THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1905



truthfulness, honesty and industry.

sure method of securing happiness.

A HEART TO HEART TALK.

your sorrows.

Are you, dear reader, one of those

One of the strongest forces for good

can find a way to blame themselves

or another for what happened, they

not undo what has been done.

is gone forever.

self indulgence, is the appointed and

not

Teach them that self denial.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Corn Puffs .- To the contents of one can of corn, add separately the bea-ten yolks and whites of four eggs and max gently; add a little salt and cayenne pepper and just enough flour to mix well. Drop in spoonfuls into a buttered frying pan and fry. Serve very hot

Potato Biscuit .- Into a pint of Irish potato, mashed smooth, while hot, mix one teaspoonful of salt, one ta- women who are always brooding over blespoonful each of lard and butter; the past? If so, this little talk is add one pint of sour milk or hutter- meant for you. "Let the dead past milk in which has been stirred a bury its dead." If you have old teaspoonlul of soda, and flour enough old wounds, do not be continually to make a soft dough. Make into opening them and causing yoursely small biscuit. Let them stand (if iresh pain. Rather let them heal up necessary) in a cold place for an and new joys will come to replace hour, and bake in a quick oven.

Boiled Fish Salad .- Cold is the woman who has strength of Cold poiled fish, left over from dinner mind enough to put the past resolutethe day before, makes a delicious ly behind her and take up the future salad. The fish should be free from cheerfully. Women often can not do any cream dressing, picked carefully, it. Their tendency is to cling to the mixed with mayonnaise, Japanese or past, even while the memory of it Italian dressing, and served on let- breaks their hearts. They brood over tuce leaves with a garnish of olive hours that can never he altered; and and hard-boiled eggs cut into long, if there is one loophole by which they narrow sections.

light, add one-fourth of a teaspoonful are certain to hunt/that loophole out of salt, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, and take an extra pleasure in the addand pour gradually into one cup of ed pain. Reproach seems like a balm flour. Beat until smooth, adding more to their souls. "Oh, if it had only milk if needed to make a drop bat- happened otherwise! If I or some Pour through a colander into one else had done differently! It ter. deep, hot fat and fry a nice brown. might have been! It might have Lift out with a skimmer, and dran been !! That is the unceasing cry of on brown paper. Put a spoonful into many a woman's heart. She does each service of soup as served.

Fried Celery -- Cut stalks of celery guish she tells herself so. Poor soul! into three or four inch lengths. Even If some one could only make her see if it is not well blanched it can be that she is doing the worst posused for this purpose. Beat together sible thing by hugging these regrets one egg and a tablespoonful of cold to her bosom. Let her remember that water; roll your celery first in this if she did the best she could she has and then in the fine crumbs; sprinkle no reason to reproach herself. Even with a little salt and pepper; roll if she did make a mistake, no power again in the egg, and fry in olive oil. on earth can bring back the past in Stew grated cheese over the stalks af- order that she may rectify it. Tears ter taking them from the oil and be- and sleepless nights of despair can tore sending to table.

Sardines With Curry .- Make a But-and here, and here only, is paste in the proportion of one table- relief from her misery-there is an spoonful of butter to one tablespoon- attitude of mind which can bring ful of French mustard and one of cur- the greatest good out of even our ry powder, moistened with lemon worst blunders or our saddesr mis-Wash the oil and skin from fortune. To those who accept the large sardines and spread them thick- past, who sincerely deplore their ly with the mixture. Broil the sard- mistakes, and resolve not to repeat ines over a clear fire long enough to them, there comes, if they will let it, neat them through, and serve on hot, a consciousness of a power working puttered toast. Baked tomatoes are eternally for good which can make good served with sardines. Sardines all things, even grievous errors, and may be served on a bed of boiled work to some wise end. It is the rice. From the rice on a hot platter one salvation of a heart driven al- what it all meant. and arrange the sardines on the rice. most to madness by regret and self-Pour a curry sauce over the whole. reproach. One occasionally meets a



A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

Johnny-Mamma, that kind of an animal is a tornado? On no account allow them to do Mamma-Why, Johnny, what makes at one time what you have forbidden, under like circumstances, at another. Teach them to be good, and that you think a tornado is an animal? Johnny-Because in the book it says goodness for them means obedience, that the hunters came on the track of a tornado.

"LULLABY."

Come, come my sweet! Those tired feet Danced through the happy day; But now to rest. Like sun in west, Must hie themselves away!

Shut tired eves-The butterflies Have left the daisies too -And birds to nest, On mother's breast, Are just as glad as you!

Good-night! Good-night! My heart's delight, Hush-sleep-and never fear! Soon in their best Will flowers be. drest, To-morrow's dawn so near.

Hush, hush, dear heart! Stir not nor start! God's stars shine in the sky And now to rest-Like sun in west. Earth sings you lullaby.

WHY BROTHER WOULDN'T BE-LIEVE.

Buser screamed as if he would split his throat, and mother ran to help him.

trouble was that Buser had The not know that things could possibly have been otherwise, but in her antop off, and, of course, he got the pepper in his eyes.

> ther play with the pepper cruet?" saih the mother.

"I told him not to, mother," insisted Jim. "I told him it would get in his eyes and smart like fire; didn't I, Buser?"

"Yes, sobled the baby, "he telled me, but I didn't believe him." It "Why, Buser! did you think Jim

would tell you a story?' "He did. He said it was a wildcat and it was just Frisk," exclaimed Buser.

Mother looked puzzled you may be sure.

"A wildcat! How could he say the pepper pot was a wildcat?" Buser laughed aloud, showing that the tears had done good in washing his blue eyes, but Jim hung his head little money, so the laddie had and did not laugh a bit. Mamma help out. And he was succeeding. looked at him and waited to hear "It is all mother, sir. She told

Tongue Fillets.—Cut cold boiled boiled but whose face is calm and cheerful buf, and Buser would be blind man, when I'm home. I keep them cleaned



have had a hard time. And my roots you know were all cut off, and they are the mouths with which I feed.' "But where," asked the man, "do all these ugly limbs come from?" "Just where all ugly things come

from," answered Hemlock, who, by the way, was quite a philosopher. "I'm pretty much like the men," continued Hemlock. "Find out where my limbs come from, and you find where all human sins come from." Now, the man was very curious to know about this matter, so he took the tree at its word.

With his knife he peeled off all the bark; but still the limbs and knots remained.

"You must go deeper than that,' said the Hemlock. So the man split and took off layer after layer of wood. But the kbots were there still. "Deeper," said

Hemlock, "go deeper still. So the man kept on, and split it all off, and separated it. Then the heart of the tree was laid bare. It looked a long slender rod, about six feet long, and about an inch through at the large end.

And as the man looked he saw, to his surprise, that every single limb and knot and snarl started in the heart.

Every one of those limbs and knots and gnarls he had puzzled about were there; every one grew out of the heart. And the germ, the starting point of every single one, was the center of the heart.

A BRIGHT MESSENGER.

A few mornings ago I was on an elevated train in New York city. taken the little silver pepper-pot to elevated train in New York city. play with. Of course, he pulled the Facing me, as I sat down, was a uniformed messenger boy. He had just finished reading a newspaper and "Jim, how could you let your bro- was going to tuck it away under the seat. Not having a paper, I held out my hand. The little fellow looked up, smiled, rose, put the paper in my extended hand, bowed, touched his cap and reseated himself. Messenger boys here have the repu-

tation of being bumptious and impudent. You may imagine then how this nice civility astonished and pleated me. I smiled and said: "You nice little laddre. I'm very much obliged to you." The boy flushed, smiled, and fidgetted awk-

wardly. We began to talk and I gently drew out of him his story. His mother was a widow, refined, though poor. Knowing no business, she took any work she could find. This prought little money, so the laddie had to

me always to get up when she comes "It was this morning," said Jim, twisting out of sight of his mother's wait on her. I always put mother's



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, 1968.

John O'Connor, Toronto:

DEAR SIR,-I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as 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, 1001. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.

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 in around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictive 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.

2561 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 ycm Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest reusedy 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 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

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toroato:

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 in-tervals 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 helpleas 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 ac-tivity. 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 effi-Yours truly, cacy of Benedictine Salve. GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: 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 it has, I believe, effected as 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 . large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.

tongue in pieces about four inches one more spoonful of butter in the spoonful of parsley and one tablespoonful of lemon luice. Let this boil up once, then pour it around the tongue, which has been placed on thin strips of toast; garnish with parsley or watercress and serve.

FOR MAN'S EYE.

and has many more details. The hope of a country is the digestion of its people. Given a nation of scientific housekeepers, you produce a healthy when their children are teething. Cooks are chemists, and the people. importance of their familiarity with the action of one food upon another is quite as necessary as like knowledge on the part of the demonstrator gotten charity in denouncing them. in a laboratory. Make a woman realize the importance of domestic scitinually harping about "the kitchen being woman's place" that men will make their wives feel they are a benefit to the nation.

Loving words will cost but little, Journeying up the hill of life; But they make the weak and weary Stronger, braver for the strife. Do you count them only trifles? What to earth are sun and rain? Never was a kind word wasted, Never was one said in vain.

When the cares of life are many, And its burdens heavy grow, Think of weak ones close beside you-If you love them tell them so. What you count of little value. Has an almost magic power, And beneath their cheering sunshine Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey, Let us scatter all the way Kindly words, for they are sunshine In the dark and cloudy day. Grudge no loving word or action, As along through life you go, There are weary ones around you-If you love them, tell them so.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

From your children's earliest ancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand The head aches. The mind is full

less you are sure you can give them and discouragement come over you. what you promise.

If you tell a child to do anything show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish cruelly for anger.

Never let them perceive that they vex you or make you lose your selfcommand.

temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

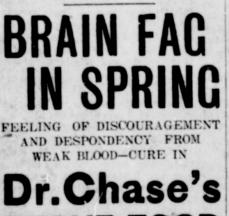
Remember that a little punishment and duty.

as the morning, and her character as long, two inches wide and half an inch inspiration and a source of strength Frisk, and Frisk wasn't playing thick. Dip in melted butter and in to every one who knows her. She seasoned flour. For eight fillets put has not forgotten the past. Oh, no! seasoned flour. For eight indees put has not forgotten the past. On, no! two tablespoonfuls of butter in the Nor has she tossed it aside as a trying pan, and when hot put in the thing of no meaning. What she has tongue; brown on both sides, being done is schooled herself to accept it careful not to burn. Remove and put as unalterable, trusting confidently that some good would come out of pan and add one spoonful of flour. it, and doing the best she can in Stir until dark brown, then add one the present. Leave your yesterdays cupful of seasoned stock, half a tea- behind, accept to-day as a r ch opportunity for right, and to-morrow will bring strength and joy of its own.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, There was a girl who always Housekeeping is a trade quite as diarrhoea, cholera and all summer promptly gives relief and never fails to should never be without a bottle

> No doubt many who have gone Heaven than those who have for-

ence, appeal to her pride in her own killers in existence. It is positive skill, and you will win her devotion radiant force, irresistible and comto the enterprise. It is not by con- pelling-before which all discourage- But nothing ever stayed all wrong, ments and ills go down in utter de-A good dose of joy will do feat. more for you than any tonic or So one girl sighed and one girl smile medicine you can find.



Of all the blood supplied as nourheart, kidneys, hver, bowels, etc., and which supplies the motive power to these organs.

In the spring when the blood is thin and watery and the nerve force beten first felt in the brain.

that you mean exactly what you say. and listless. It is difficult to concen-Never promise them anything un- trate the thoughts. Feelings of gloom

Energy and ambition seem to be all

irritated. But enrich and purify the blood by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food majestic! and you will soon find disease of body and mind disappearing.

receive new vitality from the new, and so it died. If they give way to petulance and rich blood, new nerve force is 'sent

Remember that a little punishment and duty. when the occasion arises, is much If you would avoid the ills and more effectual than the threatening of weaknesses of spring use Dr. Chase's a greater punishment should the fault Nerve Food 50 cents a box, at all be renewed. Never give your children anything Toronto. Portrait and signature of Never give your children anything Toronto. Portrait and signature of Never give your children anything Toronto. Portrait and signature of Never give your children anything Toronto. Portrait and signature of Never give your children anything Toronto. Portrait and signature of Never give your children anything Toronto. Portrait and signature of Never give your children anything Toronto we approximate the second se

you may have to wear old clothes "And when he caught Friskprompted his mother, for Jim's story them dirty"-and he looked down, as had come to a standstill. "He telled me it was a wildcat, and clean as a new pin scared me," said Buser, finishing up

the story. "Was that right, Jim?" asked the mother.

"I was just fooling, mother. "But you have broken the truth. and now your little brother doesn't believe what you say."

Jim had nothing to say, but resolved never to tell the least fib, even in

THE TWO SIDES OF IT.

Her fate was very hard; much as plumbing and carpentering, complaints, sea sickness, etc. It From the one thing she wanted most She always was debarred. effect a positive cure. Mothers There always was a cloudy spot Somewhere within her sky; Nothing was ever quite just right, She used to say, and sigh.

> wrong on earth will be higher in And yet her sister, strange to say, Whose lot was quite the same, Found something pleasant for herself In every day that came.

Joy is one of the greatest germ Of course, things tangled up sometimes

For just a little while; She used to say, and smile.

Through all their lives together. It didn't come from luck or fate, From clear or cloudy weather, The reason lay within their hearts,

And colored all outside; One chose to hope, and one to mope, And so they smiled and sighed.

A HARD THING TO DO.

Good humor was restored to school-room in one of the public schools the other day by an impatient speech of the teacher, says the Philadelphia Press.

The young woman who had charge of the class had become exasperated to the last degree by the mischievous tricks of some of the boys. She was NERVE FOOD at the point where hysterics were to be safely predicted if some relief did not come

She looked up from her book and ishment to the human body one-fifth saw one of the largest girls in the is consumed in the brain in the manu- class crouched in an ungainly attitude facture of nerve force, the vital pow- over her desk. Her feet were stretched er which is transmitted through the over into the aisle, and, worst of all, sympathetic nerve to the lungs, she was chewing gum. It was the last straw. The teacher sprang to her feet and snapped out:

"Maria, sit up! Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!' The shout of laughter from the pupils comes depleted, the ill-effects are of- cleared the atmosphere, and the rest of the session was one of the pleasantest of the term

THE FABLE OF THE HEMLOCK.

Once upon a time a man found little dry; dead tree. It was a hemgone. You begin to look on the dark lock, and if that little tree could side of things. Your temper is easily have lived to be a hundred years old what a monarch it could have been--how tall and strong and stately and

The tired nerve centres of the brain the little hemlock, bit off its roots, and never under the power of the de-

"Now, as this was in the days tingling along the delicate nerve when trees could talk-even dead hemfibres and every organ of the body locks-the man was curious to find responds to the new call to health out why this tree was full of limbs and knots and gnarls, and so he ask-

but there is no excuse for having if to make sure, at his own fixings-"Before I began here" (touching the

buttons of his uniform), "mother told me everything to do. I shut doors quietly, keep my hat off in a room clean my feet well before I go in move around softly, and, when I am told to do something, if, at first,] do not understand clearly, I excuse myself and ask what to do, all over again; but I never start on my errand till sure I know all about it. He said he had quite a number of customers who required almost all of his time, that he rarely took home less than \$15 for a week's work, and that his banner week was \$23.50. The lad was not fourteen years old. He gave his mother all the credit. His

employers liked his manners; his manners were his mother's. You know that when people part in the street, if they just know each other, they bow or nod. If, however, you are saying "good-bye" to a real friend, you warmly shake hands. When the time came for us to part, I held out my hand and said:

"Good-bye, little man. I'm very glad to have met you.

I wish you could have seen him. He flushed, breathed hard, looked up timidly into my face, then, gently and nervously put his hand in mine. shook it warmly and, walking away turned after a few paces to nod an other good-bye. There he stood, his eves full of tears, the little messenger gentleman. No. I didn't go back to him. He was not sad, bless him, only over happy, and, besides, 1 had to go on quickly; I felt a kind of full feeling in my own throat -Standard Union, Brooklyn.

Just the Thing That's Wanted .- A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta the retention of which cannot be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in one.

What know we of our neighbour's motive, his intention- that thing which we dare to blame? There is a brilliantly acute as well as a saintly saying, worthy to be set in gold: "Never be scandalized or surprised at what you see or hear. If you lived among the angels and gave heed to what was going on, many things might seem to you not to be good, because you do not understand them

Fathers of the early Church without acquiring the conviction that the Catholic Church has always believed that the Blessed Virgin Mary was absolutely sinless. Everywhere in the great Christian writings of the first But it grew in a bog, and a musk-rat, that was digging its hole under "all-holv," "undefled," "most pure"

No one can possess even a limited acquaintance with the writings of the

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,-Early last week I accidently ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morring there were sympton of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to J. SHERIDAN, go to work.

JOHN O'CONNOR LAST, TORONTO CANCER FOR BALL BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E PRICE SI. CO PER BOX And by all Drugg

PILES '

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

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. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN,

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

John O'Connor, Esq., City:

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 1 tense 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.

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 completen cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suf fering 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.

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 polsoning 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 uncured and then I tried your salse. 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. also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning

MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1963.

DEAR SIR,-It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so hadly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you Respectfully yours,

J. J. CLARKE 72 Wolseley street, City.

Toronto, July 24st, 1902.

34 Oueen street East.

