

.....The HOME CIRCLE

CLEAR STARCHING.

In these days of elaborate and dainty lingerie it would seem that a fair living might be made by women doing what was once called clear starching, namely: the careful laundering of fine muslins and laces. These delicate articles should never be rubbed on a board, but be allowed to soak in water containing a little borax or ammonia and a good washing soap for several hours. Gently rub the articles with the hands and never dry out of doors in freezing weather. After washing and drying, dip the ruffles and laces in a very thin starch, and roll the garments up smoothly, with the starched portions inside, and lay aside for an hour or so, when they may be ironed. If there is any soiling to be done, redampen the edges before passing through the rollers, after first ironing the garment. It is claimed that by ironing circular ruffles with the thread they will never lose their shape.

WISDOM FOR THE NURSERY.

Children are apt to become saucy and ill mannered when their elders do not set them a good example. A child that learns verses and hymns as punishment is quite certain to take a lifelong dislike to such things later on. Avoid taking children into crowded shops when it is possible, as it not only tires the child, but exposes it to impure air and infectious diseases. Remember that medicine suitable for a grown person is too strong for a child, and never try to administer such a dose without the advice of a physician. Have a secure guard around the nursery fire, if there is one, and a firmly latched gate at the head of the stairs when the baby begins to crawl about. And when a child is "fidgety" do not take it with you when paying calls; it causes discomfort, both to the hostess and yourself.

SEASONABLE EASTER GIFTS.

Each year finds the custom of exchanging gifts at Easter more widespread. Unlike the Christmas present, in which wide latitude is allowed, the Easter gift should be both dainty and seasonable. The scant sachets, so popular for Christmas cards, have reappeared in charming guise for the Easter festival. They are decorated with all the flowers that bloom in the spring and tied with ribbons to match. There are, too, unique little sachets of satin in the shape of a lily or pansy. A novelty which will find favor is a basket of colored tissue paper resembling a big chrysanthemum. Its long leaves are meant to conceal Easter eggs or bonbons. Tiny potted ferns set in cups of crimped and painted paper are just the thing for an Easter greeting. Some of the cups represent Easter lilies. Decorated china violet holders are another pretty suggestion. Seasonable gifts which may be used for Easter will be found among the art linens, traveling cases, steamer pillows, fancy silk bags and the new cases for turnover collars. New and beautiful designs in decorated china are adaptable for Easter presents.—Fashions.

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR COOK

Soak bacon in water for a few minutes before trying it; this prevents the fat from running. A spoonful of vinegar added to the cooking water will mope meat or fowls boiled in it quite tender. Carrots should always be cut in slices instead of in cubes, because the darker outside part is richer in flavor than the center, and if cut in cubes some of the cubes will be lacking in flavor in consequence. When pounding almonds always add a few drops of cold water to prevent the otherwise inevitable appearance of oil. Even when bought already pounded they should be kept in a tin, as any paper left in contact will absorb the oil. Remember that the yolk of an egg, if placed in a cup and covered with a little cold water, will keep for a couple of days. The water can easily be poured off when the yolk is to be used. Even experienced cooks are apt to get burned, and an excellent remedy is to pour equal parts of linseed oil and cold boiled water into a bottle and shake well before applying to the spot. Heat coffee beans before grinding to obtain the best flavor, and do not grind them at all until just about to use, in order to secure the full strength. Always leave the teapot or coffee pot lid open a crack to admit the air and prevent rusting when not in use. A piece of paper slipped in is sufficient to keep it open.

MILES OF MUSHROOM CAVES.

Mushrooms are grown in large quantities in Paris. They extend some miles under the city, and are from 10 to 160 feet beneath the surface. It is difficult to obtain permission to visit them, and even when the permission is obtained it requires considerable courage to avail one's self of the privilege. The only entrance to the caves is a hole like a well out of which a long pole projects. Through this pole, fastened at the top only, at long intervals, sticks are thrust. This primitive ladder, which swings like a pendulum in the darkness below, is the only means of reaching the caves. Disused stone quarries are used for the caves, and the interiors remind one of a rock temple with galleries leading in every direction. The industry is at first expensive to cultivators. The most perfect cleanliness must be observed in the beds, which are covered over with silver sand and a whitish clay and run in parallel lines, with only a narrow passage between them. The manure, collected from the stables of Paris, has perhaps to be carried a couple of miles to the quarries. There it is made into flat heaps near the entrance to the shafts and watered from three to six weeks before the necessary fermentation takes place. When the manure is sufficiently prepared it is shot down into the caves through one of the convenient

shafts. Next comes the formation of the beds. These are one and a half feet wide and high and arranged in rows, this condition having proved to be best adapted to bring the manure to the proper temperature necessary for the fructification of the fungi. The method of constructing these beds is peculiar. Each workman sits astride his bed, as if on horseback, fills his arms with the manure and presses it down between his legs, thus moving along the bed with the jolting motion of the rider. In this manner the beds are evenly pressed like so many furrows. When the beds attain the proper temperature the spawn is sown. One of the first requisites of mushroom culture is fresh air, and the farmer must know just how much oxygen is necessary for the respiration of the fungi. Air holes are bored here and there, beneath which in many places coke fires are lit. This insures the necessary renewal of fresh air.

HELPFUL ITEMS.

The following useful items are taken from the Experiment Department, in Good Housekeeping: I have found it impossible to buy stockings that would not wear a small hole often before the first laundering. I tried a variety of makes and also bought a size larger than I needed, but still the holes would appear. I finally tried washing out new stockings in lukewarm water before wearing them and found that no holes appeared. A peculiar kind of dressing washed out of the stockings and I presume it is this dressing in the finish of the goods that makes them cut through so readily. S. H. W.

A professional carpet cleaner says that grated Irish potato scattered freely on a carpet and then swept off will clean it and revive the colors better than any other agency he knows of. There is no danger of injury to the most delicate shades by this method. Mrs. F.

A salad course at luncheon or dinner is in vogue in Chicago, which is worth bringing to housekeepers elsewhere. Canned pears are used for the foundation—the large Bartlett pear. They are drained and one core thoroughly removed, leaving a hole for a filling of celery and English walnut meats mixed with mayonnaise dressing. They are arranged around the edge of a round, flat salad dish, and the center is filled with cream cheese, which has been mixed with cream and pressed through a fine potato ricer. Linda Hull Larned.

To clean tapestries and similar articles, pour boiling water on a handful of bran. Let it stand until tepid, then plunge in any chemie, cretonne or tapestry articles. Use no soap, merely shake the goods well in the liquid. Wring them out, repeat if necessary and rinse well in tepid water until clean. Hang the goods in the wind to dry, shake well, and all bran will drop off and leave the articles equal to new.

A delicious and inexpensive sandwich is made as follows: Butter bread on the loaf, having first creamed the butter. Cut off the crusts, and beginning at one corner of the slice, roll it tightly over two sticks of crisp celery. The butter will hold it together, but baby ribbon tied around each roll will greatly improve the appearance. The celery should be broken into thin strips and cut an appropriate length. Mrs. Shaw.

The daintiest of desserts served at a luncheon, I found on inquiry to be made of marshmallows quartered, ground nuts and whipped cream sweetened and flavored. I have since tried the recipe and found it a great success. Mrs. Roland A. Jacobus.

Prisoner—"It is difficult to see how I can be a forger, your worship. Why I can't sign my own name." Judge—"You are not charged with signing your own name."

BRAIN FAG IN SPRING. FEELINGS OF DISCOURAGEMENT AND DESPONDENCY FROM WEAK BLOOD—CURE IN

Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD

Of all the blood supplied as nourishment to the human body one-fifth is consumed in the brain in the manufacture of nerve force, the vital power which is transmitted through the sympathetic nerve to the lungs, heart, kidneys, liver, bowels, etc., and which supplies the motive power to these organs. In the spring when the blood is thin and watery and the nerve force becomes depleted, the ill-effects are often first felt in the brain. The head aches. The mind is dull and listless. It is difficult to concentrate the thoughts. Feelings of gloom and discouragement come over you. Energy and ambition seem to be all gone. You begin to look on the dark side of things. Your temper is easily irritated. But enrich and purify the blood by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will soon find disease of body and mind disappearing. The tired nerve centres of the brain receive new vitality from the new, rich blood, new nerve force is sent tingling along the delicate nerve fibres and every organ of the body responds to the new call to health and duty. If you would avoid the ills and weaknesses of spring use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A CANDLE TRICK.

Take a small picture out from a paper or book and wrap it lightly round a candle. Light a match or another candle and hold the flame near until it becomes transparent. Unwrap the picture, and everyone will be surprised to find it printed on the candle.

ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS.

Young folks who delight in collecting cancelled postage stamps will be interested in the statement that up to date, according to the "Universal Standard Catalog of the Postage Stamps of the World," the total number of all known varieties is 19,242. Poland and Wadswa have each issued a solitary specimen. Salvador, the leader in varieties, 459; England, 295; and its colonies, 5,711; the Americas and West Indies, 6,995.

RAISING THE HAT AN ANCIENT SALUTATION.

When a knight of old entered a company of ladies, he removed his helmet to indicate that he considered himself among friends, and that there was no need to protect himself. This practice has survived in the custom of raising the hat when saluting a lady.

SNAKES.

Of the 165 kinds of snakes found in the United States, but 29 are venomous. They are the copperhead and water moccasin, which are closely related; the coral snakes of the south-west, the two species of sistrurus, and the 15 species of rattlesnake. The most dangerous of them, the water moccasin, is not seen north of Tennessee.

A MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

The boy on the bicycle is riding very rapidly to keep an appointment. He has promised to be at a certain place at a certain time. He has calculated that if he rides 15 miles an hour he will arrive just an hour too soon, while if he just rides 10 miles an hour he will get there just an hour too late. The answer is 60 miles. See if you can do the problem in the proper manner to produce this result.

THE DOG.

The dog's a funny animal. Domesticated kind. The while he wears his teeth before. He wears his smile behind; This seems quite paradoxical. Quite waggish you won't fail To note how'er a canine's smile Is just a wagging tail.

I used to know a little dog. Who smiled on me each night. When I returned from my day's work His tail wagged with delight; He was a joyous, happy dog—I chronicle with pain. The fate he lost his tail one day; He never smiled again.

Oh, children, all be good to dogs— And to my warning bark; Don't twist their tails nor drown their pups; 'Tis wrong to wreck a bark. Just look a big dog in the eye (Your courage well might fail); To learn, if he thinks well of you Watch if he wags his tail. —Houston Post.

THE OTHER FOOT.

Old Joshua Martin was noted for his ability to make a close bargain, but once in a while he met his match. "I say, mister," he began, as he walked into a barber shop one market day, while waiting to dispose of his load, "farming's mighty bad nowadays. You ought, to lemme have a shave for five cents. Why, if I should tell you the price I had to take for my garden sassafras." "Mebbe," returned the barber, "but fact is, I ought to charge you double price, now by rights, for farmer's prices are just about twice as long as they used to be. You ought to be thankful for being let off on one fare!"

ABOUT KISSING MOTHER.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you noticed a care-worn look upon her face. Of course, it has not been brought there by an act of yours; still, it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast. When your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you ought her a kiss or two. A long, while ago, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when you one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. Through years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured with those first skirmishes with the rough old world."

THE PARROT.

By Henry Coyle. It was a cold, dreary day in spring and a young girl sat close to a stove, sewing. She was hemming some aprons for a neighbor, who promised her fifty cents when the work was finished. The room was neatly and even tastefully arranged. The floor was partly covered with home-made rugs, and an old-fashioned round table stood in the center of the room. On a chair there was a cage, which contained a parrot. There was a bed in one corner of the room where the girl's mother was asleep. She was very sick, the outcome of overwork, worry and insufficient nourishment. Mrs. Cannon was a widow. Her husband, who had been a sailor, was lost at sea two years before, and she had supported herself and daughter by sewing since that time. A week ago she was obliged to drop her work as she was too weak to sit up. The neighbors were kind people, but they too, were very poor, and could give little but sympathy to relieve the poor widow's distress. "Are you in much pain, mother?"

FATHER Koenig's FREE TONIC. A LITTLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. POST FREE THIS MEDICINE IS FREE! KOENIG MED. CO. 108 Lake St. CHICAGO. Sold by Druggists.

asked Lucy, as her mother moaned. "No, dear," was the answer. "I feel a little better. Are you tired of sewing?" "Oh, no, indeed!" replied Lucy. "I have only one more apron to finish."

"You are a good girl," said Mrs. Cannon, and the tears rolled down her face. "She's a good girl," repeated the parrot. "Thank you, Polly," said Lucy. "I wish I could return the compliment." "I ain't got no friends!" shrieked Polly, dolefully. "Just my luck!" Mrs. Cannon and Lucy smiled, for in all their trouble the parrot was a never-failing cause of amusement. Mr. Cannon, in one of his voyages to the Far East, brought the bird, and brought it home as a gift to his daughter. The parrot was a good talker, and almost human in intelligence. "When I finish the aprons I will take them to Mrs. Lewis. If you are asleep, I will not disturb you, and I will not be long away," said Lucy. "So long, Lucy, so long," and the parrot began to whistle. Lucy threw a dark shawl over the cage. This punishment was always effectual, and the parrot became quiet. The girl resumed her work, and her mother soon fell asleep.

"I can sew much better than I used to," said Lucy to herself. "I wish I was a big girl, and able to earn a lot of money. We need it so bad!" As these thoughts passed through Lucy's mind she suddenly remembered that a neighbor once told her that the parrot was worth twenty or thirty dollars, as it was such a good talker. This seemed a large sum of money to Lucy, and she thought of many things she could buy for her sick mother.

"I love Polly dearly," she said, "for it was father's last gift to me; but it would be selfish for me to keep it, when we need the money so much."

"You are a good girl," said the parrot, from under the shawl. "Poor Polly! Hard luck! What's the use!" Lucy took the shawl from the cage, and gave the bird a cracker to keep it quiet. As Lucy continued her sewing, she thought of all the comforts which she could buy for her mother, if she only had the money which the bird would sell for, and although her heart ached when she thought of parting with it, she made up her mind to inquire of Mrs. Lewis, the lady for whom she was sewing, if she knew of anyone who might buy the parrot. When her task was completed, she put on her hat, and closing the door very softly, went to the kind neighbor who, after praising her work, paid her the fifty cents. Lucy then mentioned the parrot, and said that she had resolved to part with it for her mother's sake.

"I wish I could help you, poor child," said Mrs. Lewis; "you would not have to part with your pet. If you really wish to sell it, I think I can help you about it, for I heard a lady say the other day that she would gladly purchase it, but she supposed that you valued it too much to part with it."

"And so I do, if it were not for my poor mother," said Lucy. "But who is this lady? Can I see her?" "Yes, dear; she lives on Beacon street. The family are very wealthy, but riches cannot keep away death and sorrow. The lady lost her husband and two children recently. She has only one little girl left to console her. I was formerly employed by Mrs. Wilson, and she calls on me occasionally. The last time they were here, they heard your parrot singing and talking, and I told them about it."

"I will go and see the lady," said Lucy. "She will feel sympathy for my mother, when she hears that she is a widow like herself."

"Yes, dear, I am sure she will. Tell her your story, and do not be afraid of her, for she is a kind lady." "I will go there at once," said the girl, and bidding her friend farewell, she hastily left the house. Mrs. Wilson was at home, and she told the servant to show the little girl who wished to see her, up to her sitting-room. Her little daughter, Edith, was there also, reading a book. Lucy introduced herself, and mentioned that she came from Mrs. Lewis. Her errand was soon told, and Mrs. Wilson and Edith listened with sympathetic interest.

"And you are willing to part with your parrot to help your mother. Is she not kind, Edith?" "Ah, no, I was selfish not to think of it before," said Lucy.

"To-morrow we will call and arrange about buying the parrot," said Mrs. Wilson. "But in the meantime I will send my physician, Dr. Brown, to see your mother. Perhaps he may help her." "Oh, thank you very much," exclaimed Lucy, and, explaining that her mother was alone, she hastened home with a glad heart. Mrs. Cannon was surprised to hear what Lucy had done. She felt grieved to think that they must part with the parrot, but she knew well that the sacrifice was a necessary one, as the rent would soon be due, and they were in great distress.

Lucy told her mother about the beautiful house, the gorgeous furniture, beautiful pictures, and carpets. It was the first time the poor child had ever been in such a house, and it seemed to her like a palace. "And only think of thirty dollars, mother! Why, it will last a year!" "I feel like thirty cents," said the parrot, quoting the popular phrase of the boys in that neighborhood. Cheap enough! Poor Polly! Any old rags, bottles, bones?" "It is like selling our own flesh and blood," said Mrs. Cannon, mournfully. "Cheer up, old girl! Never say die! And the parrot turned itself over and over in the cage.—Orphan's Friend.

Some people cannot drive to happiness with four horses, and other can reach the goal on foot.—Thackeray. Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.

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, 1905

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. S. PRICE.

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

196 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 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 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, 1903. 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, 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. SHERIDAN, 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. And by all Druggists PRICE 21 00 PER BOX.