



HOME DECORATIONS.

At this time of the year, when the fall fever of fixing up has seized most housewives, a little talk on home decorations for slender purses may be appreciated. Too many interior decorative effects that clash and sweat at canons of art rise up and confront one as evidence that the millennium is not here. For the most part we are all desirous of being artistic, and in their housefurnishings, at least, clever women are making unpretentious homes most attractive with the expenditure of very little money when common sense and a spirit of industry are added to the love of harmony. And we are learning well the lesson that it is the artistic touch of individuality that gives the room its charm. In the first place, as regards the papering of rooms, it is wisest, where economy is necessary, to do away with ornate friezes and paper. The old familiar furniture will not look shabby against a plain, self-colored background, nor will the picture frames, and, above all, the eyes will be rested on these flat surfaces and tones. Plain white friezes are being used in most of the really artistic homes, and also white mouldings. The ceiling may appear slightly lower when these conditions prevail, but the effect is altogether pleasing. The living room, should be the coziest apartment in the house. There is no necessity to sacrifice comfort to appearance, as is done in many drawing-rooms. The furniture varies with individual taste. The wall space in some living rooms will be devoted to bookshelves, and in others the more up-to-date arrangement of low shelves with a picture railing at the top and plenty of space for picture hanging is desired. All tastes agree, however, in liking several large restful armchairs and a round table of sensible size, which holds newspapers and magazines and serves as a card table for convivial little parties. A good knee hole writing table with plenty of drawers adds greatly to the attractions of the room. Nothing offers a better background than self-colored ingrain paper. And verily the greatest stumbling block of the amateur decorator is the hanging of pictures. Excellent taste is required in this art, a true eye and a knowledge of suitable combination—Selected.

THE DISHCLOTH.

It cannot be too strongly insisted on that dishcloths and, in fact, all kitchen cloths, should be made of coarse but durable material which will bear scrubbing, scalding and disinfecting to which they must be continually subjected. It is not an uncommon thing for careless persons who do not recognize the necessity for scientific cleanliness, but who are in other respects admirable housekeepers, to use old bits of underwear or stockings for dishcloths, thinking that if these have been thoroughly washed in water they have been sufficiently disinfected. This, however, is a great mistake. Stockinet is too close a material as well as not strong enough to bear the continual wear of the kitchen dishcloth. Buy strong linen crash for the purpose, and cut it in suitable lengths, hemming each piece and keeping them especially for this use and no other. Put a supply of dishcloths through the wash each week, replacing those that have been in use with fresh ones. Other kitchen cloths should be strong cotton stockinet. For this purpose remnants of an underwear factory may often be purchased for a few cents per pound. Remnants of stockinet bought by the pound vary in size and may be utilized for various cloths in the kitchen. This stockinet can be scalded repeatedly, but when it becomes too stiff for use it should be burned.

FRIENDSHIP.

It is character, not congeniality, which is the final test of friendship. What binds us to our friends is not their companionableness, nor their affection for themselves, though the former is a source of delight and the latter is our pride. It is their strength and independence, their integrity, that wins us, and that generous spirit of theirs which defends our conduct and our motives against the criticisms of a world that loves us not.

Do not let occasions pass to speak to others of those virtues which your eye of friendship has discovered in her. For life is long, and the way is hard, and if we could see into the hearts of those about us we should be both sadder and kinder than we are.

Nor is this the sum of your friendly duty. For you must learn to stand alone—so far as in natural human weakness you are able—to bear your own burdens, to give freely to your best, but to be slow in asking favors which your friend may find it difficult to grant. There is but one rule for friendship. It is the Golden Rule.

There is, of course, another side of the matter—your side. Emerson says: "Our chief want in life is somebody who will make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend." And apart from the spiritual and intellectual inspiration to which he refers, to friendship belongs the office of spurring on our weak or languid wills to new efficiency.

Who is your friend? Is she the one who in your hour of need takes all your cares upon her shoulders and makes you a pensioner upon her bounty? Or is she that other who takes the trouble to try and put you into a position to help yourself, that thus she may keep you as her equal, in your own eyes and in hers? She is the better friend who cherishes your self-respect.—Selected.

THE MAKING OF MEN.

Courage or lack of it, Work or the knack of it, Grit or the need of it, Haste and the speed of it, Purpose or none of it, Life, what is done of it, Work or the fun of it, Maketh a man.

Luck and the trust of it, Wealth and the lust of it, Hate and the sting of it, Youth and the fling of it, Ease and the lap of it, Chance and the hap of it, Vice and the sap of it, Breaketh a man.

Dress and the care of it, Cheer or a share of it, Speech or abuse of it, Tact and the use of it, Worth and the wear of it, Do and the dare of it, Maketh a man.

Do not brag of it, Up with the flag of it, Life, not the fear of it, Taste the good cheer of it, Time or the waste of it, Will, try the taste of it, Work, that is graced of it, Maketh a man.

—New York Times.

Eczema Known

By Intense Itching

IF NOT CURED IT SPREADS AND BECOMES CHRONIC—WHAT TO EXPECT FROM

DR CHASE'S OINTMENT

The stages of eczema are marked by redness of the skin—heat and inflammation—swelling—watery discharge—formation of a crust or scale—and almost constant itching, varying from that which is simply annoying to that which is positively beyond human endurance.

The beginning is often neglected chaffing and skin irritation, or a small pimple or sore which has been poisoned by the clothing.

Too frequent washing is to be avoided, but the afflicted parts should be thoroughly cleansed with Packer's Tar Soap and tepid water. After careful drying (not rubbing) with a soft towel, apply Dr. Chase's Ointment plentifully.

The ointment may seem a little severe at first, but this is necessary to a thorough cleansing of the sores, for relief from the dreadful itching will come after the first few applications, and thorough cure will be the reward of persistent treatment.

One thing you can be certain of, and that is that you are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for eczema, salt-rheum, psoriasis, tetter, and similar skin diseases. It has acquired its world-wide reputation by the positive cure of these very diseases, and while using it you can see that gradually and certainly it is allaying the annoying and distressing sores.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

HOW HE WON.

The principal of a school, in which boys were prepared for college, one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him. Arrived at the office, the lawyer started the boy in his gait a scholarship entitling a boy to a four-years course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it." "That is a hard question," replied the teacher, thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" "One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year one boy has not got ahead of the other, send them to me, and I will decide."

As before, at the closing examinations the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit. Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken and had been set aside as useless. The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh. Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door, and she departed. Then he returned to the boys, and, after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."

CHIPS.

"Hallo, boy!" the answer came back quick as a flash.

"Stop a minute, will you?"

The boy stopped, and turned about, grinning.

Mr. Author Milman, artist, had strolled beyond the village limits, looking for the picturesque to feed his sketch book.

Catching sight of a tattered urchin, swinging an empty basket, it looked as if he'd found something to fill the bill, or rather a page of the book. The boy's face was keen, but full of a jolly good nature.

"What's your name, my son?" "Chips!" The word came with a twinkle.

"Humph!" Mr. Milman muttered; "bright youngster." Then aloud, "Baptized 'Chip'?"

"Not 'xactly; but folks call me that, 'count of my business," and Chips swung his basket proudly.

"Oh, I see! Well, Chips, if you want to earn a quarter easily, you stand still a little while just as you are and let me make a picture of you."

Chips grinned in delighted appreciation, and the artist sketched away. Chips was really a noted character—he was a monopolist. The men who owned the large wood-yard let him have all the kindlings. They were willing to do it without cost, in view of the fact that he was the mainstay of his mother, who was too feeble for much work. But Chips was no beggar; he meant to do business on business methods. Therefore he paid a small price for the kindlings, and sold them out by basketfuls, supplying most houses in the village.

Everybody liked Chips, he was so industrious, so kind to his mother, so ready to give and take a job. He had a gay word for every housewife or servant maid; he grabbed off his cap and said "Thank you," with rough politeness, every time he was paid for the kindlings.

It may be thought strange that other urchins did not poach on Chips' preserves. Indeed, it was tried once or twice, but Chips could fight as well as work, and he pounced on the offenders in a fashion not to be desired. After that the mana-

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Back-ache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's, and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

ger of the wood-yard, wishing to give the boy the best chance, and not being devoid of humor himself, posted the following notice:

"The owners of this yard have sold the right to deal in kindlings to Richard Holmes, otherwise known as 'Chips.' Any one trespassing on this will be handed over to the police."

So Chips was really a monopolist, though he didn't know it, until Mr. Milman, the artist, said so, after Chips had explained his occupation.

Mr. Milman took a great liking to the boy.

"Chips," he said one day, "I'm going back to the city pretty soon, and all winter long I'm going to paint pictures. There are several things I'd like to put such a boy as you in. How would you like to go with me? You could learn to take care of my rooms, and then pose for me when I needed you. I'd give you—let's see."

Mr. Milman thought a minute, and then named a sum that made Chips' eyes dance.

Chips marched off, frowning hard. That night he lay awake—an unheard-of proceeding. One thing he resolved.

"I'll not trouble mother with it till I've settled it myself." It was the first time he had shielded her from anxiety. Toward morning he went off to sleep.

When he awoke and had plunged his towied head in cold water, everything cleared up. He knew!

It was like him to go straight to Mr. Milman.

"Well?" the artist asked.

"I've thought it over, sir. I'd like to go mighty well, but mother could not spare me. Yes, sir, I know it's big money to what I get now, but it's just a-way. You want me three months, say. Then I comes back, and some other boy has my place, 'cause they can't have the kindlin' litterin' round. An' maybe I wouldn't like to sell kindlin' after I'd been a city feller. An' the wood-yard man has promised me a place's quick's I'm big enough, so it's slow an' sure. But it's mother mostly. She'd grieve every minute. Taint's like she was strong. Thank you, sir, but I've decided."

There were pretty nearly tears in the honest eyes. Mr. Milman grasped the boy's hand; he never wanted so much to paint him as that moment.

"I'm proud of you," was what he said, "and when I come back next year we'll make up for what we can't do this winter, eh?"

As the boy turned away the artist thought to himself, "Chips has a good head and a good heart."

Appreciation of the Japanese

Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, nomenclature, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.

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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, 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.

S. PRICE.

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 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.

236½ 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 purpose giving one to an old cripple and the other to a person badly troubled with piles, in order that they may be thereby benefited 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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