

The HOME CIRCLE

CHILDREN'S CORNER

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

"So many jokes said to have been made by pupils in the public schools are told every day that I almost fear to tell this genuine one," said a teacher lately. "A youngster who asked me just reached the 'smart age' asked me the other day, 'If a man who writes an oration is an orator; is a man who writes an ode an odor?'"

HER PREFERENCE.

A little girl is taken daily to the park for an outing, where, to her great joy, she is permitted to feed the squirrels. A few days ago, much against her inclination, she was kept at home to be exhibited to friends who were lurching with her mother, says the Columbia Dispatch. When they had gone she vehemently announced:

"I do never want to grow up and be married and have wrinkles. I'd rather be a squirrel."

PUTTING HER AT HER EASE.

"Did your playmate enjoy her visit?" said mamma to her small daughter, who had just bidden adieu to her little friend.

EXCLUSIVE.

The three-year-old daughter of the house resents too great familiarity. A few evenings ago, a caller took her upon his lap, whereupon she said, with great gravity:

"I want to sit in my own lap." Needless to add, he immediately put her down.

THE WRONG KIND.

A resident of Newark tells of an amusing experience he had last summer while staying at a country place in Pennsylvania with his wife and baby.

A MORNING SONG.

Little streams of light Slipping 'cross the meadows; Eastward are tall trees Dwelling among the shadows.

Hounds of light now come 'Cross the meadows racing— Hounds of dusk that seem The black Night chasing.

Beyond the tall, dark trees The white Sun's burning— God on His great throne Making deep morning.

DON'T FOR GIRLS.

Don't be rude toward your brothers. Boys' feelings are as sensitive as girls. Don't forget that you owe the same respect an obedience to your father that you do to your mother.

LITTLE JOHNNY KNEW.

The gentleman was giving instructions in physiology to a class of boys. He said to the boys, "Now, boys, if I stand on my head, the blood all rushes to my head, but if I stand on my feet the blood does not rush to my feet. Now, boys, how do you explain this?"

DON'T SQUEEZE IT.

The other day I read of a little girl who was wondering what was the matter with her thumb. She complained that it hurt every time she squeezed it. Her mother advised her not to squeeze it.

ODD MINUTES.

"Dear me," said Sue, "isn't it mean that there's not time for things?" "For what?" asked a tiny, white-haired lady, tilting her head on one side like a bird, to see if a bit of pink muslin looked well beside a brown gingham triangle.

"I mean extras," said Sue, setting herself on the rug in front of the crackling fire. "Of course, I have to get my lessons and practice, and do my part of the housework; but there are things I want to do, and plan to do, and don't do."

Sue thought that grandmother might pay attention, and she went on in a louder key. "Now, I decided Sunday to run in and see old Mrs.

Williams, and write to Pauline to keep her from being homesick at boarding-school, and lend Nell some of my birthday books; and here it is Saturday, and I've not done any of them—only regular things."

"What time was it when you began to talk to me?" asked the grandmother. "Twelve, I think."

"And now it is—" "Ten minutes past."

"Could you write a page of a letter to Pauline in ten minutes?" "Oh, two; I write awfully fast, and—"

"Odds and ends of cloth make a quilt," said the grandmother, softly, "and odds and ends of time can be patched up very nicely, too."

"Oh," laughed Sue, running to the desk, "there are still ten minutes before dinner."

"This is a splendid peach," said Ned, "just as sweet and juicy! I'm going to plant the seed. Come out into the orchard with me."

"Oh, what's the good?" said Will. "Papa says that if a peach grows well it will begin to bear—just begin, you know—only a very little at first—in about four years."

"Oh," said Will again (this time in great scorn), "four years! Why, think how long a year is, think how long 'tis since last Thanksgiving, and four years to wait!"

"But the time goes by anyway. That's what papa says. You might as well have something growing. You'd better plant your seed."

"I shan't bother to; come on." He waited very impatiently while Ned brought a spade to dig; and finally, after also bringing water, smoothed the earth over his peach stone.

"See me shy this at Rover." Rover gave a little yell as the stone hit him; and that was Will's last thought of the kernel in which was wrapped up so much of beauty and sweetness, ready to be brought out with a little care.

Some years later Will followed Ned into the orchard and to a special spot, where the latter gave a little exclamation of delight.

"What is it?" asked Will. "My peach tree," said Ned; "I've been watching out for some blossoms this year, and here they are."

"And will the peaches be all your own?" "Why, of course; I planted the seed. Don't you remember? You were here when I did it. You had a stone, too, that day, but you threw it away."—Our Sunday Afternoon.

The moon is a solid body with mountain peaks many thousand feet high, wide vast depressions and volcanic markings, all of which can be seen through the telescope.

She is a "satellite" of the earth revolving around the earth from West to East in a period of a month, and turns once on her axis in the same time she takes to go around the earth. That is the reason we see the same side of her surface every evening, thus, having only been able to see four-sevenths of her surface, while the other three sevenths never has been seen and never will be under present planetary conditions.

She is the nearest celestial body to the earth, her mean distance being about 240,000 miles. Her mean diameter is about 2,160 miles, about one-quarter that of the earth, and about one-sixteenth the weight of the earth.

Her velocity at her equator is very slow; it does not exceed ten miles an hour. The dark portions were named by earlier astronomers as seas, lakes, etc., and still retain these names, although it is claimed there is no water on her surface. But is very cold, and some astronomers claim that her surface temperature is about 200 degrees below zero.

The brighter parts of her surface are mountainous, as is proved by the fact of their casting shadows when the sun's rays fall upon them obliquely, and also by the ragged appearance presented by her illuminated border. Her surface is not level, as can be plainly seen.

GET RID OF MICE. Make a mixture of cayenne pepper and finely powdered quicklime. Lay a little heap in front of their holes and with a pair of bellows blow the powder into them. Then paint the entrance to each hole with liquid tar, and sprinkle the shelves where food is kept with the pepper and lime. It does not kill the mice, but keeps them away.

MY SHARE. I have no lands, I have no gold; Fame's way my footsteps miss; But I've my baby girl to hold, My little lass to kiss. To helpful heights I may not reach, Be mine the sweeter task, to teach 'Or tides of error stay, Their unstained lips to pray.—Cora A. Matson Dolbon, in "Good Housekeeping."

SOME RECIPES. Turkey Surprise.—Chop fine sufficient cold turkey to measure a pint. In a saucepan put five tablespoons of grated cheese, two tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of paprika or white pepper. Stir over the fire till melted and mixed; add very slowly two tablespoons of milk, stirring constantly; cook three minutes longer. Take from the fire, add one tablespoon of mushroom catsup and fill individual shells or pastry cases with the mixture. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown in a quick oven. Chicken and veal are also very nice used this way.

Sweet Potatoes au Caramel.—Cut cold cooked sweet potatoes into carrels like those cut from an orange. Butter an earthen baking dish lavishly, lay in the carrels neatly and closely side by side, sprinkle with a tablespoon of brown sugar, a trifle of salt, a tablespoon of butter cut in bits and two tablespoons of milk. Lastly sitting over a rounding teaspoon of flour, add another layer of potatoes and season, omitting the flour. Bake brown in a good oven, but do not let the melted sugar and milk burn.

Grape Fruit.—Cut five grape fruit in halves, loosen the pulp, removing all fibres; mix with an equal quantity of fresh or preserved pineapple; refill the shells, place a lump of sugar in the centre and a tablespoonful of the pineapple juice. Garnish with candied cherries. Tart oranges may be substituted for the grape fruit if desired.

Doughnuts.—One cup of sugar, nutmeg to taste, a spoonful of salt, half a cup of sour cream, a cup and a half of sweet milk, two tablespoons of melted butter, half a teaspoon of soda, and a teaspoon and a half of baking powder. Flour to roll. Fry in hot fat.

Old-Fashioned Scotch Cake.—Mix one-quarter pound each of butter, lard and sugar thoroughly with the hands. Add salt and one pound of sifted flour, using only the hands. When all are well blended, put in a baking pan and pat down until about one-half inch thick. Bake in a moderate oven until the cake is a delicate brown. Remove from the fire and let it stand a few minutes. Then cut into squares and turn the pan upside down. The cakes are very rich and slightly crisp.

Chicken Terrapin.—Cut chicken that has been boiled the day before into small pieces, about two and one-half cups. Put into a saucepan with one ounce of butter, one-half saltspoon of red pepper, a pinch of salt, and cook five minutes. Add a wineglassful of Madeira wine, and boil three minutes. Have beaten the yolks of three eggs, to which is added one-half pint of cream and a little dust of flour. Add the chicken, gently stirring until it thickens. Serve very hot, with strips of buttered toast, or with bread and butter sandwiches.

WHAT SOME MEN WON'T SEE. That they have left their newspapers scattered over the floor. That cigar ashes have to be cleaned up. That the soiled linen has to be put in the laundry bag. That yesterday's clothing has to be hung up. That wives grow uninteresting because they have no time for reading or society. That there are hundreds of little things which husbands could do to lighten the work of the home. That by so doing both husband and wife would be happier. That to find out what these little things are, needs but two open eyes and one generous, thoughtful heart.—From the Chicago Journal.

THINGS ONE OUGHT TO DO. Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once? It will have double value if written promptly, and will take no more time than by and by. Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning to send? Mere kind intentions never accomplish any good. Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others. Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish? Why don't you take more pains to be self-sacrificing and loving in the everyday home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always. Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness, so that all who come in touch with you may be made better?

WE ALL WANT MORE REST. Rest is just as necessary for everybody as eating and sleeping is. Men, women and children, old and young, rich and poor, the literary man and the laborer, the merchant and mechanic, the clerk and the artisan, all require rest. How much rest they require depends entirely upon their con-

stitution, their ability to stand the work that they go through and the strain that such work has on their nervous system. Doctors, in talking of rest, all agree that it is not taken judiciously, and that, if one attempts to go through any great mental strain, or to do any extraordinary amount of work without rest, eventually the constitution will become undermined, the nervous system thoroughly disorganized, and then the would-be hard worker will have to enjoy an enforced rest. Several doctors talked recently upon the subject of rest, Dr. Louis A. Sayre, of New York, said:

"If men, and women, too, would study to take more rest, would make it a practice to take rest, at certain periods during the day, and would put everything on the side in order to have that rest, we doctors would have much less work to do than we have now. With everybody almost the chief thought seems to be excitement. Men have excitement in their business, and when their business is over they will seek excitable recreation. Many women live on nothing but excitement, and after they have indulged in it freely for a certain period, regulated according to their nervous temperament, they break down and they have to take an enforced rest. When they get in this condition it is very hard for them to recover again."

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED. Confidence is an aid to success. The optimist usually wins. A strong heart does not go slow because difficulties arise. Hope nerves the cheerful man to victory. Whatever troubles a young man he should not give way to discouragement. Time is on his side. Youth is on his side. Strength is on his side. Opportunity is on his side. Let him wait and work, strive resolutely and persistently, go forward daily to the goal of his ambition, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (barring the opposition of the will of Providence), he is sure to attain his purpose.

But some young men are easily disheartened. They give up before the least obstacle. They lack "grit." They are deficient in stamina. Spiritual writers say that it is a favorite temptation of the devil to whisper to a man practising virtue: "You'll never be able to endure this self-restraint all your life!" making the unfortunate person feel at one time the sufferings of many years. To triumph over that temptation, those teachers say that the man must remember two facts: 1. He is living only one second at a time, and he knows that here and now, with God's help, he can remain in virtue; and, 2. He has no assurance that he will live a long time, so that it is idle to endure now pains for years that may never come to his life. To-day is ours and to-day we can be good.

Similarly young men worry over the length of the road that is before them to success and over the height of the building that must be put up to reach the stars, forgetting that the longest journey can be made by taking one step after another, and that the loftiest structures are reared by laying one brick on top of another. In like manner, if anything is to be done by study or by work, it can be achieved by doing a little every day for a succession of years. So men have become learned, so fortunes have been accumulated, so great enterprises have been completed. One page a day, one stroke of the hammer after another, one spadeful following another continuously to level the mountain or fill up the chasm, one dime laid by frequently on other dimes—what can they not accomplish?

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the endless strand. Don't get discouraged, but get to work. Don't try to bear to-morrow's troubles to-day. Don't be crushed by some reverses. Don't expect sunshine all the time, on the one hand, and, on the other, don't think at night that it is always going to be dark. Strive, hope, venture, try again, and be confident of ultimate victory.

Was Blinded By Eczema. SUFFERED INTENSELY FOR THREE YEARS AND WAS HORRIBLY DISFIGURED. SKIN NOW AS SMOOTH AS A BABY'S, THANKS TO DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT. Such cures as the one described below are what have given Dr. Chase's Ointment a world-wide reputation as the standard ointment and the most satisfactory treatment ever devised as a cure for itching skin diseases. Mrs. Robert Clendingen, Welland Station, Ont., writes:—

"For three years my daughter, Fanny, was afflicted with eczema in an intense and persistent form, and for nine days she was totally blind. The burning, itching and disfigurement were horrible, her entire face being completely raw for months, and the distress so great that she could not sleep."

"The best efforts of two eminent physicians failed to even mitigate her awful suffering. One day when I was low-spirited over my daughter's condition, Dr. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me and to our surprise Fanny was helped with the first box and she has since been entirely cured by this treatment."

Her face is now as smooth as a baby's, and she is in splendid health. The credit for this cure is entirely due to Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I cheerfully give you permission to state my daughter's case, hoping that it will lead many others to secure the same good results."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is recommended and sold by all dealers at 60 cents a box or sent post paid on receipt of price, by Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Young Men, Remember That it takes more than muscle to make a man. That bigness is not greatness. That it requires pluck to be patient. That selfishness is the most unmanly thing in the world. That piety is not priggishness. That to follow a crowd is a confession of weakness. That street corners are a poor college. That one real friend is worth a score of mere acquaintances. That to be afraid to be one's noblest self is greatest cowardice. That it is never too soon to begin the business of making a man of one's self. That what is put into the brain to-day will be taken out of it ten years hence. That the only manliness worth possession is shown in the life of the Son of Man.

A Merry Heart Goes All the Day.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will relieve all pains, muscular or otherwise, and for the speedy treatment of colds and coughs it is a splendid medicine.

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 312 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900.

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.

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 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 reputation, 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.

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, OS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve 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.

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.

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 Wolsely street, Ont. Toronto, July 21st, 1903.

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 100 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 50 CENTS PER BOX.