easy to be lazy. So easy to look upon age and feebleness as synonymous and both as inevitable. And that is surely all in our hands. We can be ninety at that age or we can be sixty. We can be sixty, and look it, too, at sixty, or we can be fifty. I saw a woman of ninety the other day, feeble from being an invalid for at least twenty years, but taking sufficient interest in life to be out shopping. She was buying for herself an embroidered white muslin "robe" dress, and she knew exactly what she wanted and secured it, too. And on the same day I met my old friend and teacher, Miss Susan B. Anthony, who is eighty-six years old. She was walking along Main street as brisk as any other woman and looked years and years younger than her years add up, and all because she has kept

To Enliven the Liver

KIDNEYS AND BOWELS—TO PREVENT DISEASE BY CLEANSING THE SYSTEM—YOU MUST USE

Dr. Chase's Kidney - Liver Pills

There's a need in every home of a medicine that will promptly cure biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation. A medicine that by cleansing the filtering and excretory organs will remove all poisonous waste matter, and by so doing prevent fevers, colds and such deadly diseases as dropsy, diabetes and Bright's Disease. No medicine satisfies this need so well as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This is no idle boast, but an absolute fact that is backed up by the testimony of a hundred thousand homes. The reputation of Dr. A. W. Chase as author and physician is the guarantee which first made this great medicine popular. Now it stands on its record of cures—a record which has seldom, if ever, been paralleled in the history of medicine.

As a treatment for backaches, headaches, indigestion, aching limbs, liver derangements, kidney disorders and constipation, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are prompt, thorough and effective. Once their merit is tested they are kept in the house and relied on in cases of emergency. By keeping the liver active and the bowels regular they positively prevent serious disease.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Backache Plaster promptly eradicates pain and may be used on any part of the body.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

AFRAID OF THE DARK.

Who's afraid in the dark? "Oh, not I," said the owl. And he gave a great scowl, And he wiped his eye And fluffed his jaw—"To whoo!" Said the dog, "I bark Out loud in the dark—Boo-oo!" Said the cat, Mew! I'll scratch any one who Dares to say that I do Feel afraid—Mew!" "Afraid," said the mouse, "Of dark in the house? Hear me scatter, Whatever's the matter—Squawk!"

Then the toad in the hole, And the bug in the ground, They both shook their heads And passed the word 'round. And the bird in the tree, And the fish and the bee, They declared, all three, That you never did see One of them afraid In the dark!

But the little boy Who had gone to bed Just raised the bedclothes And covered his head!

RUNAWAY RALPH.

"I won't stay here another minute, so there!" pouted little Ralph Perkins. "There's always something horrid to do next. In the morning I must get up if ever so sleepy, comb my hair, and bother with shoe strings and neckties that are 'most sure to get into knots. It's just the same all day; if grandfather doesn't ask me to do an errand, mother is sure to want the chickens fed, or a basket of apples, or some wood, or something. I'll go where a boy can have a little fun, and I guess every one will miss me." So filling his pockets with ginger cookies and some doughnuts that grandmother was frying, he said: "Good-by, grandmother; I'm going away to find a real jolly place; I'm tired of living on a stupid old farm."

"Good-by, dearie," smiled grandmother, "come back to Thanksgiving dinner and eat some of my pumpkin pie and turkey." "Why-ee!" thought Ralph; "grandmother doesn't care at all; but I guess my mother will be sorry that she made me work so hard." Mother looked surprised when the eager little boy told his story; "Very well, Ralph," she said, as she kept on sewing; "only look out for snakes and spiders and cross dogs; when it gets dark be sure and find a dry place to sleep. Good-by."

"She never even kissed me!" thought Ralph, dolefully. "Better take along some of these apples, my boy," called grandfather from the orchard. "You'll get hungry by and by."

"Ralph's going to run away!" cried his sister Amy. "Oh, goody! Now I can have all the cup custards." "Amy is really glad I'm going," thought Ralph, slamming the gate. "And nobody seems to care much." Running away did not seem such a grand frolic after all.

Just at dusk a tired little fellow crept softly through the hedge of lilacs around the grapevine to the piazza, and made a wild rush for mother's arms. "I couldn't find a good place to sleep, mother," he sobbed. "There wasn't any fun; folks were cross that lived where I went."

A GOOD REASON.

A little girl of five years went out to a tea party, and during the evening her sash became untied. "Tie my sash, please," she said to her hostess. "Can't you tie it yourself?" asked the lady. "Of course I can't." "Why not?" "Because I'm in front," said the child, surprised at the elder's stupidity.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Nellie," said a mother to her little daughter, "I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is; she has been quite ill." In a few minutes Nellie came running back and reported:

GIVES TWO REAL GOOD REASONS

FOR BELIEVING DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE ALL KIDNEY AILMENTS.

Cured his Backache of Twenty-five Years Standing and Satisfied Everyone he Recommended them to

Economy Point, N.S., March 12 (Special).—George S. McLaughlin, of this place, gives two splendid reasons for his belief that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one remedy for kidney ailments. Here are the two reasons in his own words:

"I was troubled with Lame Back for 25 years or more, sometimes so severe that I could not turn myself in bed. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and I have had no return of the trouble since. "I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to a number of persons who had Kidney Trouble. All who have used them have been benefited or cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills not only relieve all Kidney Diseases, from Backache to Bright's Disease, but they absolutely cure them. But sometimes where one or two boxes relieve, it takes more to make a complete cure.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Consumption, Catarrh and the most deadly of all the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all these very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks. For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Mrs. G. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25¢ a bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

"She said to tell you that it was none of your business." "Why, Nellie," said the astonished mother, "what did you ask her?" "Just what you told me to," replied the little innocent; "I told her you wanted to know how old she was."—M.E.M.

IN BUSINESS.

"Mom," said a little nine-year-old boy, "me an' Billy has started in business. I'm goin' to help pop pay the grocery bills." "What are you and Billy doing?" asked his mother. "We're in the pin business." "Pin business?" came from the puzzled mother. "Yep. We look for pins. When we find enough for a paper of 'em we sell 'em." "How many have you found?" his mother asked. "We just started in business this morning, an' we've found seven already," said the boy.—Kansas City Times.

PETS IN CHINA.

The Chinese children are very fond of pets and are universally kind to them. Birds of various kinds are kept as pets, and it is a common sight to see fine looking, elegant gentlemen taking their birds out for an airing either in cages or perched upon the fingers of their masters. These gentlemen will go to the greatest trouble to catch insects with which to feed them. No family of any position would think of leaving their pets in the city during the hot weather. They accompany the family to the mountains, every one of them, down to the tiniest cricket. Crows are regarded with much favor in China. They are taught cunning tricks and show a great deal of intelligence. Pigeons have bamboo whistles fastened to their feathers so they make mysterious noises as they fly. Cats are taught to live in bird houses to protect the birds from rats.

What seems the queerest pet to us is the cricket. The insect belongs to boys, although many grown-ups keep them as well. They are carefully fed, provided with water and kept in pretty bamboo cages. The ladies like them for their cheerful chirps, and it is not pleasant to tell that the boys and men keep them for fighting. Cricket fights take place in tubs. The insects when victorious in several fights are regarded with great honor. They have special names, and when at last they die they are buried with solemn rites in coffins of solid silver.

THE CITY'S GUEST.

Though he's nothing but a fellow With an empty little head, Yet the bravest shake and shiver When his simple name is read.

He's so delicate and shrinking That they keep him under glass, Yet he gives cold feet and trembles To the folks who chance to pass.

Every paper gives him notice When he comes here, in a trice; Greater names may go unmentioned, He's the one who cuts the ice.

All the old folks, growing jealous, Join to kick him when he's down, While the young ones half the visit Mr. Zero pays to town. —McLanburg Wilson.

A PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

The happiest home I know is one that is comfortable and tastefully but not luxuriously furnished, where the boys have their corner and plenty of places to put things, and where they can invite their friends. A part of their bedroom is fitted up in winter as a shop, where they can enjoy themselves without fear of spoiling or breaking things. They are the envy and their mother is the admiration of their boy friends, all of whom say they like to visit here better than any place else. The home is not as showy as many another, but from its door will issue a man who will be nobler, gentler, better men for the kindly interest and thoughtfulness of the mother's love that could make "a place for the boys."

RAGGLES.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself. He was a sorry-looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said: "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in just as if it were his home. Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles on account of his long, tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His lusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day. Lillian would saddle him and ride to the schoolhouse, which was two miles away, then tie up his bride and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon and the weather grew steadily colder. The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

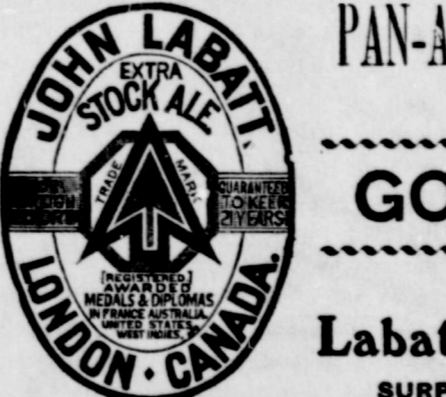
She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home. He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the schoolhouse. One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back bundled up from head to foot. The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.—J. E. Stephens.

SHAKESPEARE IN A HURRY

The following good story has been told of Edwin Booth: Once, during the days of his early struggles, Booth was "barn storming" down in Virginia, at a place called Lee's Landing. The improvised theater was a tobacco warehouse, and it was crowded by the planters for miles around. Booth and his companions had arranged to take the weekly steamer expected to call late at night, and between the acts were busy packing up. The play was "The Merchant of Venice" and they were just going on for the trial scene when

APPRECIATION OF THE JAPANESE.

Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, muck-lage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.



they heard a whistle, and the manager came running in to say that the steamer had arrived, and would leave again in ten minutes. As that was their only chance for a week of getting away they were in a terrible quandary.

"If we explain matters," said the manager, "they will think they are being cheated and we shall have a free fight. The only thing is for you fellows to get up some sort of natural-like impromptu ending for the piece and ring down the curtain. Go right ahead, ladies and gentlemen, and take your cue from Ned here," and he hurried away to get the luggage aboard.

"Ned, of course, was Bassanio, and he resolved to rely on the ignorance of the Virginians of those days to pull him through all right. So, when old George Ruggles—who was doing Shylock—began to sharpen his knife on his boot, Booth walked straight up to him and solemnly said:

"You are bound to have the flesh, are you?" "You bet your life!" said Ruggles. "Now, I'll make you one more offer," continues Booth. "In addition to this big bag of ducats, I'll throw in two kegs of niggerhead terback, a shotgun and two of the best coon dogs in the State."

"I'm blamed if I don't do it!" responded Shylock, much to the approbation of the audience, who were tobacco raisers and coon hunters to a man.

"And to show that there's no ill-feeling," put in Portia, "we'll wind up with a Virginian reel."

When they got on board the steamer, the captain, who had witnessed the conclusion of the play, remarked: "I'd like to see the whole of that play some time, gentlemen. I'm blamed if I thought that fellow Shakespeare had so much snap in him."

AN ASSISTANT NURSE.

Along the sunny children's ward Sweet Gretchen wheels her chair; A little maid with eyes of blue And braided flaxen hair. The doctors say she cannot walk For many a weary day, But Gretchen's face is like the sun For driving clouds away.

She knows a hundred funny rhymes, And games, and scraps of song, To help the children through the days When hours are dull and long. She takes the lame ones in her lap And wheels them down the hall; The doctors smile to see her face, And Gretchen loves them all.

She waits at evening by the beds Where homesick babies lie, And hears them when they say their prayers And tells them not to cry. She tucks the sheets about them close, With kisses for them all, Wiping her own eyes bravely lest The homesick tears should fall.

Day after day, along the rows Of little cots all white Sweet Gretchen sings and wheels her chair, And makes the whole room bright With living sunshine, dearer far Than gold from any purse, And so the doctors call her now Their First Assistant Nurse. —Charity Leader.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION BUFFALO GOLD MEDAL AWARDED Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

'THE GENUINE ARTICLE'

If there was a hall mark 18 or 22 karat fine to distinguish between the different grades of bread, don't you think

Tomlin's Bread

Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily.

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THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO