

...The HOME CIRCLE

SMILES. We do not smile enough. I am sure of it. Of course we smile in greeting and we laugh at jokes, but that is not virtue, only a matter of course.

RUTH. She stood breast high amid the corn, Clad by the golden light of morn. Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush, Deeply ripened—such a blush In the midst of brown was born. Like red-poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell, Which the blackest none could tell, But from flashes veiled a light, That had all else been all too bright.

And her hat with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim, Thus she stood amid the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean, Where I reap thou shouldst but glean; Lay thy sheaf down and come, Share my harvest and my home.

DRINK PLENTY OF WATER. Drink a glass of water when you get out of bed in the morning. Never mind the size of the glass. Let the water be cold if you will.

Drink a glass of cold water and enjoy the sensation of being clean inside. All that is luxurious in the cold bath cleansing the outside is artificial.

Drink a glass of cold water in the name of cleanliness. It becomes one of the shortest and easiest of toilet duties. It is swallowed in a second and in five minutes has passed from the stomach, taking with it the clogging secretions of the alimentary tracts.

Two Grandmothers. A French woman who has devoted much time to the study of Americans says that she finds them delightful. Especially is she pleased with the American grandmother, who, having no exacting ties, may travel and amuse herself at an age when the French grandmother, with a too clinging affection, has begun to crowd the nest.

The French woman's face was interesting to see. A woman of fifty-five, the grandmother of twelve children, was talking about returning to Japan to see the cherries bloom. Such a thing was unheard of in her experience.

GIVE CARE TO YOUR SHOES. Much advice is given from time to time in regard to the care of the children's shoes as they come in from school, wet and misshapen from contact with wet pavements and the unconfessed wading in puddles, which is sure to delight the heart of the small boy.

As soon as the shoes are taken off lace or button them up, and fill them about two-thirds full of oats, shake them down well, then tie in a handkerchief a parcel of oats as large as can be pressed into the top of the shoes to fill the remaining space and put the shoes away until wanted.

The oats absorb the moisture in the shoes, and in absorbing it the oats swell considerably, and the constant pressure on the leather keeps the shoe in correct shape and prevents that

uncomfortable stiffness and rigidity always noticed when leather has been wet. A little trouble and care of this sort will save many a pair of shoes, and in all probability, will save many a corn from being formed by the pressure of shoes hardened from dampness.

THE SOMEWHERE ELSE. "The older I grow," said the mother, looking up from the dishes that she was washing, "the more I am convinced that one of the greatest mistakes in life is to suppose that if we were somewhere else, we should be happier.

She had just received a long letter from a young daughter who had gone out from home to earn her living. "Ella was never satisfied here with us," continued the speaker. "She fancies that happiness was to be found outside in the great world; that all she needed was a chance to be free. Now she realizes how many blessings she had at home that she can never hope to find among strangers."

The mother was right. There is no situation in life that one may not quarrel with. It is the part of the uncultivated nature to overlook the advantages at hand, and continually imagine what might be. If we are wise we shall adjust ourselves to our conditions and get the greatest possible good out of them; make a little boundary around to-day and look not beyond it.

HINTS TO MOTHERS. The following rules are worthy of being printed in letters of gold and placed in a conspicuous place in every household: 1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience, but remember it is always better to put your desires in the form of a request rather than a command.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say. 3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done. 5. Always let some proper penalty (never the whip) follow willful disobedience, but let it not flow from another. The parent who cannot govern his children without the rod has made some serious mistake in their earliest education.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command. 7. If you give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed. 9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the circumstances at another. 11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Teach them to make their little recitals perfectly true. 13. Never allow tale-bearing. 14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

We Invite Your Doctor TO INVESTIGATE THE FORMULA OF Dr. Chase's Kidney - Liver Pills

HERE IS THE CERTIFICATE OF WELL-KNOWN ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS. While we do not believe there would be any advantage (except to imitators) in printing the formula of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the newspapers, we do invite your doctor to fully investigate their formula, knowing that he must certainly be convinced of the merits of the preparation.

So far as the curative effects are concerned, there have been thousands of testimonials published in the newspapers from persons cured of kidney and liver complaints, biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble and kindred ailments.

The originals of these statements are on file in these offices, bearing the signatures of the cured ones, and backed by a \$500.00 guarantee as to their genuineness. Now, as to the ingredients of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, their purity and medicinal value, we know of no better authority to vouch for them than the well-known analytical chemists, Thomas Heys & Son, of Toronto, who have thoroughly analyzed them, and compared their analysis with our formula.

ANALYSTS' CERTIFICATE.—"We have made a careful examination of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and find them to contain ingredients in quantities large enough to make them of reliable medicinal value, also to be free from any injurious drug, such as morphia, etc."

(Signed) THOS. HEYS & SON, Analytical Chemists, Toronto, July 20, 1904. The indisputable ability of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has placed them in the front rank of family medicines. One pill a dose, 25 cents a dozen, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

HARD TO SAY. Teacher—If your mother bought four baskets of grapes, the dealer's price being 22 cents per basket, how much money would the purchase cost her? Tommy—You never kin tell. Ma's great at beatin' those hucksters down.

SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS. A boy in a certain school had been late both morning and afternoon for three successive days. When asked the reason he replied that he had taken time to eat all he wanted for breakfast and dinner.

As four-year-old Tommy still wore curls and dresses, he was often mistaken for a girl. This annoyed Tommy very much. One day he saw a large box in front of a store and he at once tried to climb on top of it. A gentleman passing by said, "Get down, Tom-boy!" Tommy did get down in a hurry, and, running to his mother, said: "Mamma, there is one man thinks I am a boy."

AN ICE CREAM DIALOGUE. "You said that you would have vanilla flavor in your ice cream, did you not, dear?" "Yes, I'm fond of vanilla, aren't you?" "Oh, I like it; but not so well as strawberry. Think I'll take strawberry."

"I believe I will, too." "Not on my account?" "Oh, no—just for a change. I nearly always order vanilla and I really think a change would be nice." "I nearly always order strawberry."

LIFE IN YOUTH. In youth how lovely life doth seem, All glad with joy and song, But dark and darker grows the scene, As life goes swift along.

The friends in youth we loved so well Pass one by one away, And early hopes, and loves, and dreams, Fall slowly to decay.

Mayhap 'tis better this should be— It tends to turn our love From vain and fleeting things below, To lasting ones above. —The Rosary.

HE GOT THE JOB. "I was much amused, the other day," said a hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around looking for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws and had given up the idea of taking them out."

"When the youngster turned up we thought we would try him by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way the clerk begun, picking out the tacks with his fingers, and getting the point of every third tack in the ball of his thumb."

"He had enough in about a minute, and he straightened up. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that he went over to the showcase and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out, and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet would attract iron and not the brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all the morning. We didn't really need a boy, but this little fellow's smartness appealed to us, and we engaged him at once."

LITTLE TOMMY. Did you ever hear about him? Grandma once knew just such a little philosopher, and he was the biggest little philosopher I ever knew. I do not think he ever cried. I never saw him cry. If his little sister found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried and cried— as little girls will—Tommy was sure to come around the corner, whistling and say: "What makes you cry? Can you cry a tulip? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here! lets try to right them."

So he would pick up the flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh and take her off to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tommy stood still for a moment, and then turned around to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy," said I, "are you not sorry to lose your kite?" "Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. 'Sorry' will not bring the kite back and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg. "Poor Tommy!" cried his sister. "You can't play any more." "I'm not poor, either. You cry for me. I don't have to do it for myself, and I'll have more time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over again till it makes me sleepy every time my leg aches."

Tommy was a little queer, certainly; but if a great many people were more like him they would have less troubles, and would throw more sunshine in this world.

A LITTLE SHEPHERDESS. Some white sheep and two black ones are grazing in a soft green meadow, in parts white with daisies of azure with forget-me-nots.

On the side of the meadow a little girl of 12 is reclining, while she watches her sheep, singing softly all the while. Soon she rises and looks attentively all around. "Yes, there is a very sweet blue spot over there. How many forget-me-nots it must hold! As for daisies, there are thousands of them all over the meadow."

Today's wreath cannot be fresh enough for Our Lady any more. She sinks down on the grass, in the midst of her gentle sheep, which look on complacently.

Sky-blue and white, gracefully entwined by her delicate fingers, fall over her shabby dress, as a lovely veil, and harmonize with the sweet tones of her voice.

As the last flowers of her harvest find their place, the sheep, used to her daily task of love, cease looking on, and, turning once more to their grazing, seem to say: "Be at ease, little mistress. We will be good during the time you are gone."

And the patient little shepherdess, carrying her wreath with both hands, ascends the flowery bank, followed by one little pet lamb only.

Before turning into a short side-path, she looks round towards the sheep in the meadow, and, seeing them as good as their unspoken word, continues her way toward a favorite spot.

Whoever has journeyed on foot in Catholic countries must have remarked erected here and there many quaint little chapels—some old, some new; some large, some small; some half-hidden into the hollow of a tree; some near an open field; many at the turning of a path.

Near one of the latter our little shepherdess stands still. It is a very poor, very rough little chapel about a square yard in size and chancel and statue are of coarsely-carved wood. When the child has removed yesterday's flowers, faith only could see there any beauty!

But when to-day's lovely flowers stream all around, and envelop the Blessed Virgin's statue in a glory of purest white and palest blue, and when the poor frail child stands praying before her, lost in veneration and love, then, indeed, there is beauty to be found there! It is a picture worthy of angels' eyes, and which angels only contemplate every summer's morning.

The prayer is said, the hymn sung, and child and lamb return to the meadow. Soon Germaine eats the crust of unwilling charity and softens it with water of the nearest brook.

"If only my father and my second mother could learn to love Our Lady how much happier we would all be!" And a sigh of sadness, not one of dissatisfaction, escapes her; and yet poor little Germaine's life is far from happy!

She is a very sickly child, whom cruel parents send out of doors from morning till night in all weathers. A few crusts of bread are her only food, and a few sheep her only companions.

But angels watch over the gentle little shepherdess, and a more brilliant crown than those her love makes for Our Lady is ready for her.

THE GOLDEN RULE. "Edith, Edith," called Fred, as he came bounding up the stairs two steps at a time. "Won't you help a fellow?" and his face clouded over, as if with pain.

"Why, of course, brother; what can I do for you?" "Well, I am in a muddle. To-day a note was thrown across the room, and I looked up and caught the teacher's eye, and he said, very sternly, 'Fred, did you throw the note?'"

"No sir," I said, and then he looked at me, and I do believe he thought I did it. He asked every one in the room, and no one would acknowledge he had done it. Then he said: 'It is very strange; I have asked every one here and no one has come out with it, and he gave me another look, but did not say a thing. The strange part of it all was that nobody told him a story, because John, who had done it, had just gone to his class in the next room, and Mr. Miller didn't think of him at all.'

"After school I told John about it, and he just laughed and said, 'Oh, what a joke! Why, I said, 'are you not going to make it right?' 'No,' he said, 'Teacher has forgotten all about it now; what's the use?'"

"I looked at him in amazement, and said, 'Well, you have different ideas from mine, and with that I walked away. Now, what's a fellow to do? If he chooses to go wrong, I mustn't, and I can't tell on him; but I do think it is hard, don't you?'"

"Yes, I do. But you just follow the Golden Rule, and it will come right."

There was a coldness in the teacher's manner toward Fred, and he felt it, knowing that it was undeserved. One day, when the ice was fine, Fred proposed that they go to the lake after school. They set off in high spirits and skated to their heart's content, when suddenly there was a crash and a scream. Fred turned just in time to see John disappear, and in a moment was at the spot. With great difficulty he got him to the shore. He was limp and apparently lifeless. Fred hailed some men who were passing, and soon they had him at home with his mother, and the doctor hovering over him.

THE RHEUMATISM 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 215 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

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. 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.

254 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 198 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 tinmith. 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: 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 in 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, 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. CLARK, 72 Wulsey street, City, 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. J. O'HERIDAN, 31 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 198 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 \$1.00 PER BOX.