

FIRESIDE FUN.

Mr. Enthusiast: "My daughter plays the piano with her soul." Mr. Oomphle: "With her sole? Then I call it exceedingly unalike of her."

Bones: "I hear you are very attentive to Miss Miggins. How is your suit progressing?" Wigwam: "My trousers are getting baggy at the knees."

Young Doctor: "Just think, six of my patients recovered this week!" Old Doctor: "It's your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club."

Podsnap: "Doctor, I'm getting so nearsighted that I can't recognize people in the street. What shall I do for it?" The Doctor: "Why not pay your debts?"

Miss Makup (sentimentally): "Will you love me when I am faded and getting on in years, dearest?" Mr. Thinked: "You know I do, darling. Now the match is off."

"What do you intend to get your husband for a Christmas gift?" "I can't make up my mind whether to get him lace curtains, a dinner set, new portieres, or a drawing room clock."

Miss Bosting: "How dreary life must have been in the stone age; don't you think so, Mr. Hardup?" Mr. Hardup: "Oh, I don't know. Rocks must have been pretty plentiful then, and they're mighty scarce now!"

"Mrs. Higby, what was that bundle you hid under the sofa when I came in?" "Never mind. You don't need to know just yet." "Great Caesar, woman! Have you begun already to make me Christmas slippers out of my old straw hat?"

"Why do you regard Fisher as such a lucky man?" "Well, you see, his wife was engaged six times before he married her, and he figures that it will not be necessary to buy her a bit of jewelry for at least ten years."

Wigles: "Have you heard the news? They say old man Weather upon has joined the church." Wigles: "You don't say so! (Thoughtfully.) Well, I suppose that's a good thing for old Weatherupon, but I confess I am a little anxious about the members of the church."

The Doctor: "Here's the bill for your husband's treatment. I'm glad to allow you 20 per cent. off for cash." "The Widow: "But you said that you would not charge anything if you didn't relieve him." The Doctor: "So I did. Have you heard him complain lately?"

Francois (who is thirteen and tall for her age): "Oh, dear, I wish I were a dwarf." Henrietta: "Why, the idea! What makes you say such a thing?" Francois: "Then, perhaps, mamma wouldn't object to taking me out with her once in a while without making me call her 'Sister Jane.'"

Early in the season the writer had occasion to communicate with William Mercer, the former owner of Little Logan, and forwarded our inquiry to Hastings, Neb. In due time our letter was returned, marked thus: "Mr. Mercer is dead." Overlooking the fact, we again wrote this gentleman, and yesterday our letter was returned with the startling information that "Mr. Mercer is still dead."

WOMEN'S WEAKNESS.

Female Complaints Combined with Kidney Troubles are Fatal.

LUCKY WOMAN ESCAPED.

Concocted to Try Dodd's Kidney Pills, the Premier of Proprietary Medicines, and in New Nerve and Well—One Box Cured Her.

Walkerton, Ont., Jan. 11.—Half a dollar saved a woman's life in this town not many months ago—only last August, to be exact.

Half a dollar is the price of a box of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. One box of these far-famed and justly-famed pills was enough to put Mrs. Elwena Adly on her feet, when she was very ill with female complaint, combined with kidney trouble.

With this example in view, why should there be a single woman in Canada tottering on the brink of the grave, or going about her work dragged down, dispirited, despondent, and discouraged. Kidney diseases are fatal. They mean slow death, if not cured. But there is a cure, and it is the purpose of these lines to demonstrate it. Here is Mrs. Adly's testimonial:

"Gentlemen:—I have been troubled with a complaint called women's weakness and kidney trouble. I read of the many cures DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS had done. I consented to try them. I have used one box and I am completely cured. No pains or backache have ever come back. I can highly recommend them to all women. You may publish this as to help others."

MRS. E. ADLY, Walkerton, Ont., August 8.

Any druggist has DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. If your druggist should be out of them, address the DODD'S MEDICINE COMPANY, Toronto. Price fifty cents a box; six boxes for \$3.00.

DOMESTIC READING.

There are many persons who know not how to idle their time alone; they are the scourge of those who are occupied.—Do Bonald.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.

Let us learn how precious are solitary places and hours when others are sleeping or away in the night season; or a great while before day, when the earth and heaven are still and the busy world has not yet come abroad to trouble the creation of God.

Such help as we can give to each other in this world is a debt to each other, and the man who perceives a superiority of capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholding of kindness, but the committee of injury.

Did you ever see a man who was punctual who did not prosper in the long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know that if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all engagements, he prospered.

Religion is the final centre of repose, the goal to which all things tend, apart from which a man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes of nature which surround him as unmeaning as the leaves which the Sybil scattered in the wind. Philosophical happiness is to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

The truest and only unselfishness is that wise enough to look forward and far seeing enough to refrain from the sweet spoiling of child, or wife, or husband, while the harvest will be reaped with tears and regret. It is often better to allow others to depend upon themselves. The sapling that leans against the house is less strong than the one which gains symmetry while fighting the gales alone in the open field.—Louisa May Dalton

Unenthusiastic nature! How much must they miss in life! Never elated by good fortune, nor astounded by a piece of news; always living on the dead, flat level of the common place! To be sure, it carries a certain air of impressiveness with it; this living above being agitated places the imperturbable people on heights which the effervescent ones cannot hope to scale. We envy, while we pity them. It seems so superior to be able to sit aloft there and hear, unmoved, tidings which would set our hands to clapping and our heads to tossing.

To meet again! What ineffable joy is contained in this hope! And now, what shall we do to render happy those of our loved ones who returned to their true home, who pass through the portals of eternity? Many of them are undergoing punishment for the unatoned faults. Could we only see them, we could not but give them proof of our sympathy. Or would you not make use of the means of relief placed at your disposal? Would you refuse their prayer for help, and thereby demonstrate your derelict for them? If so, they will not meet you in gladness when you enter the portals of the next world; they will give their welcome to those who were more charitable than you.—Rev. John A. Nagelesien.

The hand! Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword and club the rock, and write, and carve, and build the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. It reins in the swift engine, holds the steamer to its path in the sea, it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations awake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests and made the human blossom, and hardened the earth with all cities which thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints I learn that God is good.

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 Parrot's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

A travelling man who put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town left very particular instructions before retiring to be called in time for an early train. Early in the morning the guest was disturbed by a lively knock upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded, sleepily. "I've got an important message for you," replied the bellboy. The guest was up in an instant, opened the door and received from the boy a large envelope. He tore it open hastily, and inside found a slip of paper, on which was written in large letters, "Why don't you get up?" H. got up.

STRECK CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabiu, says: "My eleven-year-old boy has his face badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced having the food with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which the dislocation and swelling was removed, and in three days he could see his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Mr. W. M. Orr of Fruitlands, near Stony Creek, Provincial Instructor in fruit spraying, has just handed in to the Department of Agriculture his report for the past season. The report is extremely interesting and contains useful information gathered from all sections of the Province. It demonstrates clearly that the spraying of fruit trees is not only conducive to a larger crop, but is also a sure means of obtaining a finer quality. It also proves that the Department of Agriculture instituted a popular move and conferred a great boon on the Province when it began two years ago to give practical demonstration and instruction in this useful method of preserving fruit trees. The report is all the more interesting because it contains the natural results from all the orchards where experiments were made, and comparisons are made of other years when spraying was not in vogue. The following are extracts from some of the results, picked at random from the large number in the report:

In Capt. Henderson's orchard at Burlington the fruit on the sprayed trees was free from worm and of fine quality, while that on the unsprayed trees was wormy and droopy.

Mr. Mund of Drumby had excellent results. The Northern Spy trees which were sprayed bore 10 per cent. more fruit than those which were not sprayed, and the apples were much larger and cleaner; but it was in snow apples where he reaped the most benefit. For the last six years his orchard has been very badly damaged by what is known as the black soot, but this year the trees that were sprayed yielded 85 per cent. of clean, marketable fruit, while those trees which had not been treated only gave 4 per cent.

Mr. J. M. Robertson, of Galt is another who benefited largely by this new system. By actual account his "snows" that were treated produced 95 per cent. of clean apples, and those not treated only 10 per cent.

Mr. Frank Hillock of Brampton is a convert and enthusiastic advocate of spraying. For the past six years his orchard has been worthless for packing, but this year the trees sprayed gave a good crop of perfectly clean fruit.

The solution used is a mixture of paris green and sulphate of copper, and in a large orchard the cost for each tree would not exceed five cents per tree. In a small orchard the cost of course would be a little more, but in every case the cost, according to the results obtained this year, would be a mere bagatelle compared with the great benefit to be derived from a systematic application of the solution.

Graciousness Too Long Delayed.

(Edwin Smith in The Weekly Sun.)

Once more there is talk of a royal visit to Ireland. Thirty years ago this would have been a gracious and politic act. Now it is too late. The motive would be evident and the compliment would have lost its savor. Besides their political grievance, to whatever that may amount, and their economical grievance, for the redress of which Land Acts have been passed, the Irish have sentiments of grievance, which, in the case of people with warm hearts and keen susceptibilities, is perhaps not less real than the political or economical grievance, though less substantial. That Irishmen are looked down upon in British society, say Mr. Gladstone, or who else will say it, is a ridiculous falsehood, as must be known to everybody who is familiar with British society, and especially with the schools and universities at which social prejudice, if it exists, is most sure to find expression. Such peculiarities as the Irishman has in fact rather add to his popularity. But towards Ireland as a whole there has been an apparent want of the respect and sympathy which would have been evinced by the occasional presence of the court. The duty was plain and surely not very irksome, for there are no people in the world among whom a sojourn is more pleasant nor does any one of the abodes of British royalty present greater attractions than Phoenix Park. Yet, with the exception of a single visit paid to Ireland by George IV., and which forms a bright spot in his dark record, no British sovereign set foot on the island between the battle of the Boyne and the accession of her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, when she did visit Ireland, was received with an enthusiasm which showed how easily she might have won the Irish heart, and how good the influence of her occasional presence would have been. The advisers, have not failed to press upon it the performance of an easy yet important duty, but their advice has been peremptorily disregarded, and the season for acting on it has now passed beyond recall.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's And-Consump-tion-cure will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Chats With the Children.

THE GIRAFFE'S NECK.

Like most of the large game in Africa, writes Mr. F. E. Boddard, F. R. S., in Knowledge, the giraffe's days are probably numbered. The advance of civilization, so gratifying to the philanthropist and the trader, is a matter of abhorrence to the naturalist. We have seen in the last few years the practical disappearance of the quagga, the next to disappearance of the white rhinoceros; and all these great beasts are now retiring further and further away from contact with colonists, the retirement being naturally accompanied by diminished numbers. Yet the giraffe is stated to be well equipped for the battle of life by those who have studied it in Africa. To us it seems a somewhat ungainly beast, with an unnecessary length of neck and forbidding ungainliness in its gait, perhaps, tempered by the beautifully conspicuous spots. Unlike the stag in the fable, the giraffe can trust to its beauty spots as much as to what might be considered the more useful features of its organization. Like the individual who was unable to see the wood for his trees, an eminent observer is stated to have been quite near to a giraffe and unable to detect it on account of its spots; the depicted appearance due to these suggesting a broken beam of sunlight falling upon a withered tree trunk, the tree trunk being clearly the animals stout neck. A recent traveller in Africa, Mr. Scott Elliot, makes an ingenious suggestion about the giraffe's neck which we have not seen put forward elsewhere. It is commonly held that this disproportionate part of the body is important to the creature as a natural ladder whereby to reach the tender twigs of a tree inaccessible to the common herd of bush living ruminants; but Mr. Elliot points out with some acuteness that in the grass-covered plains of eastern tropical Africa, with scattered trees, there are other beasts with long necks which do not depend upon the trees for their nourishment; there is, for instance, the ostrich, longest necked of birds.

By means of this long neck the giraffe can take a wide survey of his environment, and perhaps detect a lion or pard with prying lead in time to retire with success.—"what time she lieth herself upon high and scorneth the horse and its rider" The giraffe, in fact, is fairly fleet, though its progress is not elegant.

THE CHILDHOOD OF GENIUS.

As far as I have studied the childhood of genius, it commonly shows itself less in performance than in character, and, alas, not agreeably! The future genius is often violent, ferocious, fond of solitude, disagreeable in society.

The great Du Guesclin, the scourge of the English invaders of France, was a most odious boy. His parents had to make him dine at a table apart. He was rude, furious, bully; he beat every boy he could lay hands on; he ran away from home; he led companions of peasant children against other companions; he was the terror of the neighborhood, and the ugliest knight in France." This was the boyhood of a great military genius; the boyhood it was of a little savage.

Scott's childhood was noisy. He yelled old poems at the top of his voice. He loved the lonely hills. He read forever, when he was not wandering alone, and he remembered anything that he read. He was a dreamer, a teller of romances to himself. He studied everything except his books. His enthusiasm for poetry made a lady recognise him for a genius at the age of six, but his father thought he would end as a strolling fiddler.

Napoleon, again, was sullen, lonely, a dreamer, and always "spoiling for a fight," like Du Guesclin, or for a battle. He was sullen, a bully, a dreamer, and always "spoiling for a fight," like Du Guesclin, or for a battle. He was sullen, a bully, a dreamer, and always "spoiling for a fight," like Du Guesclin, or for a battle.

Shelly's early poems were trash; Scott's were as almost any cleverish school-boy can write, and there is no promise at all in the Tennysons' "Poems by Two Brothers."—Andrew Lang, in North American Review.

ST. PAUL'S ROCKS.

Almost at the very centre of the Atlantic Ocean—only a trifle north of the equator and about half way between South America and Africa—is a submarine mountain, so high that, in spite of the immense depth of the sea, it thrusts its peak seventy feet above the waves. This peak, starting from its position, forms a labyrinth of islets, the whole not over half a mile in circumference, known as St. Paul's Rocks. So steep is the mountain of which this lonely resting place of seabirds is the summit, that one mile from these rocks a five-hundred fathom line with whose soundings were attempted by Russ on his voyage to the Antarctic failed to touch bottom.

Were the bed of the sea to be suddenly elevated to a level with dry land, St. Paul's Rocks would be the cloud capped peak of a mountain rising in

ascent in the midst of a broad plain. They are supposed to have been formed by the same disturbance of nature which separated the Cape Verde Islands from Africa.

Treacherous currents make navigation in the vicinity of these rocks dangerous. A Brazilian naval officer, who passed them on an English steamer, tells me that the evening before they had expected to sight them he was told by the captain that at five o'clock in the morning they would appear about five miles west. At that hour the officer went on deck and looked to the westward—nothing but an expanse of heaving sea. He ordered to turn, and there, five miles to the eastward were—the Rocks. The current had, in less than twelve hours, carried a full powered steamer ten miles out of her course.—Gustav Kobbu in St. Nicholas.

THE JAY.

The jay is a jovial bird.—Heigh ho! He chatters all day In a frolicsome way With the murmuring breezes that blow,—Heigh ho!

Hear him noisily call From the red-wood tree tall To his mate in the opposite tree. Heigh ho!

Saying: "How do you do?" As his topknot of blue Is raised as polite as can be—Heigh ho!

Oh, impudent jay, With your plumage so gay, And your manners so jaunty and free,—Heigh ho!

How little you guessed, When you robbed the wren's nest, That any stray fellow would see! Heigh ho!

—Charles A. Keeler in the January St. Nicholas.

MARVELS OF THE OCEAN.

The makers of ancient maps were accustomed to introduce pictures freely. In deserts there would be drawings of lions, and along rivers they made "river-horses," which is the meaning of the Greek words that were put together to make up "hippopotamus." As for the oceans, they were filled up with queer monsters that came to hand. Of course these pictures helped to hide great spaces that would otherwise have been staring blank.

Besides, men understood very little about the strange happenings in the world around them, and invented fairy tales to explain these mysteries. It is not remarkable, then, that so late as Columbus's time his sailors did not at all like to think of sailing westward into an unknown ocean full of fabulous creatures and magic happenings. Even with all that wise and studious men have learned since, there is enough to be met with in a long ocean voyage to excite wonder and alarm.

Sailors may see auroras, the strange "North or Lights," the cause of which is now only guessed at; they may be surrounded by water-spouts, which are not entirely explained as yet; they may meet "tidal" (that is, earth quake) waves, that rise from thirty to sixty feet, or even more, above the surface; they may be amazed by "St. Elmo's fire," the sparkling flames that play about masts and rigging; they may behold lightning in globe-form, sheet flashes, or forked bolts; they are sure to sail through the phos-phorescence that has but lately been traced to animal life. Then, too, storms and calms, fogs and moonlight, bring strange sights. Altogether, the ocean is a wonderland that has new marvels every day; the very color of the sea is hardly twice the same.—Tudor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

MISLACED CONFIDENCE.

Willy in the corner crying! What can be the matter? What can all my happy little, merry little boy?

Tears on Christmas morning!—tell us what's the trouble. Who has caused the tears that spoil our little darling's joy?

"Grandpa's gone skating with the little skates I gave him." Aunt's sitting reading in the Fairy-book I bought;

Mamma's playing horses with that pair of reins—a present I made to her last Friday. It's mean because I thought—

"Boohoo!—I thought that grandpa was a generous sort of grandpa, and I thought the rest of 'em would try to be as generous, you see; and after they had all admired the pretty things I gave them, they'd think such things were suitable for a little boy like me!"

—[Florence E. Pratt in the January St. Nicholas.

MIRRORS OF AIR.

The cause of the mirage is now well understood—no well understood, that there are ways of making small mirages for experiment.

The simplest explanation that I can give is to say that the rays of light coming from the thing that is seen are bent in going through layers of air differently heated. When these rays are so bent as to be almost level with a layer of air, they do not enter it at all but (so to speak) glance off, and are reflected as if from a mirror. Then the air reflects just as a glass mirror



YOU HAVE BACKACHE

Get Rid of It! It is a sign that you have Kidney Disease; Kidney Dis-ease, if not checked, leads to Bright's Disease,

and Bright's Disease Kills!

Because the Kidneys break down and pass away with the urine.

Heed the Danger Signal and begin to cure your Kidneys to-day by taking

Warranted Safe Cure

or a body of water would, if it lay between the eye and the trees or ship.

This explanation will give you a general idea of the cause of the mirage. In the case of the desert the reflecting air mirror is believed by the observer to be water, and the image changes its place as you go forward just as a reflection would move as you advanced on a glass mirror. In the case of the ship, the air mirror seems to be above you, and reflects the ship which is really out of sight over the horizon. But I do not pretend to explain all about the different images that may possibly be formed under different conditions of the atmosphere—that is a school-room task, and hard one.

The "fata Morgana" is a form or modification of mirage often seen in the straits that separate the toe of the "boot" of Italy and the island of Sicily, just opposite. When the sun is just at the right position, and sea and air are also ready to help, strange views of objects on the opposite coast are seen from Calabria—sometimes magnified, and set against a background of colored mists. "Fata Morgana" means the Fairy of the Sea.

It is said that sometimes, during a hot and still summer day, by placing the eye close to the surface of a dry road, a mirage can be seen; but I have never tried it.

Before these and other strange sights were understood and explained, we need not wonder that sailors and travelers held many strange beliefs in regard to them.—Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

Young Doctors Attention.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—As Kearney is becoming more and more settled the wants of the people need to be attended to. We have the professions pretty well represented with the exception of a tailor and a lawyer and a doctor, and it is chiefly in regard to the latter that I write to your paper to claim the attention of some enterprising M.D. that would volunteer to come and start practice. I with others of our people have talked about it, and we consider there is a promising future before any young man of that profession who would come among us.

We are here about fifty miles from Ferry Sound and all along the line of railway to Owen Sound a hundred miles or more no doctor is stationed. This would be a central place as it is within easy reach of the great lumbering districts where thousands of men are employed, and where accidents are frequently happening which require the services of a skilled doctor. The district is opened up now by the O. A. P. & E. S. railway and as a consequence the land is being taken up and the people are settling down along the line of railway. Next spring will be a busy time in and around Kearney as quite a few are coming by all accounts to settle on the remaining available lots of down land, and others intend building houses in the village for their families so as to be convenient to their work in the lumber woods. We would like to see some more desirable families coming amongst us as there is plenty room in addition to those who have lately come, for many more. The young M.D. who makes up his mind to come would do well to write immediately to the undersigned as a most suitable store can be engaged for the practice of his profession.

LOUIS LEHAR.

25 cents cures Ocular Headache, Incipient Cataract, Hay Fever, Catarrh of the Throat, Cold in the head in 10 minutes, Foul Breath caused by Catarrh.

22 cents cures Chronic Catarrh Cure with perfect blotter enclosed in each box. Sold by all dealers.