

.....The HOME CIRCLE

THE MESSAGE OF THE VIOLET. Go forth, oh violet, sweet and tender; Bear to my love the thoughts I send her.

And when upon her breast thou liest, And thou in very rapture diest, Breathe on her lips, her hair, her eyes, Such odors of love's paradise, That she may ne'er a violet see Without a memory of me.

IF WE KNEW.

There are gems of wondrous brightness Ofttimes lying at our feet, And we pass them, walking thoughtless Down the busy crowded street; If we knew, our pace would slacken— We would stop more oft with care, Lest our careless feet be treading To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching For the comfort we might bring; If we knew what souls are yearning For the sunshine we could fling; If we knew what feet are weary Walking pathways roughly laid; We would quickly hasten forward, Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us Feel a joy we never tell— That some word we have spoken Pained or wounded where it fell; We would speak in accents tender To each friend we planned to meet; We would give to each one freely Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

MOVING.

There are veteran movers, people who change their abode every spring as regularly as the birds come back from the South. Sometimes it is from necessity, sometimes from choice; but move they must, and for them the dread ordeal has lost its terror. However, to young housekeepers or the woman who has lived for many years in one home, moving is always trying, and if it means the breaking of old ties and associations it makes it little short of a tragedy.

The first item is the selection of a home whether one is going to buy or rent. And in this it is best to be leisurely if possible. Do not try to look at all the houses on an agents' list in one day, else you may do like the lady I knew, who in her first experience, rented a house, believing it had double windows, folding doors and a back porch with cistern, when, in fact, these belonged to a home at the other end of town. The location and appearance of the house are to be considered, but there are many minor points which the amateur is liable to overlook. Cellar, pantry, attic, ventilation and plumbing are of prime importance. Where it can be done, it is best to have the house cleaned and the carpets put down before the furniture is moved, leaving a hall or one room, in which to unpack. Druggets and rugs are more practicable for a rented house than carpets, as they may be made to answer in any sized room. Begin some days before and pack all articles that are not in use and label boxes and barrels.

E. R. P.

A DREAM.

I dreamt we dreamed a crested hill 'Neath starlit sky; The thrilling songsters all were still For you and I— We heard the gentle brooklet sing To swaying trees, We heard the white dove whispering To evening breeze.

methought your voice was singing sweet

A song of love, And angels dropped you flow'rs to greet

From heights above, And then the dusk of night came on; I scarce could see— You vanished as I stood alone— Come back to me!

Wakening pain! that knows no end; O! throbbing smart That haunts me every day I spend, And rends my heart.

Thus must I live—mid smiles hide pain; Naught tell, naught tell! No more may we meet again.

Farewell, farewell! —Lottie Lassier.

Potato Fritters—To two cups of cold mashed potatoes add two un-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to season, and sufficient flour to make a thick batter; also a teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop in hot fat and fry until brown.

Mock Oyster Soup—Take one pint of tomatoes, either canned or fresh, and put to boil in half a gallon of milk; stir in one ounce of butter and half a teaspoonful of soda; let boil and skim. Put in half a pound of soup crackers and let moisten. Season with salt and pepper.

Scalloped Mushrooms—Cover the bottom of a baking dish with a layer of dry bread crumbs, sprinkle over with pepper, salt and bits of butter; moisten with cream. Place a layer of mushrooms alternately with the bread until the dish is full. Cover the top with butter, pour over a pint of cream. Place a top over the dish to keep in the flour and bake an hour; remove the top and let brown.

Pineapple Pudding—Take half a pound of grated pineapple; add the beaten yolks of six eggs, a cupful of sugar and one of hot milk; mix all together; set into a kettle of boiling water and stir until it begins to thicken; then remove from the fire and put in a cool place for six or eight hours. When cold add a pint of whipped cream and the beaten whites of the eggs, stirring them through the pudding. Pour in a mold and set on ice again. When solid turn out and eat with cream, flavored with extract of pineapple and sweetened.

Sally Lunn—Take half a cup of yeast, three eggs, a tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt; also one quart of flour. Make a stiff batter; let rise; pour into a greased pan and keep warm. When light, put in the oven and bake.

A SCHOOL OF HAPPINESS.

A well-known actor recently remarked that we had technical schools of various kinds—for cookery, acting, and so forth—but no one had established a school where people could be taught the art of being happy. As an instance of happiness, he cited the case of a well-known gentleman, a millionaire, who said, "I laugh all the time."

The remark was doubtless made half jestingly, for the home and ordinary schools should afford opportunities for inculcating happiness. The words of this prominent actor, however, awake other reflections; they lead to the feeling that we may not entirely benefit the race by so much striving after happiness. In other words it is possible to reduce oneself to the level of an automaton, or something very near it, in the struggle for happiness.

Let us investigate briefly what this means. In the first place, it is not possible to be entirely happy. We are born to bear burdens in this world. We can bear them cheerfully, getting all the pleasure we can, reasonably speaking, out of a chequered career on earth. Can any aged person look back and say that life has not been chequered?

If we did not have trouble we should not have happiness; if life were all one round of what we will call by the comprehensive name of pleasure, then we should know nothing of the real meaning of happiness. It would be as dull as a picture in which there were no shadows to make one realize the sunshine.

Now, the person who strives to the utmost to push trouble on one side and refuse to be affected by anything that will tend to upset the even tenor of his or her path is likely to develop into a creature of shallow feelings. Gradually, by dint of constant effort, she is enabled to throw aside those worries which once tormented her, but in so doing she is blunting her susceptibilities and the inevitable result will be that she will be incapable of feeling happy in the proper sense of the word.

We often say "Don't worry!" and we all believe that it is good advice, as it actually is. Yet there is a danger in pushing it too far. It is necessary to take a middle course. Don't be over anxious, but also do not suppose that you can absolutely shut out trouble. It would not be good for you if you could!

A TALK TO THE GIRLS.

Girls, have you ever thought how much of the misery and unhappiness of the world might be averted if everybody were polite to everybody else? How many an incurable hurt has been brought to the heart of the young and sensitive, by the unnecessary criticism; how much lasting pain to the hearts of the old and sorely burdened by the discourteous treatment! "The ill-timed truth we might have kept" has darkened joy in many a soul, and lives innumerable have been hurt by knowledge that might have been spared them. If so much of gloom and misery of the world may be traced to bad manners, is it not your duty to do your little part toward increasing its sweetness and light by the earnest and continual practice of courtesy, which is, in its final analysis, the beautiful expression of love and truth? "Do unto others as you would be done by" others should do unto you." Write this golden rule in your heart and put it into practice on every occasion. If you do this, soon all littleness, jealousy, envy and hatred will slip away from your nature, for when you feel and act kindly toward all, rest assured kind feelings and kind actions will return to you; for what we give comes back to us.

Any picture, print, or engraving, that represents a noble thought, that depicts a heroic act, or that brings a bit of nature from the fields or the streets into our room is a teacher, a means of education, and a help to self-culture. It serves to make the home more pleasant and attractive. It sweetens domestic life, and sheds a grace and beauty about it. It draws the gaze away from mere considerations of self and increases one's store of delightful associations with the world without, as well as with the world within.—Dr. Smiles.

When You Get Bilious

YOU MAY BE CERTAIN THE LIVER IS DERANGED AND THAT THERE IS CURE IN

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

"Bilious" is the word used by many people to describe the condition of ill-health into which they are thrown by derangement of the liver.

Biliousness is caused by the failure of the liver to filter the bile and other poisonous impurities from the blood. The result is a clogging and poisoning of the whole system.

Indigestion, headache, languid, melancholy feelings, irritability of temper, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, pains in the muscles and bones and a pale, sallow complexion are among the symptoms.

Fortunately there is prompt and certain cure for biliousness and torpid liver in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They cure by thoroughly cleansing the filtering and excretory systems and awakening the action of the liver to renewed energy and activity.

When you feel out of sorts and notice any of the symptoms of torpid liver and biliousness, put Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test, and you will then understand why this great medicine is considered indispensable in the great majority of cases.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

AN ANCIENT PENNY

Dated 1707 and weighing an ounce, a copper penny has been turned up by the plow at Deekles, Norfolk England

TO SAVE TIME

Good-by, papa, and don't forget. The things I wanted you to do; And send a doll for my doll— Her cold has made her very blue. And if you think you haven't time, Why, please remember what I say: You needn't earn my bread for me— I'll get along on cake to-day.

FOR BOYS

One of our great American leaders says a boy should learn: To hold cigars, es alone. To be kind to all animals. To be manly and courageous. To ride, row shoot and swim. To build a fence scientifically. To fill the wood-box every night. To be gentle to his sisters. To shut the door without slamming. To sew on a button. To do errands promptly and cheerfully.

BEST LESSONS.

"O, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much! She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

BALLS THAT BOYS TOSS.

The number of baseballs made every day at the present time in the United States is about 10,000. There are four large manufacturing—one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Bridgeport, Conn., and one in Attica, Mass. The process by which the best quality league ball is made is interesting. All the work is done by hand, machines having been tried repeatedly without permanent success. The centre of a best league ball is of solid rubber. Around this is wound about three ounces of Shaker yarn of the best quality, dampened. Then a covering of horse-hair is put on. This completes what is termed the first finish. Then the ball is wound tightly with an ounce of the yarn, which is again wound with camel's hair to make it of a uniform smoothness. Over this is put the final covering of carefully selected horse-hair. The rubber ball, which forms the centre of all baseballs, is imported from Germany.—Golden Days.

MARCHING SONG.

Bring the comb and play upon it! Marching, here we come! Willie cocks his Highland bonnet, Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party, Peter leads the rear; Feet in time, alert and hearty, Each a grenadier!

All in the most martial manner Marching double-quick; While the napkin, like a banner, Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage, Great commander, Jane! Now that we've been round the village, Let's go home again!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light. Why are towboats like human beings? Because some tow (toe) in and some tow out.

What is a train of cars like a blanket? Because it covers the sleepers. What islands are best for picnic goers? The Sandwich Islands.

When does a burglar become a bird? When he is a robin (robbing). What game are baggage masters most like? Checkers.

What is most like a half-moon? The other half. When is a dog's tail not a dog's tail? When it is a wagon (wargin').

What is the best day for making pancakes? Friday.

MADE IN JAPAN.

The Japanese are great letter writers, and cultivate with the utmost assiduity what they consider a correct epistolary style. This is quite different from that of their ordinary speech, as well as from that used in books; so much so, indeed, as to form a kind of language by itself. It is almost entirely Chinese, and the most high-sounding and unusual expressions are sought after, in order to give it elegance and to bring out in strong relief the abasement of the writer and the great importance of the person to whom the effusion is addressed.

Here is one from a high official to thank the donor for the present of a book.

"The exalted letter has been worshipfully perused, and I joyfully congratulate you on your ever-increasing august robustness, notwithstanding the perpetual chill winds. My communication regards the volume entitled "Corean Primer" in your august possession, which was mentioned the other evening when I worshipped your eyebrow (i.e. met you), and which you have augustly condescended to send to me.

"The above being a valuable and wonderful book, shall be garnered forever in my library, and taken out and perused.

"Respectful veneration. "10th moon, 13th day. (Name.)"

WASHINGTON'S PAPOOSE WAIF

When the retreat after Braddock's defeat began, Washington found occasion to use his theodolite, and dropped an important screw. After the troops had left the camping-ground, he turned back to find the missing piece. Searching among the dead leaves, he heard a child's cry, and soon after found a child some months old, strapped, Indian-fashion, to a board. In haste to overtake his men, he hung it at his saddle-bow, and was soon able to give it to a sutler's wife, with orders to carry it to Mount Vernon, and when Mrs. Washington reached Mount Vernon, in 1759, a very beautiful girl of seven or eight years awaited her. She was called "Cassandra," and her granddaughter told me that Washington himself named her in consequence of something which occurred when he found her. It is impossible to discover what

FATHER KENIG'S FREE BLOOD PURIFIER. A 2-1/2 OZ. BOTTLE OF NERVOUS DISORDERS AND A REMEDY FOR POOR GET THIS BLOOD PURIFIER FREE. KENIG MED. CO. 100 LEX. ST. CHICAGO. Sold by druggists.

this might have been, if it were not the fulfillment of his own Cassandra-like prophecies in regard to Braddock's defeat.

The child grew up as an attendant upon Mrs. Washington, and was taught to read, I write, to embroider, and do da. ty cooking, and generally sat in her room or stood behind her chair at meals. At the time of Washington's death, she assisted in preparing him for the grave, and herself attended to his hair, and cut off from beneath the ribbon the curling lock, a part of which I now have. There came to the funeral a certain Englishman named Thomas Smith, of King George County, in Virginia. He was a man of wealth, and he married for his first wife a niece of Martha Washington. She had died, and left him without children, and he was captivated by the beauty of the Indian woman. Parson Addison of the eastern shore married them some time after the year 1800.—Mrs. Caroline H. Dahl, in Springfield Republican.

BEST LESSONS.

"O, there's that Ruth Knolls and her brother again! Do you know, Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull in school, and we girls laugh at her so much! She hasn't a particle of brilliancy."

Viva chattered this speech out as she walked along the street beside Miss Merton.

"She has something far better than brilliancy," said Miss Merton. "What?" said Viva, her cheeks flushing uncomfortably; for she felt that she had made a mistake, and she was very anxious to stand well in Miss Merton's opinion.

"She has a courteous manner. That is a grace that is very great, but far too rare. I know Ruth quite well, and her kindness and courtesy are un-failing in company or at home. She is going to grow into a lovely womanhood."

"I am sorry I spoke so," said Viva. "I really don't know anything about her except that she stumbles so dreadfully in her lessons."

"No doubt she is sorry about it, and I am sure she works faithfully. It is a fine gift to be quick and bright in understanding things. But you know, my dear, that it is far more important to be kindhearted and gentle. When you girls go out in the world, no one will ever ask to know whether you got good grades in algebra and Latin. If you have done your best, it is wrought into you whether your best is very good or only mediocre. But be sure of this, everyone who meets you will know without putting you through an examination whether you are a gentlewoman or not. It isn't practical to quote Greek or discuss psychology or read Shakespeare with everyone you meet; but you can always speak kindly and listen courteously, and quietly look out for the opportunity to do the little deeds of kindness that make our lives so much more worth living."—Union Signal.

SOME GAMES

The Secretary.—The players sit at a table with papers and pencil, and each one writes his own name, carefully folds over the paper to conceal it and hands it to one of the company previously appointed as secretary. He distributes the folded papers, saying "Character." Then each one, writing out an imaginary character, hands it back to the secretary, who, again distributing the papers, says "Past." Thereupon the players write an imaginary past for the unknown person whose name heads the paper. "Present" and "Future" are also demanded, likewise "Fate," "Fortune" or anything that the secretary sees fit or circumstances may suggest. The papers, finally being collected by the secretary, are unfolded and read aloud.

Here is an example: Johnny Jumbles: Character, sympathetic and benevolent—toward himself; sour and exacting—with his neighbor; blind to his own shortcomings, but with a thousand eyes for the faults of others; ever ready to receive a favor, but never quite prepared to grant one.

Past—Born of an illustrious race, he began life with a gold spoon in his mouth.

Present—A rising financier, selling peanuts to buy potatoes.

Future—He will be a mint gatherer on a farm; by and by he will rent the patch and thus become Superintendent of the Mint.

Fate—A tender hearted maiden with a turn for missionary work will become his wife, for better or worse.

Fortune—As fireman on a sailing vessel he will have a life of ease and travel.

"Man is Filled With Misery"—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy and we can be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this.

Gleams of Mirth

"It does not always pay to be too smart," said a lawyer. "At our boarding house a new waitress was employed, and a young chap asked her what he should call her."

"Call me Pearl," she said.

"Are you the pearl of great price?" he asked.

"No," answered the girl. "I guess I am the pearl that was cast before the swine."

Great Things from Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be slight, a cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

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. King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1904.

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. 18, 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.

25 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 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 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

195 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. 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 marvelous 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, 1902. 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 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 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 uncured 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, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., City:

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 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 Wolseley street, Ont. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

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.

34 Queen Street East. JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

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

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