

.....The

HOME CIRCLE

POETICAL.

"Do you appreciate poetry?" asked the serious young woman. "Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Cumrox. "There is one piece of poetry that has done me a world of good. Old as I am, there are times when I couldn't tell how to figure without saying, 'Thirty days hath September, April, June and November.'"

USEFUL TO KNOW.

If a gloss is desired on linen add a teaspoonful of salt to the starch when mazing.

A clever housekeeper has discovered that potatoes may be baked just inside the furnace door in half the time required to bake them in the oven. But if the fire is very hot they need careful watching.

Marshmallow fudge is a new invention in home-made sweets that commends itself not only by reason of its novelty, but also because it is not too rich a compound for the average mortal to be able to eat a lot of. Cut a dozen or so marshmallows into small pieces, scatter them thickly over well buttered plates, then pour over them all the regulation fudge mixture. Let this stand half a day before being disturbed.

In making hand tucks it is a good plan, particularly if one is using a single thread machine, which will manipulate more delicate stuffs than will most of the lockstitch machines, to run the tucks in with the aid of the tuck-marker, but without any thread in the machine. This will mark the exact place for your hand stitching, and one is well repaid for the little extra work by the exquisitely neat appearance of the finished tucking.

A wooden hand to be used in place of one's own when cleaning gloves is a boon to the woman who must practise this little economy. Naphtha and gasoline, as everybody who has used them knows, are apt to leave the human hand that has been inserted in a glove irritated and sore. To cleanse several pairs, one right after the other, is a sure way to court red, sore hands. The wooden hand is adjustable to either right or left hand and three of the fingers are movable.

SELF CONTROL.

In some people passion and emotion are never checked, but allowed to burst out into a blaze whenever they come. Other suppress them by main force, and preserve a callous exterior when there are raging fires within. Others are never excited over anything. Some govern themselves on some subjects, but not on others. Very much can be done by culture to give the will control over the feelings. One of the best means of culture is the persistent withdrawing of the mind from the subject which produces the emotion and concentrating it elsewhere. The man or woman who persistently permits the mind to dwell on disagreeable things only spites him or herself. Children, of course, have less self-control, and so parents and teachers must help them to turn their attention from that which excites them to something else; but adults, when they act like children, ought to be ashamed of themselves. The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents the great waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than it a mastery over us.

A LAW AGAINST LAUGHTER.

Most of us take life too seriously. In old Germany there was a law against joking. "It makes my men

TORPID LIVER CAUSE OF FEVERS

THE SUREST WAY TO PREVENT DISEASE IS TO KEEP THE LIVER ACTIVE WITH

Dr. Chase's Kidney - Liver Pills

Too frequently an external cause for fever is looked for, when the real source of trouble is from within the body itself.

To begin with, the liver becomes torpid, sluggish and inactive, and poisonous bile is left in the blood to corrupt the whole system. The result is the overworking of the kidneys and the clogging up of the organs of excretion.

Food which should be digested is left to ferment and decay in the intestines, and inflammations and fevers are set up.

In such a condition the body is a regular hotbed of disease, and is most susceptible to any ailment of an infectious or contagious nature.

The best insurance against disease is the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to keep the liver active. This great medicine has a direct and specific action on the liver, and is wonderfully prompt and effective in awakening and invigorating this important filtering organ.

A healthy liver means pure blood, good digestion and the proper working of the bowels. A healthy liver ensures the onward passage of the food through the intestines and excretory organs, and so removes all chance of poisonous waste matter remaining in the body to produce pain, suffering and disease.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

forget war," said the king. One would think, as he goes through the streets of our great cities, that there must be a law against laughter, so grave and sad are the majority of faces he sees. Among the thousands who hurry to and fro, a bright, happy, radiant face is a rarity. Even when at luncheon, in the restaurants, and at lunch counters, city men cannot forget the serious side of life. Most of them eat with long faces and without speaking a word or exchanging a joke or a smile with one another. They are thinking, thinking, worrying, and planning, planning. The almighty dollar is too serious a subject to be trifled with. There is no time to laugh during business hours, or at meal times. That must be left for a holiday, which, alas, for many people, never comes. We have no longer time for making a life, it is all used up in making a living. Happier far than the solemn dollar-chasers is the poor farm hand who, when asked how he would like to die, replied, "Wal, I'll tell you, boys; I'd like something that would jest tickle me to death, and let me die a-laugh-in'."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S FAVORITE POEM.

He'd nothing but his violin, I'd nothing but my song, But we were wed when skies were blue And summer days were long; And, when we rested by the hedge The robins came and told How they had dared to woo and win When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries, Or slept among the hay, But oft the farmers' wives at eve Came out to hear us play The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes— We could not starve for long While my man had his violin And I my sweet old song.

The world has aye gone well with us, Old man, since we were one; Our homeless wandering down the lanes

It long ago was done. But those who wait for gold or gear, For houses and for kine, 'Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere, And love and beauty pine, Will never know the joy of hearts That met without a fear When you had but your violin And I, my song, my dear. —Mary Kyle Dallas.

WAGNER AND SCHUMANN.

Wagner, writing in 1846, said of Schumann: "He is a highly gifted musician, but an impossible man. When I came from Paris I went to see him. I told him of my Parisian experiences, spoke of the state of Germany, spoke of literature and politics, but he remained as good as dumb far nearly an hour. One cannot go on talking quite alone. An impossible man!" Schumann gave an account of this interview, which practically agrees with that of Wagner. "I have seldom met Wagner," he said, "but he is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, and that one cannot endure for long together."

FORGET AND REMEMBER.

Forget each kindness that you do As soon as you have done it; Forget the praise that falls to you That moment you have won it; Forget the slander that you hear Before you can repeat it; Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer Whenever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done To you, whatever its measure; Remember praise by others won And pass it on with pleasure; Remember every promise made And keep it to the letter; Remember those who lend you aid, And be a grateful debtor.

THE MAN OF CHEER.

We love the man with the rose on his tongue, the man who sees the boy's dirty face, but mentions his bright eyes, who notices your shabby coat, but praises your studious habits, the man who sees all faults, but who is quick to praise, slow to blame. We like to meet a man whose voice is full of music of the birds, whose handshake is an inspiration and his "God bless you" a benediction. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's dismal croak is forgotten when the wood thrush sings.

God bless the man of cheer. There is plenty of trouble here and we need not increase it. There is a lot of jingling done ahead of time.

CLEANING AN OLD CLOCK.

Have any of our readers a clock they value, that seems to be near the end of its career of usefulness; does it skip a beat now and then, and when it begins to strike seems to be in pain? Let me tell you what to do. Take a bit of cotton batting, the size of a hen's egg, dip it in kerosene, and place it on the floor of the clock, in the corner, shut the door of the clock and wait three or four days. Your clock will be like a new one—skip no more; it will strike as of old, and as you look inside you will find the cotton batten black with dust. The fumes of the oil loosen the particles of dust, and they fall, thus cleaning the clock. I have tried it, with success.—National Magazine.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE RULE OF THREE.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit. Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom, and beauty. Three things to admire—power, gracefulness, and dignity. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to govern—temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and affectation. Three things to think about—life, death, and eternity. Three things to love—purity, truth, fullness, and honor. Three things to be—brave, gentle, and kind.—The Pilgrim.

I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT.

This little parable by an unknown author teaches its own lesson: A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt the duck much, but the duck said, "I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the old hen, but as she did so her wings struck an old goose who stood close by. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck, but as she did so her foot trod the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she started for the goose, but as she did so her claw caught in the wool of a sheep. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and she ran at the cat, but as she did so her foot hit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun. "I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and jumped at the sheep, but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate. "I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog, but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree. "I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he rushed at the cow. What a noise there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a fuss there was! And all because the hen accidentally stepped on the duck's toes.

"Hi! Hi! What's all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "You may stay here," he said to the hen, but he drove the duck to the pond, the goose to the field, the cat to the barn, the sheep to her field, the dog to the house, the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. And so all their good times were over because the duck would not overlook a little hurt which was not intended. "A little explained, A little endured, A little forgiven, The quarrel is cured." —Selected.

THE MOSQUITO AND THE LION. There was once a mosquito that thought a great deal of itself. A mosquito, you know, is a very small fly indeed, that has a tiny sting which hurts a little. This mosquito was with a lot of its companions swarming about in a wood when a sunbeam came shining. By the light of its ray it saw a lion fast asleep stretched out upon the ground. "Ah! now's my time," thought the mosquito; "now I will revenge myself upon this tyrant of the wood." So the mosquito flew down and settled itself upon the tail of the lion, and stung it with all its might. The lion was motionless; it stirred neither head nor tail. The mosquito rose lightly in the air and settled down upon a laurel leaf. "Now, I have killed the tyrant," it cried to the little midges dancing in the sun. "See how still he lies. I have stung the mighty beast to death. I am the conqueror of the king of the forest." And all the little mosquitoes danced a triumphant dance, and sang the praises of the brave little mosquito that had dared to sting the tail of the sleeping lion. And when they were tired of dancing they rested themselves on the laurel leaves, and looked down at the lion.

As evening came on the sun went down, the lion flicked its tail, woke up, stretched itself, and went off much refreshed into the plains.

HE IS EMPHATIC IN WHAT HE SAYS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED ROBT. BOND OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE. His Doctor Who said There was no Hope for Him, now Pronounces Him Well—He Tells his own Story. Mt. Brydges, Ont., Feb. 12.—(Special.)—Among the many people in this neighborhood who tell of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, none is more emphatic than that old and respected citizen, Mr. Robert Bond. "I believe I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Bond says. "My attending physician said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease and that there was no hope for me. Then I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and used in all twenty boxes. Now I eat well, sleep well, and my doctor says I am well. Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else cured me. Do you wonder I am always ready to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills?" What will cure Bright's Disease will easily cure any other form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will always cure Bright's Disease. They are the only remedy that will cure Bright's Disease. Be sure you get Dodd's.

TRANSPOSITIONS. Examples: Transpose a nail and get a poet. Answer: Bard, bard. 1. Transpose a disturbance and get a musical composition. 2. An animal and get a weapon. 3. Extremely cold and get to move smoothly. 4. A relish and get motive. 5. To bind and get to loosen.—Navy Gaiter.

AN OCTOGENARIAN DEFINED. It was Jennie's duty to read out during breakfast time all the most interesting items of the day. One morning after wading through the latest intelligence from the front she turned another page of the paper, and said: "Herbie, it says that another octogenarian is dead." "What's an octogenarian?" "Well, I don't quite know what they are, but they must be very sick-

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, Stenosing Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read differently, on the first appearance of a cough, if had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the piney odor so valuable in the treatment of lung affection.

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. C. 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 cts. per 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.

THAT BEAUTIFUL RECITATION. Did you ever speak a piece and find That all the poem yours Had flown out of your mind Like little frightened birds?

The people were so very near, Their eyes so big and round, Your voice came out so high and queer, With such a funny sound.

The platform was so long and wide, You felt so very small, You had to run away and hide, And speak no piece at all?

A FEW CONUNDRUMS. In what color should our friendship be kept? In violet (involute).

Why is India ink like a cunning Hottentot? Because it is a deep black. There is a well known word in the English language, the two first letters of which signify a male, the three first a female, the four first a great man, and the whole a great woman.—He, her, hero, heroine.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it. What game do the waves play at? Pitch and toss.

What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen. A GOOD BEGINNING. I know a little rose-cheeked fellow who, I think, is beginning life aright. Every Saturday he does errands for a merchant and receives a quarter of a dollar for his services.

Not long ago a large circus came to the town, and only the small boy, who lives in a country town and sees very little in the way of amusement, can fully realize the great fascination of this entertainment. Even the grown man cannot quite forget the thrill of excitement and pleasure which the parade and the music and crowd once gave him.

The merchant suspected the longing that, doubtless, beset the little fellow's heart to see the circus. He had been a boy himself. So in the afternoon, about the time the performance should begin, he proposed to advance the twenty-five cents and let his young assistant, whom he will call Henry, enjoy a half-holiday.

Henry seemed to be debating some question in his mind; but he took the quarter and thanked his employer for the half-holiday. In a short time, however, he came back and announced his intention of not going to the show, but of working the rest of the day.

The merchant felt some curiosity to know what reasons were sufficient to keep a small boy from a circus, when he had a quarter in his pocket and leave of absence of his employer, and so he asked the reason of this very unusual state of affairs.

"Well, you see," began Henry, in explanation, "it's just this way. I bought a lamb from pa some time ago, and I was to pay him for it in three months, and the three months have nearly passed and I haven't quite paid him, so I thought it would be a heap honest to give him the quarter and not go to the show."

There are pretty big mosquitoes in the world, but if report be true they have greatly degenerated in size and strength since the days when this legend was believed by many tribes of Indians. The grandfather of all mosquitoes lived in the neighborhood of Onondaga, N.Y. When he grew hungry he would sally forth and eat an Indian or two and pick his teeth with their ribs. The Indians had no arms that would prevail against this monster, so they called upon the holder of heavens to come down. Finding that he had met his match in this person, the mosquito flew away. He flew around the great lake, turned eastward, sought help from the witches that inhabited the Green lake and had reached Lake Onondaga when his pursuer came up and killed him. As his blood poured forth on the sand each drop became a smaller mosquito. They gathered about the holder of the heavens and stung him so cruelly that he half repented the service he had rendered to the Indians. The Tuscaroras say that two of the

THE BOYS' CIGARET HABIT.

Youth's Companion: Various devices have been proposed for inducing boys to leave off the smoking of cigars. Clubs, the members of which are pledged not to smoke them, school prizes for those who do not smoke, chewing gum warranted to destroy the desire for the cigar, even laws against the making and selling of cigars—all these have testified to the effort on the part of parents and teachers to reduce the evil effects of smoking when practised by young boys.

None of these devices succeeds so well as it ought to succeed. The boys' club, the school prize, and the State law reach a certain number of offenders, but the worst cases remain, and go on destroying themselves and corrupting others.

The truth probably is that the old-fashioned appeal to the will of the boy himself is the only efficient cure of the cigar habit. He must be told plainly that he is sacrificing his health, his brain, and his future to his bad habit. The facts are clear and forcible enough to convince his reason, if he will once listen to them. Then must follow the plain, bald statement: "Nobody can help you but yourself. It is doubtless if you have even now enough will left to stop smoking. If you haven't enough to-day, you will have less next week, and still less next month. Unless you break off the habit you are in danger of becoming a burden to everybody—especially to your friends, to yourself most of all. If you want to stop smoking the way to do it is to stop smoking!"

Many a boy who would sneer at milder methods will rise in response to this heroic one. The brutal truth carries a weight far beyond that of the comfortable half-truths which we often try to rouse a sleeping conscience. All substitutes for conscience and will are doomed to failure. The boy who cannot kill off a bad habit must live with it till it kills him.

Catholic Negroes

Owing to the peculiar conditions existing between the races in this country negro students or those even with a trace of negro blood are excluded from colleges for whites.

Hence it has been found necessary to establish separate schools for the negro. There are large institutions devoted to the industrial trades and to the education of negro teachers. These great schools are being built up and supported in large part by the wealth of white Protestants.

An instance is the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, where President Roosevelt recently made a striking address, advocating the education of the masses on normal and industrial lines. There are thousands of active-minded young negro men and women attending and being trained out of such schools as Hampton, Tuskegee and other Protestant colleges. It is said that the graduates readily find employment.

The writer, while visiting the Tuskegee Institute, was impressed with the usefulness of colored Catholic teachers of good character.

The Institute is under the management of the famous Booker T. Washington, and has fifteen hundred students. There are about ninety Catholics among them. There are in the school 120 instructors, all colored. Among these are several Catholic women instructors who, by their edifying department, are a good influence in the institutions.

While young negroes have many opportunities in secular and Protestant colleges which are throned by them, there are scarcely any Catholic colleges for them. St. Joseph's College, of Montgomery, Ala., admits negro students, giving them a training to fit them for catechists and teachers. This college, however, has not sufficient financial support.

It seems almost incredible but it is a fact that St. Joseph's College, about the only Catholic college in the country where a young colored man can secure a college course, is hampered and sometimes distressed by a lack of funds.

Unlike the secular and Protestant colleges, it has no wealthy patrons. At present it receives no support from any society or association. It is almost solely dependent on small contributions sent it by charitably disposed Catholics of moderate means.

The college has about twenty-five students at present. Only a small board and tuition fee can be required of them and some are too poor to pay anything. The rector, Rev. Joseph Butts, will gratefully receive any assistance or donation. The address is St. Joseph's College, Montgomery, Ala.

An Indian Legend

There are pretty big mosquitoes in the world, but if report be true they have greatly degenerated in size and strength since the days when this legend was believed by many tribes of Indians. The grandfather of all mosquitoes lived in the neighborhood of Onondaga, N.Y. When he grew hungry he would sally forth and eat an Indian or two and pick his teeth with their ribs. The Indians had no arms that would prevail against this monster, so they called upon the holder of heavens to come down. Finding that he had met his match in this person, the mosquito flew away. He flew around the great lake, turned eastward, sought help from the witches that inhabited the Green lake and had reached Lake Onondaga when his pursuer came up and killed him. As his blood poured forth on the sand each drop became a smaller mosquito. They gathered about the holder of the heavens and stung him so cruelly that he half repented the service he had rendered to the Indians. The Tuscaroras say that two of the

mosquitoes stood on opposite sides of the Seneca river and slew all who passed. Hiawatha killed them. A reservation stone marks the place where the holder rested during his chase, and tracks were until lately seen south of Syracuse alternated with the footprints of the mosquito. These footprints were shaped like those of a bird and were twenty inches long. These marks were revered by the Indians for many years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lecture by Mr. John T. Loftus

On 28th January the members of St. Francis' C.K. & A.A. listened to a lecture by John T. Loftus on "The Effect of Exercise on Health." Mr. Loftus handled his subject like an expert, and the interest taken in the subject by the members was shown by the numerous questions put to him at the close of the lecture.

FARM LABORERS

Farmers Desiring Help for the coming season should apply at once to the Government Free Farm Labor Bureau

Write for application form to THOS. SOUTHWORTH Director of Colonization TORONTO

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY

Church Bell and Chime Bells Best Copper and Tin Only THE W. VANDUZEN COMPANY Buckeye Bell Foundry Cincinnati, O. Established 1857

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If you could start at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—WITHOUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't you do it? Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar. Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest. Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is out-classed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully. The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested. Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the



CHATHAM INCUBATOR AND BROODER.

"Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 92 chicks out of 92 eggs. This was my first lot; truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. T. J. McNAUGHTON, Chillywick, B.C." "My first hatch came off. I got 176 fine chicks from 190 eggs. Who can beat that for the first time, and so early in the spring. I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another machine could not buy it from me. Every farmer should have a No. 3 Chatham Incubator.—F. W. RAMSAY, Dunnville, Ont."

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best. The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments. You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest. Send us your name and address on a post card to-day. We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, R.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham. 314

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