

The HOME CIRCLE

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel. St. Matt. xxii. 1-14:

- Su. 6 | Feast of the Holy Rosary. M. 7 | St. Mark, P.C. T. 8 | St. Bridget of Sweden. W. 9 | St. Louis Borlinda, C. Th. 10 | St. Francis Borgia, J. F. 11 | St. Tarcisus S. 12 | St. Wilfrid, B.C.

THE WAY IT IS SAID.

The sultan awoke with a stifled scream; His nerves were shocked by a fearful dream: An omen of terrible import and doubt— His teeth all in one moment fell out. His wise men assembled at break of day, And stood at the throne in solemn array. And when the terrible dream was told Each felt a shudder, his blood ran cold; And all stood silent in fear and dread, And wondering what was best to be said. At length a soothsayer, wrinkled and gray, Cried: "Pardon, my lord, what I have to say, 'Tis an omen of sorrow sent from on high! Thou shalt see all thy kindred die." Wroth was the sultan; he gnashed his teeth, And his very words seemed to hiss and seethe, As he ordered the wise man bound with chains, And gave him an hundred stripes for his pains. The wise men shook as the sultan's eye Swept round to see who next would try. But one of them, stepping before the throne, Exclaimed, in a loud and joyous tone: "Exult, O head of a happy state! Rejoice, O heir of a glorious fate! 'For this is the favor thou shalt win, O sultan: To outlive all thy kin!" Pleas'd was the sultan, and called a slave And a hundred crowns to the wise man gave. But the courtiers nod, with grave, sly winks, And each one whispers what each one thinks: "Well can the sultan reward and blame; Didn't both the wise men foretell the same?" Quoth the crafty old vizier, shaking his head: "So much may depend on the way a thing's said!" —Hebrew Journal.

SERVICEABLE SUGGESTIONS.

A little bag of mustard laid on the top of pickle jars will prevent vinegar from becoming moldy, if the pickles have been put up in vinegar that has not been boiled. Pie crust is always better if it can be made the day before it is baked, folding the paste in a close roll after it is made and putting it in a cold place. When again rolled out it will make, when baked, a lighter and more flaky crust. When ordering meats, remember that beef, when boiled loses a pound of weight in every four and when roasted eighteen ounces. Mutton loses more than beef. This should be thought of where much meat is used. Clean decanters with strips of coarse brown paper and cold water, filling the decanter quite full with the strips. Tea leaves and potato parings are also used, but nothing gives the polish of brown paper. When the hands are very dirty, rub them over thoroughly with a little lard to loosen the dirt before washing them with soap and water. This plan has also the merit of keeping the skin soft and smooth. To soften water for laundry purposes when you have no rain water supply, it is a good plan to draw the water three or four days before it is needed for use and to expose it to the air. This will render it quite soft and will make soap either entirely unnecessary or at any rate will make a very small quantity of it sufficient.

PREVENTION OF SKIN DISEASES.

Diseases of the skin result from a great variety of causes, but as the study of them progresses, more and more are found to be due to the action of some parasitic microbe. Ring-worm, acne, holls, carbuncles, certain forms of eczema, barbers' itch and many other affections are undoubtedly caused by the presence and growth in the skin of certain microbes. These differ in the different affections, but all of them must be brought from without in the first instance and be deposited in the skin before the particular disease can be produced. It is not always possible to determine how the germ of the disease is carried to the skin, but very often, probably in the great majority of cases, the infection occurs in the toilet. It is a curious fact that we are

never so careless regarding the transmission of dirt from one person to another—for that is really what infection is—as we are in the process by which we try to make ourselves clean.

The common use by a number of persons of the same piece of soap, resting often in a dirty dish, of towels and of hair brushes and combs is one of the best possible methods of transmitting skin diseases. Children are doubtless more careless in this respect than their elders—the school wash-room is a capital clearing-house for microbes and loathsome animal parasites as well—but one need only to look into the wash-room of any hotel, even the most pretentious, to be convinced that the grown man has but little more hygienic sense than his son.

Another place where diseases of the skin and scalp are freely dispensed is the average barber shop. Hair brushes, combs, scissors—more than all, the patent hair-clipper—shaving brushes, razors, cups and soap, towels—often only mangled and not boiled or even washed—sponges, powder-puffs, stick pomade and, last, but not least in their offending, the hands of the barber may all become vehicles to distribute disease.

But there is, perhaps, as great need of reform in the home as in public places. Each member of the family should have soap, towel, hair brush and every article of the toilet or his exclusive use as absolutely as he has his tooth-brush, and his tooth-brush should rest upon its own dish or, better still, hang by itself, and not share a dish with one or half a dozen others. This necessity of individuality in the toilet should be impressed by precept and by example upon every child from the very beginning, for the practice of perfect cleanliness may not only prevent some disagreeable skin eruption, but also more serious disease.—Youths' Companion.

AN EVENT IN RATHGONAN

Rathgonan was excited. A very little thing did excite it. All days were usually so much alike in the village, that any event, out of the ordinary, caused a delicious feeling of excitement in the people. They were not too particular, either; in fact I don't think there was ever such a thoroughly impartial people on this point. They enjoyed equally a wedding or a wake, a circus coming to the town, or a tragedy to one of their friends. It was a change—and it was change they wanted. In the present instance the excitement was caused by a report that Kitty Green, the elder of the Widow Green's two daughters, was about to be married. Kitty was one of the village belles, and a great favorite with everyone. This morning there were little knots of people here and there all discussing the news.

"Is that you, Mary Scanlan! Yeh, did you hear the news?" called out Joney Kelley, as she leant over the "half door" and caught sight of her cousin on her way to the village where her husband Mick was working. She was taking him his breakfast, a cake of home-made bread, rolled up in a red handkerchief, and his sup 'o' tay in a little tin canteen.

"Yerra, news is it, Joney Kelly? And would I hear it? Me, that's workin' late an' early for that ould thief, Mick Scanlan, an' the curse an' blither word for thanks. What's the news? Maybe any o' the neighbors had an account at the house?"

"Wishin, as sure as your name is Mary Scanlan, you've guessed it! An' 'tis Kitty Green, if you please; an' they'll be no standin' the widow now."

"Yerra, an' is it Kitty? An' who has a better right? More power to her, ses I! But, who is the boy, Joney?"

"Achree! Sure, Mick here thought 'twas the way you was goin' to let him live on the portlier he had at Thady Dinneen's las' night, till dinner!" And Johanna Grady laughed heartily at Mick's scowling face.

"An' sarvin' him right it I did," answered Marv, "but what's this I hear about Kitty Green? Joney Kelly was tellin' me as I came down the road. Is it throe, Johanna, do you know?"

"Divil a lie in it, Marv, an' 'tis n'y Nora that's to help at the washin' up after. Sure 'tis Kitty herself that axed her, an' we're all to be up at the breakfast. But as sure as you're there, there's the widow herself an' Kitty wid her! Up at Father Tierney's they war I'll be bound, settlin' for Tuesday mornin' that's the day she'll be married, an' good-luck to her for a decent girl that rever gev herself airs."

Mrs. Green and her daughter passed the garden wall where the laborers were at breakfast. She was a small, fat, little woman, and her face actually shone with pride and importance as she replied to the many congratulations she and Kitty received as they passed through the village. Johanna Grady stood up and leant over the garden wall. "Yerra, Mrs. Green, 'tis myself an' the neighbors here are just talkin' over Kitty's luck! An', Kitty, darlin', 'tis proud we all are of the gran' match you're makin'. Yeh, I suppose whin you're livin' in the gran' farm, you won't know us at all, at all?"

Kitty giggled and blushed, and the mother beamed.

"Indeed, Johanna, meself an' Kitty, feel thankful to you all for your good wishes; an' we'll expect to see every wan o' ye on Tuesday mornin', please God, at the weddin'. We're just atter settlin' wid Father Tierney. The marriage is to be at nine o'clock, and thin before Dinney Sullivan robs m' o' my child here, we'll all have a knife an' fork together."

The invitation was accepted by all, and Mrs. Green and Kitty went off, followed by the prayers and blessings of the laborers and their wives. Tuesday morning was a lovely, bright, spring-morning, and the whole village was astir early. Nearly every one was invited to Kitty's wedding. The little church was crowded. Denis Sullivan and his brother Michael (who was to "stand wid him") occupied the front bench. They looked anxiously from time to time towards the door; the bride had not yet arrived and it was very near nine then. All the "uds of horrors" ran through poor Dinney's head. He remembered his grandmother telling him a story of some one she knew, who was found dead on her wedding day. Could anything have happened to Kitty? He had just decided to go out and take a look towards Widow Green's house, when there was a rustle in the porch, and the bridal party arrived. The widow came first, with an expression of pride and martyrdom that spoke volumes. She wished it to be distinctly understood by all there that her daughter was making the best match in the county (being a daughter of hers, that was not to be wondered at), at the same time she hoped all would appreciate the sacr-

PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION

Brought This Woman Near to Death's Door- Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Made Her Feel Healthy and Young Again

There is cause for rejoicing among women on account of the marvelous assistance given to them at the trying times of life by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. By instilling into the blood that vital principle which goes to create new nerve force, this celebrated food cure gives energy and vitality to every organ of the body, and ensures strength and regularity to the peculiarly feminine organism.

This portion of the anatomy is a mass of nerves, and health and regularity depends almost entirely on the condition of the nerves. For this reason Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves of incalculable value to women from maidenhood to that time of life when change comes to the female functions.

Mrs. Charles Keeling, sen., Owen Sound, Ont., writes: "It is a pleasure to tell what benefit I have derived from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I am 55 years of age, and for about five years of my life was one of great suffering from nervousness, weakness and extreme physical exhaustion. I could not sleep, and hot flushes would pass through my body from feet to head. I consulted many family physicians and two other doctors, but they told me that about my time of life I was likely to be troubled that way. I continually grew worse, and despaired of ever being cured. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food came to my notice, and as we have Dr. Chase's Receipt Book I have confidence in the doctor. I was so surprised at the help I received from the first box that I bought three more. They built me right up, and made me feel healthy and young again. They have proved a great blessing to me, and I hope this testimonial will be of help to some weak, nervous woman suffering as I did." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail, post paid, on receipt of price, by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

lloo her mother's heart was making in yielding up her child to a stranger. But what was self-sacrifice where the good of her children was concerned? All this was conveyed in Mrs. Green's look as she sailed (she never walked) up the aisle of the little church, followed by Kitty and her sister Naunie. Kitty looked very pretty in her navy blue wedding dress, the neat effect being slightly marred by the inevitable white veil on the blue toque. But it was an article of faith in Rathgonan that the bride must wear a white veil, just as she was expected to drive through the town with the bride room after the wedding breakfast. If these two customs were omitted, the wedding was not considered 'respectable.' A murmur of admiration followed Kitty as she took her place near the bridegroom. After much shaking hands, moving of benches and some condescending nods here and there, the widow was at last settled down and the ceremony proceeded. Everything went off perfectly, and the wedding party passed into the sacristy to "sign the book."

Here Mrs. Green threw herself on Kitty and wept loudly, then kissed her son-in-law, and blessed them both, and besought them not to mind her feelings as a mother getting the better of her.

All now set out for Mrs. Green's cottage to breakfast. The table was laid in the kitchen. It was a long deal table on which was spread a coarse, but spotless white cloth, and there was 'twe 'roast an' biled'—Joney Kelly had prophesied; they had pig's head and grubeens, and a boiled leg of mutton and a roast goose.

Amid much laughing and joking they drew into the table, and breakfast went merrily on. When Mrs. Green felt anyone looking in her direction, she turned her eyes towards the ceiling and martyrs must have envied her expression, then catching someone's eye she was covered with confusion at being caught in this good act, and immediately called attention to some of the delicacies on the table. And there were many exclamations of admiration at the wonderful self-control exercised by this devoted mother.

"See that now!" O'wl 'tis the cranium, shure 'tis the heart's blood that's goin' for her!" Mrs. Green seems not to hear, but leaning towards Johanna Grady calls out hospitably, "Johanna, Grady, what are you doin', woman? Why don't you ate?"

(Johanna had not ceased eating a moment since she sat down.) "Oh, I'm atin' hearty, Mrs. Green, ma'am, thank you, ba, sure it's to Mr. Sullivan an' the bride I'd be so bowld as to be callin' attention! Yeh, Kitty darlin', it does credit to your bringin' up to see you so modest on the day of your triumph (not flatterin' your rood man!), but we must all ate aragal, so fill up her plate, Jack Madigan, an' whin the punch comes round we'll not be without givin' her a health."

"Mick Scanlan, is there anythin' I could do with the leg o' mutton for you?" "Thank you kindly, Mrs. Green, but I'm risin' the pig's head indeed, ma'am, an' more iligant a wan I never put toth in; but you're not workin' yourself, ma'am? Work away, ma'am!"

Mrs. Green looked reproachfully at him. How little he understood a mother's feelings! But then how could a man be expected to know that her heart was wrung, although for her guests' sake she smiled bravely? She looked across at Peggy Rafferty, and Peggy turned her eyes up, and so expressed that she knew the torture her friend was going through, and admired the heroic fortitude with which she bore it.

Punch came round, and the health of the bridal pair was drunk, and then it was time for Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan to start on their home, to be ready for the dance that all Rathgonan was to be at there that evening. Many of them had to walk the whole ten miles there and back, but what was a trifle like that when a wedding dance was in question?

Mrs. Green broke down again, saying good-bye to Kitty. She impressed on Denis that in giving him Kitty she gave him a sacred charge, and it rested with himself whether he earned the widow's curse or blessing. At last the happy pair drove off amidst a shower of old shoes. Mrs. Green, still sobbing, went back to the kitchen.

"Yerra, what's the matter wid you at all, ma'am?" says Mary Scanlan, coming over to the widow's side. "Wan would think 'twas a buryin' you wor havin', instead of Kitty bein' married to the wurnest man in these parts; so they say of him anyway."

Mrs. Green recovered in a minute at the implied doubt of her son-in-law's wealth. "An' is it doubtin' it you are, Mary Scanlan? If it is, run your eye over her tidy bit of a place. He has his fine house, his six cows, an' a mate dairy, his rick of turf, an' his drive their wives home in their own side car. To say nothin' o' the little nest egg in the savin's bank! Not that I axed him what he had or hadn't, for the words spoken for Kitty was: 'Tis Kitty I want, ma'am, an' I'm not askin' his she money or not. If she has, 'tis her own, let her keep it.' Thin were his words, Mary Scanlan, an' who's to deny it? No, I was to be outdone in daicney? No, I axed the honest man no questions." Mary expressed herself satisfied that the widow was telling the truth, and also gave it as her opinion that "as far as daicney went, no one could come up to Mrs. Green for it."

ASTHMA CURE FREE!



Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL

Write Your Name and Address Plainly There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had over-spoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,

Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Israel New York, Jan. 3, 1901. Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful. After having carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours, REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease. Yours respectfully, O. D. PHELPS, M.D.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Feb. 5, 1901. Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I had since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit. Home address, 235 Rivington street. S. RAPHAEL, 67 East 129th St., New York City.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 130th St., N. Y. City.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Writing in Sight from Commencement to Finish

ADOPTED BY ALL EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS IN CANADA THE UNDERWOOD WEARS THE BEST



OTTAWA, ONT, SEPT. 13, 1901 CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Express at once to Governor-General of Canada, to be used for the Duke of York's private work, one latest model Underwood Typewriter, complete. M. G. BRISTOW & CO., 19 Elgin Street, Ottawa

Toronto Furnace & Crematory Co'y

14 and 16 Queen Street E. Phone 1907. Headquarters for Heating and Sanitary Plumbing Steam, Hot Water, Hot Air and Combination

UNEQUALLED—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

One thing only is necessary—the commitment of the soul to God. Look that thou thyself art in order, and leave to God the task of unravelling the skein of the world and of destiny. The sinews of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of ridicule, and above the high-water mark of contempt.

TO CHARM

THE KARN PIANO is an instrument built to charm its hearers and delight its possessors. In grace of design and beauty of finish it is unexcelled. Its thoroughness of construction insures against disappointment. But its truest excellence is the marvellous quality of tone it produces.

The D. W. KARN CO., Limited MANAGER, PHARMAC, BRUO ORGANS AND FINE ORGANS WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS. Pond's Extract Over fifty years a household remedy for Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises, Coughs, Colds and all accidents liable to occur in every home. CAUTION—There is only one Pond's Extract. Be sure you get the genuine, sold only in sealed bottles in buff wrappers.

ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS. Ask Doctor Burgess, Supt. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, where they have used it for years, for his opinion of "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.