

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Oats.

Hear the warbling of the cats—
Merry cats!
Oh, I love to hear the music of their mid-
night nightly spats!
And they waltz around and frisk all,
In the joy air of night,
In a way so weird and brisk all,
While their shapely tails they whisk all
With a Cataline delight—
Keeping time with their tails,
Like a lot of Bunio dails,
To the concat-cantentation, sung in sundry
sharps and flats
Of a canticle on rats,
Rats, rats, rats,
Rats—
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!
Hear the turbulent Tom cats,
Daddy cats!
How the catapultic bootjack interrupts their
fendish chats!
In the darkness of the night,
How their ghoulish outcries smite
Portland flats!
From their catacombs throats
All intense
Cataphonic ditty floats
To the turtle cat that gloats
On the fence!—
Ah, the tabby cat that listens, while she
gloats,
To the surging cantolism of their wild
catarrhal notes!
Hear the hoarse grandfather cats—
Aged cats!
How they make us long to grasp a score of
rattling good brickbats!
They have caught a bad catarrh,
Caterwauling at the moon!
(See it? Caught a bad cat R!)
You may hear them from afar,
Roll it like a British R,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the aged tabby
cat,
In a futile, mad appealing to the deaf, old
tabby cat!
Shrieking higher, higher, higher,
Like a demon in a fire—
While the little kitten cats—
Infant cats—
Sing an emulous, sweet ditty of their love
for mice and rats?
That's
But a rudimental spasm of the capers of the
cats!

Over the Garden Wall.

THE ENGLISH BEIR APPARENT WITNESSES
A MOCK FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S
DISCOMFITURE.

A correspondent of the London *Citizen* tells of "a little comedy got up for the amusement of the Prince of Wales at the house of a well-known lady who is frequently honored with a visit from the Prince and his little personal court. On that occasion the hostess, whom we will call Mrs. B., was informed that the French Minister, M. Waddington, was in Cowee, the scene of the little comedy. The Prince of Wales expressed a desire to meet his Excellency at dinner, and an invitation was at once forwarded and promptly accepted. After dinner M. Waddington, who appeared to have dined sufficiently, began to discuss with Lord Charles Beresford the comparative merits of the English and French navies. From words the combatants got to blows, and Mrs. B., to her profound dismay, beheld the representative of the French republic set upon in her drawing room in the presence of the Prince of Wales. Lord Charles literally hustled M. Waddington out of the room. The fight was renewed in the garden, and finally the unfortunate French Minister was bundled over the garden wall, whence he presently returned with his coat torn. Mrs. B. set herself to bring about a truce, and the Prince of Wales, controlling as well as possible his boisterous laughter, joining in the good work, the French Minister and Lord Charles Beresford shook hands, and to all outward appearances, became good friends. This story travelled far enough to reach the French Embassy at London, and M. Waddington made a formal communication to Earl Granville, with the result that explanations were forthcoming showing that 'Billy,' otherwise 'Bull Run,' Russell, who in early days won fame as a special correspondent of the *Times*, had for the amusement of his Prince personated M. Waddington, and had suffered himself to be hustled over a garden wall."

The Study of Finger-Nails.

Phrenology and chiromancy have long ago been established branches of pseudo-science, and books and pamphlets on these subjects are within the reach of everybody. There is, however, a new branch of the curious methods of physical research into psychological character, which is as yet very little developed. It is the study of the finger-nails, the shape and color of which are said to indicate certain traits of character. Finger-nails, according to the experts of the new fad, if long and slender, denote imagination and poetic feelings, love of art, and laziness; if long and flat, they are the sign of prudence, good sense, and grave mental faculties; if wide and short, of anger and rudeness, controversy, and obstinacy; a healthy color signifies virtue, health, happiness, courage and liberality; dry and brittle nails are signs of anger, cruelty, quarrels, culminating even in murder; curved in the shape of claws, hypocrisy and wickedness; soft, feebleness of body and mind; and, lastly, we are told that short nails, gnawed down to the flesh, signify silliness and dissipation. Which last injunction would make it worth while to commend the study of nails at least to schoolboys laboring under the burden of mathematical studies, or the heavier curves of an unwelcome imposition.

The Speed of Man and his Instruments.

From the Wheelman's Gazette.

The following table gives the various ways of going a mile and the time required. The bicycle stands fourth as regards the time taken to cover a mile:

	M.	S.		M.	S.
Locomotive.....	504		Running man.....	1	10
Running horse.....	1	39	Rowing.....	5	04
Trotting horse.....	2	04	Snow shoes.....	8	39
Bicycle.....	2	39	Walking.....	8	23
Skating.....	3	00	Swimming.....	12	42
Tricycle.....	3	03			

Before and After.

Just starting on the wedding trip—
Young Wife—I am afraid, dear, that our trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very expensive.

Young Husband—It may be a trifle expensive, but just think what a delightful time we will have!

Just ending the wedding trip—Young Wife—What a delightful time we have had, dear!

Young Husband—Yes, we have had a pleasant enough time, but just think what an awful expense it has been!

Etiquette of Smoking.

The well-bred man who smokes only for the love of it puts but as much of his cigar into his mouth as is necessary in order to draw it, keeps it in his mouth no longer than is necessary, and never fails to remove it when he talks or passes any one toward whom he would be respectful, especially a lady. Further, our best bred men never smoke in any street at an hour when it is much frequented, nor in any public place where smoking is likely to be offensive to others.

THE SIGNS OF WORMS are well-known, but the remedy is not always so well determined. Worm Powders will destroy them.

Delicious Little Fried Cakes.

Beat two eggs well, add to them one ounce of sifted sugar, two ounces of warmed butter, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, a teaspoonful of lukewarm milk and a little salt. Whip all well together, then stir in by degrees one pound of flour, and, if requisite, more milk, making thin dough. Beat it until it falls from the spoon, then set it to rise. When it has risen, make butter or lard hot in a frying-pan, cut from the light dough little pieces the size of a walnut, and without moulding or kneading, fry them pale brown. As they are done, lay them on a napkin to absorb any of the fat.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!

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Our Own Fireside.

The only Paper in Canada that goes direct every month to thousands of Active Working Agents. Sworn Circulation, 4,000 copies monthly.

The Folly of Pride.

The very witty and sarcastic Rev. Sydney Smith thus discoursed on the folly of pride in such a creature as man:

"After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on the speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives is he free from pain? When he dies can he escape from the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection."

We will send OUR OWN FIRESIDE for one year to any man, woman, or child, in Canada or the United States, who will take the trouble to send us the following order, properly signed and with address carefully written:

Publishers OUR OWN FIRESIDE,

Whitby, Ont:

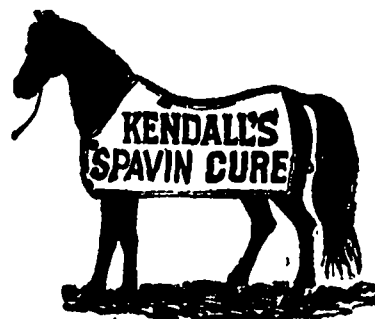
Please send me OUR OWN FIRESIDE for one year, commencing with the Jan. 1885 number, for which I promise to pay you 50 cents one year from date of this order.

Yours truly,

**Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS.**

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE.

BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING
JAUNDICE, OF THE HEART,
ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, DRYNESS
HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,
And every species of diseases arising from
DISORDERED LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH,
BOWELS OR BLOOD.
J. B. MURPHY & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

Saved Him \$1,800.

ADAMS, N.Y., Jan. 30, 1882.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents.—Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had a speedy colt as ever was raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross-bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-bred, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the hunch entirely off, and he sold afterwards for \$1800 (dollars). I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth. It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.
Very respectfully,
R. S. LYMAN.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 3, 1882.
B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents.—Being a sufferer from the rheumatism, I have tried a great many remedies for that complaint, using everything that I heard of or my friends knew of, and being treated by the best physicians in this city without effect. I had become discouraged and had concluded there was no help for this disease, when I fortunately met your agent, Mr. John Fish, who told me it was unnecessary to suffer any more, as Kendall's Spavin Cure would do the business, and as I was of the same profession he presented me with a bottle, which I used, and I must say without any faith, in one week I am able to walk without a cane or any other artificial help. I don't know that the Spavin Cure did it but this I do know I will never be without Kendall's Spavin Cure again, as I thoroughly believe it deserves its popularity, and has unqualified merit. I write this entirely unsolicited.
Yours truly,
H. B. SNOW, C.T.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH.

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents.—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with my imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers of our County, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.
Yours respectfully,
C. O. THOMPSON.

Price \$1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Knosburgh Falls, Vt. Send for illustrated circular.

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