

DOMESTIC READING.

Many a man who prides himself on being self-made is simply the product of a good wife.

We cannot conquer necessities, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

Failure after a long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

Music can nobly hint impart, engender fury, kindle love, with unsuspected eloquence can move and manage all the man with secret art.

No one can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

Love in this world is like a seed taken from the tropics and planted where the winter comes too soon.

Precepts and manners are of great weight, and a few useful ones at hand do more towards a wise and happy life than whole volumes of cautions that we know not where to find.

Tasso replied to a proposition that he should take vengeance on a man who had injured him: "I do not wish to deprive him either of his goods, his honor, or his life. I only wish to deprive him of his ill-will."

We talk much of the contagion of evil, and deplore it; we rarely speak of the diviner contagion of good which is abroad in the world, inspiring reforms, correcting abuses, redressing wrongs, and stimulating an almost omniscient philanthropy.

Beware of slight evils, of what are called "little sins." They check the flow of bliss and mar the character, injure your usefulness, and hurt others. The goblet of human happiness and peace is only filled after wonderful care; it may be upset by a single slight mistake.

Shortly before he died Sir Walter Scott said: "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a great comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out."

There is at this day, undeniably, among the rising generation, a lack of courteous demeanor in the family. Of all the places in the world, let the boy understand that home is the place where he should speak the gentlest and the most kindly, and there is the place, above all, where courteous demeanor should prevail.

Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's sticks over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—Newton.

The need of "brain-feeding" is beginning to be recognized by the lay public. For example, it is at length perceived that to perform intellectual work thoroughly men must be supplied with fresh air. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that in process of time it may dawn on the consciousness of ordinary thinkers that, just as muscles need to be trained for physical exercise, so brain needs to be prepared and sustained in mind work. It must be fed and nourished by special design. An adequate supply of oxygen is the preliminary requirement. Then comes the question of food; and, whatever else may feed the brain, workers with this organ should be assured that alcohol will not sustain it. Alcoholization and oxygenation are directly antagonistic processes; and even if alcohol be food for the brain, the organ cannot feed when the nutrient fluid circulating in its vessels is disabled from the task of conveying oxygen, which happens whenever spirit is present in more than very moderate proportions in the blood. The relief afforded by alcohol from the sense of depression produced by a lack of oxygen is, therefore, illusory. It is procured by overstimulating an organ which is both exhausted and impaired.—The Lancet.

INJURY AND NEGLECT.

He Failed in Health and Strength—His Kidneys Ached and He Took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Deeronto, Feb. 15 (Special).—Among business people here, and especially by his fellow workmen, great interest has been taken in the case of Mr. James Stokes, who for the past fifteen years has been shipper for the Rathburn Company.

Labels he had run down in health and strength to the point of being compelled to quit work, and his recovery now as the result of using Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the talk of the town. On seeing Mr. Stokes he said: "From over-lifting and strain I suffered greatly from kidney trouble; being advised, after all else had failed, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, from the first dose I got relief, and hundreds of people here can vouch for my cure."

FIRESIDE FUN.

Pedagogs (savorily).—"Now, sir, for the last time, what is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?" Boy (desperately).—"It's equivalent to a looking for me, sir."

"You don't mean to say that that stinky old man has given you ten shillings for telling him fortune?" "Indeed I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-four years old."

He (to his wife).—"You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions." She.—"I should like to know how you arrive at that conclusion." He.—"You say there's no use talking, and then you talk for hours."

The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder, as if he were mentally agitated, is Smith, the famous accountant. "What is the matter with him?" "He has been trying to unravel the complications of his wife's housekeeping books."

Miss Lucy (stopping opposite Mrs. Jane).—"Here's where you and I are to sit, Major." The Major.—"By Jove! rather warm place." Miss Lucy.—"What! You a Major, and can't stand fire?" The Major.—"Not at all, but you, know, Miss Lucy."

At a country school examination one day (according to Harper's Round Table), a visitor, noticing the great promptness and correctness with which the questions were answered by the scholars, suspected that the children were only given such questions as the teacher was sure of their knowing. So, requesting the privilege of asking a few himself, the gentleman addressed a small child thus: "Where is 'urkey, my dear?" The little girl was greatly confused for a minute; then suddenly a bright look came into her little face, and she piped forth: "In the back-yard with the poultry, sir."

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant lad, who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything from the dean. He opened the study door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out: "My master has sent you a turbot." "My boy," said the dean, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down on my chair. We will change places, and I will show you how to behave in future." The boy sat down, and the dean, going out, came to the door, and, making a bow, said: "Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Indeed," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there is a half-crown for yourself." The dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body; either of man or the lower animals." So says the celebrated Dr. Koch. Other doctors say that the best medicine to render the blood perfectly pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Peterborough Weddings.

Peterborough, Feb. 10.—At eight o'clock this morning St. Peter's Cathedral was the scene of the marriage of Miss Mamie Riley, daughter of Mr. M. Riley, of the Peterborough Lock Manufacturing Co., to Mr. W. Chadwick, contractor, of New York city. Ven. Archdeacon Casey performed the ceremony in the presence of a number of friends of the young couple. The bride, who was prettily gowned, was attended by her sister, Miss Jennie Riley, and Mr. Geo. Riley performed the duties of groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of Mr. Riley, Stewart street, where a wedding déjeuner was served. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick left for New York.

Yesterday the nuptials of Miss Katie O'Callaghan, daughter of Mr. John O'Callaghan, Otonabee, and Mr. Thomas Twomey, of Otonabee, took place. Ven. Archdeacon Casey performing the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Nora Devlin, and Mr. Jeremiah Twomey supported his brother as groomsmen.

WHY SUFFER WITH PILES?

Dr. Chase's Ointment Will Cure Them at a Cost of But 60 Cents.

Piles, scalds, eczematous eruptions, scald head, sore throat and all other annoying and painful skin diseases can be easily cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has produced cures in "I" has protruding piles for ten years," writes H. H. Sutherland, commercial traveller, of Truro, N. S.; "I tried many remedies, and had doctors operate. It was no use. Was completely laid up three times. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me by Mr. Brennan, of the Summerside, P. E. I. Journal." "I tried it, and one box completely cured me."

Mr. Stasia, the editor of the Streetville, Ont., Review, gives this unsolicited testimonial under date of Nov. 6, 1895: "Half a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured my daughter of eczema. That was six months ago, and there has since been no reappearance of the disease."

Dr. Wallace, blacksmith, of Iroquois, Ont., was troubled with bilious itching piles for 20 years. "I tried every remedy that came out in vials," he writes, "until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It was a godsend. One box cured me."

All dealers and Dispensaries, Bates & Co. manufacturers, Toronto, Price 60c.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Many farmers make a practice of burning the cobs in the hog pens for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof. There is a right and wrong way to do this job. Some simply burn the cobs and out the hogs get what benefit they can out of the ashes, which are sometimes salted. It is better to rake the cobs in a long pile, set fire to one end, and then, after it has burned awhile, pour water upon the glowing coals where the fire was started. This will reduce the cobs to charcoal, which is one of the best of hog medicines. After the fire has burned awhile longer pour on more water, and so on until the cobs are all reduced to charcoal, not ashes. Do not pour the water on where the cobs are burning, but back farther where they have been reduced to live coals.

The main essential for growing sweet potatoes is to make a hot bed that will keep as near an even heat throughout as possible. For this purpose use coarse horse stable manure. Pile it up and let it heat; turn it over and mix it up. If too rank mix in more coarse litter. When the heat is well distributed throughout the mass pack it into the trench or frame. The depth required will depend upon the earliness of the season, but to three feet, well packed. Put on five or six inches of good light soil, leave the rank heat pass off, remove at least half the dirt, mellow and level the bed. Lay the "whole" potatoes, so they will break joints and not touch each other or the frame of the bed. Cover with the soil you took from the bed for this purpose. Make the bed narrow enough so you can reach over it on working from the sides. Run a ridge pole along the center of the bed raised about a foot for the soil. Cover with sheeting or plant cloth. Watch the moisture. Give air as needed so the plants will not become drawn, and to preserve as even, gentle heat as possible. In about four weeks the plants will be ready. The sooner they are taken off, after being sufficiently rooted, the more plants you will get. Sprinkle the bed and disturb the potatoes as little as possible when pulling off the plants. Late in the afternoon is the best time to transplant them. Throw two good furrows together, dress them up with the hock and set the plants on the ridge about eighteen inches apart. Give good cultivation, keeping the soil well worked up around the plant. Do not allow the vines to take root, as it detests nourishment from a main hill. Dig as soon as the vines begin to kill. Store in a warm dry place. Soil for sweet potatoes should be rich, light and well drained.

The object sought in cultivating plants is to produce an extraordinary growth of size part natural to it in wild state. In the rose it is the flower, in the grains, the seed, in beets, turnips, etc., it is the roots, in celery, rhubarb and asparagus it is the stalk and spinach it is the leaf. Wild spinach is spindling, with thin, rough, narrow leaves, but centuries of skillful culture by the gardener has produced a species with broad, thick, brittle, succulent leaves which furnish one of the most palatable and wholesome dishes of the modern dinner table.

Many attempts to grow spinach fail because it is not given a soil rich enough. It has been pampered till it requires a soil as rich as it can be made. On a poor soil or one even moderately rich it becomes spindling and tough—reverts to its natural or wild state.

Spinach should be so thinned that while the leaves nearly or quite cover the ground there shall be no crowding or overlapping. By proper thinning the season of cutting may be prolonged for several weeks if desired. The bower leaves are the portion harvested. The leaf miner and mildew are the chief enemies of spinach. The insect cannot stand cold weather; hence, plant the fall crop late, and get the spring crop off early, and you will not be troubled by the leaf miner. Mildew, on the contrary, is favored by cool weather. Neither Bordeaux mixture nor any other spray can be applied to spinach without injuring its sale. The only remedies seem to be to change land every year, and be careful to use seed from plants that were free of mildew. Bulletin 41 of Rhode Island station is a handsomely illustrated pamphlet of 33 pages on "Spinach." No crop grown in Rhode Island gives a more profitable return than spinach. Within eight weeks from the sowing of the seeds it produces 500 to 1,000 bushels, which often sells for as much per bushel as potatoes, though the averages price is less. But the expense of growing it is also less, and it occupies the land at a season—very early or very late—when scarcely any other crop could be grown. Another advantage of spinach is that it requires no period of preparatory growth, but the very earliest growth of the plant is edible.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OINTMENT, do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Chats With the Children.

HOW TO MAKE MOTHER HAPPY.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little girl has really tried to be good all day. Once when her brother teased her, and she spoke quickly and crossly to him, she turned around a moment after of her own accord and said she was wrong, and asked him to forgive her. I believe I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish, and loving as they have been to-day."

Here's a grand secret for you, little one; and now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine!

TOMMY'S SCHEME.

"If I were a darling big mamma like you,"

Said Tommy one day, "do you know what I'd do?"

I'd take out a dime and I'd say, 'Tommy, my dear,

Just hold up your two little hands to me here.

I'd put the dime in them, and then I should say:

'You've been a good boy, little Tommy to-day;

So put on your hat and go right down the street

And buy some nice chocolate candy to eat.'

You'd run and come back, and you'd jump and you'd laugh

And kiss me and hug me and give me a half.

"So now mamma dear, don't you think 'would be fun

To give me a dime and just see how I'd run?"

THEY WERE READY.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called around with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answer they should give when he arose to propound his accustomed enquiry.

When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said:

"You boys and girls have paid such nice attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison:

"Form a line and march down stairs!"

SINGING BIRDS.

The little birds alone that have sweet song. As every one knows they sing most often early in the morning and at evening. They had the sun in a loving farewell. Most of them do not sing until they have reached full size and are therefore scarce, that unhappy time when the voice "breaks," but the bull-finches tune their whistles as soon as they can perch. Almost all the songsters, too, are birds of sober feather, although the goldfinch, great titmouse and American bluebird are exceptions to the rule. Among the skilled mimics may be named the robin, which imitates hedge birds; the skylark, which copies field birds; the starling, which picks up the notes of town and country birds alike, and the thrush, which copies from many birds, imitating the partridge's call as well as the house sparrow's notes. The first notes of the young are the call notes and the alarm notes of other kind. When these mimics find them selves in districts where their enemies are numerous they are artful enough to practice ventriloquism and throw their foes off the scent, or rather the hearing, by making notes come from any spot but the right one.

BABYLAND.

How many miles to Babyland?

Any one can tell—

Up one flight,

To your right.

Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Babyland?

Little folks in white,

Downy heads,

Cradle beds

Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Babyland?

Dream and wake and play.

Laugh and crow,

Shout and grow,

Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Babyland?

Why, the oddest things.

Might as well

Try to tell

What the birds sing.

Who is the queen of Babyland?

Mother, kind and sweet.

And her love,

Born above,

Guides the little feet.

THE IRISH PARTY.

Letters of the Archbishop of Dublin and Hon. Edward Blake important Prose.

The following letter appears in the Dublin Evening Telegraph—

Archbishop of Dublin, Dublin, January, 20th, 1897.

DEAR SIR—It is not yet four weeks since speaking at the Mansion House on the first Sunday of the New Year, I made a brief reference to the disastrous discussions that now form so prominent and so painful a feature of public life in Ireland.

Some discouraging things have, no doubt, been done since then, but to those who look beneath the surface there have, at the same time, been not a few indications that the restoration of the old spirit of Nationality in Ireland is very far, indeed, from being the impossibility that it seemed to be when the new year was coming in. A few weeks ago, in my brief reference at the Mansion House to the possible restoration of peace, I felt constrained to add the words "If we are ever again to have peace in this unfortunate country."

I do not think that I should feel called upon to add any such qualification if I were speaking on the same subject now. So far, indeed, not much practical help has come from the newspapers at any side, but there are exceptions.

When the day comes on when our Irish race "at home and abroad," to use the still expressive, though hackneyed phrase, will be gladdened by the restoration of unity, and the old spirit of comradeship between our public men, your article in yesterday's Evening Telegraph will, I venture to say, be looked back to as one of the chief factors that contributed to the accomplishment of the blessed work of peace.

Referring to an article of special significance in this week's United Ireland, you say that "Mr. Harrington suggests re-union with Mr. Redmond in the chair." Then you rightly ask "Is it not better not to complicate the cause of re-union by question of leadership?"

Allow me to observe that this reference to leadership may possibly be misunderstood as tending to confound two things which, I recently endeavored to point out, are altogether distinct—the Chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the leadership of the Irish Race. Who should be selected as the Chairman of a re-united Irish Parliamentary Party and what should be the extent of the chairman's leadership of the Party, are fair subjects for negotiation and settlement, but who is to be the leader of a re-united Irish race, or whether we are to have such a leader again in our time, must be decided, and not by negotiations or settlement, but by the course of events.

Subject to this requisite explanation of the terms, "I, for one, thoroughly concur in your declaration that the question of leadership is a very minor matter. If that question—the question of the Chairmanship of the Parliamentary Party—could only be handed over to the decision of a small representative committee, the composition of which had been approved of for the purpose, say, by Messrs Dillon, Healy, and Redmond, our Parliamentary forces could be re-united within a month. The work of unity would be found still easier of accomplishment if that question could be placed in the hands of three representatives of the people with the concurrence of their leading Parliamentary friends and supporters in the hands of some one strong man in whom all three would put trust, supposing that such a man exists in Ireland or out of it."

Under a settlement such as I contemplate every principle of national importance could be safeguarded, and every aspiration expressed in your truly patriotic article of yesterday could be realised. There would be no need that anyone should be asked to pass under the yoke. There need be no 'humiliation of any party or section such as would tend to produce a party of sections instead of a homogeneous whole.'

Surely something practical ought forthwith to be done to reciprocate the spirit of the declaration in this week's 'United Ireland.'—We are more ambitious to win the National cause than to triumph over opponents. We advocate first of all an independent policy and an independent party. If the safety of that party be assured, we can read no man out of the ranks who has ever done or is capable of doing a day's service for Ireland."

Mr. Harrington seems to be credited with the writing of the article, which already has justly attracted so much notice in Dublin. He has himself done in his time many a good day's work for Ireland. In my humble judgment, if he is the author of the article, he never did a better stroke of work for his country than he did in the writing of it.

The present state of disunion and conflict in Ireland is working ruin to the best interests, spiritual as well as temporal, of our people.

Everyone who seeks to do his part towards the bringing round of a cessation of the strife is doing a work of religion, as well as of patriotism.

I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

WILLIAM J. WALSH,

Archbishop of Dublin.

The following letter appears in The Freeman's Journal:

House of Commons, January 29th, 1897.

Sir—Some comments on the resolution about Party funds, induce me to trespass on your columns.

The problem to be faced was this—A system which had, as I believe, been worked by the treasures with absolute fairness, but which rested on the trust of colleagues in the honor of each other, and of the treasurer, had been for years assailed by imputations on the honor of both, and an agitation had been carried on for administration by outside trustees on the ground of distrust in the fair play of the Party and its officers.

It was impossible for self-respecting men to agree to the proposed stigma on their honor, or for the Irish Party to allow any outside body to become paymasters of its members, and to decide which of them should be paid, at what rate, for what time, and on what terms.

It was, however, essential to recognize the changed situation and to frame a new plan to meet a new condition.

The present plan gives to every member of the Party, no matter what his individual views or preferences, no matter what his votes in Party meeting, the absolute right, so long as he remains a member of the Party, under its rules, to share on equal terms with every other member on one single condition, namely, that he signs the declaration.

Those who have voted this session against the Party resolutions on the election of chairman, of unity and discipline, or on the funds, and those who may hereafter vote against any other resolution carried by the Party, are palpably as secure as if they had happened to be in the majority.

This is removed at one stroke all possible pretence for the propagation of degrading and unfounded suspicions of favoritism, influence, dependence, or insecurity.

Provision is made for audit and publication, so that the country may know what has been done. The ancient and higher sentiments of loyalty and trust, confidence and good fellowship, having been shaken publicly is the only substitute, and it is also the best defence against continued imputation of evil.

Then, what of this sole condition, the declaration? Reasonable men will admit that some provision must be made for the allocation of the Fund. What plan can be suggested so tender of the honor and independence of a colleague as that his own statement should be at once the proof and the title of his claim?

But the terms of the declaration? Let me examine them. There are members who have, before election, agreed not to become a charge on the Party National Fund.

Would it be right that they should, notwithstanding, quarter themselves thereon? To prevent this is the first precaution taken.

Then, then are members whose constituencies have, instead of contributing to the National Fund, provided for them individually by a local subscription, and there is also another fund opened, not for the Party as a whole, but to quote its originator's words, "in support of those members of the Irish Parliamentary Party who work with Mr. Healy, and act with him outside as well as inside the House of Commons."

Would it be right that those paid locally by their constituents, or those accepting the grants offered by the paymasters of the Healy Fund, should also deplete the National Fund? To prevent this is the second precaution taken.

Lastly, the only purpose of the National Fund is to provide indemnity for those whose circumstances do not enable them to attend Parliament at their own expense.

Would it be right that those who are able to attend should come upon such a fund. To prevent this is the third and last precaution taken.

It has been suggested that the sign is humiliating. But ex-Cabinet Ministers of this Imperial Government sign an analogous declaration as a prerequisite for pension. It is no humiliation to accept the indemnity if unable to attend without, and it can be no humiliation to avow the existence of the true condition of acceptance.

I cannot help thinking that the fineness of hostile criticism is the best evidence of the completeness with which the resolution has met the attacks on the system it supersedes.

Permit me to express the hope that it may meet the approval and stimulate the zeal of Irish Nationalists, and in that hope to enclose a draft for £200, the balance of my subscription.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD BLAKE.

Why will you allow a cough to locate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Mr. Fitzpatrick Comes Home. London, Feb. 12.—Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General of Canada, who has been in England for some time in connection with the Manitoba school question and other matters, sailed from Liverpool for New York on board the steamer Ilocnia yesterday.