

.....The HOME CIRCLE

CHILDREN'S CORNER

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

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, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1900. John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be 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.

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 a 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 crippled 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 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 am now free from 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 benefitted by its use. Yours respectfully, (Signed) M. McDONALD. Address Rev. Father McDonald, Portsmouth, Kingston, Ont.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a cillous 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 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 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.

JOHNO'CONNOR 199 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 \$1.00 PER BOX

WALKING.

Walking, says an authority, which also means standing erect, with shoulders thrown back, lungs expanded, and head well poised, is the best tonic that can be prescribed for exhausted brains, weakened muscles, and worn-out nerves. It strengthens the digestive organs, drives the blood away from the tired brain, and is one of the best remedies for nervousness. There is no better way of curing rheumatism than by a walk in warm weather. You have all the advantages of breathing pure air. Physicians have subdued the worst kinds of rheumatism, stubborn forms of indigestion, aggravated cases of insomnia, and all sorts of nervous diseases, by exercises in breathing and walking. There is a famous medical man of Munich who has formulated a system of breathing and walking by which asthmatic patients are taught to walk without using breath, while sufferers from weakness of the heart and nervously exhausted persons are cured.

No matter how long the walk or how steep the climb, no one who follows this simple system need "get out of breath," the breathing and walking being in this together. In ascending a staircase or path, one should take one breath for every step, and the fuller the breath the better. In walking along a level stretch, one should take two steps to every breath; thus the inhalation and exhalation always begins as the same foot touches the ground. The tired feeling which walking brings on is natural, but with a few weeks' practice one is able to walk a mile or more without fatigue.

The walking is of itself a recreation and a great help to the development and preservation of physical symmetry; its tonic effects are much better when one walks correctly and at regular times. In order to walk correctly, one should stand quite erect, and breathe in a proper manner, then swing the leg from the hip. By so doing the muscles which are strongest bear the strain, and the length of the stride is increased several inches. The heel touches the ground first, and not the toe, and a slight spring is given from the ball of the foot to aid in making another step.—Ruperts' Magazine.

WANTED—A KNACK.

O, I am a woman whose house is a sight, From garret to cellar there's nothing that's right, Though day after day I am striving and straining To reach perfect neatness, I am never attaining. While I'm washing the windows, the carpets get dusty; While I'm cleaning the pantry, the parlor gets musty; My meals are behind time, and always I have been, And I just get my bed made in time to get in. The neighbors make comment, "Alas! 'Tis and Alack!" 'Tis not that she works hard and don't want to be slack; 'Tis, somehow or other, she hasn't the knack!

Now, I have a neighbor whose house is just right Whenever you enter, from morning till night, She gives a touch here, and she gives a pat there, And all is in order from cellar to stair. When I ask for the reason, her friends all can tell— "Oh, she just has the knack of doing things well. It is not that she works any more than her neighbors, But she knows how to get good results from her labors." 'Tis plain she is blessed with the gift of great knack— The coveted blessing which most of us lack.

O, is there no merchant who traffics in knack By retail or wholesale, in bundle or sack? Or is there no ship that sails over the sea That will bring in its cargo this great knack for me? There's many a peddler, out tramping the road— Is there one with a remnant of knacks in his load? O'er mountain, through valleys, I'll follow his track. For I am determined, whatever else I lack, To somehow get hold of this great thing—a knack. —New York Sun.

THE LAND OF BANANAS.

Twenty-five years ago a shrewd New England skipper, who was coasting around the island of Jamaica, noticed the unusually fine flavor of its bananas, and decided to raise and ship them to this country. He met with much opposition, but persevered in his work, and banana fields now cover a large part of the eastern and northeastern end of the island, near the shore.

A field of growing bananas is a very picturesque sight. The plant, or tree, grows to the thickness of a man's body, and as high as twenty-five feet. To attain this growth, from fourteen to sixteen months are all that are necessary. The leaves shoot out to a distance of fifteen feet from the stalk. They are a soft, pea green color, beautiful and delicate and leather-veined, so that the slightest breath of wind cuts their edges into little slips, which wave and rustle, and rise and fall.

The trunks of the trees are as soft as a cornstalk, and the natives can cut down the thickest tree with a stroke of the sabre which they carry. The banana tree grows from the

inside, like the palm, cane, or grasses. When the trunk of a tree is cut through near the root, you can actually, for the moment, see the leaves unfolding from the inside, as rapidly as the hands of a clock move. Not many people know that the banana tree is the home of rats. Thirty-five years ago rats were plentiful in Jamaica, and a member of the legislature obtained leave to bring the mongoose from India. This is a weasel-like animal, which will fight the biggest kind of a rat, and always comes off the victor. The mongoose came, the rats were soon worsted, and they took to the cocoanut and banana trees as a place of refuge. They are kept now from climbing the cocoanut tree by a contrivance of zinc; but this cannot be done with the banana tree, and they feed greedily on the luscious fruit.

"COME UNTO ME."

Filled is the World with misery and sorrow, Sad are our lives with bitterness and sin, Cares for to-day and worries for tomorrow, Darkness without and deep gloom within; Yet in the midst of our profound depression There is an eye Divine our needs to see, There is a voice of infinite compassion Saying in accents sweet, "Come Unto Me."

Come unto me you weary ones that labor, Jesus of Nazareth—lo, I am He! I am the Christ transfused on Mount Tabor, I am the Christ transfixed on Calvary! What though you've sinned against my heavenly Father, Yet have I pity on your soul's distress, You to My Sacred Heart I fain would gather, Come unto Me and I will give you rest.

"Come unto Me! Oh heed the invitation, You whom the world has treated with disdain; You who have need of strength and consolation, You who would find a solace for your pain; Cease to pursue each fleeting false ideal, Follow no longer every fruitless quest, Only in Me is there a joy that's real Only with me will you find perfect rest. Ah! the sweet word of our dear Lord in heaven, Ah! the brightest hope that nothing here can dim, Though on our lives the stain of sin be, even He'll not deny us if we come to Him; Then let our nearest turn in coldness from us, Then let our dearest fail at friendship's test, Have we not Christ and His unfailing promise; "Come unto Me and I will give you rest."

Many a shadow may enshroud the dreamer, Many a cry may fall upon his ear, But the sweet voice of his Divine Redeemer Softly insistent he must always hear; And though his days be filled with strife and sadness, And though he sings but in a minor key, Still there remains to touch his life with gladness Even the words of Christ: "Come Unto Me." —Denis A. McCarthy in Western Watchman.

The St. Nicholas in 1906

Ralph Henry Barbour, author of "For the Honor of the School," "Captain of Crew," etc., has written a serial story, "The Crimson Sweater," which is to appear in St. Nicholas during the coming year. It is a narrative of school life in which study and athletics are mingled.

LIFE WOULD HAVE MORE HAPPINESS

IF THE LIVER WERE KEPT ACTIVE BY THE USE OF

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Most people realize that, if they could only avoid the sufferings of indigestion and keep the bowels regular and active, life would have for them much more of comfort and happiness.

We believe that these results are best accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and let us tell you why: It is the liver which, by filtering bile from the blood and passing it into the intestines, ensures good digestion and the natural, healthful action of the bowels. Keep the liver active, and you are sure of the proper working of the digestive and excretory systems.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have a direct and specific action on the liver. By invigorating this great filtering organ they guarantee the collection of bile from the blood, where it is poison, and the passing of it to the intestines, where it is necessary for digestion and a proper action of the bowels. It is not as a mere relief from indigestion and constipation that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are recommended, but as a thorough and lasting cure. Put them to the test. The dose is one pill at bed-time as often as is necessary to keep the bowels regular.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on every box.

RENEWING HER YOUTH.

(By Mary Gilbert.)

She was in a rebellious mood. It seemed to her that she had always been considered old. She wished that people could realize how girlish she was at heart, despite her fifty years and the gray hairs that clustered round her forehead.

Married at seventeen, Mrs. Hoyt had been a mother before she was twenty and a grandmother before she was forty. Now she was visiting her son, and was secretly annoyed at the respectful consideration shown her by all the family.

Her daughter-in-law treated her as if she was seventy; the children were never allowed to play with her long, lest she weary of their antics.

This morning young Mrs. Hoyt had been summoned to a neighbor's bedside, and had left Eleanor with strict injunctions to be very good to grandma and very quiet. It was comparatively easy to obey the first order, but how was such a bright-eyed tomboy as fourteen-year-old Eleanor to carry out the second?

Quiet? Quiet, when the ice on the pond was like glass, and this was probably the last skating of the season? Of course it was lovely to have grandma visit them, but how pleasant it would have been had she waited until spring!

Eleanor flushed at the inhospitability of this thought, and was glad to be distracted by a knock at the door. In came Clara Rose, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Right Eleanor, put on your things 'to skate away!'" she cried. "The skating is the best we have had. Every one else is there."

"I know," said Eleanor, her lip trembling a little, "but—but mother has gone away, and I have to stay with grandma."

"Oh! Clara's bright face clouded at the thought of her friend's disappointment, then cleared as she said, "But why not take your grandmother, too?"

"Take grandma?" echoed Eleanor, as if Clara had proposed to take the house and barn. "Certainly," said Clara, in her positive manner. "I believe she'd like it. She looks as if she could have as much fun as any of us, if she only had a chance."

Eleanor made no reply, and after a moment's hesitation Clara said, "Anyway, I'm going to ask her!"

She marched straight into the sitting-room, where grandma sat with her knitting, looking out at the bright sunshine. Mrs. Hoyt looked up with a welcoming smile; she and Clara had been friends since their first meeting.

"Mrs. Hoyt," said Clara, putting a persuasive arm about grandma's neck, "don't you want to go skating with us?"

Down went the knitting, up went Mrs. Hoyt's eyebrows. "Skating? A grandmother skate!" "The ice is like glass," Clara continued, eagerly, "and it may not last another day. We have an extra pair of skates, and I'll run home for them while you and Eleanor get ready. You'll come won't you?"

The fresh young voice had carried grandma back to the happy days when she had flitted over the ice, avowedly the best skater in the town. But that was long ago, she would not know how to stand on the ice now, much less skim over it. She stifled the longing to try her skill once more, and shook her head.

"You are very kind to invite me," she said, "and I appreciate it very much indeed, but I fear that my skating days are over."

Clara was not a girl to be easily thwarted, besides, she had seen the first look of yielding in grandma's eyes.

"Of course you could not skate in that long skirt," she said, thoughtfully.

"I have one that's just the right length for her," Eleanor interrupted eagerly. "You see, I'm quite as tall as grandma."

"My scarlet sweater would be just the thing for her," added Clara, "and I'll bring it with the skates." Grandma flushed again. She had worn a red jacket the night that John—how long ago it seemed!

"Then I'll go for the skates and sweater," said Clara decisively, "while you get your own things ready." She was out of the door before Mrs. Hoyt could utter a word of protest. Then the horror of the situation struck grandma, and throwing back her head, she laughed till she cried. A grandmother go skating!

But when Eleanor came dancing in with a navy blue skirt, confident that the matter was quite settled, Mrs. Hoyt hesitated a moment. She glanced at her trim, almost girlish figure, at her pretty little foot and ankle, and yielded. It was a ridiculous thing to do, of course, but she need not try to skate. She could stay on the bank and watch the children. There was no reason why she should spoil Eleanor's pleasure by staying at home; she well knew that the child was too obedient and too hospitable to go away and leave her home.

A few moments later a radiant little figure stood in the sitting-room, laughing at the girls' surprise at her transformation. The dark blue skirt hung in graceful folds almost to her ankles; the scarlet sweater, with a tam-o-shanter to watch, set off her black eyes and soft gray hair, while the excitement of the moment had brought an almost girlish flush to her cheeks.

"She'll be the prettiest girl there!" cried Clara, enthusiastically. "We'll pull her up to the pond on your sled so that she won't be tired before the skating begins!" Upon the sled they bundled her, and away they raced to the pond. There was a ripple of excitement at the appearance of the gray-haired "girl," but it soon subsided. The children were too much interested in their own skating to pay much attention to anything else.

Such glorious sport as it was! The air was just frosty enough to prevent the ice from melting in the bright sunshine.

"Perf'ct weather and perfect ice!" cried Clara, ecstatically, as she lapsed on her own skates, and then with Eleanor's assistance, fitted the extra pair to grandma's feet.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

gested Eleanor. "We'll slide her around for a while, till she feels like trying it herself."

By this time grandma had so entered into the spirit of the fun that her intention to stay on the bank was quite forgotten. The trio skinned over the pond; then grandma wanted to try her skill alone.

Down she went, with a suddenness that quite took her breath away, but by the time the frightened girls had helped her to her feet she was ready to try again, assuring them that she was only out of practice.

In the meantime young Mrs. Hoyt had returned to the deserted house, and was wondering what had become of her mother-in-law and Eleanor. Could it be that grandma had allowed herself to be taken to the pond to watch the skaters? Eleanor ought to know better than to sacrifice the poor old lady to her childish pleasure.

Her mind filled with such thoughts, Mrs. Hoyt started for the pond. The merry shouts of the skaters reached her ears while she was still some distance away. There was no lonely little figure on the bank. Mrs. Hoyt quickened her pace, a sudden fear possessing her. What had become of grandma?

She caught sight of Eleanor, skating with Clara and another girl, whose skirt and tam-o-shanter looked strangely familiar. Just then the three turned, and the bright sun shone full on their faces.

Mrs. Hoyt took a long look, then sank down on the bank with a little gasp. Eleanor had caught sight of her, and skated up in some alarm.

But before her daughter reached her Mrs. Hoyt had recovered her self-possession and had risen to her feet. "Eleanor! Hoyt!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean?"

Eleanor, uncertain what she ought to say, gazed helplessly at grandma and Clara, who had just overtaken her.

Grandma looked like the spirit of winter, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her eyes glowing with excitement, soft little curls tumbling about her face.

"It means," she replied, smiling at her daughter-in-law's amazement, "that I have found something I thought I had lost forever."

"You'll find a good attack of rheumatism," expostulated the younger woman; but grandma shook her head emphatically.

"I am never again going to find anything that goes with old age," she said. "It will have to find me—and hunt for me, too!"—Youth's Companion.

MY FAVORITE SUBJECT.

If you find your task is hard, Try, try again, Time will bring you your reward, Try, try again, All that other folks can do, With patience, should not you? Only keep this rule in view: Try, try again.

Arithmetic is the art and science of figures, you can just go at it without thinking, but you have to use your brains and reason it out. The more you work and puzzle over it the more interesting it becomes, but you need much practice.

It used to be that I could not do it at all, and I didn't take any interest in it. Now it is different. Of course I am far, far from good, but knowledge is increasing, and to me, it is one of the most pleasant subjects of the whole day. The point is to understand what you are doing, and if you make a mistake find out where it is, or you will make the same another time. There are many short ways in which to work questions, and if you learn to do these you will be finished in almost half the time you would take if you worked them the long way. There are many tricks and amusements in this interesting subject. I will show you one. It is "How to tell a person's age."

Think of a number corresponding to the numerical order of the month in which you were born. Multiply the figure by two and add five. Multiply that by fifty and add your own age. From the total subtract three hundred and sixty-five. To the result add one hundred and fifteen. The first number of the answer gives the month and the last two the person's age.

By the time you get through school if you work diligently, you will have an active mind and will be able to think rapidly and correctly.—A pupil of the city schools, in the School Children's Star.

Thou may'st as well expect to fly without wings as to grow wise without meditation.—Spalding. How good is silence! It soothes and refreshes like sleep.—Spalding.