

.....The HOME CIRCLE

A LAUGH'S VALUE. An eminent surgeon once said: "Encourage a girl to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good, hearty laugh expands the chest and makes the blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a good laugh; not to a wide, sniggering grin; but to one that will sound right through the nose." "It will not only do the girl good, but will be a benefit to all who hear her, and be an important means of driving 'the blues' away from any 'swelling'."

THE WEAVER. I stood in the room of a weaver, Then watching the shuttles fly, And the colors as they blended, Like a rainbow in the sky. His eyes were fixed on the pattern, As he wrought the figure fine, So wonderful in its beauty, So marvelous its design.

How earnestly he is looking; He turns not to gaze away From the figure he is weaving, Or the shuttles in their play. He knows if a thread be broken, Or a color be misplaced, It would mar the costly fabric, And could never be effaced.

I watched, and watched, nor grew weary, And these thoughts came to my mind: That we, all of us, are weavers, And God has made the design; Has drawn a beautiful pattern, For us to work by each day; Is helping us with the shuttles, Is guiding them in their play.

But there oftentimes come moments When we tire and listless stand; Grow forgetful of the pattern, And seek not the helping hand. Only a moment we turn back, Then cry out with grief and pain: "O, Father, see the broken threads! We cannot make whole again."

When our weaving all is finished, And our looms stand idly by; When our work, its imperfection, Is seen by the Master's eye, May we hear these words, rejoicing: "Though many threads are riven, And mends and stains the fabric bears, For these, thou art forgiven."

HINTS FOR CAKE MAKING.

A number of would-be cooks do not realize that there is quite as much, if not more, in the mixing and baking of cakes as there is in the formula used. Hence if a recipe which sounds reasonable is not a success the first time it should be given a second trial.

Flour should be sifted four or five times and then measured. Be sure that the baking powder is a reliable brand and fresh, and use level teaspoonful unless the recipe calls for heaping ones. Have whites of eggs very cold before beating. If they refuse to froth, add a few drops of cold water.

The usual method of mixing a cake is to cream butter and sugar together; then add all but one cupful of the flour; then the sweet milk; next the rest of the flour in which has been sifted the baking powder, and lastly, the whites of the eggs and flavoring.

There is a great deal of art in beating cake; it should not be stirred, but beaten; bring the batter from the bottom of the bowl at every stroke, thus driving the air into the cells of the batter instead of out of them. Use a wooden spoon and an earthen bowl for mixing. Some prefer to beat the batter with the hands instead of a spoon.

It is a good idea to line all cake tins with this brown paper greased with lard, not butter, as the latter burns easily. If cake breaks or cracks in the middle, it has too much flour or has baked too rapidly. Be very careful not to jar a cake or remove it from the oven until it is thoroughly done; test by inserting a straw; or many have learned to tell by putting the ear near the cake. If there is a ticking sound, it is not done; a cake when done will leave the edges of the pan.

To test the oven for loaf, fruit or molasses cake, place a piece of brown paper on the grate; if it colors, a light brown the oven is right for baking. For larder cakes and cookies the paper should be a dark brown, as they require more heat.

THE HEART OF A LITTLE CHILD

Many pages in the current magazines are devoted to the subject of child-manching, and especially to the much-discussed question of corporal punishment. American parents as a class, do not enjoy an international reputation for docile offspring, and the bugle-note of reform has been sounded. Would it not ring truer if it dealt more with the causes that lead to the faults peculiar to our children and less with the remedies?

After all, is not so much discussion as to the mode of punishment useless, since no two dispositions can be dealt with alike, and the wise mother must decide for herself what means of correction she will employ? The best of children have faults that must be eliminated, and if the rod is found necessary, it should be used, but only in grave cases.

If our children could be reared in an ideal atmosphere, a happy medium between the overly severe methods of our grandmothers and the overly lax ones of the present day, the difficulties that beset the perplexed parent would be reduced to the minimum.

A faithful adherence to higher ideals and simple living would solve the problem of managing children, as well as many others that are vexing modern reformers. The mother, with her multiplicity of affairs, is rushed and overworked until frequently she becomes a nervous wreck. Then she is surprised that her child is cross and excitable, nor does the evil end with the unfortunate heritage to the child. The presence of the irritable mother becomes positively painful to the delicate little creature, and they are better apart than together. To become convinced of this one has only to watch the soothing influence

which a calm, self-possessed person exerts over a nervous child.

The cardinal fault in American homes is that children are kept too constantly with their elders and treated too much as one of them. This usually causes premature development which is anything but desirable. The mother makes the mistake of relating all the cute sayings and doings of her two-year-old child in its presence, and then is surprised when, at the age of five or six, the child tries to make itself the center of attraction. Yet who is to blame?

What children need is cheerful, homelike surroundings, good, wholesome, food, simple clothing and healthful, childish sports. Give them a few toys at a time, but do not be too lavish, for it is the experience of all who have carefully studied children, that where they have a great many playthings they cease to care for them. A country child will reap exquisite pleasure from a corn-stalk horse or a squash baby, because it has not been made critical and its capacity for enjoyment dulled by having a wilderness of toys.

I like the fundamental idea of kindergarten, which endeavors to correct the fault by trying to inculcate the corresponding virtue. Children may inherit tendencies that are difficult to manage, but at heart they are not bad; it is usually the evil example and mismanagement of their parents that makes them so. If mothers realized more fully their great dignity and responsibility they would feel like fasting in sack-cloth and ashes instead of gossiping and scolding before their children.

SERMONS IN STONES.

As you build your edifice to-day, put the front door on the avenue of To-morrow, and a few windows in the backyard of Yesterday.

Be not a cloud of corruptible iron, when a little charcoal of high impulse and the fire of perseverance will convert you into a bar of durable steel.

Solitude, that fair nurse of thought, influences characters as age does wines, ripening the delicate flavors of some and sharpening the vinegary qualities of others.

Sorrow, like the thorn piercing the rose, let out the fragrance of a truly noble heart.

Vices, like weeds, sprout up at short notice and beget a huge crop from very little nourishment.

Make the most of each summer-time of opportunity; birds never return to last year's nests. Do not covet the lot of a prodigal, who, like the summer sun of Norway, has nights and days of glory for a few months; the long dreary winter that follows has very little sunshine, even in the noonday.

The bark of a hound is the same in New York as in New Zealand; the mark of a gentleman is the same in the plow field as in the parlor.

An ounce of knowledge of yourself is worth a ton of boasting about your great-grandfather.

If you wear more honors than your neighbor, remember that the best-loaded tree loses the most fruit in the storm.

A man may expect to have his day sooner or later, even if he scores it on the color of his hair. Alphabetical order makes the African first of the human races.

In striving to effect your aspirations, imitate gardeners, who prune some of the fruit from the tree to secure a better quality in the remainder.

If, at length, you have driven from your character all the alloys, so that only pure gold remains, remember that this, too, has its highest worth, must be stamped; and if, on one side, it must show the impress of the world, be sure the upper face bears, in bold relief, the image of the King—Michael Earis, S.J., in the Irish Monthly.

Kept Home From School

WITH COUGHS AND COLDS, AND PARENTS ARE PROVING THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE POWER OF

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

When grown people neglect their ailments and allow them to develop into serious diseases, they have no one to blame but themselves.

With children it is different, because they do not realize the seriousness of a neglected cold nor the means of obtaining cure, and many a child, as he grows older and finds himself a victim of pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis, asthma or throat trouble, cannot but see that his parents were responsible for neglecting treatment when his ailment began in the form of a cold.

To-day the schools have many a vacant seat on account of coughs and colds, and many children who are there should be at home. What treatment are these children getting? Do their parents realize the seriousness of neglecting to cure a cold? Have they proved the merits of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for coughs and colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and all kindred ills?

Very many have, for there is no preparation for throat and lung diseases that has anything like the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Be careful when you buy to see that the portrait and signature of Dr. Chase are on the wrapper. If you send the children to the store, warn them not to accept any imitation or substitution. Children like to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and there is no remedy so prompt and effective. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

LOST HAIR FOUND.

Mamma and auntie were talking about a friend's beautiful hair. "I wonder which side of the family she got it?" said auntie. "She must have got it from her papa," said little Orville, "for his hair is all gone."

THE HIGHEST MONUMENT.

The Monument to Washington, D.C., is the highest in the world. It is a simple marble shaft, rising 555 feet in the air. The base of the shaft is 55 feet square, and it tapers gradually until, at the 500-foot point, it is 34 feet 5 1/2 inches square. Here the pyramidal top begins and is run to an apex 55 feet above the square masonry. The door at the base opens into a room 25 feet square. At one side begin the stairs, of which there are 50 flights, containing 18 steps each.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

That old classic, "Abou Ben Adhem," was being read in the school-room. "And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest," the teacher finished impressively.

A twinkle was plainly visible in the eye of the incorrigible. Well, what do you think of it, Jack? "Dead easy! O' course his name led all the rest if the angel kept the books alphabetically!"—Sunday Magazine.

AN AGGRAVATED ATTACK.

A West Side family in the throes of an afternoon reception. Five-year-old Johnny had been sent to his grandmother's so that he might be out of the way.

As the carriages began to arrive, there was a call on the telephone. The mother hurried to the receiver. She heard a small voice at the other end say:

"Mamma, is that you?" "It is, Boy. What do you want?" "Can't I come home? I'm sick." "Sick, nonsense. What's the matter?" "I'm awful homesick. Can't I come home? Is the ice-cream all gone?"

TEDDY'S FIRST POCKETS.

"I want pockets in my new pants," said Teddy. "You are too little," said mamma. "Please, mamma!" Teddy pleaded. "Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."

"Well," mamma replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes, I will put some in." "Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Emily. "Nonsense!" said mamma. "Baby, you don't mean to let that child have pockets? He will have them full of rubbish and in a dreadful condition all the time. He's too little for trousers, to say nothing of pockets."

But mamma put the pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went round with his hands in those little snuggeries, feeling very proud and grown-up, and trying to whistle; and by and by he began to put things into them.

"If I had the darnin'-cotton," I would mend the stockings," said grandma, "but it isn't in the basket."

"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket. "I found it behind the door, grandma. I didn't know it was darn-cotton; I thought it was just string."

"You didn't happen to find my pencil, did you?" asked Sister Sue. "I lost it yesterday and I can't find it anywhere."

"Yes," said Teddy, "it was in the waste-basket. I picked it out and put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was yours, Susie," he said as he passed it to her.

Pretty soon mamma could not find her thimble. "I had it this morning," she said, "and all at once I missed it. I am sorry, for it was the only one you gave me, Emily."

"Here it is," said Teddy. "I found it down in the pantry bed. I meant to give it to you, but I forgot."

"It must have fallen off the window-sill," said mamma. "I remember now; I was sitting by the garden window."

That afternoon Sister Mary asked me if my boy had seen a button, for she had lost one off her blue dress; Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was using at noon and mislaid; Johnny needed a piece of string in a hurry, and grandma could not find a little nail. All these things Teddy produced as they were wanted.

"I take it all back, Ted," said Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockets certainly are the most useful ones in the family. You don't happen to have a box of chocolates, do you?"

"No," Teddy replied soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me. It's taffy."

Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said, "I told you so!"

UPON THE JUST AND THE UNJUST.

Mr. Filleybrown was late in getting started for his office. It was raining, and in the usual matutinal excitement of leaving his home Mr. Filleybrown took, quite by accident, his wife's umbrella. He was a stately, white-haired gentleman, and felt, to some extent, the humiliation of having in his possession a gold-and-pearl-handled affair of so obvious a feminine gender. When Mr. Filleybrown finally seated himself in the elevated train he was, then, in a peculiarly sensitive, ruffled condition of nerves. The financial news of the morning, too, rasped his temper. It was in this trying mental state that our friend snatched up the offensive umbrella and made for the car door when his station was called. Half-way there he was arrested by a firm hand. An indignantly polite old lady was at his elbow.

"I'll trouble you for my umbrella," she acidly remarked. "You have it and also your own." Mr. Filleybrown glared the glare of detected innocence. He glanced fearfully at his hand—there were two umbrellas! He reddened angrily. "Madam," he shouted vehemently, "I don't want your umbrella." "Oh!" said the triumphant owner of the umbrella significantly. "Oh!"

FATHER'S RIGHTS FREE! A BOTTLE OF FATHER'S RIGHTS FREE! Koenig Med. Co. 100 Ledy Street, Toronto. For Sale in all the Provinces.

Mr. Filleybrown lashed furiously from the train, laughter in his ears. "How dare you even the sun struggled out. The day dawned gloomy and bedded Mr. Filleybrown's gloomy expectations. He left his office somewhat richer and infinitely more bland in temper. On the way home he stopped at the umbrella-mender's and prudently took from that person some half-dozen of the family umbrellas that had been undergoing a prolonged period of repair.

"I won't be caught again that way," considered Mr. Filleybrown with congratulatory fervor. Again he boarded the elevated train and folded himself contentedly into the Evening Post. By that singular and malevolent fate which dogs the footsteps of the virtuous, the indignantly polite old lady of the morning sat directly opposite Mr. Filleybrown. She fixed him and his six umbrellas with a scandalized and outraged eye. Mr. Filleybrown remained statelyly unconscious. At last, goaded to it by that power which forces speech from our unwilling lips, as she rose to leave the car, she leaned over Mr. Filleybrown's paper, close into the horrified face, and hissed scornfully, "I see you've had a very successful day!"

And Mr. Filleybrown, sickeningly aware of his six umbrellas, blushed that hot blush of shame the innocent are eternally cursed with.

CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

The fur trader sat on the steamer wharf at Quebec, leaning back on a packing-box. For a moment he looked down at the first sheet of ice that had skimmed the broad St. Lawrence; then he said, "That ice there is about as thick as I was the time I got caught on my first trip north into the barrens."

"Another fellow by the name of Andrew Danson and myself had been trading with Indians in British Columbia. We broke camp at the end of the season and started to the nearest settlement, which was ten miles south of us, with a big lake lying between. We found the ice had all gone out, and we couldn't cross on sledges, as we did when we came up. To go around the lake meant a mean journey on account of the marshes. As our provisions were used up and we had already sent our peats out, there didn't seem to be any reason why we shouldn't paddle the six miles across. Our outfit was light, and we figured we could reach the other side before dark."

"Three or four Indians who were coming in with skins, saw us as we were setting out, and yelled something to us about the ice. Later on I wished I'd listened to them. "We got along well till about the middle of the afternoon, when the wind whirled around into the north and it got cold within ten minutes. It began to snow, too, first in little spits and then thicker, until we could not see a canoe's length ahead of us."

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to spread out the blankets into a kind of awning and curl up to sleep and wait for morning, when we could see our way. "Dansen woke me at daylight, and I looked out. The fall of snow had been light. We were about a hundred yards from the shore, and I could see that the storm had blown over quickly. But on every side the lake was covered with ice, not thick enough to hold a man and not thin enough for a boat to push through."

"Dansen," said I, looking sober, "We'd be in a bad way if this ice shouldn't get strong enough to walk on, or else melt enough to allow us to paddle. There isn't anything left but a half a can of beans, and this canoe is leaking."

"The hours went by. We ate nearly all our provisions, and slept over the next night pretty anxious, and cold and hungry, and trying to keep out of the water that was gradually rising in the canoe. The next morning the ice was still too strong to break through, and yet it was too weak to hold us."

"Then Andy hit upon a plan. He first tore out two of the braces that ran from side to side of the canoe. "What are you going to do?" says I. "I'm going to build an ice raft," says he, and he lashed the braces across the end of the paddles. Then he tore pieces of the birch bark out of the sides of the canoe, fastened them across between the paddles, and finally had a patchwork raft nearly six feet long and four feet wide. "There," said he, "that will spread your weight over a bigger area of ice, and you can lie down on it and push with your toes. You go first. It will hold you all right, but it won't hold both of us."

"How shall I send the raft back to you?" said I. "I've already thought of that," said he. "Take this ball of cord we used for tying up the skins. I'll tie this onto the raft here. If anything happens to you I may be able to pull you out, and if you get there all right I can haul the raft back."

"The raft would just barely hold me up, and it was ticklish work pushing my way to shore, spread out on my stomach on the raft; but I accomplished it at last. "Then he pulled the raft back to the canoe, and for a moment I couldn't see what he was doing with the cord. But all of a sudden he stood up and threw something toward me. It fell about half way between us, but glanced and slid along the ice almost to my feet. It was his heavy hunting-knife with the cord tied onto it. "Haul away," said he, when he had spread himself out on the raft. "Easy! easy!" and at last I managed to null him to shore. I never felt anything better than the solid ground under my feet. If it hadn't been for Andy's ingenuity it would have been starvation, drowning or freezing for both of us."—The Companion.

'Tis Well To Know a Good Thing, said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowwell, when they met in the street. "Whv, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil," and Mrs. Surface, who had her puma, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Electric Oil.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEMONS 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 21. King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900.

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, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I am able to go to work 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 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 un cured 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, 1902. 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 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 East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 198 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX.