

DOMESTIC READING

The most agreeable of all compensations is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an aggressive greatness...

There is something lacking in the sincerity of the man who goes into the temple to acknowledge the good gifts of Providence to him if he has done nothing through the year or on this day to uplift his fellows...

Charity among the rich simply means the property of the poor being miserable, that poverty is unfortunate, but not wrong...

But, after all is said, one must confess that the true modern significance is that of the feast day—the family feast day. It gathers the scattered branches together from far and wide...

Some, and only some, of the effects of the drink evil are shown by the following facts and figures: (1) Ninety per cent. of the pauperism of Great Britain and Ireland is caused by the excessive use of strong drink...

Does it help the digestion of our food? Does it add to the warmth of our bodies in cold weather? Does it enable us to do better work either of head or hand? It is to be feared that the answer to each of these questions must be in the negative...

League of the Cross.

The first monthly entertainment of St. Peter's Branch of the League of the Cross was given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2nd and was well patronized. The program which consisted of songs of talent from the branch was well received and won favorable comments from all sides...

E. J. SMITH, Sec'y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had secured in his hands a most reliable and valuable remedy for the cure of consumption...

FIRESIDE FUN.

An exchange announces, on the death of a lady, that "she lived fifty years with her husband, and died in confident hope of a better life."

Bunson (amazed): "That your uncle! Why, man, you told me your uncle had both his legs carried away at Sedur." Jimson: "So he did. I carried them away himself, pretty fast. I told you."

In an advertisement of a railway company requesting the owners of unclaimed goods to remove their merchandise, the letter "L" was dropped from the word "lawful" in the notice, which ended thus: "Come forward and pay the awful charges on the same."

In a railway-carriage one day a gentleman expatiated on the beauty of Nature. Cows were grazing in the fields. "Roaming in the fields," said he, "sometimes a cow comes and bends its head over me. I look up benignantly at it." "With a filial smile," rejoined a fellow-traveller.

He was wrapped in dignity and an enormous under, and sat up in the street car with the majesty of a line-of-battle ship under full canvas. He had just started to relate a conversation he had had with Mr. Van Horn on the subject of co-partnership in buying the site of the Upper Canada College for the new million dollar hotel when the conductor jumped on board and asked to see tickets. "Sorry, sir, we don't stop here," observed the inspector, scrutinizing the ticket of the mighty one. "Stop where?" inquired the seeming millionaire. "At Moses', the pawnbroker's," answered the inspector, handing back the pawn-ticket.

A strange story is related of a jury man who outwitted a judge, and that without lying. He ran into court in a deplorable state, and quite out of breath, and exclaimed: "Oh, Judge, if you can, pray excuse me. I don't know which will die first, my wife or my daughter." "Dear me that's sad," said the innocent judge. "Certainly you are excused." The next day the jurymen was met by a friend, "who in a sympathetic voice asked: "How is your wife?" "She's all right, thank you." "And your daughter?" "She's all right, too. Why do you ask?" "Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first."

"Nor do I. That is a problem which time alone can solve." "Is the house very quiet?" he asked, as he inspected the room that had been advertised "to let." "No," said the landlady, wearily. "I can't truthfully say it is. The four babies don't make so much noise, for they never all cry at once; and the three pianos are quiet sometimes; but the man with the clarinet and the boy that's learning to play the flute do make it noisier than I wish it was." "That's all right," said the man, cheerfully. "Live and let live is my motto. I'll take the room and move in to-morrow, and the little things you mention will never disturb me a particle. Good-bye." And it was not until he was moved in and was settled that they learned his occupation. He played the trombone in an orchestra.

A CASE OF DIABETES.

No Help from Medical Men—Suffered for Many Years—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

North Bruce, Feb. 22 (Special).—An old and well known settler in this Township, named Thomas Brooks, who lives on lots 7 and 8 in the 14th concession, is rejoicing with his neighbors over his recent recovery, and he said:

"I was cured by using twenty-four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and as nothing else ever helped me I say they saved my life."

"I had tried all the doctors of this locality and was treated for Diabetes hoping and suffering for years. From reading of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I determined to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I must say that after using the first box I would have considered them reasonable at ten dollars a box."

Father Lacoste Honored.

Ottawa, Feb. 9.—Father Lacoste, professor of theology in Ottawa University, has been appointed a member of the Roman Academy of Letters at Rome. It comprises only thirty members. Of these there are in Italy. The only one on the American continent is Father Lacoste, who was presented with an address and a gold watch from his numerous friends and admirers.

It was a beautiful expression of Burke's, upon the death of his son, that his child in this world should be his ancestor in the skies. Elder-born in glory—the junior of the household is the senior in Heaven.

Messrs. Northrop & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

FARM AND GARDEN.

The best location for the vegetable garden is with a southern or south-east exposure on level land or gently rolling and well drained naturally or artificially. The top soil should be neither clayey nor sandy, but rich and deep, with a sub soil of sufficient porosity to admit of water passing off freely and rapidly without washing. Preparing the soil for growing vegetables consists of in heavy manuring and deep and thorough pulverization. Vegetables to be good must be grown liberally. Manure must be not only liberally but judiciously applied, it must be incorporated with the soil and in such a condition as to be of immediate use as plant food.

Some men think they can keep up a farm and pay their taxes, food, clothes and educate their family, and work only two or three months in the fall and about three months in the spring and summer, and such people will under this system very soon lose their farm and become renters or hiredlings.

A good farm cannot continue good and remunerative unless you work the whole year to keep it up.

You cannot utilize manure with profit when your service is needed in raising, planting and harvesting the crops, nor can you split rails and prepare for the needs of a farm at this time.

You can't cover houses, repair fencing and market produce in crop time without loss to the crops.

There is a great work needed on the farm in December, January, February, March, August and September as in October, November, April, May, June and July, and a profitable farm must have this work.

Hundreds of things the successful farmer must do or have done on his farm outside of his busy time in crop season, if he keeps it in good productive condition, and makes a good living.

That farmer who is all the time behind hand with his farm can never be successful, and if he has more work of this kind to do than he can do himself, he ought to hire help.

Failures with manures, either farmyard or chemical, are often due to a mistaken idea as to the proper time to use them, says a writer in the New York Farmer. Some form of manure act quickly, as, for example, nitrate of soda or thoroughly rotted compost. As a general rule some time must pass before the forces in the soil can act on the manures and change them into forms fit for plant food.

If a soil contains an abundance of ammonia ready for plant food, but not enough potash or phosphoric acid, the ammonia will be taken up rapidly; a rank growth of foliage may result, but before maturity the supply of ammonia is exhausted and there is none left to finish the work. If the supply of potash and phosphoric acid in active shape is not present in sufficient quantities, not only will the plant fail to mature, but in the case of foliage plants the hay or fodder will be nearly useless as stock food. On the other hand, if the ammonia is slow in coming into use, the earlier stages of growth will be starved and the more abundant supply later on will come too late.

Potash and phosphoric acid are rarely so freely available as ammonia, but they are quite necessary for a useful growth. A plant cannot use these two mineral manures in the form in which they are applied at the time of planting. If a dry time should come immediately after planting, these minerals in the crude state are almost useless. The same is true of farmyard manure.

Potash and phosphoric acid may be applied several weeks before seeding time, as they will lose little or nothing by drainage, etc. This is not true of nitrate of soda or even a quickly available sedge. Both these forms of ammonia suffer loss from drainage by decomposition in the soil. It is good policy to apply the minerals some time before planting and the ammonia at the time the soil is finally put in shape for seeding. Even if complete manures are used, they should be applied some time before planting. The chances of a loss are much greater from not having the manure in proper shape than from any danger of losses from leaching, etc.

Lime undoubtedly quickens the action of all forms of manures—fertilizer chemicals are as such manures as the refuse products of the farm-yard—and should be used freely when the work of manuring has been delayed. But this is merely a makeshift. The proper method for profitable farming is to be sure the manures are in proper form by making early applications. Lime is always valuable to promote availability and to carry off deleterious substances lodged in the soil. It is a purifier for plants, as it is for man.

The time to apply manures is at least some weeks in advance of the seeding time in the case of well-rotted farm yard manures, some months in the case of other manures and chemicals. For next year's corn the kainit, if not already applied, should be broadcast without delay.

The nitrate of soda for the hill may well be used at the time of planting.

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, soothes the gums, allows all pains, cures wind, colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

Chats With the Children.

HOW THE BEARS ATE THE SQUASH PIEES

Happy Young People.

It appeared large, round and gollon in the November twilight. "What's the moon?" "Dear young people, who was talking about the moon?" I referred to a squash pie. Can't one tell a story in one's own way?

It was in one sense a pie of a thousand—that is, for excellence. Numerically, it was one of six baked during the afternoon of the day before Thanksgiving by Mrs. Samuel Parmenter, who lived in a township in northern Maine, surrounded by pine woods and by the society of Mr. Parmenter and the children. These were Jack, who was twelve years old; Benny and Bobby, the twins, who were six years of age; and dear little two-year-old Lulu Adeline Anania.

Jack and Benny and Bobby and Lulu had watched their mother make the noble squash pie and its fellows. They had hidden her—she called it helping her—while she made the pastry. She had pared and sliced and boiled the squash, and Jack helped her sift it, and Bobby stirred in the milk while she beat the eggs, and Benny suggested an extra spoonful of sugar to each pie, and Lulu, in her high chair by the table, looked on, laughing with pleasure—which was perhaps the best help of all.

By twilight the pies were baked, and set away in the little pantry to cool. When Mr. Parmenter came home from the woods, with his axe over his shoulder, everybody told him, from Lulu up to "mother," that the pies looked remarkably good.

The kitchen was small and the fire in the oven was hot; therefore the pantry which opened from the kitchen needed a current of fresh air, and Mrs. Parmenter sent Benny to raise the window, and keep it open by sticking a nail into the woodwork of its frame. When the family went up stairs to their bedrooms under the roof the window was forgotten. However, it was unlikely that any United States bank cashier would come down all the way from Canada for the purpose of making a forced loan of Mrs. Parmenter's pies; and, on the other hand, if no robbers were to be expected, neither were any guests to be looked for. This being a story for Thanksgiving Day, it seems almost incredible; but so it was. Mr. Parmenter had no vagabond brother; Mrs. Parmenter had no rich uncle in foreign parts; they never had disowned a child or quarrelled with a relative. Reconciliations and pathetic home-comings were impossible; nobody was angry and all were there, cheerfully awaiting the dawn of Thanksgiving Day.

The twins were soon asleep. Jack lay awake, for the golden orb of the November night—the moon I mean this time, not the squash pie—cast a beam of light across his pillow.

"Hope I shan't be moonstruck," he thought to himself. Then he heard a noise out-of-doors on the turf, something like the heavy steps of a stout person walking with clumsy rubber boots. Jack was out of bed in a minute and at the little gable window. Putting forth his head he could see a large black figure that resembled a fat man in a fur coat, peeping in at the window of the pantry, which was directly beneath the window where Jack was watching. He looked beyond; a few yards away from the house were two smaller personages similar in shape to the intruder at the pantry. This visitor leaned in at the window, then took out the best of those pies and dropped it upon the ground, where it broke in pieces. Now the smaller creatures came running up, and each possessed himself of a share of the pie. It was a black bear with her two little cubs.

Bears in northern Maine are rather good-natured neighbors. They have a way, it is true, of borrowing ears of corn and honey-combs and fruit, and they are forgetful as to repaying of the loan; but every one has known that sort of neighbor upon two feet instead of four. These bears rarely attack any person unless provoked; and who would think any better of a bear who would see his wife and her babies carried into captivity without using his natural weapons of defence?

But Mrs. Bear ought to have asked leave of Mrs. Parmenter before borrowing those pies. So thought Jack; and he hastened to awake his father, who, having heard the story came from his bedroom with his gun, and followed by the boy went noiselessly down the stairs into the kitchen. By this time the bear had divided two pies between her cubs before helping herself to any. She heard the footsteps on the kitchen floor and made with one paw an odd signal to the cubs; and the chubby little fellow toddled and tumbled away as fast as they were able. The mother bear did not follow them immediately. There was a chance of danger, she knew; but there was also a chance of more pie. When she saw Mr. Parmenter and his son she began to think the situation serious. She dropped upon all four and moved off, with her lumbering gait, a distance of about a dozen paces. There she paused, stood up again upon her hind legs and thrust her paw—which must have been strongly flavored with squash pie—into her mouth and sucked it vigorously.

Then dropping both paws in a comical attitude she looked squarely in the face of Mr. Parmenter, as if to say: "Here I am, caught in the act of stealing pies for my cubs. You are witness, judge and jury. I plead guilty, with extenuating circumstances."

Mr. Parmenter raised his gun, aiming at the bear. Then he lowered it. "Jack," said he, "I have a great mind to let her go. You may also find those pies to be good. I guess the mother would feel pretty sorry if her mother would feel to give the twins hadn't a piece of pie to give the twins to-morrow. And it don't seem hardly right, when we are just about to thank Providence for mortars received, to kill a creature for taking a bit of what has been provided. I guess when the Governor appointed Thanksgiving Day for folks, there was nothing said in the proclamation about its being fast day for bears. Jacky, I'm going to spare the old creature."

Jack took a pie—tin plate and all—and threw it out of the window toward the bear, who fell upon it joyfully. "Jack, my son, are you crazy?" "No, father; but that pie was a little burnt on one side, and—and the old bear hadn't any. That makes three pies for the bears, and leaves three pies for the Parmenters."

A DRAGON FLY'S APPETITE.

Everybody knows the beautiful dragon-flies which flit about in hot summer days in the vicinity of ponds and streams, but ordinary observers may not know that this portion of their life is a comparatively short one. Nine or ten months are occupied in the preparatory stages of their existence, which are spent below water, the young larva growing in the mud and climbing on low-lying weeds. After undergoing a series of moultings, the pupa, by and by creeps out of the water, gets rid of its final aquatic coat, and in its perfect state soon takes its flight into the air. The dragon flies are known to be very voracious, and have great tenacity of life. Mr. Furneaux, in his book, "Life in the Ponds and Streams" (Longmans), mentions a rather remarkable circumstance that came under his own observation. He had struck one with the hoop of the net and had covered the body at the waist. He caught a large fly and placed it close to the jaws of the injured dragon. "Without a moment's hesitation the creature began to chew vigorously, and soon devoured the whole of the fly, with the exception of the wings... taking food apparently with a relish, and having no stomach in which to digest it!"

Don't snub a boy because his home is humble. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

A SONG OF SNOW-TIME.

Sing a song of snow-time, Now it's passing by, Million little floeey flakes Falling from the sky; When the ground is covered, And the hedge and trees, There will be a gay time For the Chickadees. Boys are in the school-house Drawing on their slates Pictures of the coasting-places; And thinking of their skates; Girls are nodding knowingly, Smilingly about, Thinking of a gay time, When the school is out. Three o'clock, four o'clock, Bang! I goe the bell; Get your hats and coats and wraps, Bring off, pell-mell! Hurry along the coasters' all, If you want some fun; Up to the hill-top, Jump and slide and run! Steady now! Ready now! Each in his place! Here we go, there we go, Down on a race! Sing a song of snow-time, When the flakes fall; Coast-time, skate-time, Best time of all!

"What are the pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary school. "Things that grow on oats," said the little boy.

science

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