

The HOME CIRCLE

DON'T WHINE.

A recent number of Medical Talk has an article on the evil effects of "whining." Complaints, says the writer, are usually made in a minor key. This monotony rasps the vocal cords, taxes the nasal nerves and muscles that should not be brought into play at speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is almost without exception, a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining of itself tends to sap initiative impulse and increases phlegmatic tendencies. Habitual whining, not healthy, vicious fault-finding, where fault really exists, but the helpless, futile complaining of a narrow nature too indolent to make any effort to right the cause of complaint, has a definitely deleterious physical effect on the whole constitution. Add to this the fact that eternal fault-finding is more than likely to wear on the staunchest friendship and take the light from the levellest countenance, and the full effects of this insidious and prevalent habit will be better appreciated. Get the whine out of your voice or it will stow the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit whining and go to work.

WHAT TO DO IN A STORM.

So many persons, especially women, are frightened at severe thunder storms that the following instructions, telling one what to do in cases, furnished by J. Warren Smith, a director of one of the government weather bureaus, will be acceptable. He says: "Thunder storms occur when there is a rapid condensation of moisture in a rising current of air, or a rapid condensation due to the cooling of an upper layer of air. It is held by most scientists that the lightning flash is an oscillatory discharge repeated frequently to and fro between cloud and earth. The distance of the flash in miles is approximately equal to one-fifth of the number of seconds between the flash and the thunder. The number of people killed by lightning each year in the United States averages about 300, the greater loss of life being in July. Small articles of metal do not have the power to attract lightning, but one should not stand under trees during thunderstorms, in the doorway of barns, near open windows or doors, close to cattle or horses, or near chimneys and fireplaces. There is very little reason, however, for alarm during a thunderstorm or for making efforts to insulate one's self by getting into feather beds, etc. If you are in the vicinity of a person who has just been struck by lightning, no matter if he appears dead, go to work at once to try to restore respiration and consciousness. No matter which method of artificial respiration is used, keep it up for at least an hour, and in the meantime maintain the heat of the body by hot flannels, bottles of water, warm clothing taken from bystanders, etc. Firmly and energetically rub the limbs upwards so as to force the blood to the heart and brain. When swallowing is established a teaspoonful of warm water, wine, diluted whisky or brandy or warm coffee should be given. Sleep should be encouraged. Send for a physician at once. Lightning frequently causes a temporary paralysis of the respiratory organs and the heart beat, which, if left alone, will deepen into death, but which, treated as suggested will often result in recovery."

PASSING THE CHURCH.

Do we Catholics firmly believe in the real presence of Our Lord in the blessed sacrament? No doubt we do, and we must, would we be true followers of Christ! Yet do we not oftentimes act as if the Lord had no abode in the tabernacle? Oftentimes we pass by the church and never stop to enter just for one short moment, just to greet Our Master, who waits for us, who calls to us, who here rests day and night alone, and it would seem forgotten. Would you pass by the home of some great benefactor without even as much as replying to his call should he invite you in? Then why not at least stop one moment to greet your greatest benefactor, your Lord, your God, your all, who continually invites you to come to Him?

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die, Though year by year the sad memorial wreath, A ring and flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves. For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach Than those by mortal read. Well blest is he who hath a dear one dead; A friend he has whose face will never change— A dear communion that will not grow strange— The anchor of love is death. Thank God for one dead friend, With face still radiant with the light of truth, Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth, Through twenty years of death. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

AN ISLAND FISHERMAN.

I groan as I put out My nets upon the bay, To hear the little girshas shout, Dancin' among the spray.

Ochon! the childer pass And leave us to our grief; The stranger took my little lass At the fall o' the leaf.

Why should you go so fast With him you never knew? In all the trouble that is past I never frowned on you.

The light o' my old eyes! The comfort o' my heart! Waitin' for me your mother lies In blessed Innishart.

Her lone grave I keep From all the cold world wide, But you in life and death will sleep The stranger beside.

Ochon! my thoughts are sild, But little blame I say; An ould man hungerin' for his child, Fishin' the live-long day.

You will not run again, Laughin' to see me land, Oh, what was pain and trouble then, Houldin' your little hand!

Or when your head let fall Its soft curls on my breast? Why do the childer grow at all To love the stranger best? —Katharine Tynan.

WOMAN OF INDIVIDUALITY.

One of the most charming characteristics of a woman is individuality. Yet how seldom do we find one who has the courage to turn aside from the beaten paths of custom and to be her real self, which is, generally speaking, a better and a nobler self than the one she gives to the world. There is so much that is artificial in our lives at present; so much striving to keep up with our neighbors and to be what society expects of us that we seldom have an opportunity to fulfill our own ideals. Needless to say, there are certain polite usages which no woman of culture can afford to disregard, but there are many other demands of so-called society that it were better for her not to heed. Our family life is fast becoming a heavy burden, not so much from any radical change in the nature of things, but because the requirements of society are so arduous. A young couple starting in life cannot live in a plain cottage, on a plain street, as their income demands that they should do. That would mean social ostracism, as they must either go in debt or half starve themselves in order to have more fashionable apartments. Thus they start life on a wrong principle, and unless the man meets with unusual success in business, they will have to go on until the end, keeping up the unenviable struggle that they may seem to have what they really do not possess.

It is said that the response to The Simple Life in the great cities has been pathetic. We are growing tired of the unrest, the mad race for riches and the striving for material things. It is time for a reaction to set in and we need women of strong individuality, who will boldly proclaim a standard of plainer living and higher thinking, and who will have the courage to live up to their convictions.

"IS DR. CHASE YOUR DOCTOR?"

HAVE YOU LEARNED TO CURE BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION AND CONSUMPTION WITH

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

A medicine, like a physician, is selected because of the actual results it is known to bring about. Most people are slow in choosing either physician or medicine until they know of cases in which they have proven successful.

In calling your attention to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills it is only necessary to point to their success in the past, for they are known in nearly every home.

By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and enliven the action of the bowels and ensure good digestion in the intestines. At the same time they stimulate the kidneys in their work of filtering poisons from the blood.

This cleansing process set in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills means a thorough cure of biliousness, intestinal indigestion, torpid liver, kidney derangements and constipation.

It means a restoration of health, strength and comfort where there has been pain, weakness and suffering. It means a removal of the conditions which lead to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, appendicitis and diabetes.

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

Who Made the World

Some years ago Archbishop Williams of Boston was visiting one of the churches of his diocese, and at one place he requested that the children of the catechism class assemble to be catechized. The good man put this question rather suddenly to the little boy who stood trembling at the head of the class: "Who made the world?" "The little fellow, with quivering voice replied: "I didn't."

CHILDREN'S CORNER

WHICH IS IT?

Mrs. Alice Meynell, the talented English writer, has written a book about children, and when ever any of the children of her friends do anything odd or amusing an account is straightway sent to her.

An American woman who met Mrs. Meynell in London related the other day an incident that the English woman had told in her hearing.

"Mrs. Meynell gave this incident," she said, "to illustrate the topsyturvy, upside down way in which many children see things. 'A little girl sat in a parlor with a cat. A maid, entering, said: 'Look at kitty washing her face.' 'Oh, no,' said the little girl. 'She isn't washing her face. She is washing her feet and wiping them on her face.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

WHEN I GROW UP.

Our grocer's man comes every day Though why he should I cannot say, For mother mostly orders beans, And soup and mustard, salt and greens And tea, and starch, and lard, and rice— Not much of anything that's nice.

Such food for some folks may seem best, But scarce excites my interest. When I grow up my grocer's clerk Will very seldom need to work; The butcher boy I'll ask to call Just once in spring and once in fall.

I'll have the candy boy call twice Each day, and sometimes even thrice! Mornings it will be best, I judge, To order caramels and fudge; At night a box of chocolate creams, To make me sure of pleasant dreams!

I mean to have the toy-shop man Stop just as often as he can. New toys grow tiresome soon, you know; And, then, too, one's friends do break them so!

Heigh-ho! what bliss will fill my cup When I grow up! When I grow up!

JACKKNIVES.

The word "jack" is applied to any contrivance which does the work of a boy or servant. In French the name "Jacques" is a term used for a youth of mental condition. The term "country jake" is of kindred sense. "Jack-lord," "jackanapes," "Jack tar," "jack o' lantern," "black jack," "jack rabbit," the term jack applied to the knife in playing cards. "Jack in a box" and "Jack at all trades" show the derivative meaning. Hence jack-knife means a boy's knife. In early days the jackknife headed the list of a boy's toys and, with his skates, gave him the greatest pleasure. His skates were made of what do you suppose? Beef bones, fastened to the soles of his feet!

A FEW CONUNDRUMS.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it. What game do the waves play at? Pritch and toss. What soup would cannibals prefer? A broth of a boy.

What sort of men are always above board? Chessmen. What is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

What is a muff? Something that holds a lady's hand and doesn't squeeze it. When is a clock on the stair dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

Why is a pig in the kitchen like a house on fire? The sooner it's out the better. Why are troublesome visitors like trees in winter? Because it is a long time before they leave.

TO AMUSE CHILDREN.

All mothers have found that the best way to entertain small children is to let them play the games they are used to playing. It amuses them more than new ones. Blind man's buff is usually very successful. A heart hunt might meet with their approval. Cut out a dozen or more very large pasteboard hearts, painted red, with little ribbons and loops slipped through the top. Hide these away in one room and in the hall. The child who finds the most is given a prize, so is the child who finds the second, fourth and least number. Let the children keep the hearts they find, pinning them to the front of the frock. The prizes could be large candy boxes in the shape of hearts and red candy hearts, tied around with red ribbon.

THE BEAR AND THE FOG HORN.

It was her first day in the country. She had heard about cows, calves, sheep and hens and she had seen the pictures in her reading books. From the pictures she was sure that a cow was about as large as her cat, Bess. A hen was about like a sparrow, to whom she gave crumbs, and a sheep was like a small dog.

A bear was larger than any of them, for she had seen a bear in the park, and she knew it was larger than the animals whose pictures were in her books. A squirrel she classed with the large animals, for all she had seen were the pictures.

The first day after she had been looking around the place for about an hour, she ran into the house as if there was some wild animal after her. Her pale, frightened looking face alarmed her grandmother. "What's the matter, Jennie, dear? What's the matter?" asked her grandmother.

"There's a bear coming up the road with a fog horn," gasped the child. "A bear with a fog horn? What can the child mean?" and the grandmother went to the door.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarr'd from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordia and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to

THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

"Don't—don't open the door; there it is," said the scared child. "That a bear? Why, that's my pet cow, and she's bellowing because her calf has been taken away." It took some time to make Jennie understand that "that big thing was a cow," and not a bear with a fog horn.

A BRIEF FRIENDSHIP.

Deep in a pond lived Taddy Pole (The pond was in a bog), And there upon the mud he met The lively Polly Wog. He thought her graceful; she admired His active twirl and bends. He said, "I like you very much." She murmured, "Let's be friends!"

And friends they were for quite a week, Each shared the other's swim. He never stayed away from her, And she kept close to him. The water-beetle, sailing by, Would smile and rudely stare; While news remarked, "Just look at that Inseparable pair!"

But one day two things happened, and Their friendship ceased to be. For Polly Wog and Taddy Pole Had left the pond, you see. They meet as utter strangers now Upon their native bog; For she's become a dragon-fly And he's become a frog. —Little Folks.

ALLITERATION.

Here is a game that may be played by any number of boys and girls. It is a game in which you can have lots of laughter and fun and one that at the same time will have the effect of making you think quickly.

Each of the players who sit in a row, tells in order to what place he will travel and what he will do there, always using for principal words (such as nouns, adjectives and verbs) those beginning with a single letter of the alphabet. The first player takes A, the second B, etc. Thus the players in order may say: "I am going to Africa to ask an Arab for Apricots."

"I am going to Boston to Buy Baked Beans." "I am going to California to Cut Curious Capers." "I am going to Damascus to Dine on Delicious Doughnuts."

"I am going to Elizabeth to Eat Eggs Egotistically." And so on through the alphabet. Any one unable to give a sentence of this kind may be required to pay a forfeit or a score may be kept, the successful ones being given one point. In this case the company may be divided into two sides. The method of playing must be agreed upon before hand.

THE CHILD'S PETITION

She stole into the church alone, With shy and timid grace, A little child with wondrous eyes, And smiling, dimpled face.

"I came to see You, dearest Lord, Sweet Jesus, are You here? Ah, yes, the light is burning bright, I know that You are near."

"I'm glad that we are all alone, Because I want to bring A letter to Your Sacred Heart To ask for everything."

"Now, if some older people saw Me write this little letter, They'd take it, maybe, from my hand And try to make it better."

"But no one saw me write it, Lord; I think it's written right; And You won't mind if it's spelt wrong, Because it is clean and white."

"I'll drop it in Your treasure box, And kiss it so 't will speed Right up to heaven to Your heart To ask for all we need."

"And then to make it very sure I'll say a decade, too, To forward quick this little note I wrote, dear Lord, to You."

THE DOLL'S WEDDING.

I'm 'vited to the wedding, And have to make a dress, I want a lot of 'lusion, A hundred yards, I guess— I think I'll make it "princess," I couldn't wear it plain, It's very fashionable To have a plaited train.

It's Rosa Burdock's wedding, To-morrow, just at three, In Mamie Turnbull's garden Under the apple-tree; The bridegroom's Colonel Bracebridge, He wears a sword and plume, To show that he's a soldier— It's stylish, he presume.

We made some sugar-water, And Maimie's got a cake; I never saw such good ones As her mamma can make. She puts on plenty frosting And lots of sugar plums— I guess we'll have the 'freshments Before the min'ter comes.

We've got to pick some dandelins, To make a chain and ring— Louise will play the jew's-harp, And Mamie and I will sing; We'll have to say the 'sponses, They couldn't if they tried— But Rosa is so el'gant She'll make a lovely bride.

We'll have to stand the Colonel Against a piece of board Or maybe he can stand up, By leaning on his sword. Come now, this is to-morrow, Let's get our hats and shawls, Bring June and Zephyrine, And all the other dolls.

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. S. PRICE.

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.

254 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 1 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 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.

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, Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times in 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.

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 benefited 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 callous 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 uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a 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