

The HOME CIRCLE

LAMB KLOPPS.

These are made from the rough end of a leg of lamb. Scrape all meat from the bone, and see that all gristle and tough fat is rejected; put twice through the food chopper, or chop very fine. Add half a cupful of bread-crumbs to almost a pint of meat, a level teaspoonful of salt, salt-spoonful of pepper and a small pinch of curry powder; then add an egg slightly beaten, and mould into balls the size of hickory nuts. Put into a pie plate and bake in a hot oven until a nice brown and serve with tomato sauce, or, if there is no tomato soup left from dinner, the day before sufficient to cover them, cook the lamb in it for five minutes, and when served pour the soup over them.

KEEP YOUR GRIP.

Some men get along beautifully, for half a life-time, perhaps, while everything goes smoothly. While they are accumulating property and gaining friends and reputation, their characters seems to be strong and well-balanced; but the moment there is friction anywhere, the moment trouble comes, a failure in business, a panic, or a great crisis in which they lose their all—they are overwhelmed. They despair, lose heart, courage, faith, hope, and power to try again—everything. Their very manhood is swallowed up by a mere material loss. This is a failure, indeed, and there is small hope for any one who falls to such a depth of despair. There is hope for an ignorant man, who cannot write his name, even if he has stamina and backbone. There is hope for a cripple who has courage, there is hope for a boy who has nerve and grit, even though he is so hemmed in that he has apparently no chance in the world; but there is no hope for a man who cannot or will not stand up after he falls, but loses heart when opposition strikes him, and lays down his arms after defeat.

HOME.

Sunset glow on the rock and pine,
And beauteous rays that run
To lead me back to that home of mine
And the roaming days are done.

Breath of clover is blowing by
And the laurels flame afield
A white walled cottage against the sky,
And the wounds of the years are healed.

Along the lane, where the river flows
Old faces that smile I see;
And the wind that over the valley goes
Is singing to welcome me.

Kisses warm are awaiting me,
There where the starlight wonders shine,
There, where the homelight free
Through the green and the clustering vines.

Ah! What a joy, at the journey's end!
That love should be patient still;
That the weary, winding road should tend
To the peace of the old home-hill.

BE FUNNY.

If your temper isn't sunny
And your disposition punny,
If you can't be very funny,
Be as funny as you can.

Do not cry a wet day wetter,
Do not be a gloom-begetter;
Try to make this old world better—
Be as funny as you can.

If your heart or tooth is aching,
If you're not much pleasure taking,
And you can't enjoy fun-making,
Be as funny as you can.

For the world neglects its sages,
But for fun it gives good wages;
Get a pinch upon the ages,
Be as funny as you can.

MAKE A GOOD START.

Much of the unhappiness that results from some marriages is due to the fact that both parties to the contract fail to remember that the other is a human being and therefore not perfect.

Each one of the couple has his or her own peculiarities and probably realizes the fact while unable to recognize that the same holds good of the other. The wife, for instance, has her own little ways and ideas, and thinks that her husband must have the same. She is surprised and annoyed when she finds that this is not the case and then the trouble begins. The remark holds good for the husband also.

One always likes to think that the period of courtship has revealed all one's little ways to the intended partner, but the plain truth is that we do not show ourselves exactly as we are. Generally speaking, we are on our good behaviour; we allow something of our inner nature to appear, because we get out of temper and have fits, but there is a good deal of that inner character which does not come to the surface. This is not because we strive to conceal it, but because the circumstances which bring it to light only arise when we settle down to spend our lives together.

Then follows a dangerous period—the period of "rubbing off the corners." The excesses of our different natures have to be rubbed off. We must tone down our own peculiarities and prepare to be tolerant of those of our partner. It is a game of give-and-take. You cannot expect two natures to blend immediately and without effort on either side.

Whenever two people have to work together, whether it be with two oars in a boat or two men pulling at a load, a certain amount of practice is necessary before they work to the best advantage. So in married life, at the commencement you will need to learn to run together.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

I am sitting alone in the cottage—
Alone in the fading light;
I am thinking and sighing for loved ones,
And dreaming of you to-night.

Far back in the low green meadow,
To the school-house on the hill,
To the rippling sound of the splashing brook
As it flows toward the mill.

My thoughts, ah, how they wander
To those loved days of yore,
When you and I together
Went laughing to the shore.

O, as the past comes o'er me
And my heart grows weary, pained,
Do you wonder my thoughts go back-ward
To those days unrestrained?

When I see the little children,
Now playing as once we played,
Their joyous voices ringing
In gladness unafraid.

O, when I hear their laughter
It seems to bring the past,
And I sit and dream of you dear,
And wish my dream would last.
—Elizabeth M. Manley.

DISGRACEFUL DEFICIENCIES.

It is a disgrace,
To half do things.
Not to develop your possibilities.
To be lazy, indolent, indifferent.
To do poor, slipshod, botched work.
To give a bad example to young people.

To have crude, brutish, repulsive manners.
To hide a talent because you have only one.
To live a half life when a whole life is possible.

Not to be scrupulously clean in person and surroundings.
To acknowledge a fault and make no effort to overcome it.
To be ungrateful to friends and to those who have helped us.

To go through life a pigmy when nature intended you for a giant.
To kick over the ladder upon which we have climbed to our position.
To be grossly ignorant of the customs and usages of good society.
To ignore the forces which are improving your own country.

Not to be able to carry on intelligently conversation upon current topics.
To shirk responsibility in politics, or to be indifferent to the public welfare.

To know nothing of the things we see, handle and enjoy every day of our lives.
To be ignorant of the general history of the world and of the various countries.

Not to know something of the greatest leaders, reformers, artists and musicians of the world.
Not to have intelligent knowledge of the general affairs of the world and the inter-relations of nations.

Not to know enough about the laws of health, about physiology and hygiene to live healthfully and sanely.
To vote blindly for party, right or wrong, instead of for principle, because you have been doing so for years.

To be grossly ignorant in these days of free schools, cheap newspapers, periodicals and circulating libraries.
To be so controlled by any appetite or passion that one's usefulness and standing in the community are impaired.

To be totally ignorant of natural history, to know nothing of the beauties and marvels of nature.
Not to have an intelligent idea of the country in which we live, not to know its history, its industries and the conditions of its people.

Not to know anything of the movements for human betterment and not to help them along to the extent of our ability in time or money.
To live in the midst of schools, libraries and improvement clubs and not to avail oneself of their advantages.

Where do you go when you go to sleep?
That's what I want to know;
There's loads of things I can't find out,
But nothing bothers me so.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room
And takes away the light,
I cuddle down in the blankets warm
And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place,
Where everything seems queer;
Tho' sometimes it is not funny at all,
Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there,
Big fields covered with flowers,
And lovely ponies and birds and trees
A hundred times nicer than ours.

So all of this day I've been trying to think,
O, how I wish I could know,
Whereabouts that wonderful country is,
Where sleepy little boys go.

Children

WHAT CAN A BOY DO?
This is what a boy can do, because boys have done it.
Alexander Pope wrote his famous "Ode to Solitude," when he was only twelve years old.

He can write a great book. Macaulay wrote his first volume, the "Primitiae," which took the literary world by storm, before he was in his teens.

He can become famous. Charles Dickens did his "Sketches by Boz," so well, that before he was twenty-two, his name was known to all the world.

He can "make his mark" so well that it will open his career. Palmerston, England's great statesman, was admired in school for his brilliant work, and wrote letters home in English, French and Italian that are models of composition to-day.

He can enter a great university before he is thirteen. William Pitt did it.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE SCHOOL-BELL.

Monday.

There's the bell! I must scurry,
Bring my lunch—mamma, hurry!
Where's my book—I left it there
On the table, or the chair.
Find my cap—oh! will you, Ned?
On the bookcase or the bed.
Oh! I want my hat and ball—
Maybe they are in the hall.
Oh, dear me! Such times I hate
All because I got up late!

Tuesday.

There's the school-bell. Off I go!
Lots of time I had to lose,
Split the kindling, bring in wood;
Marty called me "awful good."
Put me up a jolly lunch
Fit for any king to munch.
Good-by, mamma—now for fun!
Here comes Billy, on the run.
Stacks of time, nobody surly,
All because I got up early.
—Julia D. Peck in Dew Drops.

A QUESTION OF "HEIGHTH."

"Whath's thath?" cried Uncle Henry.
Now, as Uncle Henry had never been known to slip or mispronounce his words, Tommy was much surprised by his curious exclamation. Tommy had remarked of the giant at the circus that "his heighth was nearly eight feet."

"If you say heighth," continued the uncle, "why not say that his heighth was nearly eighth? Yeth, thath's whath you oughth to say to be consistent. It's evident thath you goth 'height' mixed up with 'length.' didn'th you?"

"I suppose so," said the bewildered Tommy.
"Well don'th dith any more. In polth society th would—" But Tommy had fled.—St. Nicholas.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his feelings. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

The boy who wants to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. That is what makes a popular boy.

HUMOR IN SCHOOLS.

Politicians change their coats, but the youthful historian who writes, "The Indians in Canada walk long distances through the woods to the Hudson's Bay forts to change their hides," goes them one better.

Sometimes it is the mother who contributes to the gaiety of nations. "Please, Miss Gardiner, excuse Tommy for his absence and don't whip him when he ain't there."

Again it is the locally loyal janitor who, referring to a rival city, scornfully demands: "And I'd like you to tell me, Miss Cameron, what felicitous examinations they have in Vancouver!" When the basements were flooded from defective pipes, this same man explained that, "What you want is two large ducks in each basement—you won't be right till you get ducks." "Ducks?" I questioned. "What good on earth will the ducks do?" And then as I spoke, it dawned upon me that he meant ducts. On prayer-meeting night, petitioning for a bereaved teacher, he supplicated, "O Lord, bear up our sister; O Lord, we pray thee, pour into her mourning heart the balm of Gilead and the ile of Patmos!"

WILLIE'S QUESTION.

Where do you go when you go to sleep?
That's what I want to know;
There's loads of things I can't find out,
But nothing bothers me so.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room
And takes away the light,
I cuddle down in the blankets warm
And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place,
Where everything seems queer;
Tho' sometimes it is not funny at all,
Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there,
Big fields covered with flowers,
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FATHER KIDNEY'S FREE KIDNEY TONIC

It is a valuable medicine for all cases of Nervous Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Poor appetite, and all ailments arising from a weak or diseased kidney. It is sold in bottles of 50 cents and \$1.00.

KOENIG MED. CO.
109 Lab. St. CHICAGO
Solely by mail—write for free bottle and full particulars.

BOAT BUILT OUT OF PAPERS.

A new use has been discovered for old newspapers by a young engineer of Vienna, noted for his eccentricity as well as his ability. Having made a wager with one of his friends that he would become the possessor of a "yacht" by a certain date, and not having the wherewithal to purchase one, he interested a naval constructor in the idea of making a boat of old papers.

With 300,000 copies of a well-known daily paper published there, the two set to work, and in a few weeks' time, through the aid of a compressing machine, had their craft afloat, the entire boat constructed of paper—masts, sails and rudder. The vessel is five yards long, and one and one-half yards wide, and the masts, two in number, are ten feet in height.

All the other accessories are in paper or papier mache, and the craft is light and agile on the water. At the Navy Club in Vienna the report is that the wager ran as high as \$9,000. The boat, after being tried several times on the water, is on exhibition at the Arts and Crafts Circle.

PLANT PUZZLES.

Plant the days of the year, and what will come of them? Dates.
A clock? Thyme.
A wise man? Sage.
A cow? Milkweed.
Some cats? Cattails.
A dude? Cockscomb.
A puppy? Dogwood.
A tramp? Beet (beat).
Plant tight slipper? Acorn.
A landing for boats? Dock.
A millionaire? Aster (Astor).
Plant kiss? Tulips (two lips).
A Government building? Mint.
Plant girl's complexion? Pink.
Happy love affairs? Heart's ease.
A disciple of St. Paul? Timothy.
An afternoon hour? Four o'clock.
Small boys and snow? Snowballs.
A lover's request? Forget-me-not.
Something very black? Nightshade.
Something especially neat? Spruce.
A bird in old clothes? Ragged robin.
A purplish color? Lilac or lavender.
A fortunehunter? Marigold (marry gold).
A vessel for holding liquid? Pitcher-plant.
An unfortunate love affair? Bleeding hearts.
The unmarried man's bane? Bachelor buttons.
The signet of a King of Israel? Solomon's seal.
The author of "The Marble Faun"? Hawthorne.
An Israelite with the habit of traveling? Wandering Jew.
Solomon's sceptre? Goldenrod.—New York Tribune.

HOW HERMAN SAVED THE TRAIN.

"Hermie!"
Now Herman did hate to go! He was setting up a little water-wheel in the ditch, and it was the greatest trial to leave it.

"Hermie!"
Hermie's face drew up into a scowl. Then he remembered what his father had said to him: "Take good care of your mother, Herman, for she is sick and nervous, and any excitement may upset her."

He dropped the water-wheel and ran to the porch where mother was calling.

"Hermie," said mother, in a worried tone, "look off there toward the railroad track. Do you see that smoke. That ought not to be there."

Herman looked. Mother was so apt to be worried.

"It's only a little grass burning along the track. That's all right," he urged, eager to get back to the water-wheel.

"Oh, but, Hermie, please go down and see that there isn't anything wrong," begged mother. "And Hermie, don't you get hurt," she added, in fresh terror.

"All right, mother. I'll see to it," he answered, and started off toward the track.

First he ran to please mother. Then he walked, for really it was foolish to make such a fuss over a common thing. Then as the flames came in sight he began to run again. What was it? No grass fire along the track could look like that. The long wooden bridge was burning. And in five minutes the train would be due!

"What shall I do?" panted poor Hermie, as he hurried up the steep railroad grade. "I must wave a red flag."

But he had nothing to flag the train with, and it was too far to run home. He stood a moment helplessly. Then the boy who could make water-wheels had ingeniously enough thought of a way out of worse difficulties. He pulled off his red blouse and waved it vigorously at the speck which approached in the distance. The engineer caught sight of the dancing little figure that waved the red blouse so frantically and brought the train to a standstill. The trainmen came clambering down to fight the fire. The passengers followed after, and the very first to come out of the coach was Herman's father.

"Oh, what would have happened if I had not come quick when mamma called!" thought Herman, with a shudder, as, happy in the possession of enough money to buy a steam engine that would really run, he went back to his water-wheel.

OILS CURE CANCER.

All forms of cancer or tumor, internal or external, cured by soothing, balmy oil, and without pain or disfigurement. No experiment, but successfully used ten years. Write to the home office of the originator for free book—Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

Teacher—Willie, what should be the first thing to do if a boy should be sun-struck?
Willie—Let him stay home from school.

"Some men never can take a joke," remarked Poeticus.
"Yes," assented Scribbler, "and those men most always get to be editors."

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

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. 13, 1900.

John O'Connor, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 1, 1901.
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 be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 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 your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital it 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 a 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, 1903.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.
Yours truly,
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 an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. SIMPSON.

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, 1903.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.
JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and 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 completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,
Yours, etc.,
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,
With the Boston Laundry.

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 poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.
MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1903.
John O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was 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 enough.
Respectfully yours,
J. J. CLARKE,
72 Welsley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1903.
John O'Connor, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.
J. SHERIDAN,
34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 109 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

FOR SALE BY
WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.
J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E.

And by all Druggists PRICE 51 00 PER BOX