

DOMESTIC READING.

No man is more to be pitied than the one who is satisfied with himself. The most troubling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded; the sound of your banister at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer, but if he sees you at a billiard-table, or hears your voice in a tavern, wh- you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day, and it hands some of it before he can receive it in a lump.—Franklin.

Sooner or later, every human being comes to know and prove in his own estate that freedom of will is the only freedom for which there are no chains possible, and that in Nature's whole reign of law nothing is so largely provided for as liberty. Sooner or later, all this must come. But, if it comes later, it comes through clouds of autogenism, and after days of fight, and is hard bought.—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Literature is the voice of the age and of the State; the character, energy and resources of the country are reflected and imaged forth in the conceptions of its great minds; they are organs of the time; they speak not their own language, they scarce think their own thoughts, but under an impulse like the prophetic enthusiasm of old, they must feel and utter the sentiments which society inspires.—E. Everett.

There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books and papers in order—that is, according to their notions of the matter—and hiding things lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor anybody else can find them. This is a sort of magpie faculty. If anything is left where you want it is called litter. There is a pedantry in housewifery as well as in the gravest concerns.—William Hazlitt.

The constructive and creative faculty is more or less in us all—else why have we this hand? Are its eyes exhausted in putting on our clothes, carrying food to our mouth, grasping another hand, bearing arms in war-time, or being doubled up into a fist—this wonderful hand, which from the world's foundation and crude substance makes its own tools, directs the most delicate instruments of science, and rules the heaviest machines? There is a clumsy managing or else a beautiful art in every hand. To do is more than to know.—Cyrus A. Bartol.

Not the warrior, nor the statesman, nor the master-worker, as such, but the teacher, in our day, leads the vanguard of humanity. Whether in the seminary or by the wayside, by uttered word or printed page, our true king is not he who best directs the siege, or sets his squadrons in the field, or leads the charge; but he who can, and will, instruct and enlighten his fellows, so that at least some few of the generation of whom he is shall be wiser, purer, nobler for his living among them, and prepared to carry forward the work of which he was a humble instrument, to his far grander and loftier consummation.—Horace Greeley.

A Child Cured of Eczema by Chase's Ointment. My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and ointments, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, without result. The doctor advised the use of Chase's Ointment, and since using the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 112 Anne St., Toronto.

Willie: "Mamma, they say history repeats itself, don't they?" Mother: "Yes, dear." Willie: "Well, why don't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?"

Cured of Chronic Catarrh. A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Johnston, Gifford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors and tried all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did more good than all other remedies; in 15 cent bottles. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 112 Anne St., Toronto.

thinness The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them. Everybody knows cod-liver oil makes the healthiest fat. In Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil the taste is hidden, the oil is digested, it is ready to make fat.

When you give for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a package in a nice-colored wrapper with the picture of the man and fish on it—you can trust that man! 50 cents and \$1.00. Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Giles: "Did he tell you he couldn't speak French?" Merritt: "No." Giles: "Then how did you know?" Merritt: "He spoke some." Giles: "I'll tell you one of her new gowns." "No, no, how does this dress fit?" "Not very well, ma'am. I found it a little tight under the arms." Miss Sharp: "I celebrate my twentieth birthday to-morrow." Giles: "Indeed! And isn't it singular? So do I." Miss Sharp: "Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time."

"Oh, ah—pardon me, Miss Minnie, but at what age do you think women should—ah—marry? You know the newspapers are discussing the question." "I don't know my age, I think, Mr. Timid," she replied, sweetly. First Rider: "Jim, something has punctured the pneumatic tyre of my bicycle, and the wind is all coming out of it." Jim: "Never mind, old fellow. Here comes a Member of Parliament, and we'll get him to fill it up again."

"Mr. Prettyboy kept me awake two hours last night." "How was that?" "By singing 'Sleep, My Lady, Sleep,' under my window." Roberts: "Hello! What's wrong, old fellow?" Benson: "I'm almost crazy. I sent a letter to my broker, asking him whether he thought I was a fool, and another one to Miss Willets asking her to come for a drive with me, and I don't know which of them this telegram is from."

Roberts: "What does it say?" Benson: "Simply 'Yes.'" "What do you mean by 'salting' a mame, popper?" asked the small boy. "Is it anything like salting meat?" "No, indeed," answered Mr. Bitt-wantz. "When a man salts meat it is because he wants to keep it." "So you've salted all your marbles, eh?" Well, it serves you right. Boys always lose who play on Sundays.

"But how about the other fellow, who won all my marbles?" She: "Why do you insist that Jenny See is particularly accomplished?" He: "Because she can fry a doughnut so it will taste like angel cake." Teacher: "Who should a man use 'Your humble servant' in closing a letter?" Pupil: "When he's writing to his wife." "You can't both ride on a single ticket," said the conductor, alarply. "Oh, I guess you kin," answered Josh, with perfect confidence, as he threw his arm around his blushing companion. "If you'll look at this here document you'll see that me and Martha's just been made one."

Vazboy: "Sort of a far-away look in Bingley's eyes, isn't there?" Cozzy: "Yes; that's because since election he has had them on the consularship in South Africa."

Memorial Church Rectory.

Rev. Canon Richardson, London, Ont., Sends a Record of

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS

With People Restored to Health by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

LONDON, Sept. 20, 1896. S. S. Ryckman, Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. DEAR SIR:—I take much satisfaction in sending you this record concerning persons living in London who have used Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, and all whom I have had personal interviews and can vouch for their statements. Mr. C. B. Hamilton, aged 22, a miller, and highly respected citizen, was troubled with Sciatica of a very aggravated type for over twelve years. He began taking your medicine last spring and has now gained entire freedom from pain and does not suffer any symptoms of the troublesome disorder. Mrs. Sarah Durdick, aged 68, widow, has been for seven years a victim of Eczema. She was unable to wear her clothes and friends had to wash on a child. She began to take your medicine last March and is now without a blemish on her body. Eight bottles of the medicine cured the disease that was thought to be incurable. A most astonishing cure is that of Mr. Patrick Ryder, aged 70, a retired farmer, whose favorable knowledge. He was sorely afflicted with intermitting Rheumatism for some thirty-six years. About a year ago he could neither dress nor undress himself, but after taking your excellent medicine, the Rheumatism left him and he is not only well but a very active man for his years. Mrs. Sarah Judge, living in West Nisourli, had Neuralgia and Rheumatism for twenty years. She has used Kootenay since February last, and is now perfectly cured. Had her suffering continued much longer, she states she would either have been in the asylum or the grave. Mr. McGowan, 85 years of age, has endured agony during the past year from a disease of the skin called psoriasis. His whole body was covered with angry sores and ulcers, and he never had a moment's relief from pain and misery. He took your medicine and he has become quite rid of all disease, only the scars remaining to tell his horrible affliction. I have much pleasure in writing the above, and am certain you have the heartfelt gratitude of those whom you have relieved of suffering by your valuable and excellent "Kootenay Cure."

Yours truly, J. B. RICHARDSON, Rev. Canon, Memorial Church Rectory.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Some observations contained in a bulletin just issued by the Ontario Agricultural College are of practical interest. The report of Fruit and Fruit Trees deals with the great yield of apples. The yield was enormous, the market is glutted, and in many countries, more especially in Western Ontario, thousands of barrels of good apples are going to waste. The average price per barrel paid farmers is from 40 to 60 cents, extra choice bring slightly higher figures, and poorer sorts go lower. For these prices the grower is usually expected to pick the fruit, board the packers, bring in the empty barrels and carry the filled ones to the station. Some say that it pays better to feed the fruit to live stock. The codling worm and the sawker worm have been reported by a few correspondents, but the bulk of the statements regarding the quality of apples claim that the fruit is remarkably free from worms or other injury. Ice storms last winter, and the heavy bearing of this season, have caused a good many limbs to break, but fruit trees generally are in good condition. Grape vines a vigorous growth, and the yield of fruit was abundant.

As the drought of last summer was very irregular in its distribution the reports as to pasture are varied. In a few townships of the west grass was short even after the fall rains; in other townships the reports are that fall pasture was never better. In the east it has been good to excellent. On the whole there has been plenty of good pasture. Stock are in good condition, no trouble of any consequence being reported from any quarter. There appears to be plenty of fodder for the winter feeding, an improvement on a year ago. The reports indicate that market supplies will be fairly abundant, but the universal complaint of low prices is again met with here. The lowest record is 11c. pound for cattle, low weight (Roufey Co.) Apples have been freely fed to stock, to hogs especially; milch and rape have turned out well as supplementary crops, but manure is made principally of corn as the most welcome addition to fodder. The effect of instruction is most apparent; farmers are growing their corn in drills in place of broadcast, and are growing the varieties recommended by the officers of the Ontario Experimental Farm and others who are making special study of corn growing. The varieties are numerous: Mammoth Southern Sweet, Red Cob Ensilage, Compton's Early, Long field, etc., are frequently mentioned. Some stock it in the field for winter use; others dry and stand it on and in the barn, and many others store it in the silo. In some sections silos are increasing in number, in others they are being discarded—opinions differ as to ensilage being more profitable than dry curing. The acreage of corn is certainly increasing more rapidly than the construction of silos.

The common sunflower is a native of America. In 1669 it was introduced into Europe, and is now extensively cultivated there, particularly in Russia, where it has been grown for fifty years, principally for the oil contained in its seedlike fruits. The seeds, after the shells are removed, contain 31 per cent of oil. This oil is clear, light yellow, nearly odorless, and of a peculiarly pleasant and mild taste. It is said to be superior to both almond and olive oil for table purposes, and is used in making soap and candles for lighting. In Russia the larger seeds are sold in immense quantities to the lower classes of the people, who eat the kernels as we do peanuts. The stalks furnish a valuable fertilizer, while the green leaves are dried, pulverized, and mixed with meal as food for cows. The stalk produces an excellent fibre. It is said that Chinese silk goods contain more or less sunflower fibre. The so-called sun seed oil is made from a species of the sunflower family, which is a native of Abyssinia. It furnishes the common lamp oil of Upper India, where it is largely cultivated.

DR. CHASE'S SKIN TREATMENT CURES. To Robert Phillips, Fergus, April 13, 1894. Dear Sir:—I have suffered from Eczema for some time, and have tried many remedies, but have not been cured. I have used your medicine, and I am glad to say that I am now cured. I have written you a letter, and I am sure you will be glad to hear from me. I am, Sir, your truly, R. PHILLIPS, Druggist, Fergus, Ont.

Chats With the Children.

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY. Last Christmas eve, when we were snug in bed, and all the lights were out, Tommy, he said, "I'd like to know how 'tis, with pack and all, hat Santa Claus got down the chimney hole." "Let's lie awake and see and then we'll know." "Won't it be fun to see him squeezed up so?" And so we laid awake, but by and by, I got to sleeping some with my left eye. But still I saw the chimney with my right, and by and by there came the queerest sight. A little man no bigger than Tom Thumb, with a little pack no bigger than a drum. Came sliding down the chimney more and more. Until he went korbumb upon the floor; and then he looked around the room a spell, but very soon his pack began to swell. It kept a swelling, and more and more and more. Till it was bigger than the parlor door; and then I saw that it was full of toys and books and dolls, and things for girls and boys. And soon the little man has grown so tall, he didn't seem to be a dwarf at all. As I then he took some things out of his pack, and filled "my stocking till I thought 'twould crack." And then the pack grew small, and small and small, until it wasn't bigger'n nothin' 'tall, and Santa Claus he was a dwarf once more, and climbed up back as he had come before. Then just as Santa Claus got out of sight I opened my left eye and it was light, and there were all the things for Tommy 'n me, A-bursting out just as I knew they'd be. But when I told him, Tommy laughed and said, "I was a foolish little sleepy head, but by and by, he said, 'It must be so. For Santa Claus had left the things you know.'" Clarence Hawkes in Three Little Folks.

HOW THE CHRIST-FLOWERS CAME.

It was Christmas eve in the Black Forest. The whirling snow touched the tree tops; the starry flakes clung to the branches or fluttered about, pure as rose petals wafted about on the breath of angels. Soon the frozen earth was hid from view and a great white world waited, in solemn expectation, the coming of the Christ-Child. Silence lay upon the Forest. The charcoal-burners tended their smouldering fires and dreamed of home, or, with simple faith, listened for the shepherds' message and the angels' song. When the midnight hour was nigh a sound broke the stillness, the wail of a child in distress. The charcoal-burners crossed themselves, and budded closer to their fires. "Tis the cry from Bethlehem," said Johann reverently. "The Christ-Child is born." "No child of the Black Forest would be abroad to-night?" asked Hans, uneasily. "It might not be one of our little children?" "Not so," asserted Michael, a sturdy giant. "No hausmutter in the Black Forest could be so careless. Content these, Hans, thy little ones snug in their cot dream of the angels, while thy good frau guards their sleep. It is, as Johann says, the echo from Bethlehem, or 'mayhap we have nodded and dreamed.'" Hans was silent, but presently stole away into the snow-wreathed depths of the forest. A voice in his heart was urging him on. "May the star of Bethlehem guide me aright, he prayed." "If a child be abroad this holy night, lead me, dear God, to 'Thy little one.'" Again the wail of distress smote upon his ear; a sob was the answer to his prayer; and stooping down the charcoal burner lifted from the snow a babe, easily wrapped in swaddling clothes. Its feeble strength was almost spent, so placing it in his breast Hans sped through the Forest towards his home. The hausmutter sat by her babes, her face, beautiful with mother-love, radiant in the glow of the Christmas lights burning on the humble tree. And so Hans found her. "I have brought thee one more, Gretchen," he said, as he placed the babe on her bosom. "Succor it for the Christ-Child's sake." "Who was born to-night," answered the mother, gently, and her love flowed out to the wail, warming it back to life. The slumbering children stirred, rose from their cot, and presently the hut rang with their rejoicing. The lights on the tree twinkled like stars. The children rose their great heads, and looked him with his choicest gifts, and played about him merrily. Hans and Gretchen looking on, a great content in their hearts. Suddenly a radiance not of earth illumined the humble abode; the wail was encoiled by a glory that

deepened and spread, till the charcoal-burner but became as an angel chamber of heaven. Hans and Gretchen fell on their knees in adoration. The babe they had harbored was passing as if borne on angels' wings, his tiny hands outspread in parting benediction. The children wept for the loss of their playmate. "Hush, hush, my darlings," whispered the mother. "Know you 'twas the dear Christ-Child, who came to us, and hath returned to Heaven. To-morrow thy father shall show thee the spot where he found the Holy Babe." When the morrow came Hans led the little ones into the Forest, and where had been a bed of snow, lo! flowers bloomed, great waxen blossoms with hearts of gold and petals like silk-rose. "The Christ flowers!" cried little Greta, and kneeling before them, as at a shrine, the peasants solemnly recorded a vow to succore each Christmas Day some poor child in honor of the Holy One, who had been their guest. And so, in the Black Forest, is still told this legend of how the Christyran themus or Christ-flowers came.—Donahoe's Magazine.

ON THE WAY TO WORK.

It wasn't much of an incident but it stopped the morning travel and blocked the busy street. Our conductors muttered impatiently; and hurrying pedestrians, deflected in their efforts to reach their goal, grumbled loudly, and waded their way through the crowd to see the cause of delay. The cause was so little, so harmless, so pathetic in its infinitesimal trust, that frowns changed to smiles, and impatient words gave place to terms of pity. Lying between the rails of the track at the crossing was a weary baby; her stubby little shoes quite worn through at the toes, the red bonnet and tangled hair pushed back from a chubby face from which the blue eyes looked out, sleepily at the curious throng. She had wandered far, and overcome by fatigue sank down trustfully in the arms of death. She was too young to know how to pray, but her trust was prayer, and her shield was the wings of her guardian angel. Providence took the form of a big policeman, who lifted the tot from her dangerous bed, raised her to his broad shoulder and carried her off to safety. It was only an incident, a little wave of excitement in the motley of the work-day world, but an artist with a soul as well as brush, might have found an inspiration for a modern representation of our childhood's prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep."—Donahoe's.

THE ROSK MASS.

We happened to be in the old city of Luxembourg, and of course went to the cathedral. We wore there bright and early, for it was the feast of St. Aloysius. There stood the statue of the Patron of Youth on the sanctuary steps, as if the saint were coming half-way to greet his clients. Soon a procession of children began to file in—the boys and girls of the parochial schools. With them came an overpowering fragrance, for every child carried a bunch of roses. When all were seated, the church looked like a gay rose-garden. When the Holy Sacrifice was over, the little ones advanced, two and two, to the foot of the statue, and there beautiful and fragrant flowers, so well symbolizing the beauty and perfume of their pure hearts, as a token of their love for their angelic patron. Such is the exquisite devotion of the Rosk Mass. How simple and beautiful it is, and how calculated to impress upon the mind of young people the sentiment it conveys. Long after the flowers have faded the pure and innocent hearts of the clients of St. Aloysius exhalate the good odor of their lives modelled on his.—Almanac of the League.

A CHILD'S INFLUENZA.

Is there anything more hopeless than the conversion of an infidel? It is not a question of a change of faith, but of a positive and determined denial of all faith. Yet just such a case was overcome by the sweet piety of a little girl. Poor child! the wonder is how so sweet a flower grew in such unlikely soil. Her father and his parents were infidels, her mother was a Jewess. In spite of such surroundings our little heroine was brought up a devout Catholic under the nurture of some good nuns. The grandmother first yielded to grace. But several years passed and the grandfather showed no signs of yielding. The time for the little orphan to make her First Communion came. Death, too, came to claim a victim the grandfather. Before the fatal moment, the old man called the innocent child and confided to her that he would like to see a priest. He died with the sorrow for his guilty past, strengthened by the Sacraments, and the crucifix on his heart. That man was Jules Simon!—Almanac of the League.

Suffering Women. Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pain, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years has been that greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By its purity and its power it furnishes a prompt relief for women in their hours of need, and if the grateful expressions which come up from the homes of the land about what SAFE CURE has done for women, they would fill volumes. If you reader, are a sufferer, can you not take hope from this suggestion? Write today for free trial and blank order. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, N. Y.

WINNIPEG CATHOLICS.

In Mass Meeting They Protest Against The School Settlement. WINNIPEG, Dec. 3.—All the Catholics of this city to-night assembled in St. Mary's School for the purpose of protesting against the settlement of the school question as arrived at by Hon. Wilfred Laurier. The following resolutions were unanimously passed: 1. We very respectfully but most firmly, protest against the terms of that arrangement. We affirm they are wholly insufficient to redress our wrongs, while they furnish a pretext for the alienation of the most prominent and most trusted representative of the minority in this controversy—the Archbishop of St. Boniface—who was disingenuously ignored in the negotiations. The policy of conciliation for reaching a settlement, which we have proved, but is a farce to call it conciliation when only one party to the controversy is approached in that spirit, while the other party, and that the one which has been wronged, is treated with undisguised contempt. 2. We condemn the Federal Ministers for trying to force on the Catholic minority a proposal so inadequate, and in the negligence for which the minority itself was not consulted, and the slight offered to the most prominent and most trusted representative of the minority in this controversy—the Archbishop of St. Boniface—who was disingenuously ignored in the negotiations. The policy of conciliation for reaching a settlement, which we have proved, but is a farce to call it conciliation when only one party to the controversy is approached in that spirit, while the other party, and that the one which has been wronged, is treated with undisguised contempt. 3. As loyal citizens of a British country, we ask for British justice—no more, no less. As devoted upholders of British institutions, whose ministry is an honorable adherence to the spirit of the British constitution, we demand that the constitution of our own country be respected. 4. In the matter of secular education we are most willing to submit, under reasonable conditions, to State regulations and State supervision. 5. Under the law of the province, we had no right to this privilege, but prior to 1890, we had the right, and we did not call for the re-enactment of the old law in its precise terms. We demand, however, that by amendment and modification, as suggested by the judges of the Privy Council, our grievances be removed, and our essential rights in this respect be recognized. 6. Through the proceedings in appeal the Parliament of Canada is now empowered to deal with the question and give us relief. We recognize that by provincial legislation a more easy remedy could be secured, but this being denied us, we can but look to parliament for justice, and we appeal with confidence not only to our coreligionists in the other provinces, but to all lovers of British fair play, for their sympathy and support. 7. We protest against the vicious and absurd theory that federal legislation is to be taken as a renounce to provincial rights, in a case where federal legislation is not only clearly contemplated, but is in express terms provided for by the constitution. 8. To our own Protestant brethren we would recall the fact that this provision for appeal to parliament was put in the constitution at the instance of the Protestant representatives of Quebec, to the express purpose of affording protection to the Protestant minority in that province. We remind them, too, of the fact that the same Protestant minority was the first body to avail itself of this right of appeal against alleged deprivation of their educational rights by the Roman Catholic Legislature of Quebec, and to appeal to parliament to the speedy restoration of those rights by that Catholic Legislature. Should the educational rights of Protestants in that province be again judicially affected in future, by an act of its legislature, and another to the same effect, we Protestants throughout the Dominion would not willingly see justice denied because of the cry against interprovincial rights of Quebec's provincial rights. The Roman Government of Manitoba is such a case would be the first to deprecate the failure of justice through such a cry. 9. That these resolutions, signed by the chairman and secretary, be printed and copies be mailed to His Excellency the Governor-General, the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, and several of his colleagues, to Sir Charles Tupper and several members of his late cabinet, and to such other persons as the chairman and secretary may think proper. Singers, public speakers, actors, and all who are inclined to overdo in tribute the vocal organs, find in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a safe, certain and speedy relief. A timely dose of this preparation has prevented many a throat trouble.