

The HOME CIRCLE

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

I kneel alone near the altar. Alone, do I say? Christ is there. And mute, pleading voices of thousands John mine in its suppliant prayer.

For mine is a prayer begging mercy. I pray here in sin covered shame Before the Christ Child on his altar, Scarce daring to utter his name!

"Sweet Babe," my lips say in pleading. Oh, name to his mother's heart dear!

"Have mercy," I keep on repeating Till sure that the Christ Child will hear.

"Forgive all the past, the omissions, The faltering of world weary feet, The failures and falls, the forgettings, The human transgressions complete.

"O Christ in the Bethlehem stable, Is Thy mercy less strong than my sin? I knock at Thy heart craving entrance; Is there no more room in Thy inn?"

"I lay at Thy feet my sad burden, A year that was once fair to see; The blots on it beg for Thy mercy And love and compassion, all three.

"Fair intents were mine, but my purpose, My resolves lie dead on their bier; O Christ, in Thy love make me stronger That I fall not this coming new year!"

—Florence L. Holmes in Catholic Union and Times.

FAMILY AFFECTION.

It seems to many of us that, in these days of hurry, competition and general desire for independence, we are in some danger of losing much that is best worth procuring in home life and family affection. It is not needful that a home should be luxurious in order to make its members happy.

Carpeted floors, soft cushions and shaded lamps are not essential to happiness. There is joy as real by the cottage fireside as in the splendid salons of wealth and refinement. The elegances of life are not to be despised, but their possession does not insure happiness. The sources of true joy are not so shallow.

The cheerful heart, like the kaleidoscope, causes more discordant materials to arrange themselves in harmony and beauty. Now, cheerfulness in a family is the outcome of happy love in the hearts of its members.

Women, as a rule, are not disinclined to show that they are affectionate. With men it is different. We sometimes meet with men who think that any expression of affectionate feeling is weakness.

They will return from a journey and greet their families with distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by fragments.

There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than that of a family in which no one ventures to show any affectionate feeling. A father would better extinguish a boy's eyes than deprive him of his heart's best affections.

Who that values friendship and has experienced sympathy and affection would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature than be robbed of the hidden treasure of the heart?

Children ought to be encouraged to show their affection. They should be taught to love and pet their favorite animals, to love the robin and the rose and all that is beautiful in nature. Let it be your studied object to give your children warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind them to you with these strong cords; you cannot make them too strong.

Religion itself is the gospel of love—love to God, love to man. Think how much more a married man has usually to be thankful for in this respect than a bachelor, and how little need there is for him to despise the manifestation of his affection for his family.

Loving children with whom a father may spend his days, and who may soothe his declining years, are blessings to be thankful for. If we compare the conditions of a married man and a bachelor, we shall see that, at the end of life, the latter has little reason to congratulate himself that he has never been "caught."

The married man and father has some one to care for all his comforts, to sympathize with him in prosperity or adversity, to amuse him in health or nurse him in sickness; but who really cares for an old bachelor?

If he chances to be rich he is surrounded by courtiers all eager to please him; but with the only hope of benefiting by his death.

No; married life has its trials, crosses and drawbacks; but parents who teach their children to be loving lay up comfort for themselves in old age, or when evil days come, as come they do to most of us.

Alone, misfortunes are to be dreaded, but when they descend, even like a cloud, on a loving and united family, the silver lining of domestic affection lightens every earthly gloom.—New Styles.

PASSING UNHURT THROUGH LIFE.

It is a wise saying of Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and

never am I a real sufferer but by my own fault." There is no power in the world that can really injure us. Temptation can harm us only when we let it into our heart. We cannot evade life's ills—bodily infirmities, hard toil, adversity, trial, or care—but we may so meet them that instead of harming our life they become means of grace to us. An enemy may do us cruel wrong, but if we keep our heart full of love, not growing angry, not seeking revenge, not cherishing resentment, the wrong has not hurt us.

We carry about with us the only possibilities of harm to ourselves. If we lift the latch to temptation the evil will come in. If we grow bitter in suffering adversity or meeting trial, hurt comes to us from experience—the hurt is in the bitterness, not in the experience. If we fail in the spirit of forgiveness, the unkindnesses of others have left ugly wounds on our spirit, but it was not the unkindnesses but our own wrong way of enduring them that was the cause of the hurt.

The great problem of living is, therefore, to pass through all struggles, all sorrows, all life's experiences of whatsoever kind, keeping the heart meanwhile pure, sweet, loving and at peace. Then nothing amid all the world's mighty forces of evil shall have power to hurt us.—Forward.

A NOVEL AND NEEDED NEWS-PAPER.

Why should the devil have all the newspapers? Accounts of wars, disputes, murders, suicides, divorces, frauds and scandals, together with the latest betting and the price of speculative stocks, nearly fill the columns of most journals. Yet every competent observer, from time immemorial, has decided that there is more good in the world than evil. Is there not room, therefore, for such a daily newspaper as Good News, which should deal with the better side of the human character, and should direct attention to the generosity, self-sacrifice and heroism of life?

HOW TO REST AND CARE FOR THE EYES.

There is no more important subject that I could write upon than the proper treatment of the eyes. To read in the twilight, or in a dark room, or by a flickering, unsteady light from a lamp, is ruinous to one's eyes.

The eyes can be made, not only to retain their usefulness until late in life, but also their beauty of expression and color. While general care is the best treatment, yet sometimes simple remedies help them. Among such helps is to bathe them in a mild cold tea, mild salt water, warm milk and a weak solution of borax water. Simply bathe the outer skin, with eyes closed. If very much inflamed, bathe in a solution made of a teaspoonful of boric acid, mixed in a cup with fifteen drops of spirits of camphor and rubbed to a paste. Pour over it two-thirds of a cup of boiling water. When cold, strain and bottle. Apply twice a day with a piece of absorbent cotton. If this does not give relief, call in an oculist; but it is excellent.

The oculist told me that he was surprised to see how many neglected their eye glasses, never gave them a hot suds bath, and that they were left around to collect dirt, grease, etc., until they got disease germs into them which could not be seen with the naked eye. We should wash our glasses every week in a hot soapsuds, using a stiff little brush, and then rinse in clear hot water, and polish dry with tissue paper. We should keep our glasses healthy as well as our eyes.

LOOK AT THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT. "Father is coming!" and little round faces row long, and merry voices are hushed, and toys are hustled into the closet; and mamma glances nervously at the door;

and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace; and father's business face relaxes not a muscle; and the little group huddle like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is dispatched as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute book; and the children creep like culprits to bed, marveling that baby dare crows so loud, now that "Father has come!"

"Father is coming!" and bright eyes sparkle with joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against the window pane, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door; and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table; and tops, and balls, and dolls, and kites are discussed, and little Susie lays her soft cheek against the paternal whiskers with the most fearless "abandon;" and Charley gets a love-pat for his "medal;" and mamma's face grows radiant; and the evening paper is read—not silently, but aloud—and tea and toast, and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and "Father has come!"

Such a newspaper should be devoted to the cheerful sides of life. Its reporters would hunt out all that is pleasant, and the editor would do his best to encourage the public to look at things at their brightest. There are very few murderers; the minority are thieves, not the majority, the amount of premeditated villainy is comparatively small; there is more kindness than unkindness in the world, and in most lives there are more agreeable than disagreeable incidents, only we are inclined to brood over the latter and forget the former. A newspaper edited on such lines would start its readers in a cheerful mood each morning, and nothing is more contagious than cheerfulness, nor more necessary to success.—London Truth.

A PRESENT STYLE OF GRAND-MOTHER.

Where are all the pretty old ladies gone? We see no one now with soft white hair matching the snowy wool with which dainty hands, surrounded by ruffles of lovely Mecllin, etc., made comforts for the poor. One looks in vain for such a figure in the fireside chair, surrounded by loving relatives. Instead we have developed a padded, painted, "toupseed" grandmother. We read with amazement that ancient dames (of whose age the "Peagee" makes no secret) wear white satin and silver or much befringed white muslin! May it not be that this extraordinary dislike to age may have much to do with the independence of young people nowadays? What child would take its childish griefs to our present style of grandmother?—London Truth.

FOR INVALIDS.

Wine Whey.—Heat to 200 degrees. (Fahr.) a pint of milk; add hastily a gill of sherry or madeira; shake for a moment; strain through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth and it is ready to use.

Chicken Jelly.—Prepare nicely and wash thoroughly a full grown chicken that is in perfect condition. Put it on in a pot with two quarts of water. Let it boil steadily until the flesh will pull to pieces readily, then remove it, pour the liquor through a colander, return it to the pot and boil it down to about half a pint. Strain this carefully, salt to taste, pour into jelly molds and set in a cold place to thicken. If any grease remains after it jellies, remove it carefully.

USEFUL TO KNOW.

To beat eggs quickly, add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

When washing satens or other cottons with a satin finish, rinse in borax water to give a gloss.

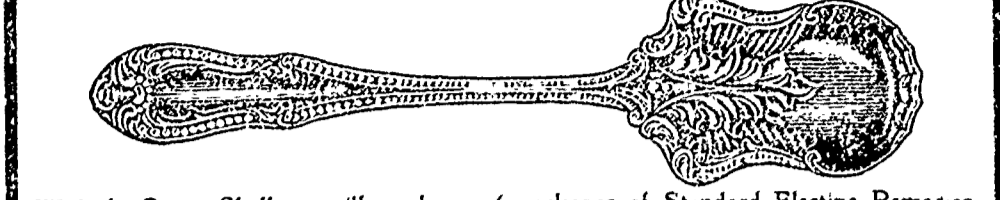
An agreeable method of changing the atmosphere in an invalid's room is to pour eau-de-cologne into a soap plate, and with a lighted tch set fire to it. The spirit will make a pretty flame and impart a delightfully refreshing odor to the air.

When choosing fish see that the gills are red and the eyes bright; the flesh should also be firm and elastic to the touch. This may be proved by pressing it with the finger; if the impression remains, then reject, for the fish is stale. The sense of smell is generally a good test of freshness, but it is not always to be relied upon, for if the fish has just been taken from the ice there will be no disagreeable odor unless it is really bad; and yet if not cooked at once it might change very quickly.

Water should never be applied to varnished furniture; oil should be

DEAR MADAM

Send us your name and address on the below request, and we will take pleasure in sending you free of any charge this SOLID ARIZONA SILVER SUGAR SHELL. You don't have to buy anything. The gift is unconditional. It is a bid for your everlasting friendship and good will and if you do not read this advertisement through and answer it at once, it will be a loss to yourself and a disappointment to us.



With the Sugar Shell we will send you 6 packages of Standard Electine Remedies, which we wish you to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each. Then return our money, and we will give you absolutely free a Butter Knife and Pickle Fork, same pattern as your Sugar Shell, and also a Set of 6 Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons. If you fail to sell our Medicines, return them to us and retain the Sugar Shell as a gift, it being free in any event. Our Solid Arizona Silver Premiums are fast superseding Sterling Silver for Tableware. They always look as well, and wear better; they are the same beautiful metal all the way through and are guaranteed for 50 years. There is nothing else like them except Sterling Silver, and nothing "just as good." Now, please don't throw this paper down and say to yourself, "I'll write to those Electine people to-morrow."

REQUEST FOR SUGAR SHELL AND MEDICINES.

Electine Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Ship immediately, by mail, 1 Solid Arizona Silver Sugar Shell and Six 25-cent Packages of Electine Remedies. I agree to make an earnest effort to sell the Medicines, and return you the money, with the understanding that I am to receive for this service a Butter Knife and Pickle Fork, same pattern as Sugar Shell, and also Six Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons. If I fail to sell the Medicine, I will return it to you within 30 days, and retain the Sugar Shell as a gift from you.

NAME (Write Name Plainly, "Mrs." or "Miss")

ADDRESS

PLEASE WRITE VERY "VERY" PLAINLY

ELECTINE MEDICINE CO., Limited, TORONTO, Ontario

used in all attempts at cleaning. Kerosene oil may be used with results in cleaning unvarnished wood, but, like water, it should be avoided with varnish.

A good polish for keeping hard or stained wood-floors in condition is made by cutting eight ounces of yellow beeswax into small pieces and adding to it two quarts of spirits of turpentine and one quart of venetian turpentine. When the beeswax has dissolved boil the mixture for use and apply with a soft piece of flannel.

Acure that is recommended for chilblains is to rub the wrists and ankles well to encourage a good circulation and the chilblains twice or thrice a day with methylated spirits, or, if preferred, with mustard liniment or camphorated oil, the last two being quite as good and less dangerous than the first, which should never be applied near a light.

It pays well to do your mending before the articles go to the wash; as washing usually results in making the holes larger.

To take ink stains out of a colored tablecloth, dissolve a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teacup of hot water and rub the stained part well with the solution.

Leather goods can be freshened up by rubbing them well with a piece of soft cloth dipped in the white of egg.

MISS BROWN'S FRIEND.

A Hamilton young lady who is very grateful for a timely word of advice and persuasion.

Dyspepsia is no respecter of persons. Old and young, rich and poor suffer alike with this dreadfully painful and distressing disease. There are few men and women to-day who do not suffer more or less from Stomach Trouble in some form, and much of the worry-illness of children is due to the very same cause.

Miss Maggie Brown, of Hamilton, Ontario, suffered for six years, with Dyspepsia, which combined with fearful headaches made her life one of much pain and misery.

The foremost physicians treated Miss Brown but were unable to do anything to relieve or cure her. They pronounced her case one of the very worst forms of Dyspepsia and absolutely incurable. She tried many medicines, but without any benefit and she was constantly getting worse and worse till she had given up all hope of ever being anything but an invalid.

A friend of hers who had used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets with success persuaded her to try a treatment of this remedy, and to her surprise her headaches gradually disappeared and the other unpleasant dyspepsia pains as well.

In a short time she was completely restored to perfect health and strength and has not since then had any return of the headaches or other symptoms of Dyspepsia.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets used according to directions will do for any dyspeptic what they did for Miss Brown and her friend. They instantly relieve and permanently cure all Stomach troubles and Digestive irregularities.

LIFE'S JEWELS.

"These are my jewels!"—thus she nobly spake Of her dear sons—the Roman mother fond— Compared with diadem of costliest make

In value infinitely far beyond! Nor ever yielded ocean depths, not lake, Aught half so rich—not e'en the diamond!

Thus doth each mother's heart to her respond. "Ye are the jewels—treasures truly great!" My children-gems—bright pearls both pure and fair!

Oh, Father, may I rightly estimate Their priceless worth and guide their minds with care, That they may fill with virtue what'er state Thou mayst appoint! And, when their life is o'er, Oh, may they be the jewels of Thy store!"

—Rosalie Prescott Warrent.

James G. Blaine's Lost Opportunity (From Success.)

Failure to grasp an opportunity on the instant of its presentation, a momentary abstraction of one of the most acute and brilliant minds the country ever knew, brought to naught the life-long ambition of James G. Blaine. The objective point of years of struggle vanished forever from him for an instant's lack of quick perception. Blaine had practically won the election in 1881, and was returning home one week before the opening of the polls with victory in his grasp. He stopped in New York and dined with Jay Gould—an unwise move at that time. The party managers proposed a measure which met with hearty approval. It was a "Minister's Meeting."

Blaine had smarted under the imputation that he was a lobbyist and corrupt politician. The endorsement of his career by the leading clergymen of New York city would, he felt, be a vindication, aside from its political value. Rev. Dr. Tiffany, an astute reasoner and careful speaker, was at first selected to make the address, but a committee of clergymen finally decided that the oldest of their members, Dr. Burdard, should be the speaker. He uttered the famous alliteration of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Blaine sat there in deep thought, and all expected that his first words would sweep away the dangerous suggestion of the aged clergyman. But the candidate made no reference to it, and his silence was assumed by his astonished auditors to have given endorsement to the sentiment. The dies was cast and Blaine died a disappointed man.

A week after the election Colonel Alexander K. McClure, dining with Blaine in New York, asked him if he had not heard the words fraught with such fatal consequences to his political aspirations. The statesman answered sadly: "I heard them but they failed to impress me. I was busy preparing my reply, for I had no previous opportunity of evolving one, and these four words

went by me without once stirring my intelligence."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W.A. Noyes, 847 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE KAISER DESCENDED FROM A SAINT.

"The Emperor of Germany," says the Northwest Review "has discovered quite lately, thanks to the researches of Stephen Michaelowitz, a genealogist, of Budapest, that he is descended from Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who was canonized by the Pope during the Middle Ages." The tardiness of this discovery proves the disadvantage of not knowing anything about Catholic literature. Protestants like the Kaiser are necessarily shut out from all that is best in the literature of mankind. Catholics have been aware of Wilhelm's Elizabethan origin ever since they knew on the one hand that he descended from the houses of Prussia and Hanover, and ever since they read, on the other hand, in Montalembert's Life of Elizabeth of Prussia and Hanover, with about thirty other royal houses, are descended from Henry I., of Hesse, grandson of St. Elizabeth. Montalembert's work, first published in 1846, is as famous among Catholics of every tongue as Boswell's Life of Johnson is among English-speaking people. The only difference is that the former is much better written and infinitely more learned."

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Paralee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake up refreshed and restored to happiness.

"You are an iceberg!" exclaimed her elderly but well-preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification. "A dozen cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!" "Not if they used an old beau to shoot with," coldly replied the beautiful girl.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The ad features a large illustration of a man's face and the text: 'DR. CHASE'S SYRUP of LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR THE CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION. EDMANSON, BATES & CO. SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA, TORONTO, ONT.'

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The ad text reads: 'For Coughs and Colds. However careful people are in other medicines there is a tendency to accept any remedy for coughs and colds. And yet, when you come to think of it, there are no diseases more fatal than those which develop from simple colds. It is now well known throughout this continent that there is no preparation quite so prompt and thorough in the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, and similar ailments as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. There are other preparations of linseed and turpentine put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and consequently it is necessary for you to be careful in buying. To protect you we show here a cut of wrapper bearing portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase. Be certain that these appear on the bottle you buy, and do not let any druggist persuade you to take a substitute or imitation. You can be certain of beneficial results from Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the tried and proven medicine. With other remedies it is a matter of experiment. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has for years had by far the largest sale of any remedy for throat and lung troubles. Nearly every dealer has it for sale. 25 cents a bottle, size of wrapper shown here. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. It cannot be sent by mail. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. INSIST ON GETTING Dr. Chase's'