

# The HOME CIRCLE

**OVER THE KITCHEN SINK.**

Every woman who has to keep her hands in dishwater a good deal of the time knows how soon they get rough in cold weather. If she will keep a cup of Indian meal by the sink, and after she has finished her dishwashing wash her hands, and while the damp rub them in Indian meal she will be delighted to find how soft and white she can keep them.

**HOW TO DRY WET SHOES.**

A large manufacturer of men's fine shoes hands out some timely information for the care of wet shoes. He advises:

Don't dry your wet shoes too quickly—don't put them under the stove or on the radiator. Although you cannot see it, it will surely rot the leather. Let them dry slowly. Shoes also require rest. Have at least two pairs at the same time. Let the pair you are not wearing stay on trees and each pair of shoes will last you twice as long.

**ORDER IN THE HOUSE.**

Order is a beautiful thing in the house, but, as a writer in a recent magazine points out, it is not always understood properly. She says: "The order that makes for restfulness and for comfort is vital. It cannot exist in crowded rooms. Furniture is made to be used and books are made to be read. If the disarranging of a room or the misplacing of a book upsets the order something is wrong and that something is the crowded condition. Get rid of superfluities. Most rooms have too many pieces of furniture, and rooms have too many things."

Sugar on cereals is now declared to be a prolific source of indigestion—especially with children or adults living an indoor life. Sugar in itself is a useful and valuable food, but is highly concentrated to be eaten in large quantities. Children do not require a variety of flavors to stimulate the appetite, unless the taste is perverted and disease, therefore, is difficult to take. A porridge of oatmeal, wheat or corn should be eaten only with milk or cream or the occasional introduction of dried fruits, like prunes or figs. The sugar given a child is better furnished in lumps of cut loaf sugar, home-made candies, a simple pudding or sweet, fully ripened fruits.

**HOW TO BREATHE.**

If one's health is impaired, or if he wishes to preserve it and increase his power to resist disease, he must, first of all, give attention to his breathing. Even food and drink are second in importance to this, for one can live for days without nutrition save the air breathed, but if deprived of that, even for a few minutes, life ceases. Here are some of the first rules for acquiring a correct method of breathing, as given by a specialist who has made an exhaustive study of the subject: First, after retiring at night release body and mind from all tension, and take full and regular inhalations through your nostrils; hold the breath about one second; take all the time you can to exhale it; keep this up until you are weary or fall asleep. Second, when you wake in the morning repeat the exercise at least five minutes; longer if time permits. Third, during the day take as many full respirations as possible, exercising care with the exhalations. While taking these exercises one should bear in mind the thought that he is inhaling new life and power.

**NUT AND CHICKEN SALAD.**

If you have never tried combining English walnuts with lettuce or celery in a chicken salad, try it the first time you have a chance, and you may say as a noted traveler said after eating some: "I have never eaten chicken salad anywhere to compare with this. It is delicious." Cut the white meat of a chicken into small pieces and add to it a half cup of English walnut meats chopped rather coarsely, and a cup of finely-cut celery or four or five lettuce leaves torn in shreds. If the latter sprinks with celery salt, dust lightly with pepper, marinate with just a little vinegar or lemon juice, and add a half cup of chicken stock or gravy and the same amount of mayonnaise. Toss lightly with a fork. Line a large salad bowl, or the little individual paper cases, with the white leaves of lettuce, curling each one to form a cup or nest. Fill these with the salad mixture and crown each with a teaspoonful of mayonnaise. This makes a delightful addition to the Sunday night tea. If you have a chicken fricassee for the Sunday dinner you can use the dark meat for the dinner, reserving the white for the salad. Cut up the chicken and the nuts, have the mayonnaise ready, and the evolution of the salad itself will take but a few moments just before the supper is served.

**HINTS FOR HOUSEFURNISHING.**

Do not make the drawing room appear like a bric-a-brac shop. Have a fair showing of ornaments, but have them all rare and beautiful and spread out that they may be appreciated by the observer.

To have a pretty home, avoid glaring contrasts of color.

If the wall papers are figured, choose plain carpets or draperies.

Avoid cheap reprints or poor pictures of any sort.

See that the bookcases have glass doors or curtains to preserve the books.

Purchase a few good articles of furniture rather than a host of cheap things, which will neither look well nor wear well after the first month.

Do not put several varieties of styles in one apartment. That is, do not inflict Victorian chairs upon Louis XVI. wall paper and combine Empire sofas and mission clocks.

Do not despise any old pieces of furniture if they cannot be used now, they may come into fashion again in the future.

Avoid cheap sash curtains with handsome inside curtains and vice versa.

Have a general sitting room where the entire family can congregate cozily in the evening, and, if possible, have an open fire and good reading lamps there, and a comfortable lounge in one corner.

Remember that the kitchen outfit is not the cheapest part of the furnishing.

If carpets or rugs are too expensive, buy plain ingrain, which come in all colors and both wear forever and are always in good taste.

Do not choose any conspicuous or tiresome upholstery if you do not expect to refurbish for some time, and you will thus avoid much family discontent.

**A Bit of Irish Road**

Ragged, lovely children have trodden it with childish glee in quest of the first spring flowers; deep-eyed white-souled colleens and their stalwart swains have followed it in the scented dusk to a land of enchantment whose gates swing wide but once. Youth has spurred it with restless feet as it sped to a land of promise beyond the barrier of hill and sea, and age has faltered there beneath the wreck of all its earthly hopes and dreams. Death has marshalled down its windings the humble cortege of simple unworly folk, failures perhaps in a world where their ambitions struck slight root because at heart they were never aught but pilgrims and wayfarers wending towards a lasting city.

Should you follow such a funeral to the deep-grassed churchyard, you will have come to the one Tyrconnell field where is sown a golden harvest. Scarce a stone is there to mark the resting-place of such as have come to the end of their journeyings, though among the sleepers lie many a saint and hero, philanthropist and poet, who has no place in liturgy or honor roll, or library; saints of a few strong beliefs and short old-fashioned prayers that moulded lowly lives to lofty ends; heroes who fought for health and home against twin enemies, famine and disease, thrusting "the childer" out of "harm's way" at the price of all their worldly possessions, while they waited patiently at poor-house or roadside the coming of the Great Deliverer; philanthropists whose benefactions extending but to a stone of turf, left them so cold and bare they may rank in the Eternal Records above the millions of richer givers; poets with souls attuned to nature's subtler harmonies, for whom the soft haze on hill and valley, the gold of sunset sky, the silver of shimmering loch, were an abiding solace for the lack of more substantial joys. And though they wrote no line their golden fancy came between them and the sorridness of life screening its unloveliness as the gorse and bracken hide the arid fields that lie along this bit of Irish road.

**HE FELT SICK.**

A small boy who accompanied his mother to church on a recent Sunday grew pretty restless before the sermon was over. He finally crept up close to her and whispered: "Mamma, mamma, I feel sick."

"Do you?" asked his mother, rather anxiously. "Why, where or how do you feel sick?"

"Well," replied the youngster, "I feel homesick."

**AS THE SCHOOLBOY UNDERSTOOD IT.**

Here is the exact answer of a New York boy to the questions, "What is the meaning of the word 'hall,' how many 'other words are there that sound like 'hall,' and what are their meanings?"

"Hall, where you open the door and go in; hawl, hawling along a boy that won't go to school; aul, what the shoemaker charges you 25 cents for to aul your shoes all, all, everybody in the world."—Success.

**HIS ADVANTAGE.**

Two children of the rich were playing in Riverside Park with less well-to-do youngsters, says the New York Sun. Said one of the latter, a boy of eleven, to one of the former, a girl of eight:

"I'm goin' home. Who takes you home? I got my mother. Where's your mother?"

"There's our maid. She takes care of us," replied the girl.

The boy mused over it a moment. Then said he, with scathing contempt: "A-I, I ain't got a maid. I got a mother."

**FIVE CONUNDRUMS.**

Why is a tight boot like an oak tree? Answer—Because it produces a corn (acorn).

Why is the largest city in Ireland likely to be the largest city in the world? Answer—Because every year it is Dublin.

Why should a fisherman be very wealthy? Answer—Because his is nearly all net profits.

Why should a tanner make a good chemist? Answer—Because he understands ox (hides).

Which is the most wonderful animal in the barnyard? Answer—The pig, for it is first killed and then cured.

**WHAT DID THE BOY MEAN?**

A certain M.P. is in the habit of buying a newspaper from the same newspaper boy every evening on his way to the house. It chanced that one evening when he came to put his hand into his pocket he found he had come out without a single penny. He hesitated a moment, and then explained the position to the lad. "Don't mind about that, sir," was the reply; "you can pay for it to-morrow. It will be all right."

"And to-morrow, my boy, I may be dead," said the politician, with the idea of impressing a moral lesson upon the youthful mind. The answer of the lad left the moralizing legislator gasping. "Well, sir, if that is the case, it will be no great loss, after all."—London Times.

**A PLAY.**

"Oh, mother, now please play Mr. Brush! I've buttoned my boots and am all ready for him."

"Very well, Valerie; here are Mr. Brush and Mrs. Comb. Go and ask Miss Ribbon to come and we will have a merry time."

"Now, Mrs. Comb, see how quickly you can run through Valerie's hair without stumbling over any tangles, for that might hurt her and maybe pull some of your teeth out. No! Do not run so fast, you will make your back ache—that will never do. There, you've done beautifully! You stumbled only twice."

"Now, come, Mr. Brush, and make all these little curls round my fingers one after another, till all are smooth and ready for Miss Ribbon to catch and tie them up. What a pretty color Miss Ribbon has this morning! I think she rested well, folded up so snugly in the little bureau drawer all night."

"There, Miss Ribbon, how pretty you look! Now, Valerie, say good-by to Mr. Brush and Mrs. Comb, and invite them to visit you again; now you are going down to breakfast with little Miss Ribbon riding on top of your head."

# Children's Corner

**THE PROPER TIME.**

A little fellow who had some teeth extracted was comforted by the dentist with the assurance that they would come in again.

"Will they come in in time for dinner?" he asked, anxiously.—Little Chronicle.

**NOT IN A HURRY FOR WINGS.**

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel," and the teacher said to one little fellow, "Why don't you sing louder, Johnny?"

"I'm singing just as loud as I want to be an angel," answered the incorrigible Johnny.

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**GOD'S MONEY**

He was only ten years old and rather small for his years at that, but his heart must have filled the greater part of his little body. Many beautiful things have been told of him, some of them perhaps a little overdrawn because seen through a mother's eyes. A little incident, however happened last week which shows the real stamp of the boy and what he will be capable of in the coming years. His father occasionally runs short of change, and in such cases does not hesitate to borrow from the children's savings. One day last week, when there was more than the ordinary stringency in the money market, he thought that he would break into John's mite box. A mite box is a small pasteboard bank that the society has been distributing among the children and is used by them for saving their pennies. John happened in on the scene just as his father had determined to break the box. The thought flashed across his young mind from past experience that the poor priests and nuns were about to lose what he had gathered for them. Instinctively he cried, "Don't, papa, that is God's

**FATHER'S FRIENDS FREE**

**NERVETONIC**

Discharge a sample bottle to any address. For this medicine see FATHER'S FRIENDS FREE. KOENIG MED. CO., 105 Lake St. CHICAGO, Ill. Sole and only agents.

money." The father finished the story by saying: "I then learned a lesson which I will not soon forget. Hereafter the good cause will be helped by many a penny from other pockets than Johnny's."

**KETCHIN' RIDES.**

I'm awful fond of ketchin' rides, I like those trucks where I kin stand Without a-holdin' to the sides (Er maybe holdin' with one hand). Though teacher says it's not refined To go a-ketchin' on behind.

I almost never walk to school, So many wagons pass our place; My fav'rite one he makes a rule Of always leadin' me a chase, An' then pertendin' he's, too blind To see me ketchin' on behind.

I've found there's just two kinds of men What drives th' wagons in our town 'Cause when I meet 'em, now an' then, There's some that grab their whips or frown, But some they nod an' never mind When I am ketchin' on behind.

I guess when I am rich an' great An' own a truck an' grocery cart, I'll always drive 'em slow, or wait 'N' little chaps can get a start—An' have 'em built so boys kin find A place for ketchin' on behind.—Burgess Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

**SOPHIA'S WEEPINGS.**

Everybody, in the great Treasury Building, at the capital knows "good old Sophia," the janitress. She has been there thirty-four years, respected and loved by the officials and clerks.

She was the first woman ever appointed officially in the Government service. For her honesty in saving Uncle Sam \$180,000 in one night, long ago, President Lincoln gave her a life appointment in the Treasury, where she has seen nine administrations come and go.

Among the ninety scrub-women at the Treasury Sophia was one. One day, after a hard evening's work, when the great building was emptied of its workers, Sophia, as usual, swept and cleaned the rooms, where (with shears in those days) the bank notes were cut and trimmed. Under the shavings she found a box, packed with notes, all ready for the safe. It had been forgotten.

"Now," thought Sophia, "what can I do? She keeps on thinkin' and sweepin' fast, and thinkin'." The watchman stops at the door and says, "Sophy, you're mighty particular this evening with your cleanin'."

"I says when I had covered the box with shavin's, 'Yes, I likes to be nice."

"Up an' down, up an' down, the watchman walks, an' I sweeps, an' I thinks, 'S'pose he steal an' cuse a poor ole woman like me!'"

The long dark evening she kept her watch. It was midnight. It was so still and lonely, only the steps of the watchman, to and fro, on the marble floors. One two! the big clocks struck, with a ring. Sophia prayed the dear Lord to help her, to take care of her little children at home, to protect her and this great amount of money for the Government.

At last Gen. Spinner, the United States Treasurer, came past her door. He cried out: "Why, Sophy, good woman, what are you doing here this time of night?"

It didn't take long for Sophy's story to be told; and the precious box hidden in Gen. Spinner's room, all officials were brought from their beds and Sophy kept prisoner until, in their presence, the money was counted.

Gen. Spinner had dreamed that something was wrong in the Treasury, dressed and gone to his office. Sophia was sent home in his carriage.

The Secretary said next day, "Sophia, don't you know you have saved this big Government nearly a quarter of a million of dollars?"

"I's glad, sir; it's a great deal of money to lose."

Visitors often ask, "Sophia, were you a bit tempted to take a few notes that time?"

Sophy's mild eyes flash, and she stands very straight, and always replies: "No! No! It never entered my mind, honey. All the gold and notes in the United States Treasury ain't nothing to leavin' my little black children the legacy of a white soul."—Classmate.

**Thinking It Out**

In an infants' school the mistress was giving some questions on mental arithmetic, and she asked "What do 5 and 4 make?" A little girl replied, "Ten," whereupon the mistress uttered a gentle reproof, concluding by sending the child out of the room to quietly think out a sounder solution of the problem. A little seven-year-old found the tot in the hall, and inquired the occasion of her isolation. "I'm sent out here to try and fink what 5 and 4 is," was the explanation. "Well, you go back," advised the seven-year-old, and said, "Nine." "Oh, no," replied the troubled tot, "I don't fink 9 would do. I tried 10, and that wasn't enough." This story, Mr. Barker explained, "illustrates a curious working of the child mind."

**JOHN O'CONNOR**

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.

# 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, 1903.

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, 1903.

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

188 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 tinmith. 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 in tense 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,

73 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,

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