

DOMESTIC READING.

Rule your temper and temper your tongue.
A sunny temper glides the edges of life's blackest cloud.
The first and most important quality of woman is sweetness.
True liberty is that of a mind freed from the vanities of this world.
Great men are medals which God marks with the stamp of their century.
If religion has done nothing for your temper it has done nothing for your soul.
He who has overcome one evil temper has acquired moral force to overcome another.
Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on everything.
—W. T. Wells.
The sweetest harmony is the sound of the voice of the woman one loves.
—La Bruyere.
The happiness and misery of men depend not less on temper than fortune.
—Rochefoucauld.
There is a certain stupidity closely connected with all prolonged severity of word or thought or action.
Do not disdain your situation in life. It is there that you must act, suffer and conquer.—H. F. Amiel.
The difficult part of a good temper consists in forbearance, and accommodation to the humors of others.
A free spirit, a sweet and even temper, a countenance of content, express order without and peace within.—Mme. Swetchine.
Reason may comprehend a partial gift, a transient devotion; the heart knows only entire sacrifice, and says: "Thine alone and for ever."
Great writers, like great inventors, always find something else than what they are looking for. They are like Columbus, who thought he had found the Indies when he discovered America.
Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.
The essential elements of giving are power and love—activity and affection—and the consciousness of the race testifies that in the high and appropriate exercise of these is a blessedness greater than any other.
The more highly endowed and the more highly cultivated the mind becomes, the more thoroughly does it enter into and understand the minds of others, and the more the power of intellectual sympathy is strengthened.
Narrow-minded and uncultivated persons can easily find fault, and can usually mingle some degree of truth with their harsh conclusions. They judge rigidly and blame severely, not because they are wise, accurate or discerning, but rather because they are deficient in some of these qualities.
It is no use for one to stand in the shade and complain that the sun does not shine upon him. He must come regularly on the sunlit and dusty field, where all are compelled to antagonize with stubborn difficulties and pertinaciously strive until he conquers, if he would deserve to be crowned.
The successful man is by no means helpful to himself alone, he helps a great lot of other people as well. There isn't a healthy, vigorous, energetic, self-reliant, successful man whose example does not breed the same qualities in others, and personal contact with such a man is an active stimulant and direct aid to success. He awakens in us new strength, and arouses ambition. He winds us up, and sets us going. See to it, my friend, that you don't run down.
Only think, if there was never any thing anywhere to be seen but grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good things, whose office is to turn the fathers' hearts to the children, and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. A child softens and purifies the heart, warming it and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart. They brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it were not embellished by little children.—Thomas Binney.

PIRESIDE FUN.

"Jack is in love with you." "Non-sense!" "That's what I said when I heard it." "How dared you!"
Hicks: "My baby actually cried for the moon last evening." Wicks: "That nothing. One of these days she'll be wanting the earth."
"Money is the root of all evil." "Yes, and that's why reformers hack away so vigorously at it; they want to get some of the root."
"Why have Ashley and Miss Gushington broken off?" "He thought to compliment her by saying that she reminded him of his mother."
Fat Man (panting at the top of the stairs he has just mounted, and mopping his face): "Isn't this hot?" This is the time when a man wants a coat made of button holes only.
A well-known politician remarked the other day that the Imperial Institute was a white elephant, and that the County Council must decline to take it under their wing.
Miss Fortesque: "I always had a dread that I should be married for my money." Miss Caustique: "Why, dear, I should think that would be a matter of hope, not dread."
The other day a Manchester man was struck by a falling electric wire and received a severe shock, and the power company actually had the impudence to charge him for the electricity he used up.
Buffalo Buyer (to Shoe Dealer): "Why did you warrant those patent leathers to last when one has cracked already?" Dealer: "My dear sir, how can we be sure there is no infringement on the patent?"
"My husband is one of the most considerate men in the world." "In what way?" "When he gave me my new writing desk he had two keys made, so that if I lost mine he would have one. Few men would be as thoughtful as that."
Johnny: "Tommy Jones don't know how to swim, because his mother don't want him to go near the water." Mamma: "Well, Tommy is a good boy." Johnny: "Yes; he'll go to Heaven the first time he falls over-board."
"You used to be all honey when we were first married. How different you are now!" exclaimed Mrs. Wagster, reproachfully, to her husband, after a little tiff. "It seems to me," remarked Mr. Wagster, as he desperately waved the flies from his bald head, "that there must still be some honey about me!"
"Mr. Meekton," she said severely, "I want you to explain a remark that you made just as you left the house last night." "I—I really don't remember saying anything." "I asked you why you were opposed to women's suffrage, and you replied, 'Because we're bossed too much as it is.'"
The Young Man: "And there I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet." The Young Woman: "Was it yawning before you got there, or did it begin after you arrived?" She yawned herself as she spoke. He tumbled, as it were, at once, and as soon as he could find his hat melted away into the yawning night.
His tone was one of inflexible decision. "Since your father refuses his consent, my love, we must be married without it. I have a project—"
"True, my friend!" said her father, suddenly appearing in the doorway; "true; but you accentuate the word wrongly. You should place the emphasis, not on the first syllable, but on the second, and say that you have a project." And straightway the wooer was projected with all the vigour the old gentleman could command.
"Yes," said Miss Bellefield, dolefully, "it is all over between George and me. Mr. Homewood—and myself." "Whatever was the matter?" asked Miss Bloomfield; "I thought you loved each other devotedly." "Oh, we do—or rather, we did—but it was this way: When he asked me to marry him I said I would if he would give up smoking. He replied that he would give up smoking if I would give up my pug dog; but, of course, I could not think of such a thing as parting with my dear Fido, so it ended."

FRYER AND AGUR AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS are positively cured by the use of Parkeo's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

At the annual meeting of the directors and shareholders of the G.T.R.R., held in London on the 14th, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, the President said the road was to a very considerable degree an American line, and the company must be guided by the interests of the shareholders before sentimental considerations.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parkeo's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Chats With the Children.

A DELECTABLE LAND.
Over the hills and far away
There are dreadful dragons that knights may slay—
'Tis a delectable land,
With a horn to blow and the drawbridge down,
And the ogres below, and stamp, and frown.
But it doesn't do to be frightened—no! You must face them boldly and strike a blow.
And then you marry the Princess May,
Over the hills and far away!
Over the hills and far away!
There are fairy monarchs in grand array,
With gnomes, and pixies, and brownies, too;
And my! the marvelous things they do!
But though they startle you just a bit,
This will help a lad who is sharp of wit.
And it's fun to watch when they dance and play—
Over the hills and far away!
Over the hills and far away!
You may have an excellent time, I say.
There are golden islands and magic springs
And jiggerwackies—and hopsot things!
You can't be dull in a land like that,
With enchanted books and a talking cat.
So is it a wonder you long to stray
Over the hills and far away?
—Felix Leagh in St. Nicholas.

AUTUMN NIGHTS.
These bright Autumn nights are the time to watch for falling stars, as they are called, as at this season of the year they are most frequently seen. Many of you have probably seen in some museum a piece of meteorite, which is the proper name for them, as they are often picked up, and specimens are quite common. We have been interested in the return of Lieut. Peary, who went to Greenland last Summer on purpose to bring back the huge meteorite, weighing tons, which he found there on one of his trips. He was not successful, however, as the apparatus he took for moving the great mass proved unequal to the task, and he or some one else will have to try again. These meteorites are black and glittering, and are composed mostly of iron and stones. They are brittle and easily broken. They appear in the daytime as well as at night, passing swiftly through the air and disintegrating, usually with a loud explosion. In the late Autumn, in the month of November, the most meteorites are to be seen, and the astronomers have discovered that once in thirty-three years the earth seems to pass through a cloud of them, as at such intervals unusually large numbers are noticed. The most famous display of meteors that we know about of late years was that of sixty-three years ago, in 1833. It was like a shower of stones and lasted almost all of one night. This frightened many persons, particularly ignorant persons, who were sure the end of the world had come. But there is nothing to fear from them, except that it would not be pleasant to be struck by one, as they weigh all the way from 25 to 100 pounds.

THE WISEST PLAN.
Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying,
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you glad 'twas doll's
And not your head that broke?
Suppose you're dressed for walking
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile and pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?
Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting, like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?
Suppose that some boys have a horse
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?
Suppose the world doesn't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?
—PHOEBE CALV.

AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.
A Virginia teacher has a boy of ten years in her school who recently prepared this very original composition:
WINTER.
Winter is the coldest season of the year because it comes in winter mostly. In some countries winter comes in summer and then it is very pleasant. I wish winter came in summer

in this country for then we could go skating barefooted and we could snowball without getting our fingers cold.
It snows more in winter than any other season. A wicked boy took my skates and ran off with them and I couldn't catch him. Mother says judgment will overtake him well if judgment does he will have to be pretty lively in his legs for that boy can run bully. Now I will stop.
—N. W. ILLIOP.

SMART BOYS.
There is a cruel story in circulation concerning a certain pupil teacher in one of the public schools, who has been highly complimented because of the success attending the examination of her pupils. It was noticed that her class of boys seemed to be able to solve all the problems. When a question was asked every boy's hand in the class was raised.
The principal of the school was putting the questions, and the lady teacher would call on a pupil to make the answer. Although more than a score of questions were asked, in no instance was an improper answer given. The principal was so pleased at the result that he made special reference to Miss Dash's proficiency as a teacher in each of the class-rooms he visited.
Probably envy was caused by the fact that in no other class room did the pupils seem to be as well up to their studies. One of the teachers, whose pupils did not acquire themselves very creditably, made an investigation, and by a judicious outlay of candy, succeeded in gaining the confidence of one of the boys under Miss Dash's care.
"Now, Johnny," said she, "how is it that all you boys know the answers?"
"We don't all know," said Johnny, munching a brandy ball.
"But you all put up your hands as if you did."
"Miss Dash tells us all to put up our hands. We boys who don't know the answer put up our left hands, and the boys who know the answer put up their right hands, and then Miss Dash only asks the boys who have a right hand up."
—N. W. ILLIOP.

CHANGING DAYS.
Soon the days that hide behind
The little bedroom window-blind,
They that come and go with
Soot from dreamy sleep to win,
Soon they'll bear a different face,
Soon they'll wear another grace.
We shall greet them open-eyed,
Though behind white hills they hide;
We shall find them gone away,
Oh! so early, while we play.
But just now—'twixt, betwixt,
Grass grows yellow, grass grows green;
Days are short, or days are long,
As the cloud-flocks cleave the throng;
As the grey clouds curtain rise,
Show sunset to our eyes—
Sunset clouds and lights that lie
Trailing in the western sky.
While at dusk the wind, grown bold,
Plucks the loosened leaves of gold.
—Rudolph F. Brunner in St. Nicholas.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

High Authority gives Unimpeachable Testimony for
RY. K MAN'S KOO PENAY CURE
He Used the Medicine Himself and Recommended It.

BE SURE AND READ HIS LETTER

University of Ottawa,
OTTAWA, CANADA, April 10, 1896.
Dear Mr. Ryckman—I wrote to you July last stating that I derived much benefit to my health from taking two bottles of your truly marvellous remedy "Kootenay Cure." Since then I have taken three more bottles, and am now freed from chronic and acute Rheumatism, Diabetes and La Grippe. This is the first winter since 1890 that I have escaped from having several severe attacks of La Grippe, and without the incessant and onerous duties of my position in this university, I have, thank God, enjoyed excellent health since August last.
I have recommended the remedy to many persons, both inside and outside of the university and in most cases with entire success. These include persons suffering from Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Boils, Salt Rheum, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Insomnia, Somnambulism, Skin Diseases, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, La Grippe, &c. In some of these cases the patients had been under the care of physicians for several months without relief and were cured by using a bottle or two of "Kootenay." I shall adopt it as the "Family Medicine for this institution."
Yours truly and gratefully,
(Signed) J. M. McQueen, O.M.I., D.D.,
Rector.

"I don't want the wheel. It is too heavy." "Say, I'll turn in a lamp. That'll make it lighter."

CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enos Bernberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine and we take great pleasure in recommending it."

Nothing shows a greater abjectness of spirit than an overbearing temper appearing in a person's behaviour to

FARM AND GARDEN.

There being a time for all things, let the garden have its time, just now to be spent in a general clearing up. Get the dead plants, the pea-brush the weeds especially, all be gathered and burned, with all the accumulated injurious matters, the eggs of insects, the spores of mildews, and the decaying stuff that gathers unknown kind of vermin. Make a clean sweep of all the rubbish, and trim the standing bushes and trees, burning all the waste out of the way. It is not worth while to save seeds of one's own growing, unless these have been specially grown for the purpose. The reason of this is simple. All the earliest products are taken as they come, all the first fruits, in fact, are the perquisites of the housewife, and the latter only are left for seed. This is the very reverse of what is the rule for the growing of seed for the improvement of plants, and necessarily it tends to retard the maturity of the product of this isolated seed. Whatever may be done to forward the Spring work should be as soon as possible. This may be done anyhow, viz., to spread and turn under the manure, so that this will be decomposed by the early Spring and get mingled as much as may be with the soil, in readiness for the first crops. To clean out the small fruit rows, taking every weed by the roots, cultivating the soil between the plants, pruning out the dead canes, shortening and tying new ones, and taking away the surplus. The strawberry beds need thinning of the excess of runners, mulching with coarse manure, to be raked off in the Spring, when clean out straw may be spread between the plants to protect the fruit. The careful eye will see whatever is to be done, and the thoughtful mind will cause the skillful hand to do it without loss of time.

As a rule the soil placed about the roots of a newly planted tree should be rich, but it should not be made too much so with raw manure. Manure is not food for plants of any kind, but quite otherwise, until it is completely decomposed, so that some compost should now be made of rich woods earth, moist, with plenty of decayed leaf mold, old manure, wood ashes, and some air slacked quicklime, to give time for its use later.

As the ashes of the majority of woods, especially those of the fruit trees, contain a large quantity of lime, a frequent top dressing with this fertilizer at the end of the growing season will go far to renew the youth and early vigor of the orchard, and it is at this time that this work is most conveniently done. The following figures will afford interesting information as to several points in the consideration of fruits:

	COMPOSITION OF THE ASH FRUITS.		
	Potash.	Lime.	Acid.
Apple.....	35.7	4.1	31.6
Pear.....	64.7	8.0	16.3
Cherry.....	7.6	16.0	16.0
Pum.....	63.3	10.0	15.0

COMPOSITION OF THE ASH OF THE WOOD.

	Phosphoric Acid.		
	Potash.	Lime.	Acid.
Apple.....	12.0	71.0	4.6
Pear.....	14.0	73.0	5.0

As a matter of course, the question of the fertilizing of any product of the soil depends wholly upon the special character of this product, as to its needs for this or that element in the proportion in the soil which it is contained; but the character of the soil is to be studied as well. As a rule, however, it is safe to give the trees or the crops all they need, with regard to the nature of the soil, then we may be sure we are on the right side.

The practice of the old and successful farmers everywhere has been to spread manure on the land now to be plowed and prepared for the wheat. The manure is then turned down and mixed with the soil. It is scarcely half decayed, some of it not decayed at all. The land is then harrowed and the lime is applied in the form of impalpable powder, hydrate of lime, because we call simply air slaked, because by mere exposure to the air, even during one day, it greedily takes from it one-third of its own weight of the water and falls into this fine dry powder. Then the seed is sown, and a final harrowing is given. Then come the blessed fertilizing showers and dissolve the lime, forming a caustic solution, which at once attacks the manure in the soil and other organic matters, such as the seed or the weeds, that may have been plowed under, and quickly disintegrating them and causing decomposition, these become immediately available food for the young plants, and we soon see the effect in the deep greenness and the vigorous growth which thus nourished withstand, because of their natural strength of root and constitution, all the dangers of Winter and come out in the Spring safe and hearty and cheer the heart of the good farmers, who see in the time to come the full and profitable harvest as the reward for their work and enterprise.

But not only this. With the wheat we sow the grass and the clover seeds, and begin a new rotation which we intend shall last five years—perhaps more. We have seen by the above figures what the lime will do for the grass and clover. These farmers who have been in the habit of using it for many years all bear testimony to its most useful effects in aiding the growth

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

HE thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, listlessness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by doing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Safe Care

Is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

of these, and the application now made will surely have its effect in the growth of the crop. It has been complained that the soil does not produce the same luxuriant growth of grass and clover that it used to do in the old times, when the land was fresh and had in it the ashes of the trees which were cut and burned on the land. As these ashes had from 30 to 40 per cent. of lime in them we can easily see how it was that they so much encouraged this vigorous and profitable growth, and as the lime now applied makes-up for the loss of the large quantity of plant food now exhausted, we must all see that this loss is made up for the liberal application of lime at proper intervals.

MARRIAGES.

BRENNAN-IOLLS.

On Monday the 12th in St. John's church Arthur, Rev. J. P. Doherty performed the interesting ceremony of uniting in the bonds of holy wedlock Mr. John Brennan and Miss Mary Jane Hollis, both of West Luther. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Laura Hollis, while the groom was supported by his brother, Mr. Edward Brennan, of Arthur township.

BURKE-WHELAN.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday 11th at St. Patrick's church, Ottawa, when Mr. J. Burke, merchant, of Bank street, and Miss Annie Whelan, daughter of the late Mr. Whelan, of Billings' Bridge, were united in marriage by Rev. M. J. Whelan, who is a cousin of the bride. Miss Fitzgerald attended the bride and the groom was supported by Mr. John McDougall. The bride was attired in a becoming travelling costume. The happy couple were the recipients of many valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Burke left for Troy, N.Y., and other points for a short visit among friends.

Death of Mrs. James Keough, Guelph.

GUELPH, Oct. 17.—General regret has been occasioned by the death of Mrs. James Keough which took place at the old homestead, Waterloo road, on Friday morning, at the age of 86. The deceased was a native of Longford, Ireland. Her maiden name was Rose McDougall. She came to Guelph in 1839, and was married to her husband, the late James Keough, in 1841. They took up land on the old homestead, where she has been residing ever since. Mrs. Keough was the mother of nine children, three of whom are dead, the latest being the eldest son, James Keough, who was well known in the city and took an active part in municipal matters. The six surviving are: William, in the County of Bruce, farming; Sister Clara, in Loretto Convent, Toronto; Lizzie, Mrs. McEhoun, in New York; Miss Keough and Thomas at home, and Rev. John Keough, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Hamilton, who resides in Paris. Thomas has been suffering for the past sixteen years from paralysis and is expected to die at any moment. His physician does not hold out hopes of his surviving more than a few days at the outside.

The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon from the old homestead and was well attended. The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. Smith, Frank McQuillan, Thos. Flynn, A. McQuillan, Thos. Lynch and Geo. Fyfe. There was quite a number of the Church of Lady, to which the remains were taken before interment. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., and at the grave by Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J.

THE HOUSE—nobler of the brute creation—when suffering from a cat, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil. Lancous, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by