

DOMESTIC READING.

Some people give their confidence as others give presents—for the sake of what secrets they will be told in turn.

There are some men so modest that they hide even their virtues, and do it in such a skillful way that nobody ever discovers them.

Heaven's stronghold is hard to conquer. That is true. But who would not draw his sword when he knows that a kingdom is to be won?

If you are rich, you have eccentricities or peculiarities, and are, nevertheless, a good fellow; but if you are poor, these same eccentricities are downright bad habits, and you are a boor.

Beware of money and the desire for it, of carelessness and mistrust of God; labor in your lot; be content with such things as you have, and be careful for nothing. The only sure investment for our worldly goods is in the works of mercy to the poor of Christ.—Cardinal Manning.

How bleak and cold the word absence sounds; and yet, bleak and cold as it does sound, how infinitely short it falls of the reality! When at a distance from those we love, although surrounded with all the heart could wish for, how futile seems every enjoyment, and uninteresting every pleasure!

How nice it would be if we could think as well of ourselves as we can make others think of us. It is so easy, by a little favor done here, a little dissimulation practiced there, to make nearly everybody pleased with us, and all the time we know in our hearts just how wrong is the estimate in which we are held.

It must always be remembered that the actions of public men will be subjects of thought to a future period, when interest is stilled and passion is silent; when fear has ceased to agitate, when discord is at rest, and when conscience has resumed its sway over the human heart. Nothing but what is just, therefore, can finally be expedient, because nothing else can secure the permanent concurrence of mankind.—Sir A. Alison.

The noble nature loves monotony no more than it loves darkness or pain. But it can bear with it, and receives a high pleasure in the endurance or patience, a pleasure necessary to the well-being of this world; while those who will not submit to the temporary season, but rush from one change to another, gradually dull the edge of change itself, and bring a shadow and weariness over the whole world from which there is no more escape.—John Ruskin.

A large proportion of people are greatly lacking in downright honest moral courage. Many times it has been the case that one man, having rugged moral courage, will boldly speak out his mind on some unpopular question concerning which a dozen of his neighbors have the same opinion, but dare not openly declare it, from sheer cowardice.

Labor is of Divine origin. The Almighty was the first laborer; in the beginning he created the earth, and framed the mechanism of the universe. The obligation of man to labor has been stamped both by precept and example upon all the works of the Creator; it has been implanted deep within the laws which control the physical and moral constitution of the human race. "Six days abate thou labor," was written by the finger of God upon tablets of stone, and proclaimed amid the thunders of Mount Sinai.

One day a visitor to the school found Sydney Smith during the play hours absorbed in the study of Virgil, gave him a shilling, and with it a few kind words of sympathy. "Clever boy! clever boy!" exclaimed the stranger. "That is the way to conquer the world." Such unlooked for encouragement broke like a gleam of sunshine across the dreary and troubled life of the neglected boy, and roused within a capable heart the laudable ambition for distinction. Sydney Smith never forgot that man, and to the end of his life praised his deed. The stranger went his way little dreaming of the good his pleasant words had accomplished, while the lad he had cheered soon afterwards rose to the proud position of prefect of the school.

Scott's Emulsion

Has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your Doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

FIRESIDE FUN.

The best book for a love-stricken young man is a cheque-book.

"I'm completely done up!" said the white shirt, as it left the laundry. The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the quicker the sands of her life run out.

A photographer has a way of taking things that would not be tolerated in any other line of business.

"Successful writer: 'I got all my cheques from editors.' Unsuccessful Ditto: 'So do I.'"

He: "There is one word in the English language that is spelled atrociously." She: "What is that?" He: "Atrociously."

She: "Do you believe in football for ladies?" He: "Yes indeed I do." She: "Then you're a new man, I suppose?" He: "No, I'm a surgeon."

"What a noble fellow Giles is! I asked him why he didn't wear an overcoat, and he said he had given it to a relation." "Yes, to his uncle."

Captain Instructor: "Why is the barrel made round?" Sergeant D.: "So that a square bullet won't fit it."

Baron Franchetti sent his servant to the railway station to see when the last train started for Naples. After an absence of two hours the man returned. "Goodness!" exclaimed the Baron: "why, it has taken you an age!" "O, Signor, I had to wait. I couldn't trust any of those railway fellows, and I wanted to see the train start with my own eyes."

Some years ago Lord Bullocky, on the morning subsequent to his marriage, communicated his happiness to his friend, a then Duke of Dorset, in the following laconic epistle: "Dear Dorset—I am the happiest dog alive—Yours, Bullocky." To which the answer was: "Dear Bullocky—Every dog has his day.—Yours, Dorset."

At one of the London theatres an actor who is playing the part of the villain in a sensational melodrama recently received the following letter: "Take warning by this. For a long time I have bore your actings with patience, and so as many others. Your a sneak and a skoundrel. I don't see how the folks vote runs the theater puts up with your actings. The way you percoke that poor young lady every night is outrageous, and I want you to stop. If you don't, I will lay for you when you come out of the theatre sum nite and soke you."

A shrill voice in the audience interrupted the fair orator: "Mrs Lettorgio says you're a skoundrel. With flashing eyes Mrs. Skindom, candidate for Assemblyman, turned towards the quarter of the hall from which the interruption had come and pointed a long finger at the offending party. "The candidate of the opposition," she said, in a ringing voice, "retorts the old and exploded charge that I have changed my political principles. She calls me a turncoat, does she? You tell Mrs. Lettorgio I have never yet been driven to the necessity of turning my winter cloak four years in succession, until the nap was all worn off from both sides of it, as everybody knows she has had to do."

WITH INTENSE PAIN BEYOND ENDURANCE

In This Case Local Physicians Failed and Life Not Worth Living.

WELL UP IN YEARS

His Cure Complete and Permanent—Dodd's Kidney Pills Triumph Again.

Quotable Nov. 30 (Special)—No end of quiet talk has been created in this town and its immediate farming suburb in the vicinity of the old Court House and Jail.

This was the out-come of something concerning Mr. Alex. Russell, a wealthy farmer, who, though well up in years, has been cured of a long standing kidney disease from which he had endured great distress.

Of his case he says:—"I have been troubled for many years with a kidney and urinary disease which in spite of medical treatment continued to torment me beyond endurance.

"My trouble was bladder and urinary difficulty. Was subject to acute attacks of inflammation and intense pain in passing urine.

"Local physicians failed to help me and friends interested advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, of which I have used one dozen boxes.

"As a result of using this medicine I have been completely cured and I believe permanently so. The relief and ease I enjoy is worth a hundred times its cost.

"Such a medicine as Dodd's Kidney Pills should be used by every aged person, as I believe that all of us need kidney treatment."

"I say all this in the hope that it may be published, and thus prove to be the means of guiding others."

"No, thank you, I've got some money of my own," said little Tommy politely, as the contribution plate passed in front of him on the occasion of his first visit to church.

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10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver Ills. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure liver, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilelessness, Indigestion and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a visit—10 doses.

FARM AND GARDEN.

It is a common mistake to suppose that all weeds are killed by frost, and when a good freeze has come they give the weeds in gardens and among hedges no further attention. The truth is that some of the worst weeds are not injured by light frosts, but are thereby invited to produce a few seeds to perpetuate their species the following season. Very small weeds, only two or three inches high, will do this. The safest way is to plow or cultivate them under the soil. The seed in connection with the plant being then green will often rot, while if the seed drops to the ground from the frosted plant it will not easily rot, but is sure to give trouble in future years.

A correspondent of The Rural New Yorker thinks that carrots are the most valuable of all the roots usually grown for stock, and recalls that one failure to get a stand in an experience of fifteen years. His best crops in field culture have been on clover sod plowed in the fall. He always orders seed early, and never depends on what may be had at the village store. The Chantenay is his favorite variety; it is stump rooted, much like the Ox heart, only five grained, and not so likely to crack open while growing. Unlike the long sorts, it requires no thinning, and will produce a crop of about the same size throughout. The tops are light, yet strong enough to pull by if the ground is moist from rain, as it usually is in late October. He has discarded the long varieties, because so expensive to dig, and hard to top.

In the winter your poultry is compelled to be under shelter much of the time, and you should see to it that the poultry house is put in proper condition for them before severe weather sets in. Put on the whitewash wherever it will stick, walls, roof, nests and all; see that the perches are in good condition, free from sharp edges, nails or any other thing that might injure the fowl. Have your perches all on the same level to avoid crowding at the top. Don't have them too high, one and a half or two feet is sufficient. Where perches are too high, fowls, especially the larger varieties, are apt to injure themselves in flying up or down. See that the nest boxes are all right, easy of access and clean, with good fresh straw in them occasionally. It is a good idea to place nest boxes in the darkest part of the house, as it is a hen's nature to hide her nest, and the more seclusion you can give her at the laying hour, the better she likes it.

When we think of the many animals that will have to stand tied up by the head in ill-contrived tie-ups, half frozen, with a half bushel of filth on each animal, we are led to the conclusion that there is still need of improvement along the line of caring for stock. I have never had any experience in feeding unthreshed grain, but think threshed straw of some value, especially when fed in connection with ensilage, supplemented with grain. We feed largely of shorts, some cotton seed meal, gluten meal, oats, etc. Grain is the cheapest over known and should be fed liberally the coming winter, and the more therefrom carefully preserved, thereby transferring some of the fertility of the western prairie to our own out fields, making two crops of grain grow where none grows now, and causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose. I have grown and fed root crops in years past, and thought them very valuable. In short, let us raise more of all these crops, buy less and produce more, in order to make our farms self-sustaining; then shall the poor be set on high from affliction and given families like a flock, the righteous shall see it and rejoice, and all iniquity shall shut its mouth.—A. K. P. Googins, Hiram.

Every breeder should have a hog house easy of access, properly constructed feed troughs, and above all clean quarters and perfect sanitation, fresh water, shade in abundance, and lots large enough for plenty of exercise. By providing the above, kept clean with disinfectants, the fight is half won. Regarding care and sanitation, the best preventatives of disease; keep a quantity of lime, a preparation of crude carbolic acid, and use freely as a disinfectant. Do not permit hogs to have foul wallows; fill them up, using lime freely. Remove the bedding often, burning it. Disinfect pens and sleeping places. Care is the best preventative. Clean troughs, correct kind and amount of feeding, controlling the times of eating, with sanitary conditions for the pen, we can grow pigs less subject to disease. In raising I give the following preparation as a preventative of cholera, highly recommended and used by me with good results, and no doubt familiar to most of you, but worthy to repeat for future use: One peck lime, one pound sulphur, one pound copperas, dissolved in five gallons of water, enough shelled corn added to absorb liquid. Give one pint shelled corn twice a week. Keep plenty of coal before them."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

Chats With the Children.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

In the ghostly light I'm sitting, musing of dead December, While the fire dead shapes are sitting in and out among the embers On my heartstone in mad races, and I marvel, for in seeming I can dimly see the faces and the accents of which I'm dreaming.

O golden Christmas days of yore I In sweet anticipation I lived their joys for days before Their glorious realization;

And on the dawn Of Christmas morn My childish heart was knocking

A wild track, As 'twould break through, As I unning my stockings.

Each simple gift that came to hand, How marvelous I thought it! A treasure straight from Wonderland, For Santa Claus had brought it, And my cries Of glad surprise

The others all came flocking To share my glee And view with me The contents of the stocking.

Years sped—I left each well-loved acre In Northern wilds to roam, And there, 'mid tossing pine trees green, I made myself a home.

We numbered three And blithe were we, At advents fortune mocking, And Christmaside By our fire-side

Found hung the baby's stocking, Alas! I within our home to night No sweet young voice is ringing, And through its silent noisings, Free, childish step is springing.

The wild winds rave Or baby's grave Where plump plums are rocking, And crossed at rest On marble breast

The hands that filled my stocking, With misty eyes but steady hand I raise my Christmas halloo; Here's to the children of the land

In cabin or in palace; May each one hold The key of gold

The gates of glad unlocking, And hands be found To fill the Christmas stocking.

—Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

Marion Crawford, the novelist, has a great pity for the children of the rich. In the present number of The Century she says:—"Then there were children, conspicuous among them the vulgar little children of the not long rich, repulsively disagreeable to the world in general, but pathetic in the eyes of thinking men and women. They are the sprouting shoots of the gold-tree, beings predestined never to enjoy, because they will be always able to buy what strong men fight for, and will never learn to enjoy what is really to be had only for money; and the measure of value will not be in their hands or head, but in bank-books, out of which their manners have been bought with mingled affection and vanity. Surely, if anything is more intolerable than a vulgar woman, it is a vulgar child. The poor little thing is produced by all nations and races, from the Anglo-Saxon to the Slav. Its father was happy in the struggle that ended in success. When it grows old, its own children will perhaps be happy in the sort of refined existence which wealth can bring in the third generation.

"If you had the wealth of the world you could not equal that first Christmas gift," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on Girls and Their Christmas Giving, in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "And you could only imitate it by making a gift a pure one, and giving it with love. You want to share this Christmas, your faith, your hope and your charity with those you love. You want to make your very 'good-morning' tell of that good morning that came so many hundred years ago when the little Child first awakened on this earth. You want to think of the gifts that we brought to Him and what they typified. You want to have your heart full of joy, and love, and hope—so full that it will bring over and the rest of the world share it with you. You want to tell, in your speech and in your eyes, and from your heart, of the gladness of the time. You want to make this gladness go out to some one who is in grief. These are the days when you must needs give of your good things, and among all your possessions there is nothing so good as a belief in God and a hope for the future. That was what the little Child came to tell about. Surely the Christmaside is the feast of all others that appeals to women, and as the story is told again and again by the bells as they ring, by the carols as they are sung, by the preacher from the pulpit, we know that 'Unto us a Child is born, and peace and good will reign all over the land. Let peace and good will be in your heart, and from you they will go and spread all over the land. It is to the women, thank God, that the happiness of the Christmaside specially comes.

A BIT OF LIFE.

A maiden sat within the door And sang as many times before. A man to daily told passed by, No love nor pleasure lit his eye, But when he heard the merry song He whistled as he went along.

A woman by the window sat For one who in the churchyard slept, But when upon her hearing fell That tune she knew and loved so well, The food of burning tears was stayed, And soon a song her lips essayed.

Her neighbor heard the tender strain, And softly joined the sweet refrain. Thus, all day long that one song bore Its joyousness from door to door.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

HOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word.

And there are such noble, Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think it is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and beloved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Boys, be truthful. Keep your work as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the church and her services. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be and do good.

LETTER WRITING.

There is nothing in this world that can be so easily abused as letter writing. When one inscribes his name between the folds of a sheet of paper, and sends it out on its wandering, how careful he should be of what goes before it! If it be untrue, unjust, unkind, it is too late when it is gone to remedy the great wrong. It has gone on its unfriendly, hurtful mission, and who knows where it will end! Hasty, unkind letters are responsible for many broken hearts, for the alienation of friends, and for great hurt to the world in general.

MY MOTHER.

Not fair is she, yet good to look upon, A tender, calm-eyed woman whose low brow Faint lines of past and present cares doth show, Her life hath not in pleasant places run. So low her voice, so holy-sweet her smile, Your soul is lifted up within your breast, You feel a sense of grateful, soothing rest, And better, purer thoughts are yours the while.

I cannot always linger at her side, However much my heart-strings draw me there; Absent, I breathe the spirit of her prayer, And daily strive to heart with her abode.

—ETRA J. WHITT.

DAILY INSPIRATION.

Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "See some good picture—in nature, if possible, or even canvas—read a page of the best music, or hear a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself."

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how oft doth creep Lie cadence on my lonely hours, Like healing sent on wings of sleep. Or dew on the unconscious flowers. I might forget her melting prayer, While pleasure's pulses madly fly; But in the still, unbroken air, Her gentle tones come stealing by; And years of pain and maddened fear, And leave me at my mother's knee!

HOW TO BE A MAN.

Truth, my boy, is the only foundation on which manhood can be entered: for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter how good material they may be of 't, the edifice—character, manhood—will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes. Alas! my boy, the world is full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first to be thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to be otherwise than you are.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 6 Nights. One application brings comfort. For Bleeding and Itching Piles it is perfect. Also Cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

Professor O'Brien.

The far famed and most successful Physicologist and Scientific Painter, is now on his second year in Toronto, where his success has been unparalleled. Don't fail to consult him for your own interest. Patronized by the Elite. Photos read free to patrons, from 1 to 2 and 7 to 12. 114 Shuter St., Toronto.

Unite.

WM. O'BRIEN IN THE FUTURE.

Shams, Brothers, shams! Here's the day, Of battle breaking, See a nation straining with ill, for a mule of our guns! Think, soldiers, think! Freedom waits but for your waking—And your camp but wakes to discord and your blows miss your own sons.

Your count's a cheek, Your faction alike, Dyes scarlet with your shame!

Hear the foemen laugh their loudest in their red ranks grim and steady While your jarring war of curses meet their thirty ears imbu'd;

"But yesterday for panic-flight our hosts' hosts were ready—Our mirth's to day the fools who'd lose a country for a jibe!"

A jibe, a flout, Some faction about, While Ireland's red with shame!

Hark! the warbling from the green graves where the countless dead lie watching: "Not England's sword, but brother's soul, for ever struck us down."

Hark! the exile's prayer the Heavens from a hundred lands are catching: "Touch their hearts, O angel's wing of peace, ere our olden hopes are gone!"

Still no—over no! Shut the curse and blow, While Freedom's golden moment to go.

Think, O comrades, of the camp fires where we laugh'd and quaff'd together, When our souls flashed fire divine at touch of Ireland's holy hand,

In days when, welcome thunderclap or triumph's blazing weather, We sought the shock with England's hosts, our peerless soldier band!

Have all perished? Dreams so cherished? When we thrill'd at touch of Ireland's holy hand?

Hark! a murmur from the martyr graves and o'er the oceans swelling! The air grows dark with menace of a race in wrath uprising:

"Petty brood of braves, cease your babble!—or your sword of foul stains telling Parer hands will use to scourge you to graves cur'd for your treason.

And legions ten Of truer men Will spring to Ireland's sun bright flag now risen!"

—Bernard Castleford's Double

A Leaf From the Notebook of a Private Detective.

I had been closeted all day with a Member of Parliament, who had made up his mind that he was going to be assassinated. He was equally convinced, however, that he wouldn't be if he could help it. He had, therefore, sent for me to keep an eye upon the suspected parties, and, while he did his best to confound their policies in the House of Commons, I was to frustrate their native tricks outside.

The honorable Member for Bally, whose had so stuffed me with facts that I was glad to get home and refresh my memory by a glance at my note-book, after refreshing myself in a practical way with a steak and a pint of stout.

Then, as my habit is when I have a knot to untie, I lighted my pipe, and settled myself by the fire for a quiet think. I reckoned I was set for the night, as although I lived over my office, I seldom had any callers after six o'clock, unless it was an old comrade in the force, or some client who didn't care to be seen calling by daylight.

It was past nine o'clock, and a wet and windy night, and I sat a good hour listening to the swish of the wind and the rain as they drove against the window, when I heard wheels at the door, and, a few seconds later, some one knocking.

The landlady had been one of us before she lost her nerve, and I knew she wouldn't let me be intruded upon without notice, so I gave a pull at my pipe, and knocked the ashes out quietly, thinking to myself that if, after all, it wasn't any one for me, I would have just one more, and go to bed.

But I was not to get off so easily. Three low taps at my door, and Mrs. Bullock entered.

"Are you at home to anybody to-night, Mr. Bell?" she asked, as it was my rule not to be disturbed when I was deep in thought threads.

"Who is it?" I replied, nothing loth to earn an honest penny out of somebody else's dishonesty, although office hours were over.

"Tall old gentleman, grey whiskers, reddish face, says his name is Dr. Wardoff," answered Mrs. Bullock, with a consciousness which was a triumph of professional training over the failing of her sex.

The name was familiar to me as that of a fashionable physician, and one whose heart was bigger than his brain.

"Show him up," I replied, a little curious to meet a man of whom I had heard that he could look in your eyes and tell you everything you had the matter with you for half your life.

II.

In a few moments the door was opened again, and Mrs. Bullock ushered in my visitor.