FIRESIDE PUN.

A motor car for the clerk of weather. If he can do without rains so can we.

rains so can we.

A citizen bought himself a book the other day and wrote this on the fly-lost: "Presented to John Jones by himself, as a mark of esteem."

Inquiring Strauger: "What branch of education does your teacher prefer, my boy: "He don't ase no branch, sir. He don't ase no branch, sir. He hits us with the nothter."

branch, sir Hu hits us with the prointer."

A book on bicycle etiquette has been published. When a large, epen faced ice waggon runs mto a becyclist and paractures his golf-stocking, the rider may speak to the driver without the formality of an introduction.

Coroner: "Is this man whom you found dead on the railroad track a total stranger: Witness who had been told by the company to be careful in his statuments: "No, sir. His leg was gone inturely. He was a partial stranger."

Tommy: "Did the fowl burt you, Mr. Jones?" Friend of Tommys mother: "What do you mean, my boy? What fow!" Tommy: "Well, wanted to know if it hurt, cause Mummy said you have been henpecked for twenty years."

"That pretty young woman who

or twenty years.

"That pretty young woman who left the shop was married a little while ago," said the old shoe assistant. "How do you know?" asked his young assistant. "She used to buy number threes, and now she buys number fives."

number fives.

Mrs. Sarkastic (to her husband):

Jo-John, I have a sesslight impediment in my speech.

Mr. Sarkastic:

Well, don't worry it; treat it kindly, and perhaps it will grow bigger, and block up your organ of speech altogether.

gether."

"Int it queer," said Godrong,
"that I've always been mistaken
about my age? I thought I was 69
last December, but I got hold of our
old family Bible the other day and
discovered I was only 65 "I have
always told you," observed Plunkett,
"that you've been living too fast."

"The pickooklets as a gentleman."

"that you've heen living too tast."
Two pickpockets saw a gentleman
receive a large sum at the bank, and
followed him for some time to get
a shance at it. Finally the watched
turned into a lawyer's office, and one
of the watchers said: "That settles
it. He's gone. Come along." "No,
no," said the other; "wait till blawyer comes out. We'll tackle him."

lawyer comes out. We'll tackle him."
Father: "So you want to marry
my daughter, do you?" Sultor:
"Yes, sir." Father: "And you're
heard her sing, seen her drapers' and
milliners' bills, played whist with her,
happened in when a new gown did
not fit, and still you want to marry
her?" Sultor: "Yes, sir." Father:
"Then I refuse. Insanity must be
hereditary inyour family."

Honoring Ottawa's Mayor.

The French-Canadian residents of Ottawa have presented the following address to Mayor Elect Bingham;

address to Mayor Elect Bingham;
To Mayor-Elect Samuel Bingham;
Dear Sir and Friend,—We, the
French-Canadian portion of the electors of Ottawa ward, do hereby take
this our first opportunity of coming
here to offer you our most cordial
felicitations upon your elevation to the
elvic chair.
Sir, the contest just ended has been
one of justice and equity—justice because the old understanding has not
been broken; equity by giving all
reeds and nationalities their just turn
to representation.
We deem it a pleasure to wait unon

to representation.
We deem it a pleasure to wait upon you this evening to offer you at the beginning of this new year our best wishes for your welfare and happiness as well as for that of your worthy companion in life and your entire family.

as well as for that of your worthy companion in life and your entire family.

Among these who formed the deputation were E. Limoges, C. Gill, N. Bolley, R. Dionne, Jos. Archambault, F. Laponte, A. Pinard, F. Laroeque, H. Pinard, I. Berichon, F. X. Guertin, A. Theriault, F. X. Groult, Joseph Grover, F. Laroher, E. Vezins, W. Martel, P. Valliquette, H. E. Rathier, G. Chariere, G. Dupont, and others.

Mayor Bingham in reply thanked the electors for their support. The Mayor afterwards entertained his callers.

afterwards entertained his callers.

Piles Cared by Dr. Chase.

I. M. Iral, 189 Droles Street, Montreal.
15 years suffered. Cured of Blind Itching Piles.

William Butler Possawan. Ont. Suffered many months. Cured of Prokruding Piles by one box.

Pabano Baskard, Gower Point, Ont. Suffered for thirty years. Cured of Itching Piles by three boxes.

Nolson Simmons, Myersburg, Ont. Cured of Itching Piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively cure all forms of Piles. Write any of the above if in doubt.

"I marked that half-crown and put in the plate last Sunday, and here it back again in my shop. I knowed ell them niggers never got the money.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said meet to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon by all pulmonary complaints.

DOMESTIC READING.

Never does a man betray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.—Rich-

tor.
The evolution which is slowly pro-ceeding in human society is not prim-arily intellectual but religious in char-acter.

Obedience, submission, discipline, courage—these are among the characteristies which make a man.—Samuel I, al manhoood and honest achieve

men: are nowhere provincial, but enter the society of all time on an even

tooting.

What are the sciences but maps of universal laws, and miversal laws but the channels of universal power, and universal power but the out-goings of a universal mind?—Edward Thomson

universal mind?—Edward Thomson

A personal dignity which cannot
take care of itself cannot be protected
by incessant guarding. The quality
of a great oreative nature is uncon
sc ousnes, and this also is the characteristic of a great character.

teristic of a great character.

There is hardly anything so belittling and demoralizing as the craving for contraband knowledge intensibly—especially where the friend is also a housemate or business associate—from mental magnifying of trifles and petty suspicions, to vulgar spying and meddling, and the positive dishonor of trying to catch bits of private conversation scrutinize letters to the recognition of postmarks and handwriting.—Catherine E. Conway, Self-knowledge is that acquisitance

to the recognition of postmarks and handwriting.—Catherine E. Conway. Self-knowledge is that; acquaintance with ourselves which shows us what we are, and ought to do and be, in order to our living comfortably and usefully here and being happy horeafter. The means of it is elgovernment. The means of it is elgovernment and self-truition. It principally consists in a knowledge of our souls, for a man's soul is properly himself.

The more true knowledge a man hath the more sensible is he of wants which kept him humble,

How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his page: we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and aneedotes that give interest to the past, and each age is a volume thrown saide, to be speedily forgotten. The idel of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our rescollection, and .ill, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of the morrow.—Washington Irving. "Steech-book."

Irving, "Sketch-book."

There are some who desire to know with the sole purpose that they may know, and it is curiosity; and some who desire to know that they may be known, and it is base ambition; and some who desire to know that they may sell their knowledge for wealth and honor, and it is a base avarice; but there are some, also, who desire to know that they may be diffed, and it is prudence; and some who desire to know that they may help others, and it is charity.—St. Bernard.

others, and it is charity.—St. Bernard.

Patience is an excellent virtue, and one most difficult to acquire. Woman possessos it in a far greater degree than man, and this has been one of her compensations for long ages of servitude. It was necessary for her to endure or die, and she has learned to endure. Yet, in the face of all the difficulties and trials which beset us through life, the wrongs and injuries, the disease and dissappointments which are incidental to all, patience is essential to everyone, irrespective of sex. We admire courage always, but seldom admire passive fortitude. But courage may be a mere amimal instinct, and usually is, whereas patience is a highly intellectual quality, and is the fruit of reason or religon.

BLAKE IS LEADER.

BLAKE IS LEADER.

The United Irish Parties Place Himilia the

Freathy General Accord.
A special cable to The Montreal
Star says: Hon. Edward Blake has
been chosen by the dissatisfied Irish
members of Parliament to move the
amendment to the address in reply to
to the Queen's speech in the House of
Commons, demanding reform of Irish
taxation.

to the Queen's speech in the House of Commons, demanding reform of Irish taxation.

This is the result of an understanding arrived at between the Dillonites, Healyites, Redmondites and Unionists, in fact, all the prometers of the new movement. All these elements will support Mr. Blake.

The choice of the Canadian for this duty puts him forward as the leader of a united Irish party. The combination will once again bring the Govern ment face to face with the solid Irish phalanx. Mr. Blake's selection is a signal tribute of his high position in Irish affairs. Some me in it the beginning of a new era in Irish parliamentary warfare, in which Mr. Blake will become the leader of a united nationalist party. That view is, at least, premature, for on the question of home rule the Unionists from Ireland are as much opposed to it as ever.

Consumption Cured.

Cossamplien Curvet.

An old physician, retired folia missionsy the mode in the first of folia missionsy the moule of a simple vegetable remody, for the cody and permanent curve of Orasimphon, Bronnelle of a simple vegetable remody, for the cody and permanent curve of Orasimphon, Bronnelle of Committee and Committee and Committee and Committee and Committee and Corve for Notices also posterior cardiac process Compilators. Having state has considered cardiac processing consideration of Committee and Com

FARM AND GARDEN.

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union, held in December, 1895, a committee was appointed to collect information of interest to the stock breeders of the Province. The committee decided to send roply post cards to the proprietors and managers of cheese factories and oreamerica in Ontario, and to secretaries of Farmer's Institutes, asking for the names of the most successful dairymen in their districts. Altogether, 1908 forms were sent out, of which 170 were returned with the questions more or less fully answered. Replies were received from thirty-six counties.

G. E. Day B.S.A. summarizes in an

thirty-av counties.

G. E. Day B.S.A. summarizes in an official bulletin the results of the information thus acquired. Concerning the length of time cost remain dry we are 'told a wide variation existed in this particular, the shortest time reported being 10 days, while the average for all replies was 57 days. By far the largest number lay between the and 12 weeks, and 8 weeks occurred in the reports more than twice as often as any other one time.

as any other one time.

Sixty eight out of the 170 dairymen report cows deborned; and, with very few exceptions, they express them selves satisfied with the result. One man states that the cows do not sell so readily, owing to difficulty in determing the age; another partially regrets dehording pure-breds, fearing that it will operate against them in the show ring, while a third states that his dehorned cows bunt each other, sometimes causing abortion. On the other hand, several whose cows are not dehorned, express approval of the practice, while others condemn it as cruel, unsightly, unnecessary, etc. The fear that it would interfere with success in exhibiting has deterred a considerable number from dehorning pure-breds. Only four report that they are dehorning calves.

Only one one reply stated that com

Only one one reply stated that complete soiling was practised, but 140 out of the 170 stated that the pasture was supplemented by some kind of green fodders, while 58 stated that meal was fed, either throughout or during some part of the summer.

The following figures represents the number of times that the various supplementary fodders occurred in the reports:

Green corn	129
Green oats and peas	62
Green rve	10
Green clover	10
Green oats and tares	. 7
Ensilage	. 5
Green alfalfa	. 4
Green millet	2
Green buckwheat	. 2
Green tares	. 2
	· · · ·

trial

Some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining accurate information regarding winter rations, as the majority of farmers do not weigh feed. From the 170 replies, 76 rations have been selected. The weight of the cows has been stated wherever this information has been furnished in the report. It was also thought advisable to include the summer ration, and to state, when possible, the results obtained from the different systems of feeding. It is only fair to say, however, that many of the records do not represent the actual returns from the cows, since no account has been kept of milk, butter and cream consumed by the family, besides milk fed to calves and hogs.

Shame to Montreal.

Shame to Montreal.

It is not complimentary either to our civilization or our sense of Christian decency that no organized attempt has ever been made to find out whether or not the remains of the Barron Block. The helpless old lady lived in the bullding. She has not been seen since the fire. Here is "prima facie" evidence that she perished in the flames, and that during all these weeks since the catastrophe her charred body has lain beneath the ruins.

Who imagines that this would have been left in doubt, had Mrs. Murphy been a wealthy lady with wealthy connections? The city officials would then have tumbled over each other in their hurry to expedite the search, and earry all that was mortal of the victim to a funeral of satu and rosewood and banks of heavy-scented flowers. But Mrs Murphy was poor and unknown; and, for all the city cares, she lies to day uncoffined and denied a Contitian burial, beneath the seles and the tumbled debris of the Barron block.—Montreal Star.

The sugar-ocating, which makes Ayer's Pile sojeasy to take, dissolves immediate.

The sugar-coating, which makes Ayer's Pi'ls so casy to take, dissolves immediately on reaching the stomach, and so permits the full strength and benefit of the medicine to be promptly communicated. Ast your Jruggist for Ayer's Almanac, just out.

Chats With the Children.

There's a busy little fellow.

Who came to town last night When all the world was fast asleep, The children's eyes shut tight, I can not tell you how he came, For well the secret's hid.

I can not tell you how he came,
For well the searci's hid,
But I think upon a moonbeam bright,
Way down the certift he slid.
He brought the Alisses Maple
Each, a lovely party gown;
It was brilliant red and yellow.
With a dash or two of brown.
And he must have had a Midas tonel
For, if the truth is told.
The bire: - all, from top to toe,
ile dressed in tolds of gold.
Than he took a glittering icide
Trou underneath the caves,
And with it, on my window,
Drow such shining silvor leaves,
Such towers and temples grand.
Their like I'm sure was never seen
Outside of Parryland.
Who is this busy little man.

Who is this busy little man Whose coming brings us joy?

For I'm vory sure he's welcomed
By every girl and boy:
The little stars all saw him.

Though they will now tell a soul:
But I've heard his calling card reads
thus.

thus:
J. Frost, Esq., North Pole.
Helen S. Perkins.

Heigh S. Prekins.

The white trout legend.

In county Tipperary there is a holy well in which swims a white trout with a red spot on its side. The following legend is how this strange fish originated: When Oromwell's army was passing through Ireland it bivous caked in the neighborhood of this well.

A 'soldier, hearing of the splendid white trout in it, swore he would have it for his next meal. With a scoop not he managed to capture the fish, and when he reached home laid it in the frying pan. Immediately it leaped out on the floor. Several times this was repeated. Finally the soldier put the lid on the pan and a great stone upon it to hold it down. When he to hold it down. When he had not been a soldier put the lid on the pan and a great stone upon it to hold it down. When he had not been a soldier did not he passed the form that fork into it there was a great shriek, the trout leapt to the floor, and there instead of a fish lay a beautiful young girl with blood streaming from her side where the fork had entered. The girl reproached the soldier for his cruelty, and commanded him to put her in the well, where she was obliged to stay until the last day under the spell of enchantment. This the soldier did and the exchanted one is still there, in the form of a white trout, with a blood red mark upon its side. This legend does not tell what became of the soldier.

THE SNOW-BIRDS.

When winter winds are blowing,
And clouds are full of snow,
There comes a flock of little birds
A-flying to and fro:
About the withered garden,
Around the naked field,
In any way-side shrub or tree
That may a berry yield,
You'll see them flitting, flitting,
And hear their merry song:
The scattered crumbs of sum
feast
Feed winter birdlings long.
But when the snow-drifts cover

But when the snow-drifts cover The garden and the field— When all the shrubs are cased in ice

When all the shrubs are cased in And every brook is sealed, Then come the little snow-birds, As beggars, to your door; They pick up every tiny crumb, With eager chirps for more. Like wandering musicians, They 'neath the windows sing; All winter long they stroll about, And leave us in the spring.

Off to the land of icebergs, To islands cold and dream They fly before the summer To frolic with us here. Give them a hearty welcome: It surely were not good That they who sing in winter-time Should ever lack for food.

A DANGER SIGNAL.

While her Majesty the Queen was on a visit to Dunrobin Castle a few years ago, a very comisal incident occurred. The train had to pass a certain farm on the way, and the farmer, his family and all the farm servants gathered on an adjacent level crossing to gaze at the train as it passed. One little girl, with exceedingly loyal intentions, had secured her mother's best scarlet shawl to wave as a fisg. Bue ran forward to a little hill near the crossing to get the first glimpse of the coming train. At last it came in sight, and 'he little damsel shouted and cheered, waving her flag frantically. Imagine the surprise of the people when the royal train slowed and stopped. In an instant the railway official seized the girl and cried: "Down with that shaw! Dou't you know you are stopping the royal train?" The guard had taken it as a rignal of danger. However, it pleased her Majesty to be

greatly amused with the occurrence and no ill consequence ensued.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be

A pleasant road: I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load :

I do not ask that flowers sh spring
Reneath key feet:
I know too well the poises

sting
Of things too sweet.

or imigs to sweet.

r one thing only, Lord, dear Le
pload;
Lead me aright-ought strength should falter
though heart should bleed
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou sh

Full radiance hore:
Give but a ray of peace that I is trend Without a fear-

l do not ask my cross to understand,

My way to see;

Better in darkness just to feel Thy

And follow Theo. Joy is like restless day; but per divine

Like quiet night; Lead me,) Lord, till perfect day shine—

10— Through Peace to Light. Holy Fai

PATHETIC.

A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend, who was accompanied by a greyhound, accosted him. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight form, clasped the creature round the neek, with the impassioned cry:

"Oh, doggie, doggie! and do ou live with your uncle, too, that you are so thin?"

ood Night.

There is a tender sweetness about some of our common phrases of affectionate greeting, simple and unobtrusive as they are, which falls like dew upon the heart. Good night! The little one lisps it as gowned in white, with shining face and hands, and naryers said, she toddles off to bed. Sisters and brothers exchange the wish; parents and childron, friends and friends. Familiar use has robbed it of its significance to some of us; we repeat it automatically without much thought. But consider. We are voyagers putting off from time to time upon an unexplored sea. Our barques of life set sail and go onward into darkness, and we, asleep on our pillows, take no such care as we do when awake and journeying by day light. Of the perils of the night, whatever they may be, we take no heed. An unsleeping vigilance watches over us, it is One stronger and wiser than we who is the Eternal Good. Good and God spring from the same root, are the same meaning. "Good bye" is only "God be with you "Good night" is really "God guard the night," It would be a churlish household in which these gentle forms of speech were ignored or did not exist. Alike the happy and the screwful, day by day may say "Good night."

ST. NICHOLAS DAY IN HOLLAND,

ST. NIGHOLAS DAY IN HOLLAND.

In some houses the little children who go to bed early put out their shoes and stockings and find them crammed with presents in the morning. Others have to play a game of hide and seek for their presents, which the father and mother have hidden in the most mysterious manner and in out-of the way places. In a great many families, however, December 6 is celebrated by sending and receiving parcels in the evening of that day. "Par cels "m" be taken here in a very hroad sense. The servant who has to answer the bell is obliged to bring in whatever is put into her hands or before her, and consequently is often heard to giggle behind the door of the room in which the whole family is assembled. Then in walks—nvy, is put—a most extraordinary-looking gentleman or old lady, or a queer animal, consisting chiefly of wood or of linen filled with sawdust, in which the present, sometimes one of very small diffensions. [155] animal, consisting cateny or wood or dimen filled with sawdust, in which the present, sometimes one of very small dimensions, lies concealed. Funny little rhymes often accompany the parcels; and generally much good-natured teasing is contained in the postical lines. The patience of some people is cfeen sorely tried by a parcel consisting of a big ball of very fine cotton, which has to be unwound to get at the present.—Annie C, Kuper in St. Nicholas.

CHARGING THE HOSTILES. IA STORY POR BOYN.I

In the January St. Nicholas Gert-rude P. Greble has a story of frontier life called "Danny and the 'Major." Danny was the seven-year-old son of an army captain, and the "Major" was a favorite horse. One day he wag

riding him in company with his frlowd a Scotoli corporal, when the horses of the post were stampoded, and the corporal was thrown and injured Danny started to ride for assistance and this was his experience:

Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd.

Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the table land, empty and placid and smiling. And beyone, to the south, stood the fort and home. Danny took heart settled himself in the saddle, and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the corporal's instructions while her ode, tunking with an ever-recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly, and totally forgetful of the auxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.

Suddenly, at the end of some infeer minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the cigo of the tunber which fringed the bling, there was a loud cracking and crashing in the bushes, and a gasty decorated war gone of the candidate of the hisket beyond, three otherhalf naked mounted figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.

The child's heart stopped beating. The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing companed with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he true to stop Major—tried with all his small strength to turn his side toward the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. But for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the beloved voice nor the tiny hands pulling so desporately upon the reins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and lated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the

loved voice nor the tiny hands pulling so desporately upon the rcins.

Whether it was the sight of an old and inated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of a peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—and faster—and taster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows, and even the authines of the dreaded savages themselves became so many parts of a great rushing, whire ling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to rotain hisseat upon the bounding horse.

And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the bandel Indians swept the great bronze boast with its golden haired burden! Down upon them, and through them, and away—till by the time they had recover from their amaxement there was a good lifty yards between them and their flying proy! And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome!

After that first wild rush the Major settled into a steador pace—a smootis, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of anis against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like hounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm gun thundered across the plains?

Gathered to his Fathers.

PATRICK BOYLE, COLLINGWOOD.

There died in Collingwood on Sanday, Dec. 27, 1896, one of the oldest residents in the person of Mr. Patrick Boyle, in his 81st year. The decease ed gentleman was a native of county Tipperary, Ireland, and came to Collingwood from Toronto between 38 and 40 years ayo. For years he was a well-known figure around the G.T.R. elevators here, where he had the contract for unloading grain from the fleets of vessels which plied between Chicago, Duluth and Collingwood. The funeral took place from his late residence, St. Paul street, to St. Mary's church, on Thursday, Dec. 31st, and was largely attended. The church was crowded by old-time friends of all denominations who had turned out to pay their last respects to the deceased. A require High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kiernan, at the close of which sail that was mortal of Patrick Boyle was conveyed to the tomb, there to await the resurrection morn. He leaves a widow, two sons and three daughters (all grown up) to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent parent.

caughters (all grown up) to mourn the loss of a kind husband and indulgent parent.

Mr. Boyle was an exemplary Catholic and a good citizen. No one aver called on him in the cause of charity and went away empty. He lived a life of benevolence and good deeds. He was for over 20 years Vice. President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in connection with St. Mary's church. He was kind and generous to a fault. Citted with a jovial disposition and jooose mature, still he was a man of deep religious fervor, and was very conscientious in attending to his religious duties. It was his pride and pleasure to asseis the afflicied, the poor and needy, and impress upon the minds of others the importance of industry and the sterling value of integrity. May his soul rest in peace.