

The HOME CIRCLE

THE POET TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Learn to live and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn;
Little tasks make large return.

In thy labors patient be,
Afterward released and free,
Nature will be bright to thee.

Toil when willing, growth less;
Always play, may seem to bless,
Yet the end is weariness.

Live to learn, and learn to live,
Only this content can give;
Reckless joys and fugitive.

—Bayard Taylor.

THE GIRL WHO WORKS.

God bless the girl who works! She is brave and true and noble. She is not too proud to earn her own living or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She smiles at you from behind the desk or counter or printer's case. There is a memory of her sewed up in the silent gown. She is like a brave mountaineer already far up the precipice—climbing, struggling, rejoicing. The sight should be an inspiration to us all. It is an honor to know this girl and be worthy of her esteem. Lift your hat to her, young man, as she passes by. Her hand may be stained by dish-washing, sweeping, factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It strikes misfortune from home; it supports the invalid loved one; may be a loving, potent shield that protects many a family from the almshouse. All honor to the brave toiler. God bless and protect the girl who works!

BUSYBODY'S SCRAP BOOK.

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand five minutes are more nutritious and digestible than when boiled rapidly for three minutes. As starch is very apt to rot clothes they should be washed, rough-dried without starch and pressed out smooth—when they are laid away for the winter.

Twenty minutes to the pound should be allowed for roasting meats containing dressing—especially fowls, which like lamb and mutton, should be well done, as few persons care for those meats rare.

It may take a very few more minutes in the preparation, but the effect is sufficiently attractive to be worth the effort if escalloped codfish is cooked in individual baking dishes having buttered bread crumbs on top. In fact, all creamed dishes are attractive if served in ramikins.

Black gloves which have grown white at the seams and finger tips may be lightly brushed with the tip of a feather dipped in a teaspoonful of salad oil in which a few drops of black ink have been dissolved. This is apt for glove kid, which may also be renovated with ink alone and each spot rubbed afterward with flannel dipped in sweet oil. The ink may be used on suede gloves, but not the oil.

A STRENUOUS HOUSEKEEPER.

Modern hurry, rush and nervous strain are not perhaps so entirely modern as we sometimes think, although doubtless our pace and our complexity of living are greater than in the days of our ancestors. But there was a famous housekeeper of old Henty who, had she lived to-day, would doubtless in middle life have found herself in a sanitarium under strict orders from the doctor to do nothing at all for several months or a year or two and to move moderately ever afterward.

In her own day there were no sanitariums and the doctor was avoided whenever possible. She died at fifty, leaving a family of twelve children, whose education was completed by three successive stepmothers, who perished in the attempt, after increasing the stock to seventeen.

She was known far and wide as what New England folk call "a driver" and some characteristic anecdotes of her methods still survive. She used to come into the room of her sleeping elder daughters before daybreak of a bitter winter morning, the candle in her hand wavering as she shook with the cold and call to them briskly between her chattering teeth:

"Up, girls, up! Only slugsabeds laze between sheets after five. No more coddling cheeks in pillows, jump right up! Only think of it! To-day is Monday—washing day, and to-morrow's Tuesday, and next day's Wednesday—half the week gone and nothing done!"

Once, at midnight, her oldest girl was alarmed at hearing footsteps moving about down stairs after all the family were supposedly in bed, and fearing her little brother was walking in his sleep, she ran down to investigate. She found her mother in bedgown and slippers up on a chair in the unlighted kitchen, cleaning out the china cupboard. Close economy was necessary in so large a family, few lights were burned and none burned late, and the midnight worker explained that, having waked and noted how brilliantly the moonlight was streaming into her room, she had arisen to do some chores she had not been able to do by daylight. "It was a shame to waste such a fine moon!"

Poor woman! Tradition declared that her housekeeping was incomparable, but what housekeeper would wish to emulate a perfection which could take no account of the glorious moon of midsummer save as a lamp to light the china-closet?—The Companion.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

In a series of conversations with a celebrated woman physician, a specialist in the treatment of the insane, the question of the causes of insanity arose. After nearly a quarter century of experience, she unhesitatingly gave heredity as a principal cause. She said that in tabling the family history of the insane, there was scarcely a case where there was no ancestor, if not really unbalanced, had not been "queer" committed suicide or drunk to excess. She advocated rigid prohibition of marriage where the taint was discovered in either family. And she unhesitatingly placed the cause of ep-

lepsy to the account of drunkenness; not necessarily the fault of the afflicted person, but that of some ancestor. She said that in years she had not known of one case of that terrible disease where that cause could not be found to exist. So it seems that "the evil men do lives after them," the same now as it did when the poet wrote.

The truth is that men and women, when their common sense is love-clouded, care nothing for the consequences of their conduct. If any sane person ventures to make a suggestion to them they scorn the advice as meddling. Even if they look ahead a few years, they do not show a great deal of sympathy for the unborn. Why, a woman who had a considerable number of children, said to me, that she married because she was consumptive and her physician told her that her life would be prolonged by passing on her tendency to her children. She found it to be true, but not one of her children who survived the first year was other than delicate and imperfect. It always seemed to me that the woman was not only very mean but was morally responsible for the deaths of those children. That is a lay view, not a theological nor a medical decision.

In one issue of a metropolitan paper were two announcements which seem of interest to thinking women. One was of the birth of three children to a starving woman who had a sick husband and three young children, the woman being so destitute of comforts that there was no light in the room during her sufferings. The other told of the loss of a small dog, which cost a thousand dollars, but was beyond all price to its owner, whose music turned her head and the ungrateful creature away.

There is no reason why persons with means in abundance should not keep dogs and pamper them, but a nurse would save the life of some starving child and a thousand dollars would put new life into many feeble, impoverished babes. What would not a thousand dollars have done for the starving mother?

Children are the fashion in some sets, and not in others. The working man loves to talk about his kiddies, and the woman of wealth and social position cannot make enough of the heir to the property, but artistic folk are rather apt to undervalue the child. The little one is kept in the background, unless, indeed, it happens to have some talent which entitles it to be considered a prodigy.

Children make their parents look older, and there is a decided tendency among both society folk and professional people to keep the older members of their family in the background, and only to go about with those who are of very tender age. The shambling son and the overgrown schoolgirl are left to grow slyer in solitude, while the little tots, who would be better in the nursery, are always being paraded in society.

Then there is the "apartment hotel set" who think it rather smart to have no children at all. They fancy it is bourgeois to take an interest in the nursery, and they think that a family would prevent them from making a figure in the world, or from retaining an interesting personality. Scores of young couples make up their minds that children are among the luxuries which they cannot afford. Babies are looked upon as un pardonable indiscretions.

Nature, too, seems unfair in the gift of motherhood. She often bestows children on motherly women and leaves the gentlest and sweetest childless. And it is small consolation to the desolate one that she sees the woes of those with more children than they can properly rear.

The Source of Health

STRENGTH AND VITALITY IS THE FOOD SYSTEM.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

ENSURES PERFECT DIGESTION AND ASSIMILATION.

It matters little how much food you eat so long as the digestive system is not in condition to convert it into blood and nerve force.

When the nervous energy is consumed by disease or by excessive mental or physical exertion the nerves and muscles which control are unable to do their work and the food is allowed to ferment and become a burden instead of a benefit to the system.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD IS THE MOST RATIONAL TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA THAT WAS EVER CONCEIVED.

By forming new blood and creating new nerve force it strengthens and invigorates the nerves and muscles which control the flow of gastric juices and the contracting motion of the stomach which is necessary to digestion.

It would be impossible for any treatment to go more directly to the cause of trouble.

While revitalizing and re-energizing the principle organ of digestion—the stomach—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food also sharpens the appetite, enlivens the action of the liver and has a gentle laxative effect on the bowels.

Mrs. E. J. Forsyth, 63 Elm Street, Toronto, says: "My trouble has been acute indigestion and severe attacks of headache, as well as nervous, and at times spells of dizziness. After having thoroughly tested Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I can say that it has cured my stomach troubles, and, as a result, the other symptoms have also disappeared. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the best treatment for indigestion, as well as being a splendid general tonic."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Children's Corner

POLLY AND AMANDA.

There once was a bad child named Amanda,
Who wished to play on the veranda;
So we lifted the latch
And let out the crosspatch,
For indoors we never could stand her.
She had a little sister called Polly,
Who was awfully pleasant and jolly;
"When I'm good," so she said,
"I have jam on my bread."
So I look upon tantrums as folly!
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SALVATION WITH FOOD.

Fourteen-year-old Emma, who had come home from her first day's schooling in elementary physiology, was questioned by her parents as to what she had learned.

"Papa," she complained, "I don't think I like physiology."
Well, teacher was explaining digestion to us to-day, and she said we had to mix salivation with every mouthful of food."—Harper's Weekly.

BILLY PIKE'S LESSON.

When Agnes went into the dining-room the morning of her eighth birthday she found, among other presents on the table, a small glass tank nearly filled with water. And in it a handsome young pike was swimming about among the shells and stones.

After a time she began to fear that Billy Pike was lonesome, so she asked Uncle Tom to get her some more fish. The next evening he brought home three minnows.

But he had no sooner put them in the water than greedy Billy Pike swallowed them, so swiftly that neither Agnes nor Uncle Tom could save them.

Poor Agnes cried, but her uncle said: "Never mind, you shall have some more fish."
"But Billy Pike'll eat 'em all up," said Agnes, sorrowfully.

"No, he won't," answered Uncle Tom; "I'll see to that."
The next day he brought home six pretty little minnows in a two-quart glass can.

"Let's keep 'em in the can. If you put 'em in the aquarium, I just know Billy Pike'll kill 'em. He doesn't mean to be cruel—it's just his way," she sighed.

But Uncle Tom had a different plan; he meant to teach Billy Pike a lesson. So he fitted a pane of glass from side to side in the centre of the aquarium, dividing it into two rooms. In one room was Billy Pike, and in the other he put six minnows.

When Billy saw the tiny fish he started quickly toward them, but he struck his gills on the glass partition, and found that he could not reach them. Again and again he swam after them, and often he struck so hard that he would lie on his back for a long time afterwards, as though he were dead.

For several months Billy Pike kept up his efforts to catch his little neighbors, but after a time his attacks became less frequent, and finally he seemed to have forgotten all about the minnows. One afternoon when Agnes came home from school she found that Uncle Tom had taken the pane of glass out of the tank, and that Billy and the six minnows were swimming about together.

Billy often swam towards the other fish, but he would always stop at a respectful distance of about an inch, and he never again attempted to harm them. He would share the meat which Agnes threw into the aquarium, and seemed completely cured of his taste for fish.

After a while Uncle Tom brought home two more minnows, and put them in the water, and in less than a minute Billy Pike had swallowed both of them. But he never offered to touch the six minnows he had been taught to respect, and they lived peacefully together a happy family in the pretty glass home by the sunny south window.

Billy Pike was a "really truly" fish, and so were the six little minnows he lived with, and the other poor little minnows he swallowed. Which shows that even a fish can be taught to avoid temptation.—Epworth Herald.

JULIE'S SURPRISE THANKS-GIVING.

"Oh, dear!" thought Julie, at the kitchen window. "Here it is Thanksgiving morning, and we could have such fun if Jeanie's throat wasn't sore! I think Bess was mean to go off with her cousin to-day. She promised to play with me. And now there's nobody left."

"I wish you could come out and play something, mamma," she said, turning to where mamma was beating up the pudding. "Couldn't you, after you do that?"

"I'm afraid not, Julie. You will have a good time to-day if you don't worry too much about it. It is too bad, though, that there are no little girls near here except Bess and Jeanie. Why don't you go down to see Jeanie?"

"Well, I am going this afternoon, after dinner, mamma. Her mother told me to. But I guess she didn't think of me being alone all this forenoon. Oh, hum, there!"

This was Julie's strongest expression of dissatisfaction with the existing order of things.

She fattened her nose against the window-pane, and looked longingly at some boys skating on "the muck" in the field by the side of the house.

"I guess I'll go out and watch them skate," she said, and went for her hood and scarf and short renter jacket. Then she walked slowly out and seated herself at the edge of "the muck" to see the proceedings.



the skate-shod foot pointed bravely out, and the other pushing behind, hop, hop, hop, for a "starter." Oh, how she sailed! balancing on her one skate, with outcrooked elbows, and her other foot drawn up for all the world like the attitude of her old lane hen, Mrs. Put. To be sure, the skate was too long. But when you have only one skate, this is but half as bad as when you have two too long for you. Then she had several tumbles; but that kept her warm. There was another advantage about having only one skate. She could change it to either foot, so that it was a long time before she felt tired. She stayed until the boys had gone, and she was left alone with her skate and the ice and wind.

As she paused, once to get her breath and tie up her red scarf, that flapped across her eyes, she heard some one calling. Looking toward the road, she saw a man in a splendid two-seated sleigh trying to manage a pair of prancing black horses with one hand, while he kept the other on top of a box on the seat beside him.

As she gazed Julie saw the man nodding to her, and she heard him say, "Little girl! Here, little girl!" She looked about, and seeing no other person near, slid toward him to the edge of the pond, and then went hippity-hop on her skate out to the road.

"Here!" said the man, smiling down on the little wind-blown figure. "I need some help, now. Will you assist me?"

Julie said nothing, but nodded shyly, smiling a little.

"Aren't you the little Basset girl?" he went on. "You needn't be afraid to do what I ask. You know me, don't you?"

"I think you're Goody Palworth's father, and you call for her sometimes at school," said Julie.

"That's it," said Mr. Palworth. "Now you get right in on the back seat, and hold the cover on this box for me until I can get it home, and then I'll bring you back and be much obliged."

Julie's eyes sparkled at the prospect of a sleighride in such a sleigh. She clambered in among the soft, thick robes, and received the large wooden box whose cover kept hopping up and down in such an unaccountable manner.

"Be careful," said Mr. Palworth. "And hold it tight, or she'll get out. The cover, came unfastened, and I couldn't manage it and the horses, too. Look in at the end and see if she isn't a beauty!"

Then Julie saw that one end of the box was covered with slats, through which she saw a large white bird.

"Why, it's a duck!" said she.

"Not quite," replied Mr. Palworth. "It's a sea-gull. I shot it through the wing some time ago, and now that its wing is well I'm taking it home for a Thanksgiving present for Goody and Gordon. They'll tame it, and you must come and see it then. Just now it is frightened, so you must look out and not let it escape."

Indeed, Julie had all she could attend to. Every now and then the bird struck, thump, thump, thump, on the under side of the box cover, Julie's heart thumped, too, as she pressed both arms on the wabbling cover to keep it down.

All went well until they came to a huge "thank-you-ma'am" in the road. As the sleigh bounded down into the snowy hollow the gull thumped and the box jumped at the same instant, so that Julie had a fleeting vision of the box cover flying into the air and the white bird trying to follow it.

It was well that Julie was accustomed to the care of ducks and hens, so that her impulse was to grasp the slender white neck of the bird just below the head and press it, body down firmly into the box, but not before the gull made one cruel strike at her little miffed hand.

Julie said nothing, although the tears came into her eyes. She was so glad she could cry out. "It's all right! I've got her!"

"That's good!" said Mr. Palworth, turning around with a smile. "You've done bravely!"

"Whoa! whoa, there!" he went on. "Here we are! And there's Goody at the door to see what has arrived. I'll fasten the horses and then I'll take the bird. That's it. Thank you, Miss Julie; you've been a treasure. Now come in and see the fun."

Julie never could remember just what happened next—only that she found herself standing, still on one skate, before a blazing hot log fire, amidst easy chairs and fur rugs and tall clocks and books, while Goody and her brother, Gordon, and father and mother and two cousins and uncle and aunt gathered about her and the sea-gull, and patted the one and stroked the other.

Strangest of all to Julie was the delighted cry Goody gave as she saw the skate on Julie's foot. "Why, Julie, my birthday present!" Where did you find it? Oh, Goody!" And then Julie learned that the fine letters on the skate stood for Theresa Gordon Palworth.

They popped corn and roasted chestnuts while Julie told the story of the skate and the fun she had had with it. "Best of all, when Julie went home in the same splendid sleigh, with Goody and her brother and cousins for company, she carried with her a pair of skates instead of one not quite so fine as the one she left behind, to be sure, but which were "just exactly right" in size.

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:
212 King street East,
Toronto, Sept. 18, 1908.

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.

75 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.

25½ 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 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 of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.
Yours sincerely,
JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.

Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.
JAMES SHAW.
Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was it will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,
Yours, etc.,
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,
With the Boston Laundry

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for some time 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 Wolsey 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 West.

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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.