

The HOME CIRCLE

HELPFUL HINTS.

If one uses a wet chamois skin for dusting furniture, a furniture polish will not be needed. Take a soft chamois skin, from ten to sixteen inches square, wet in warm water—do not use hot—wring out as dry as possible. Use same as duster. It will remove dust and finger marks and leave furniture bright.

Thick milk will polish silver without the trouble of rubbing. Put the silver into a pan, cover with the sour milk and let stand for half an hour. Wash and rinse as usual. Every little crevice will be found bright and shining.

Castors on all heavy kitchen furniture will save strength and aid in keeping the kitchen clean.

Two pads the size and shape of two kettle holders and sewed to a piece of tape, are useful for lifting hot dishes out of an oven.

If a little ammonia is used every few days on brass faucets and tubs they will be kept bright and shining and with much less trouble than if polished only occasionally.

A saucepan in which rice, oatmeal or anything sticky has been cooked may be very easily cleaned by putting in a cupful of ashes when you take it off the fire and then fill with water.

A satisfactory way of preventing fish from tainting a refrigerator or any of the contents is to wrap the fish closely in a cloth wrung out of cold water. This will also prevent it from becoming hard and dry.

The difficulty in frying fish can be quickly overcome if you use plenty of perfect boiling fat. Dry the fish thoroughly and have sufficient fat for it to swim in. Let the fat throw off a blue smoke before using. Drop in only one piece at a time and cook till light brown. Drain on thick paper before the fire for a few moments before serving.

Varnish paint can be kept looking as bright as though freshly painted by soaking in water some time a bag filled with flax-seed and then using it as a cloth to clean the paint.

Engravings are often better framed without a mat. The mat often detracts from the beauty of a picture, instead of bringing out its beauties, as it does with water colors. Landscapes with a great deal of detail in them require an exceedingly narrow frame and as simple as it is possible to find, white, on the other hand, bold, broadly treated subjects require frames that are wide and plain, and large single heads are at their best in frames of either Florentine or rococo moulding, unless they are broadly treated, when a deep, flat frame of either gold or stained wood will serve as the best background and bring out the artistic treatment of the subject.

DON'T WHINE!

Take what comes to you and do your best with it. Make the bravest fight you can; train yourself to see the cheerful side of things, even the funny side of the mishaps you cannot help. Strange complaints with a laugh—a cheery laugh is good for heart and brain, and clears the mists from the eyes of faith. Endure what must needs be endured. Go forward bravely. Try to do some little act of kindness. A day is not a day well spent unless you have tried to send a ray of sunshine into some clouded life. What will you do to-day? You may be busy here and there with your household cares or the vexatious details of your business, but you should take time to make some one happy.

A SONG OF STRENGTH.

Be strong—be not afraid, for sun and moon and star lean down from Heaven where the heart's hopes are. It is their light that make shadows appear; how foolish, then, to waste the precious fear! Be strong, for gentle peace will come at even-song, when little heartaches bring their joy along! Be strong! It matters not how long the gloomy way, how dark the night that calls loud for the day, for far beyond white morning's crimson skies the little road winds on and glad replies—Be strong, and I will lead you safe through endless quest. I led the Master to His land of rest.

Be strong! This self-same stony path we all must tread, and all must fight and taste life's crust of bread; roses there'll be for some, for others rue; God flung them on the way for me and you.

Be strong, and consecrate with love life's holy hours, and let them blossom into snow-white flowers! Be strong! Shoulder the trials of thy busy day! Fight on! Push manly on into the fray.

And fight the fight that God means you to fight, and set thy foot upon the path of right! Be strong, and gentle peace will come at even-song! Be strong, poor heart of man, be strong—be strong!

—William J. Fischer.

MY HEART AND I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I. We sit beside the headstone thus, and wish that name were carved for us.

The moss reprints more tenderly. The hard types of the mason's knife as heaven's sweet life renews earth's life.

With which we're tired, my heart and I. You see we're tired, my heart and I. We dealt with books, we trusted men.

And in our own blood drenched the pen, as if such colors could not fly. We walked too straight for fortune's end, we loved too true to keep a friend; at last we're tired, my heart and I!

So tired, so tired, my heart and I! It was not thus in that old time, when Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime. To watch the sunset from the sky, "Dear love, you're looking tired," he said; I, smiling at him, shook my head. "Tis now we're tired, my heart and I."

So tired, so tired, my heart and I! Though now none takes me on his arm. To fold me close and kiss me warm till each quick breath ends in a sigh of happy languor. Now, alone, we lean upon this graveyard stone, uncheered, unloved, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I? In this abundant earth, no doubt, is little room for things worn out, disdain them, break them, throw 'em by!

And if, before the days grew rough we once were loved, used—well enough I think we've fared, my heart and I. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE GIRL WHO DOESN'T SUCCEED.

The girl who takes up work as a temporary occupation with her mind on the state of matrimony.

The girl who expects to begin at the top instead of slowly climbing there.

The girl who makes excuses for herself when a boy's pride would come to his aid and help him to overcome the difficulty which she tries to evade.

The girl who airs her grievances to others until she makes a nuisance of herself.

The girl who thinks she is entitled to privileges not granted to her brother.

The girl who is not thorough and conscientious about her work.

The girl who keeps her eye on the clock, fearful that she may give her employer a moment or two overtime.

The girl who spends her nights at parties and arrives at the office in the morning weary and out of humor.

The girl who is always doleful and down on her luck.

The girl who expects to carry on a flirtation or two coincidentally with her work.

The girl who tells everyone she doesn't have to work, but is only doing it to make extra pocket money.

The girl who talks over her employer's business outside of the office.

The girl who criticizes everything and everybody.

The girl who looks upon work as drudgery and has a grudge against fate for forcing her to do it.

The girl who fails to remain womanly and affects mannish qualities.

The girl who spends her money upon clothes instead of good health-bringing food.

The girl who is never on time.

The girl who depends on favoritism to advance her instead of good, honest endeavor.

The girl who constantly "solders" and plays sick.

The girl who is indifferent and listless and cannot even assume an interest in her occupation.

The girl who lacks courage and self-respect.

The girl who feels herself above her position and does not even condescend to fill it adequately.

The girl who tells you all the wonderful things she can do, but never gets right down to doing anything at all.—New York World.

A NATURAL ERROR.

Horrified Stranger—You say that four men were carried away unconscious, three were badly crushed, and the doctors were busy for an hour settling broken limbs? On what railway did the accident occur, sir?

CHILDREN'S CORNER BLOOD HUMORS

PIGS MIGHT FLY.

Dot was only a little girl of seven, but she had a big sister who was eighteen, and wasn't she proud of her? Just now Dot was very lonely, for her big sister, whose name was Alice, was always so busy and so sad that she hardly ever seemed to have time to come and play ball or skipping-rope as she used to do; and mother was very ill in bed, so that Dot sometimes felt very miserable.

For a long time now, Dot and Alice and mother had lived in a pretty cottage in the country. It was only a tiny place, but mother and Alice had set to work when they first came there, and made it look quite delightful with some of the beautiful things they had brought from the big house that Dot could just remember, where she used to have a beautiful big nursery all to herself, and a nurse to look after her.

Dot didn't know why they had left the beautiful house, so one day, when Alice was sewing in the little sitting-room in the cottage while mother was asleep upstairs, she said to her big sister: "Alice, why don't we live in the big house now?"

"What big house, Dot dear?" "The one we used to live in." "Do you really remember it, dear?" she asked, taking her little sister on her knee.

"Yes, I think I do, though—well—I don't remember it very well," said Dot thoughtfully. "But wasn't it ever such a nice big place, Alice?" "Yes, dear."

"Then why didn't we stay there?" "Because we hadn't enough money to pay the rent, dear—when daddy died."

Dot looked at her big sister just then, because her voice sounded so queer, and oh! Alice—grown-up Alice—was crying! Dot flung her little arms round her sister's neck and pressed her soft cheek against her pretty curly hair.

"Don't cry, Alice. I'm so sorry I made you cry. It was silly." "It's all right, Dot, I was silly." And she gently kissed the anxious little face.

"Oh, Dot," she said, as she held her little sister clasped in her arms, "I wish we had some more money, so that mother could go away to the seaside. Then she'd get better." The doctor says.

"Praps someone might bring us some money," said little Dot, hopefully. "Praps pigs might fly," said Alice with a laugh that sounded just like crying. "There, Dot, I must run and put the kettle on for mother's tea."

Dot went off into the garden very thoughtfully after this. She squeezed herself into a corner by an apple tree, and sat down to think. What did Alice mean by saying that "pigs might fly?"

"They couldn't," said Dot to herself. "I'm sure no one ever had pigs that could fly."

Then Dot had a splendid idea. She jumped up, and hurried off as fast as her legs would carry her through the garden gate, across the meadow, to Squire Benton's farm. He was a very, very rich gentleman who lived in a big house a little way off, but he had this farm because he liked "pretending to be a farmer." Alice said. Now, if anybody was likely to have pigs that could fly, it would certainly be Squire Benton. Dot managed to find the part of the farmyard where the pigs were kept, and she stood anxiously looking over the wall that went all round their house. She was going to watch those pigs to see if they ever did fly.

She had been there rather a long time, and the only thing the pigs did was to grunt and snuff about, when suddenly she heard someone say: "Well, little woman, how much longer are you going to stay there watching those piggies?"

Dot turned round, and felt rather frightened, for she knew that this gentleman was the squire, because she had often seen him on horse-back.

He walked up to her now, and putting his hand under her chin, gently lifted her face, and looked kindly down into her blue eyes.

"Oh, please, I'm very sorry if I'm in the way, but—pigs don't fly—ever—do they, Mr. Squire?"

Dot was rather angry when "Mr. Squire" laughed at her, but he stopped quickly, and, taking her hand very gently, he said: "Come over into the garden, little girl, and I'll tell me what you mean."

Dot trotted off with the squire to the big garden in front of his house, and they sat down together on a comfortable garden seat.

"First of all," he said, "will you tell me your name?" "Dot."

"Oh, yes, and you and your sister and mother live at Woodbine Cottage don't you, Dot?"

"Yes," she said, "and mother's very ill."

"I'm so sorry, dear." And then, after a little while, he said: "Now tell me why you asked me about pigs flying."

Then Dot told him all about it. As she went on, she felt his big, strong hand hold hers tighter and tighter, and when she had finished, his head was bent down so that she couldn't see his face.

Presently he got up, and said: "Well, dear, I think it must be past your tea-time. May I walk home with you?"

So Dot and the squire appeared at the cottage door together, and Alice must have been very frightened, Dot thought, for she went quite red in the face when she saw the squire.

Well, after that the squire often came to tea at the cottage, and Alice used to go down to the garden gate to see him off, and one night she came back with such bright eyes, and such a rosy face, that when she went

up to Dot's room to say "Good-night," Dot said: "Why, Alice, you're all red in the face like you were when the squire came home with me." But Alice only laughed.

After that Dot was told that Alice was going to marry the squire, and then all sorts of wonderful things happened. They all went to the seaside together, and mother came back quite well.

One day Dot said to Alice: "Have you got enough money to live in a big house again now, Alice?" And Alice said "yes."

Then Dot asked her not to laugh if she asked her something, and her sister promised that she wouldn't.

"Why did you say 'pigs might fly' when I asked you before about the money? Pigs can't fly, can they?"

"No, dear. This is what I meant: When you said then that someone might give us enough money to live in a big house, I thought it was just about as unlikely for that to happen as it was for pigs to fly. I knew pigs couldn't fly, and I thought I knew that no one would ever be good enough to give us all these lovely things. But someone has, you see."

"Although the pigs haven't begun to fly yet, eh?" laughed the squire, as he came in.

GOOD EXCUSES.

What is much needed for persons "in trouble," and especially for those in flagrant delicta, is a good excuse or an explanation on the spur of the moment for their each having, for example, three gold watches about them. An instance of this kind occurred only the other morning in London. A gentleman was stopped by a policeman at two a.m., and requested to explain the fact of his carrying four umbrellas. It had been a fine day, so that even one umbrella seemed unnecessary. The best account he could give of himself was that his mistress had been out at a party and he was carrying her property home. The inefficiency of an excuse of this sort is really lamentable. In no society do ladies take four umbrellas to an evening party. It would have been better for the poor wretch to have announced himself as a "Japanese nobleman of the first class, who, in deference to Western customs, was wearing four umbrellas instead of four swords." This would, at least, have staggered the policeman as being something out of his beat. In another case, three individuals are found, armed to the teeth, under the pantry table of a gentleman's house, who have no better explanation to give of their position than that "they were getting out of the rain." These excuses are pitiful and almost pathetic.

A Tonic for the Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

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This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

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, 1900. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a 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 cured 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.

Peter Austin, writing from Des Moines, Iowa, under date of July 2nd, 1905, says: "Enclosed please find M.O. for \$1.00, for which send me 1 box of your Benedictine Salve. Rheumatism has never troubled me since your salve fixed me up in December, 1901."

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 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.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige.

Yours sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS P. MURPHY. Cobourg, April 22nd, 1905.

Mr. John O'Connor, 197 King street, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1), also postage, for which I wish you would mail to my address another box of Benedictine Salve. Hoping to receive same by return of mail, I am, sir, Yours truly, PATRICK KEARNS.

PILES

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 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.

Rev. Father McDonald of Portsmouth, Ont., sent for a box of Benedictine Salve on the 11th of April, 1905 and so well pleased was he with the result of its use that he sent for more as follows: Portsmouth, 18th May, 1905.

MY DEAR SIR,—Herewith enclose you the sum of two dollars to pay for a couple of boxes of your Benedictine Salve. I propose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefitted by its use.

Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD. Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

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 upper 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 cure for blood-poisoning.

MISS M. L. KEMP. Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early this 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.

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