

# The HOME CIRCLE

## OUR IDEALS.

The plodding woman who eats her breakfast and washes her dishes, and eats her dinner and washes her dishes, and eats her supper and washes her dishes, and then says her prayers and goes to bed, or she may get a good deal out of life, or she may not be getting anything. That is as she pleases. Life is more than three meals a day, and maybe while that dull, plodding work is going on, there may be a good many other things going on. The woman may be getting an education all unknown to those around her. She may be improving her spiritual condition and building a character that we might well envy. She may be doing good in her humble way by setting up an ideal. Read this clipping which was sent me by a friend:

"Human beings live up to our ideas of them. If you require much of a man, the chances are that he will try to meet that requirement. You pay a tribute to the manhood or womanhood of an individual every time you show belief in them; and since the lowest has a spark of highness in his nature, he cannot but be touched by that belief. It is, if you will, a subtle sort of flattery to expect goodness and truth and wisdom from poor human beings, but it is flattery in the right direction; it is not selfish; it tends to aid the flattered, and not the flatterer. Cynicism and disbelief are, on the other hand, an invitation to the cowardly. They are nothing more than a condemnation of wrong."

After all that we say and do, time goes on and we stumble along with it. Perhaps we walk pretty straight, perhaps we take an occasional fall. Perhaps we were wretched last year over a fashion we were unable to follow—this year it is forgotten. Perhaps last year we lavished love mistakenly—this year our loves cure the smart. Perhaps last year we toiled for an object and this year the still covers what we worked for. And tuff the sun shines; the seasons change; the mystery of life, the greatest mystery of death, pass in procession; anxieties blight, pleasures gladden, penalties follow swift and rewards drag; and we are what we have made of ourselves and others are what we expected them to be. All we can do is at all times to keep our ideals, to do nothing for policy's sake if a principle is involved; to turn our backs on temptation; to be honest. Then, whether our lot were humble or we were called to honors, whether fortune smiled on our work or the heavens were brass to our cries, we have lived and made the most of life.

## FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

Keep up a little reserve with the husband you love so dearly. Practice some of the arts you used when you were not quite sure of him. Do not let him too deeply into the mysteries of your toilet. It is not at all necessary, and he will love you all the better for it. I am sure I need not advise that you respect your womanhood and are modest in all the intimacies of home life. A man sometimes disgraces a woman by his license of speech and action, but women should be patterns of self-respect and womanly behavior. Teach the girls the same.

You may as well make up your minds that men are men. They do not see with the same vision you do; the same things do not ruffle them that drive you nearly insane; they are obtuse and do not feel things that give you pain. Probably the man loves you. He may not always act as if he did, but down in his heart he undoubtedly prefers you to all others. Take it for granted. You will have to, for it is an exceptional man who takes the trouble to mention the matter to his wife. He put forth a good deal of effort when he was trying to convince you that two could live on less than one could and save money besides; he did not find it too much trouble to clean up and devote himself to you evening after evening; he could remember your birthday; he could turn a neat compliment, and feel anxious when you were ill or in any sort of trouble. But those days are past, and may as well be relegated to the storehouse of your memory. It will do no good to speak of the contrast. Lay away the memory for comfort when things go a little worse than usual. The time always comes when a woman has to turn to memory for comfort. You have the man you love. Take that to your heart and do not expect a great deal from him. Give love and loyalty and truth and devotion. You probably get all of it that the man is capable of showing, perhaps more than you give. Men are so different.

## IN THE KITCHEN.

I have a new receipt for mayonnaise which will be of use to those desiring to make a large quantity of the dressing with little work. Stir together a tablespoonful each of flour and olive oil, then add in a half cup of vinegar. When this boils, add the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir them in well and strain through a small sieve. Then, as it cools, add olive oil and beat thoroughly. The quantity of oil should be in all a half cupful, the same as the vinegar. It never fails. Vinegar must be used instead of lemon as in the more particularly prepared mayonnaise.

In making mayonnaise after the old and tried receipt, it occasionally happens that the oil and lemon separate. Begin over again with another egg yolk, and after it is started, stir in the curdled mayonnaise. It is found that if mayonnaise is started with two egg yolks, it will not curdle. One egg seems to lack the strength to hold the ingredients together.

Do not miscall this dainty dressing by pronouncing the word "mayonnaise," but pronounce as spelled. It is not a French word, so many consider it, and is not to be found in French dictionaries. The dressing was, however, invented in the city of Bayonne, and used to be called after that fashion, but has been given a name all its own which means nothing.

House and Home Sponge Cake.—This receipt never fails and makes a delicious cake with little trouble and expense.

## Put a pinch of salt in a large bowl and add the whites of four eggs. Beat until it is absolutely stiff. In a smaller bowl put the four yolks of the eggs, a grated rind of a lemon and its juice. Beat this five minutes by the clock. Into the whites put a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and beat thoroughly. Then stir in the yolks and beat well. Beat in a scant cupful of flour, folding it in and doing all with as little beating as possible. Put it in a pan which is not greased, and sprinkle over the top a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and beat from the cupful after it was measured. Bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Cool in the pan and take out as needed with a fork.

## CULINARY HINTS.

Coarse salt and vinegar will clean enameled ware that has been burned or discolored.

To bake a pie crust without the filling, line with paraffin paper filled with uncooked rice.

Potatoes will bake more rapidly if a pan of water is put into the oven with them.

To break ice in small pieces for the comfort of an invalid use a darning needle.

A nut pick kept on the kitchen table is the most convenient utensil for removing the paper cover from the milk bottles.

Never use newspapers to wrap about anything eatable. It is economy to have a supply of paraffin paper always on hand.

The novice should memorize this rule: White meats well done, dark meats underdone, except in fowls, which should always be thoroughly cooked.

Eggs should be kept in a receptacle to themselves since the shells (when fresh) are so porous every strong odor is absorbed.

No odor from onions will pervade the house, it is said, if a generous piece of stale bread is cooked with them.

Use a small clam or thin-edged mussel shell for scraping pots and kettles, and the cake turner for cleaning off the molding board.

An ingenious cook has a holder fastened to the dress belt by a long tape while working in the kitchen, thereby saving steps and burns.

A novel pickle is made by combining sweet corn and cabbage, each cooked separately then scalded in sweet spiced vinegar and canned for winter use.

For the meringue on pies use one tablespoonful of granulated sugar to the white of one egg. It is more satisfactory than powdered sugar.

After a can of condensed milk has been opened, keep the lid raised, or better still, cut it off so the contents will be exposed to the air.

If the cups in which custard is cooked are well buttered before the mixture is turned in, it will be much easier to wash the cups.

Perch or other small fish are much better if fried quickly in deep, hot fat. Larger fish can be fried slowly in a skillet in hot salt pork fat.

When sweet corn is served on the cob, leave a few of the inner husks on the ear when boiling as it will be much sweeter and keep warm longer.

Stand the jar to be filled with hot fruit on a steel knife blade or a cloth wet with very hot water and there will be no danger of a broken jar.

## Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup

needs no recommendation. To all who are familiar with it, it speaks for itself. Years of use in the treatment of colds and coughs and all affections of the throat has unquestionably established its place among the very best medicines for such diseases. If you give it a trial you will not regret it. You will find it 25 cents well invested.

## A CAUSE FOR TEARS.

A fifty-thousand-dollar schoolhouse, says the Woman's Home Companion, had been burned to the ground. The taxpayers groaned, for the building was not fully insured. A small boy looking on the ruins wept bitterly.

"Why, my little man," exclaimed a sympathetic bystander, "you must have been very fond of your school!"

"Then that," howled the boy; "but I left a nickel in my desk, and I'll never be able to find it in that mess!"

## REALISTIC.

"How did you break your slate, Jack?" asked his mother.

"I don't know," said Jack. "I drew a picture on it of a boy throwing a stone at a bird, and I guess maybe the stone hit the slate instead of the bird."

## SUFFERED TORTURE FOR FOUR YEARS

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Wm. Doeg's Rheumatism

He was so bad that he could not lie down, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

Sundridge, Ont., Oct. 24.—(Special.)—Mr. William Doeg, of this place, now a hale hearty man, tells of his almost miraculous cure of Rheumatism by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For four years I suffered excruciating torture," says Mr. Doeg. "I was scarcely an hour free from pain. I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair."

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors and also tried several medicines without receiving any benefit. Almost in despair I feared I never again would be free from pain. Then I read of some remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills. I procured a box and soon found they were doing me good and before I had finished the second box I was entirely free from pain and a new man."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Rheumatism by putting the kidneys in shape to take the cause—Uric Acid—out of the blood.

# Children's Corner

## LEARNING A BOY'S AGE.

While the agent was selling farm machinery at the house, the friend at the gate held his horse, and a conversation took place with the small boy of the family.

With grave incredulity, he was saying, "Are you sure you are only nine years old? I think there must be some mistake."

The boy was positive, but to make sure, "Ma!" he called. "Ain't I just nine years old?"

"Yes, son."

After a time he ventured: "Say, mister, what made you think I was more than nine years old?"

"Why," said the stranger, "I couldn't understand how you could get so dirty in nine years."—New York Tribune.

## WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

Mation is a precious little tot of four years who has been spending the summer at a Long Island resort. Country folk as well as city ones have had their share of rain these past few weeks, and Marion objected to the cooping up that the storms necessitated. One day she decided to ignore the rain and go for a walk on her own account. She evaded her nurse and mother and without hat or coat started for the highway. Just then her mother discovered her and the runaway's trip was cut short.

"Marion, what do you think you'll get for this caper?" asked her mother, in her severest tones.

"I dess I'll get an umbrella," was the nonchalant reply. — Brooklyn Eagle.

## SIT AND SET.

Two little words have been a source of great mortification and trouble to many well-meaning persons.

A man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the hen might sit on them by the hour, if they would allow it.

A man cannot set on the wash-bench, but he could set a basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object.

He could sit on a dog's tail, if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl—metaphorically at least.

And yet the man might set the tail aside and sit down, and be assailed neither by the dog nor by the grammarians.—Golden Days.

## A LAUGHING GAME.

This is one of the jolliest impromptu games that we know of. We mean by impromptu that it requires no preparation whatever, but may be played by a roomful of boys and girls the moment it is suggested. And it is brimful of fun from start to finish.

Any number of players may take part in it. They first select a leader, who should be a bright, alert, quick-witted boy who is capable of preserving his self-possession while fun and laughter are going on all around him.

The players seat themselves in a circle and the leader takes his place in the centre. He holds in his hand a white handkerchief, which he has knotted so as to make it partly solid.

When everything is ready the leader tosses the handkerchief up in the air and then every player must begin laughing. But they must all stop laughing by the time the handkerchief reaches the floor, and if any one does not stop and the leader catches him either laughing or smiling he imposes a forfeit or a fine.

Or instead of making the detected laughter pay a forfeit he may be required to drop out of the circle. If played in this way the players drop out one after another until only one is left, and that one wins the prize.

## HOW HAROLD FOUND A HOME.

It was a "red-letter" day in Harold's life when he was told that he was to have an outing—two weeks in the country. Whether he was Harold Brown or Harold Jones or Harold Smith or Harold something else he do not know. He was known in the slums simply as Harold. He had been an orphan as long back as he could remember. His home—if the wretched back room in which he lived could be thus designated—was in the most dismal part of the slums. He shared it with an old rag collector, who had no love for him, but was glad to give him bed and board for his assistance. Harold's bed was a bundle of rags (as was his employer's), and his board—for the greater part—scraps. "Old Jake," the rag collector, made life lively for Harold in one respect, cursing at him and calling him vile names, and even at times using a lash. Could you have seen the boy's emaciated and bruised body, you would have wept. Could you have known of the sorrow and longing in his heart it would have made yours ache. But at last there came a break in the dark clouds over Harold's head. He had been asked to go to the country. The old rag collector would not consent to Harold's going, but as he had no claim on the child, the latter was taken from him. For the first time in his remembrance he was thoroughly cleansed and neatly dressed. It was noon when he, in company with nine other children and a caretaker, left the city in a trolley car. At three they reached the terminus of the road, where there were carriages in waiting.

A few days before Harold was asked to go to the country an old couple sat on the porch of a small country house talking earnestly. They had outlived their children and found life lonely. The old man was rheumatic and often really needed young hands to help him with the chores.

"Samuel," said his wife, "the Hunts are going to take two fresh air children—did you know it?"

"Yes," Liza, Tom Hunt told me about it to-day, and there are two going to Miss Green's, two girls. Tom said, 'I wish we could take a boy,' wistfully.

"Do you really mean it, Samuel?" her face brightened up. "Would you like to take a boy?"

The old man laughed slyly.

FATHER KÖNIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC

It is a good medicine for all nervous diseases, and it is free to all who are poor. Get this medicine FREE! KÖNIG'S NERVE TONIC, 109 Lake St., Chicago.

"I'd like to have a boy around for a week or two just to see how it would seem, and I'd like to give that boy a good time. I'd like some poor little homeless chap—an orphan—who doesn't know what a good time means."

His face lighted up for a moment and then the light faded.

"But it won't do," he added, "it won't do."

"What won't do?" the old lady asked.

"It won't do to take a boy. It would mean too much extra work for you—cooking and so on."

"I'd like the extra work," was the answer. "I'd like to cook for a hungry boy."

Her face glowed at the thought. His caught the glow.

"Would you?" he said. "Then let the boy come."

And the boy came—it was Harold. Samuel Swift sent the message through the agency of Tom Hunt.

"Ask for a boy who has never had a good time," was the message.

Perhaps there had never been a more surprised boy than Harold was when the Swifts welcomed him. He had not looked for a welcome, but when the old man took his hands in a gentle but close clasp and the old woman kissed his cheek and smiled upon him, a new world dawned. A lump came into his throat and choked him so that he could not find his voice, but when the lump disappeared joy was born. The Swifts were not rich, but they were in "comfortable circumstances" to use an old-fashioned phrase. They owned the small cottage in which they had lived all their lives and the few acres of good land around it. They always had the best of food. Best of all, they were truly good, and it was characteristic of them both to be ever ready and willing to lend a hand to any one in trouble. The moment they looked into the face of their small guest they knew that life had been hard to him. Had a guest come to them from the upper walks of life—he would not feel that he had received better treatment nor a warmer welcome than Harold did. The boy's heart went out to them in the first love he had ever felt. He saw it in his eyes and heard it in his voice, and they felt happier than he had felt for years. A small pleasant room next to theirs was Harold's. When the boy was stretched out in the soft bed it seemed that the old world had passed away. The simple sweet old home was to him—the most beautiful place in all the beautiful new world into which he had come. It would not have seemed so beautiful had it not come after a life in the slums. The boy's heart was full of joy and gratitude. After the restful sleep in the peaceful room came the call to breakfast. On the bed of rags there had been a kick to awake him. Now as he dressed he heard a bird sing outside the window and he felt the sweet breath of new mown hay as the soft wind touched his pale cheeks.

And oh! that morning greeting in the cozy kitchen when the breakfast table was laid. He would never forget it—never. Then there was the breakfast—bacon and newly laid eggs, toast and coffee with real cream. In all his poor little dreary life Harold had never—until the night before—sat down to a table to eat.

The two weeks seemed to have wings; it was morning—blessed morning, and then it was night. How to describe the time between night and morning I do not know except to say that it was all joy—pure joy. If the boy had been the Swift's own grandson, he could not have pleased them better. After the first morning he was never called. He awakened when he heard the old folks stirring. By the time Mr. Swift was dressed, he was with him, feeding the chickens and pigs and hunting for fresh eggs in the barn. Before the first week ended the old folks felt as if years had rolled off their shoulders. The young lad whom they were helping was helping them. He was growing stronger every day and more necessary to them. His great love for his new friends made him long to help them in any way that he could. Old Mrs. Swift said he was the "handiest boy" she had ever known. At the breakfast table one morning old Mr. Swift remarked: "It doesn't seem as if it were two weeks since you came here, Harold, but it is."

The young face, that had become so dear to the old folks, clouded.

"Oh!" the boy cried out. "Oh! it's the day to go—Isn't it?" and the bright world suddenly seemed to darken.

"To go where?" questioned Mr. Swift.

"Back—to—the-slums."

"It is time for us to tell you that we love you and want you to stay with us all the time," said the dear old man.

"And," put in the dear old lady, "if you could call us grandpa and grandma we'd like it."

Harold could not speak, but in his loving brown eyes there was an expression that made them strangely beautiful. His lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears. Presently he arose from the table and, throwing his arms around first Mrs. Swift's neck, and then Mr. Swift's, he cried out, "Grandpa! Grandpa!"

After that life grew still more beautiful in that humble home. The lovely summer passed away. There were no "bird songs" now, no green grass or sweet flowers, but the joy was there to stay. In November "erandma" had a severe rheumatic attack, but he did not seem to mind it much.

"For," said he, smiling, "I have a pair of hands that I call blessed hands—they do so much for us old folks."

It was a "picture beautiful" to see Harold doing the chores during these cold days. He fed the chickens and pigs, cut up turnips for the cow, cared for the turkeys that grandma was fattening for Thanksgiving, and looked after things generally as if he were the man-of-the-house. As for grandma, he helped her in various ways, looked out for the wood and water, peeled potatoes and apples.

Over and over he told himself joyfully: "It's home—home—my home and theirs, and they love me and I love them. Dear old grandma and grandpa!"—Ernest Gilmore.

# 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

**What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:**  
212 King street east.  
Toronto, Sept. 18, 1900.

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

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.  
DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,  
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE

250 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, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have to me, intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.  
Yours truly,  
GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.  
Yours respectfully,  
MRS. SIMPSON.

## PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:  
DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.  
Yours sincerely,  
JOS. WESTMAN.

341 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. ARCHINGDALE,  
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 located for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital unincured 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 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. W. CLARKE,  
72 Walseley street, City.  
Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

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.

**JOHN O'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.