

DOMESTIC READING.

Nothing rewards like love. Live by method; it will make life twice as long. The sure test of love is not emotion, but obedience. If there is good in us, it will bring out good in others. Your usefulness will depend very much on your character. To lead a dissipated life may be called a kind of death. No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. A judgment is the mental not by which one thing is affirmed or denied of another. Study to have always a conscience without offence towards God and towards men. You seldom find people ungrateful so long as you are in a condition to serve them. Truth is established by inspection and delay; falsehood thrives by haste and uncertainty. What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. To remind a man of a kindness conferred, and to talk of it, is little different from reproach. He who loves God receives all that happens to him as coming from God, with love and meekness. The rich patient cures the poor physician much more often than the poor physician the rich patient. A man may act a lie, as by pointing his finger in a wrong direction when a traveller inquires of him his road. The Catholic who does not go to Communion frequently when he can do so does not prize the Flesh and Blood of Christ. Whenever we find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man it may be taken for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man. A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose. Why worry to be original? Why such haste to be unlike the rest of the world, when the best things of life were manifestly those which all men had in common? The man who is never conscious of a state of feeling or of intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever is a mere creature of language. The world is more beautiful and wonderful than anything that has ever been written about it, and the most glorious picture is not so beautiful as the face of a spring morning. There is nothing purer than honesty, nothing sweeter than charity, nothing warmer than love, nothing richer than wisdom, nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. Is it not curious that the very follies we delight in for ourselves would seem so absurd, so absolutely vulgar, when practised by others? The last illusion to forsake a man is absolute belief in his own refinement. Friends fall off, friends mistake us; they change, they grow unlike us, they go away, they die; but God is everlasting and incapable of change, and to Him we may look with cheerful, unprejudiced hope. With perseverance the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if properly employed, enable any man of ordinary capacity very shortly to master a complete science. It would make an ignorant man a well-to-do man in ten years. We must not allow the time to pass without yielding fruits in the form of something learnt worthy of being known, some good principle cultivated, or some good habit strengthened.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Whatever crop a farmer raises, he should never fail to grow corn. It is one of the best crops he can grow, both on account of the grain itself and for the fodder that is obtained from the stocks, whether fed cured or in the form of ensilage. If there is a dairy on the farm, corn is a necessity. Even if he can buy corn as cheap as he can raise it, better grow it and save the money for something else. If a farmer lives near a village or city, he can engage in no more profitable business than keeping cows and furnishing customers with milk and cream at retail prices. If away several miles, put the milk into a public creamery, or make the cream into butter and take it to customers once a week and get a better price by selling directly to customers. Although strawberry plants will not thrive where the soil is permanently wet, they do require an abundant supply of moisture, both during the growing and fruiting seasons. The non-observance of this requirement is the occasion of heavy losses. In the first place, the ground for strawberries is often left until planting time before plowing and breaks up in clods, occasioning much labor in preparation with harrow and roller. Although it may be possible to put such a soil into fairly good condition for planting, the water which has been lost cannot be restored and weeks may elapse before sufficient rain falls to keep the plants alive. It has been shown that more than 1,500 barrels of water per acre may escape from unplowed ground in one week, in excess of the quantity which will pass off from an equal area which has been plowed early and harrowed at frequent intervals. Moreover, the ground which has been plowed late will continue to dry out during the season at a rate of excess to the early plowed. This shows plainly that early plowing and frequent harrowing are essential in order to retain the soil moisture, even though planting may be delayed. The difference between fall and late spring plowing is still greater than between early and late plowing, especially as affecting the capacity of the soil to retain moisture during the season. The best preparation for a strawberry bed is fall plowing, where the soil will admit of it, or if not then, as early in the spring as the ground is fit to work. The prevention of evaporation of moisture from the soil during the growing season is also important, and this can be accomplished very largely, by frequent cultivation, especially after every rain. It is quite as important to stir the soil after light showers as after heavy rains. Retaining of moisture by mulching during the fruiting season is no doubt a more practicable method than cultivation.—Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station.

Plow as early as possible, so as to give the early weeds a chance to grow, which will enable you to destroy them when they are small with a harrow. Every weed that can be started and destroyed before the crop is planted is one more that will be out of the way. Some weeds come up as soon as the first leaves, and others do not start until June. Constant cultivation destroys them before they can make growth and rob the soil of plant food. An apple orchard can be used in several ways. A successful grower states that on his orchard he raises apples, poultry, eggs, grass and pork. He allows the hogs to work in the orchard eating the fallen fruit, while his poultry house sets in the centre. In estimating the receipts and expenses he credits the land with all that it produces, and says that the orchard pays more than any other portion of the farm. Currants and gooseberries are scarcely ever a drug on the market; rather they are generally pretty scarce. These can be grown any where in Ontario. They keep well, handle well, sell well, and eat well, are easy to grow. If insects bother they can generally be disposed of with one or two applications of hellebore. The use of these fruits is increasing. We believe it will part of wisdom to give more attention and make more liberal plantings. Victoria, Red Dutch, Cherry and White Grape currants, Downing and Houghton gooseberries are standard reliable sorts. Good rich ground, plenty of well decayed barnyard litter, and a little shade among other trees will be about right.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia. Squire (who has invited tenant to lunch): "Will you have a little fowl, Mr. Stubbin?" Stubbin: "I am not over hungry, sir; but if the fowl be a very small 'un, I dare say I can manage 'un."

FIRESIDE FUN.

Foot-guards—Boots. A Particular Friend—the one who insists that you shall repay his loans. "I tell you, I am in the habit of saying just what I think." "Dear me, is that all?" He: "She has such a sad face." She: "I should say it would make anyone sad to have such a face."

In predicting the end of the world all that is necessary to ultimate success is to keep changing the date. "Do you think you could eat another piece of pie, Tommy?" "Tommy: "I think I could, ma'am, if I stood up."

Domby: "When your wife gets angry, won't she speak to you?" Captain Cuttle: "She won't do anything else."

"I think N-J's new photographs must look exceedingly like her." "Why?" "She hasn't shown them to a living soul."

"Ma," said Fred, "I should rather be a wild turkey, and live my life out on the prairie, than be a tame turkey, and be killed every year."

Teacher: "Now, who can tell me which travels faster—heat or cold?" Johnny Bright (promptly): "Heat, of course; anybody can catch cold."

A sailor is not a sailor when he is aboard; a sailor is not a sailor when he is ashore; but he must be either ashore or aboard; therefore a sailor is not a sailor.

Mr. Longhair: "Is the editor in?" Office Boy: "Yes, sir." Mr. Longhair: "Well—er—I'll call again when he is out. I have a poem to submit to him."

Governess: "Now, Jack, if I were to give twelve pears to M. Utie, ten to Edith, and three to you, what would be fair?" Jack (aged six): "It wouldn't be fair."

A London undertaker whose wife lets lodgings has a couple of coffins in his shop window, with a card above them bearing the words, "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

Bride (on shipboard at sea): "I feel so sick, my dear, that if I should die and they should bury me here, you'll sometimes come and plant flowers on my grave, won't you?"

"Were you ever caught in a equal?" asked an old yachtman of a worthy citizen. "Rather," responded the good man; "I have helped to bring up my eight babies."

Teacher: "Have you found out the definition of a miser yet?" Alice: "Yes; mother says it's a man who thinks his wife's hats oughtn't to cost more than his own."

Physician: "What is your profession, sir?" Patient (compulsively): "I'm a gentleman." Physician: "Well, you'll have to try something else; it doesn't agree with you."

Client: "What do you lawyers charge for your ability or the work you do?" Brief: "It depends. If I win I charge for the work; if I lose I charge for my legal ability."

Mistress (to the servant): "Who is the caller? Is it a lady or a gentleman?" Servant: "I don't know, mum; it has the voice of a lady and the clothes of a gentleman."

A small damsel of twelve, who disliked boys, wrote an essay upon them, in which she said: "If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls and the other half would be dolls."

There is only one thing that is said to be worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after-dinner speech—that is to prepare an after-dinner speech and not be asked to deliver it.

"A human life," said the sentimental young man, "is a poem—tragic, comic, sentimental, as the case may be." "Yes," sighed Miss Pasquill, "and so many of them are rejected manuscripts."

A little ten-year-old miss told her mother the other day that she was never going to marry, but meant to be a widow, because widows dressed in such nice black and always looked so nappy.

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Chats With the Children.

SALMON AND FISH NEVER SLEEP. There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep during their stay in this world. Among fish it is now positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all. Also that there are several others of the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes during a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which the naturalists have never yet been able to catch napping.

ON THE FERRY. Moonlight starlight— How many lights there be! Little swinging lanterns On the ships at sea. Green lights, yellow lights, Crimson lights aglow— I see them shine on winter nights In mist and snow. Big boats, little boats— How many boats there be! Little swinging life boats On the ships at sea. I go on the ferry boat, Mother goes with me. I wish some day that we would float Far out to sea! —St. Nicholas.

MONKEY AND GOAT. The "Revue Scientifique" contains an article on symptoms of morality in monkeys, by M. Eugene Mouton, from which it appears that 80 years ago his grandfather, in Guadeloupe, had a monkey of surprising intelligence. She showed much affection for the other animals of the house, especially a goat, which used to come home from the pasture of an evening so full of thorns that she was unable to lie down. The goat went to seek the monkey, who patiently plucked out the thorns, to a number of two or three thousand as a rule, without drawing a hair or pricking her own fingers. According to M. Mouton, this was an act of charity. The monkey, however, after performing this good deed, used to tease the goat unmercifully, plucking her beard, pulling out her hairs, poking her in the eyes, etc., the goat evidently taking this annoyance in good part, as the price of her deliverance from the prickles, or else regarding it as part of the general performance.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE WEATHER. (A ditty for springtime or any other time of year.) In the morning, when our eyes pop open early, very early, And we creep and peep to watch the sun arise; If he's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glowing, grim and surly, Has no streaming golden beaming for our eyes— Why, then, lightly as a feather, Must our spirits dance together, And our faces must be sunny all day long; For as fresh as Highland heather We can make the inside weather When the outside seems to be so very wrong. But if with the outdoor sunshine all the happy birds are singing, And the trees are budding in the glad, warm light; And the arbutus is peeping from its brown leaves' tender keeping, And the face of day is fresh and sweet and bright— Why, then, why not all together Make our faces match the weather?— Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all day long! For as fragrant as the heather Is the charming outside weather, And the inside cannot be so very wrong. —St. Nicholas.

BIRDS THAT ARE CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE. Curious though it may seem, it is a fact that birds are caught with rod and line in many parts of the world. The pastime is declared to be almost as fascinating as fishing. Gulls in Newfoundland are caught in this way in large quantities. In New England fishing for gulls and petrels is an important industry. The method of bird-fishing is practically the same as that of ordinary fishing. Two men go out in a dory and throw pieces of cod-liver on the water. When large quantities of birds have been attracted to the spot more cod-liver is thrown out on a hook. This the birds greedily swallow, and thus fall easy victims. Albatrosses are fished for in the same way off the Cape of Good Hope. A piece of pork is attached to a long line and thrown overboard. The bird will eye it for a long time, gradually and cautiously making towards it. Suddenly he will seize it and hold it in his beak. When he discovers that he is caught he will sit on the water and vigorously flap his wings. However, he will be drawn into the boat and made a captive. Albatross fishing is a good sport, since the birds require careful handling. So long as he pulls against the line it is easy enough. The moment, however, he swims forward the hook will drop from his beak unless it is skilfully manipulated, and the bird will find himself free.

A LITTLE BECK'S BEWARD.

"I wish I could nestle in somebody's lap." A little seed squired, "For I do need a nap!" Dear Mother Earth heard and indulgently smiled, And hushed on her bosom the wearied child. Softly she leapt, and Sir Wind, passing by, A many bright autumn leaf brought on the sly, And playfully covered and tucked her up in The snowiest blanket that Winter could spin. Till the warm spring sun and a gentle rain Kissed her and wakened her up again; And, drowsily stretching, she said, "I'll peep out, Just to see what the rest of the world is about." And standing on tiptoe that she might see Just what her work in the world might be, This wise little seedling grew and grew, And budded and blossomed the best she could do. When summer was ended and harvest begun, The little plant thought her life-work was done, And bringing her treasure and bowing in prayer, "Dear Father, I thank thee," she said, "for thy care!" But down to her then came a message of love, Sent in a sunbeam from heaven above: "So faithful and well has thy work been done, Thy beautiful spirit shall live, dear one. "The treasured offering thy seed-cups ho— Shall bring forth beauty a hundredfold!" Then he called her seed-children and sent them to rest All winter long on Mother Earth's breast. —Child Garden.

A BRIDGE KEPT IN REPAIR BY MUSSELS. The byssus, or silky beard, by which the mussel mosses itself to the stone, is a familiar object of our sea rocks. It is in its nature like the silk of the silkworm and exudes in a glutinous thread from an organ at the base of the foot. The following is an instance in which the muzzing of the mussel was useful to effect a purpose which human skill could not accomplish. A large bridge, with twenty arches, in the town of Biddaford, in Devonshire, crosses the Torridge river near the spot of its junction with the Taw. The tide flows so very rapidly here that it was found impossible to keep the bridge in repair by means of mortar. The corporation therefore keeps boats employed in bringing mussels to it, and the interstices of the bridge are filled by hand with these mussels. It is supported from being driven away by the tide entirely by the strong threads which these mussels fix to the stonework, and by an act or grant it is a crime liable to transportation for any person to remove the mussels unless in the presence and by the consent of the corporate trustees. —Scottish Nights.

WHO WAS CINDERELLA? It has been said "not one sweet girl in a thousand knows the origin of her childhood, Cinderella." Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived 610 years before the Christian era, and during the reign of one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to bathe in a stream near her home, leaving her shoes, which were very small, lying on a bank. An eagle passing above caught sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a delicious morsel, pounced down and carried one in his beak. The bird unwittingly played the part of fairy god-mother, flying over Memphis, where the king was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall directly at the king's feet. Its small size and beauty immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king determined to know the wearer of so dainty a shoe. Messengers were sent through all the kingdom in search of the foot that it would fit. Rhodope was finally discovered, the shoe placed on her foot, and she was carried in triumph to Memphis, where she became the queen of the King Psammethicus.

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