



THE ROSE.

Why is the rose, beyond compare, The queen of flowers? 'Tis not more fair Than many others—nor so rare. Its dainty petals, folded tight, Enshrine a heart—or red, or white—That breathes of love—exhales delight.

O, mystery of Nature's art— 'Tis just that quality of heart, That shows the rose for e'er apart. —Mary M. Redmond in Donohoe's for September.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLE.

Cut a thin slice off both top and bottom of tomatoes, slice and sprinkle with salt, using one cup of salt to a peck of tomatoes. Drain the next morning, boil fifteen minutes in two quarts of boiling water with one quart of vinegar, then drain again. Boil for five minutes two red-pepper pods (cut into stripes) in two quarts of vinegar with half a table-spoonful of white mustard seed and one-half cupful of mixed spices. One pound or one cupful of sugar is added to the boiling vinegar and the tomatoes gently simmered in it for half an hour, then the spices removed and the pickles sealed in jars.

CHOW CHOW.

Make a strong brine, and from time to time drop in tender bean pods, young pop-corn ears, onions, cauliflower (popped apart), both green and ripe tiny peppers, small green tomatoes, cucumbers, urripe cantelopes cut in cubes, and nasturtium seeds. When ready to bottle, put in fresh water, cook for fifteen minutes then drain and boil for another fifteen minutes in the following dressing: Mix one-quarter of a pound each of mustard and ketchup with sufficient cold vinegar to form a smooth paste, then add to it three cupfuls of brown sugar, one-quarter of a cup of oil, and one cup of celery seed and white mustard seed with one quart of vinegar. Seal in medium-sized bottles or jars.

The summer homes of many well-known people are known more by their title than by the railroad station near them. The Vanderbilt homes are called Deepdale, Shady Point and Idle Hour; John Jacob Astor's home is known as Ferncliffe on the Hudson; Hamilton Fish calls his place Rocklawn; Lillian Bell's pretty place on the Hudson is called Applethorp; and Robert J. Burdette's home in Passadenia is Sunny Crest.

Of course there must be music at the christening and all will join in at least, one verse of "Home, Sweet Home," at the close. When moving into a new house the Germans repeat this little prayer: "Take from us, O Lord our God! all heartaches and homesickness and all trouble, and grant us health and happiness where we kindle our fire." Selections may be read or recited from the Hanging of the Crane and part of the blessing of the cornfield from "Niwatha," by Longfellow and the "Dream of Home," by Moore.

WHEN YOU GO TO COLLEGE.

I hope you have been judicious in your selection of clothing. You are wise if you have spent your extra shakels on the dresses that are to have the most wear. The light, be-frilled creations to be worn only on festive occasions may far more wisely be made of cheaper material. The best material that can be afforded should be used in the making of the week-day dresses. The girl whose school dresses are made of cheap material works under a real disadvantage, since an unexpected exposure to rain or other accident literally wilts the garment, and its days of respectability are ended, while a really good cloth is not in the least injured in such a happening.

I hope that you will turn resolutely away from the contemplation of a wrapper of the fussy, tight-lining variety. It affords less actual comfort than a regulation tailor-made costume, but let it be what the name implies. The thing is a possibility—a beautiful Oriental garment, with long, graceful lines, which can be donned in an instant, and fastened with a few loops and frogs. Such a garment is a blessing at times, when in the privacy of your own apartment, you feel special need of relaxation, but remember that only the chronic invalid is excusable for appearing in public in such a state of dishabille.

I hope your mother has been very sensible and taught you the invaluable art of mending and "fixing" in general. The woman who is not mistress of the situation in this respect is an object calculated to make men and angels weep, and certain it is that the victim herself will often indulge in that lugubrious emotion. There is an assurance, an ease in the bearing of the girl who knows how to make and mend that is utterly lacking in her who must depend upon mother.

Wage eternal war against spots and spills. Let the little tray in the new trunk where the toilet accessories are placed carry the simple but effective means of dealing with such accidents. Two or three small "silk" sponges, a bottle of ammonia, another of benzine and another of alcohol; a box of French chalk and a clothes brush of the best quality. See to it that your toilet always suggests a dainty freshness rather than constant change of apparel.

"BRIDGET DEAR."

And why not? All day the thud, thud, thud of the iron had echoed in the hot kitchen. All day dear, old, faithful Bridget had traveled around in a burning treadmill from the stove to the ironing table and clothes-horse, from the clothes-horse to the ironing table and stove. The soles of her feet felt nearly as hot as the palms of her steamed and blistered hands. First, the worn boots had been kicked off into a corner; soon the stockings were tossed to them for company, and bare-footed Biddy had for a moment secured coolness and comfort. Only for one moment. The doorbell

rang sharply over her head, and up from the basement she must toil. She hurriedly shuffled on her foot-gear, she had started up the back stairs when down into her very soul there floated the sweetest and most heavenly thing—"Bridget, dear, it's all right; I've been to the door." The visitor, sitting in the cool parlor, heard the message wafted down. What a revelation it was of tender and precious womanhood! At the bottom of the stair, with one foot raised, stood the flushed and tired servant; at the head of the stairs stood an angel! Such to Bridget seemed her mistress that day as the sweet tones went from her lips to the servant's heart. Forgotten were her hot face and smarting feet, and the kitchen seemed a bit of heaven as she carried back to it a heart gladdened by "a word fitly spoken."

How much spontaneous kindness and goodwill are barred out of lives and homes by a theory. It would never do to speak a loving word to our servant; she might presume upon it and take liberties with us. When she some day tells us that she is going to leave us we wonder at the ingratitude, the lack of love for us, which finds her packing up her belongings with a light step and snatches of a song. (Have we tried to win her loving service by giving her what money cannot buy?)

In a home where papa, mamma, and the children were always good-night deared, a child asked: "Why don't we say Hilda dear?" referring to the cook. The mother replied, "It will be all right to say if it is in your heart." From the top of the stairs a little white-robed creature cheerily called out: "Good-night, Hilda dear!"

A quick patter of feet and the beaming face of the little Swedish maid appeared at the foot of the stairs with a dear tacked to the end of her good-night. The English was far from perfect, but the dear was an exact echo of a loving heart far from the fatherland.

Did we but take pattern from the natural ways of children we should be surprised at the beautiful paths into which a little child would lead us.—Mrs. C. A. Beckwith in The Advance.

FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

The little soft cotton dish mops make excellent dusters. The wax from dripping candles can be removed from table linen by a generous application of alcohol. A little soap mixed with stove blacking will produce whiter and more lasting luster than without. Cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease. To remove peach stains soak fabric in spirits of camphor before wetting. The smart woman saves time and patience by keeping a shoe horn with the children's rubbers to make their donning easy. If stovepipes are well rubbed with lard and tied in several thicknesses of newspapers, they can be safely stored without fear of rust.

Alum, the size of a hickory nut, dissolved in a pint of water will brighten the color in muslins, ginghams and calicoes after washing. Grass stains on linen should be soaked for a few moments in kerosene then washed in very hot water with a generous supply of soap. If non-rust hairpins are used to fasten them down, curtains can be as nicely dried on a good thick grass plot as in regular stretchers.

The fastidious girl secures a number of wide pastebord ribbon rolls from the dry goods store and keeps her neck and belt ribbons smoothly over them. After table silver has been polished, if laid away, it will keep bright for a year in a paper box well covered with flour that has been thoroughly dried. Blood stains on a silk gown can be removed by cold strong borax water.

A faded cotton dress can be made white by boiling in cream of tartar water. Several thicknesses of newspapers laid between the bed springs and mattresses are equal in warmth to another mattress. Laid between the blanket and quilt they equal an extra blanket. Clean enameled shoes with sweet milk after all dust and dirt have been removed, allowing the milk to remain on for a minute then wiping with a soft, dry cloth.

Medicine can easily be administered to a cat by mixing it with lard and rubbing it on the forelegs near the shoulders where it can be licked but not rolled off. Photographs can be nicely cleaned with a soft cloth moistened with lukewarm water to which a little ammonia has been added. Use very lightly and immediately wipe the picture with a soft dry cloth.

DID THEIR DUTY IN EVERY CASE

How Dodd's Kidney Pills Banish Pain in the Back

Cured Mrs. Jas. Murphy and everyone else she recommended them to. River Gagnon, Que., Oct. 21.—(Special)—No complaint is so common among women as Pain-in-the-Back. It is a safe estimate that fully half the women in Canada are afflicted with it. For that reason every evidence that there is a sure and complete cure in existence is thankfully received. And there is abundant evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills is just such a cure. This district could furnish a dozen cures, but one is enough for an example. The one is that of Mrs. Jas. Murphy. She says: "I suffered for thirty-eight months with a pain in my back. I took just one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I have never been troubled with the pain since. I also recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to other people, who complained as I did and in every case the Pills did their duty and brought relief."

And why not? All day the thud, thud, thud of the iron had echoed in the hot kitchen. All day dear, old, faithful Bridget had traveled around in a burning treadmill from the stove to the ironing table and clothes-horse, from the clothes-horse to the ironing table and stove. The soles of her feet felt nearly as hot as the palms of her steamed and blistered hands. First, the worn boots had been kicked off into a corner; soon the stockings were tossed to them for company, and bare-footed Biddy had for a moment secured coolness and comfort. Only for one moment. The doorbell

Children's Corner

DISAPPOINTED.

Dorothy, aged three, was to be taken on her first long trip. She seemed most interested when told that she was on a ferryboat. After a few moments her mother noticed a look of disappointment came over her little girl's face. Asking the reason, Dorothy said: "Where are they, mother?" "Who?" asked her mother. "Why, mother, you told me this was a fairy boat, and I've looked and looked and can't find a single fairy," sighed dear little Dorothy.

EDISON AMENDS AN EPIGRAM.

Francis Bacon Croker, a professor of electrical engineering at Columbia University, recently wrote to Thos. A. Edison for a photograph of the latter large enough to hang in the office of the electrical department of the university, and also requesting Mr. Edison to inscribe the picture with some motto that might be helpful to the students. In a few days a large photograph of the inventor arrived, and at the bottom of it in the large, strong, well-defined handwriting of Edison was the following: "All things come to those who hustle while they wait."—Success.

I WOULDN'T FRET.

Dear little lad, with flashing eyes, And soft cheeks where the swift red flies, Some one has grieved you, dear, I know! Just how it hurts; words can hurt so! But listen, laddie—don't you hear The old clock ticking loud and clear? It says, "Dear heart; let us forget— I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!"

Why, little girlie, what's gone wrong?

My song-bird's drooping, hushed her song. The world has used you ill, you say! Ah, sweetheart, that is just its way! It doesn't mean to be unkind, So, little lassie, never mind: The old clock ticks, "Forget, forget, I wouldn't fret, I wouldn't fret!" —Success.

HE FIGURED IT OUT.

"I've got an eight-year-old boy at home that will make either a metaphysician or a detective—I'm not sure which," remarked a downtown lawyer, as he entered his office the other morning, says the Tribune. "The kid's just getting over an attack of measles, and has hard work amusing himself. Yesterday his mother and the nurse were in the room, and he spoke up all of a sudden, much to the embarrassment of his mother: "'Say, ma; I know how old nurse is.' "His mother thought the nurse might be confused; but she wasn't. "'How do you know so much, Willie?" she asked. "'Well, I asked you once how many years you've been nursing, and you said five. Then when you forgot that I asked you how old you was when you went to the training school, and you said eighteen. Then, by and by, I asked you how long you were in school, and you said four years. Now, eighteen and four and five are twenty-seven—see?'"

GOODNESS IS THE SOUL'S BEAUTY.

Edith came across the above line in her parsing lesson, and after puzzling over its meaning for some time, carried it over for explanation to her mother. "I do not understand it at all, mamma," said she. "Among your mates are your dearest friends the most beautiful girls?" "Oh, no, mamma! The girl I love the very best of all is Alice Maxwell, who says 'she is sorry for her friends because she is so homely.' " "Does she look unlovely to you, Edith?" "Why, no, mamma, I know she has a large nose and some other imperfections, but I like her so well I never think of them, or notice them." "Why do you like her so well, my daughter?" "Oh, because she is so sweet-tempered, so gentle and kind. She is the most unselfish person, unless you're self, mamma, that I ever knew."

"In short, then, Edith, Alice is a person of rare goodness?" "Yes, mamma." "And yet you say she is what is termed 'homely'?" "Not to me; she is beautiful to me, or at least better than beautiful. She is so very good."

"I think, Edith, if you reflect you will perceive the meaning of the quotation from Johnson. Your plain friend is beautiful with goodness, the soul's beauty, which truly is 'Beauty in its best estate.' " "Goodness is the soul's beauty," repeated Edith. "I understand it now, mamma, and I think I like that kind of beauty." "Yes, dear, it is a kind that is enduring, and a kind of beauty we all may grow into and possess forever."

HALF-PAST.

"Half-past what?" asked Connie. "Three," guessed Nan. "No." Then came Millie's turn. "Nine," she guessed. "No," said Connie. "Ada comes next."

And so it went on down the long line of girls who were playing the game, and at last it came to Kitty. "Eight," she guessed. "Right!" cried Connie, and then she started toward the corner, running as hard as she could, and Kitty ran after her. But Connie reached the post on the corner before Kitty caught up.

"You didn't get me!" she said, triumphantly. "No, I can always guess the number, but I can never catch anybody," laughed the little girl, and she again took her place in the line. Then Connie and a girl that she picked out chose a number, and the guessing went on.

"I wish I could catch somebody just once," sighed Kitty. "I'd like to be chased." "Half-past?" Nan was asking, and Kitty's turn had come to answer.



"Four," she said. "Right." Then Nan started to run, but what was the matter with Kitty? When she heard the word "Right," she had given a jump and a little scream, cried "Half-past four!" and started to run, not after Nan, but in the opposite direction. On and on she went, with the girls watching her in wonder.

When Nan saw that she was not being pursued she went back to the others. "Why did Kitty run that way?" she asked. "But nobody knew. "She looked up at the sky, hollered, and ran off," said one of the smaller girls. "Suppose we all go after her and find out why she did it," suggested Nan.

When they reached Kitty's home they found her sitting on the doorstep. Her face was flushed and she looked tired, but she smiled when she saw them. "Why did you run away?" demanded several of the girls. "I was so afraid that I wouldn't get here in time," Kitty told them. "You see, I promised mamma that I would be here by half-past four, and when we said that in the game, I just thought of it, and I had to hurry as fast as I could so as to keep my word."

"Would your mother punish you if you hadn't come?" questioned Nan. "Oh, no, but she would have been sorry!" "Anyway," Kitty added, "when I say 'I'll do a thing I want to do it, if possible.'—Exchange.

"MADE-OVER."

"Some folks feel quite proud in their made-over clothes, don't they?" Mabel Drew nudged Lizzie Smiley as she spoke, and directed her attention to Retta Perkins, who stood near them. "I thought that was a new dress," whispered Lizzie. "It was new once, when Mrs. Fisher wore it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Lizzie, opening her eyes very wide. "Yes," continued Mabel, "and that cloak was Miss Ledyard's. It's just made over."

Retta turned and looked toward the girls at that moment, but Mabel met her smiling glance with a toss of the head, as she drew Lizzie away toward the door. "Isn't she proud as a peacock?" said Mabel. "I heard Mrs. Fisher telling mother all about it. She had the dress turned and made up wrong side out, and Miss Ledyard's cloak was cut over, and that velvet on Retta's hat was on Claudia Fisher's last year. And Mrs. Fisher said: 'Now, we're not going to mention it, and nobody will know but the things are new.' Just as if we girls could not tell made-over things! Wouldn't you have known that was a turned dress?"

Lizzie was a timid child, and it was natural for her to agree with other people; but she was a truth-teller, so she answered: "No, I really thought it was new, and Retta looked real pretty in it."

"Well," said Mabel, sharply. "I would have known. And if I had to wear other people's things I'm sure I wouldn't expect to deceive them. I think it's wicked to deceive, don't you?"

Again Lizzie was tempted to say, "Yes, indeed I do!" but after a moment's thought she replied, soberly: "I don't think it was really deceiving. The things are just as good as new, and they are new to Retta."

"Dear me! You're as contrary as you can be, Lizzie Smiley. I didn't know you were so fond of odds and ends."

Then Mabel drew her arm away from Lizzie and started to cross the street. But Lizzie ran after her, and Mabel's selfish knee at once that she could still "lead" and Lizzie would follow.

The next Sunday Mabel drew away from Retta with a meaning smile and glance at Lizzie. It was so very foolish, but that little act seemed to affect the whole class, and made Retta silent and uncomfortable the entire hour.

The next Sunday, and the next, Retta was absent; and the teacher, Miss Ledyard, thought surely she must be ill. So, as soon as possible, she went to her home. Retta was at school, but Mrs. Perkins was there to answer the teacher's earnest inquiry. Her face flushed and she looked away as she replied: "I'm very sorry, but Retta heard something said about her made-over clothes and she felt as if she couldn't come any more. 'Mother,' she said, 'the girls looked me over from top to toe, and they smiled at each other.' " "Oh, Mrs. Perkins, I am so sorry! I didn't suppose one of my girls would do such a thing," said Miss Ledyard.

"Retta cried over it more than once," continued her mother. "She was so pleased with her dress and cloak. 'Why,' said she, 'father need not worry about me this winter.' You know he's been out of work, and we've had a hard time to get along. I sometimes think that if the little girls that have all they want could know how poorer children feel they wouldn't mind quite so much about clothes."

"Indeed they wouldn't!" exclaimed Miss Ledyard; "but I can't give up Retta."

It took a good deal of persuasion, however, to bring Retta back into the class. "This may be your cross, dear, can you bear it bravely for 'Jesus' sake?" This was the argument which finally made the child yield. So she came again, but the bright, happy look was gone from her face. She could not forget the glance and smile that had passed between Mabel and Lizzie, and every Sunday she sat a little apart from the others. Her pleasure in the pretty dress and cloak was gone, too, and she could only look forward to the time when she could have things that were not "made over."

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. 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.

John O'Connor, Toronto: 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

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, the marvelous 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, 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 marvelous 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 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 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 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, 72 Wolseley street, City.

Toronto, July 31st, 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, 84 Queen Street East.

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