

DOMESTIC READING.

Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. We rail against fortune when we do not like the life we have made for ourselves.

Modesty is bred in self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds. None are truly great without this ornament.

Duty has the virtue of making us feel the reality of a positive world while at the same time detaching us from it.—Henri Frederic Amiel

There are natures in which, if they love us, we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us.

The heart will commonly govern the head, and it is certain that any strong passion, set the wrong way, will always defeat the wisest of men, therefore the first part of wisdom is to watch the affections.

What greater thing is there for two human beings than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each in pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.

If ninety nine hundredths of a man's character is the result of heredity and environment, we must never forget that for the residual fraction he, and he alone, will be held responsible. The steersman cannot control the wind and the waves, but the direction the ship takes is his, it is his hand that steers the ship on her way.

Mighty is the force of motherhood. It transforms all things by its vital heat; it turns timidity into fierce courage, and dreadless defiance into tremulous submission; it turns thoughtlessness into foresight, and yet still all anxiety into calm content; it makes selfishness become self denial, and gives even to hard vanity the glance of admiring love.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done; and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

A child's eyes, those clear wells of undefiled thought—what an earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy how tender! The man who never tried the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value.

An Englishman once remarked in company that he had just been taken for the Prince of Wales, on account of his resemblance to that personage. "Oh," said a Scotchman present, "I was once taken for the Duke of Argyll." "I have been taken for a greater man than either of you," broke in Pat. "Who?" they asked. "Well," said he, "the other day, as I was walking down Sackville street, I met a friend whom I had not seen for many years, and the moment he saw me he shouted out: 'Oh, Holy Moses, is that you?'"

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parmelee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

FIRESIDE FUN.

The bicycle rider may toil not, but he certainly does spin.

What is the difference between charity and a tailor? The first covers a multitude of sins, the second a multitude of sinners.

Procrastination has its drawbacks. The man on the herbstone sees a good deal more of the procession than the drum major does.

Tom (gloomily): "I tell you, Charlie, this is a hard, hard world." Charlie (interestedly): "So you have bought a bicycle too, have you?"

"I say, do you think that Higgins is a man to be trusted?" "Trusted? Yes, rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life." "Yes, but with anything of value. I mean."

Teacher: "It seems you are never able to answer any of my questions. Who is this, my little boy?" Little Johnny: "If I knew the things you ask me, ma'am, dad wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here."

A visitor (at lunatic asylum): "Who is that fine looking man making stars, crosses and things out of letters?" Attendant: "Oh, he was the editor of a children's column in some paper. One week he lost the answers to the puzzles, and tried to solve them himself."

Willy: "I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday." Mother: "He'm—and what did you say to that?" Willy: "I said 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and walked off and left him."

A certain lady sat up till twelve o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with waiting, she went to her bedroom to retire, and found the missing husband there fast asleep. Instead of going down town he had gone to his room. She was so mad that she wouldn't speak to him for a week.

"Bobby is attending to his piano-forte lessons very faithfully of late," said the youth's uncle. "Yes," replied his mother. "I don't have any trouble with him about that now."

"How did you manage it?" "Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercises made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practise."

J. L. Toole was once entertained by a party of Edinburgh gentlemen at dinner. After the cloth was removed, a little sociability was indulged in, and Mr. Toole was asked to give a recitation. This the veteran comedian sternly declined to do. A worthy brawler, whose knowledge of things theatrical was somewhat primitive, approached Toole, patted him on the back and said in a fatherly way: "Come awa, my son; dinna be bashful. We're no ill ta' pleasa."

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The End of "Dinna Vaughan."

The Commission named by the Anti-Masonic Congress to inquire into the case of the alleged Dianna Vaughan has closed its sittings. The investigation was thorough, and the decision came forth spontaneously and unanimously. Of this I am informed on undisputed authority says a correspondent of the Liverpool Catholic Times. The decision has not been made public, for the Holy Office itself has taken up the matter, with a view, probably, to making a pronouncement. That the tenor of the judgment given by the Commission was negative it is hardly necessary now to state. All who followed up the matter at all closely were convinced that no other conclusion was possible. It seems that the purpose of the Holy Office in entering on the subject is to send out a condemnation in regard to the conduct of those who have been mystifying the public in this connection. These persons are now well known, and their publications of "revelations" will soon be smitten with that censuræ that will render them henceforth innocuous to Catholics.

Baby Eczema and Scald Head. Infants and young children are peculiarly subject to this terrible disorder, and if not promptly arrested it will eventually become chronic. Dr. Chase made a special study of Eczema and disease of the skin, and we can confidently recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure all forms of Eczema. The first application soothes the irritation and puts the little sufferer to rest.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Unoccupied soils in late summer or autumn lose soluble nitrogen. A growing crop should, therefore, be kept on the fields. Green manuring enables the farmer to conserve soil nitrogen. It enables him to adopt a simple—to put the soluble nitrate, which his effective handmaids, warms, air and bacteria, have been producing, under lock and key, and to hold them there during the period—autumn, winter and early spring—when that acute thief, heavy rain, is most likely to abscond with them. As an illustration, Indian corn finishes growing by September 15. While growing, the roots stand ready to absorb the nitrogen as fast as liberated, but these roots become inactive at the very time rains are the most frequent and nitrogen for two months is likely to be lost by leaching. As a preventive I have sown white mustard about August 1, and which grows until November 15 in the cornfield. Winter rye may be sown if the land is to be unused until May 30. Don't allow bare land after early potatoes or rye. It is bad practice. Plow or harrow and sow some cheap, quick-growing seed to cover the field, keeping down marauding weeds and preventing the theft of nitrates.

A pamphlet has been issued by the Ontario Government calling attention to the importance of thorough meat and milk inspection. The absence of inspection of cattle for export is causing the scheduling of Canadian cattle in the English market; while, owing to this, a distrust has been created in the London and Liverpool cattle-markets against Canadian as compared with United States cattle, as established by abundant available evidence. When it is remembered that the total value of live stock in Ontario in 1895 was \$110,070,902, and that 107,224 cattle were exported in that year from Canada, the economic loss resulting from any distrust as to the health of Ontario cattle abroad, apart from the dangers from second-rate meat at home, is obvious.

The consensus of opinion of all scientific authorities is that great and positive dangers exist in the use of meat and milk from animals suffering from consumption or tuberculosis; and that the two best methods of limiting these dangers are by the examination of the carcasses of slaughtered animals for tubercle and by the testing of milk cows with tuberculin. There is in Ontario a strong demand on the part of municipal authorities for assistance by legislation to overcome this danger.

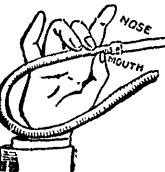
Farmers have the greatest interest in the efforts being put forward to secure more strict legislation. They know that the assurance of protection given by a Government certificate enhances the value of the product by creating a demand for it which unscrupulous meat does not enjoy. It is apparent that inspection insures greater care on the farm of the health of the cattle, and, by so much better housing and feeding; more careful selection of animals shipped since they are subject to inspection; and therefore a higher quality of all the products which are exported.

How to Cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest no other day nor night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Sarsaparilla. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lyander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

Almonte.

At a regular meeting of F. M. T. A. of Almonte held Jan. 31st the following officers were installed for the ensuing term: Rev. Director, Very Rev. Canon Foley; President, J. O'Rielly; 1st Vice President, J. P. O'Connor; 2nd Vice President, P. Frawley; Secretary, E. J. Kelly; Assistant Secretary, J. Frawley; Treasurer, E. Letang; Committee of Management, W. Hogan, J. Lynch, P. Daley, J. Sullivan, F. Johnston.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE



CURES cold in the head in ten minutes. CURES incipient catarrh in from one to three days. CURES chronic catarrh, hay fever and rose fever. Complete, with blown sewer.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS Price 25 Cents

Chats With the Children.

THE FOLLOWING IS AN INTERESTING PARAGRAPH IN A LETTER FROM FLORIDA: "To-day I had the good luck to see a curious sight, that of one snake killing and swallowing another. We came on the scene just as a 'king' snake was killing a blacksnake, each a little over three feet long. The king was tied and coiled round the black, and the latter's tail could just wiggle. After a few minutes, during which the king bit himself in the most curious knots and ran his head up and down his victim's writhing body, biting it here and there as if examining his supper, he turned the black's head, gave it a preliminary bite, and then slowly proceeded to take the black—'sno into camp.' It seemed impossible that he could swallow a snake as long and as large as himself, but he did. This is how he did it. He would stretch his head as far as possible, get his teeth fixed in his victim's scales, then slip his body up till it was in wrinkles at his neck and for some way down, then loose his tooth hold and slide his head forward for another grip—just as if you were putting on a tight glove, in fact. It was the most interesting operation I think I ever witnessed, and the king swallowed all but three inches of the tail of the poor blacksnake, and, with that dangling from his mouth, glided off into the grass. We let him go, as he is a known enemy of the rattlesnakes, and often kills them."

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT GREW UP. She was sitting up straight in a straight-backed chair. There wasn't a snarl in her shining hair; There wasn't a speck on her dainty dress, And her rosy face was full of distress.

When I drew near to 'tis maiden fair, She suddenly rumbled her shining hair, And dropping down "in a heap" on the floor, Uplifted her voice in a wail most sore.

"Now, what is the matter, my pretty maid?"

"I'm all grown up," she dolefully said, "And I'm lonesome—as lonesome as lonesome can be—"

For Humpty Dumpty and Riddle me-ree. "There's Little Boy Blue, who used to creep Under our haystack and fall asleep, He isn't my friend since mother dear "

"Did up" my hair in this twist so queer. "And the dog and the fiddle, they left me, too, When the baby into a woman grew. The dish has hidden away with the spoon, And the cow has staid at the back of the moon."

"The little old woman who swept the sky Is caught in her cobwebs high and dry, and Jack and his beanstalk I cannot find."

Since I began to improve my mind. "I wouldn't be scared—not a single mile— If the bugaboo I should meet to-night. The bogey man I'd be glad to see, But they'll never—no, never—come back to me."

"I washed in the garden last night at dark A fairy favor to find—but, hark! My mother is calling—don't you hear?— Young ladies don't sit on the floor, my dear."

WHY DOGS TURN AROUND. Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around when he jumps on his cushion or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now you are reminded, you can easily recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods. Their beds then were matted grass and leaves, and it was to trample enough grass and properly arrange the leaves that the dog always trod around a narrow circle before he would lie down. The dog of to-day keeps up the same old habit, although there is no longer, any need for it, and, of course, the animal has no notion why he does it.

A FAIRY FAVOR TO FIND.—Hark! My mother is calling—don't you hear?— Young ladies don't sit on the floor, my dear."

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RULES FOR DOLLS. "A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's, lest she should hurt her. A doll should keep away from the rocking chairs, as the rockers may crush her. A wax doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve her complexion. Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face. It's a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline."

Marjory was reading those rules to her doll with a very sober face. "Why," she laughed, "Dolly," said she, "it's funny; but I really believe these are more for me than they are for you."

THE CAT AND THE CLOCKWORK MOUSE. The cat did then all sobbishly Her wosome tale repeat; This world is full of mockishness And also of deceit.

For why? This morn at dawnitude A mouse I did esperr; 'Twas running whirrigiglyishly Beneath my very eye.

And feeling somewhat breakfastish I straightway gave a spring, And landed right upon the back Of that acotivous thing.

To my surprise it did not squeak, And neither did it squeal; And as 'twas rather littleish, I ate it as one meal.

I much regret my hastiness, For soon to my dismay, 'Twas acting most unousefully, In an ecotivous way.

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WELL, YOU ARE A GOOD GIRL TO HELP JER.

IT WAS NOT A WELL CONSIDERED COMPLIMENT, AND THE LITTLE WATER-CARRIER DID NOT CONSIDER IT ONE; BUT THERE WAS A LOOK OF SURPRISE IN HER GRAY EYES, AND AN ALMOST RIGID TONE IN HER VOICE AS SHE ANSWERED: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her all the time she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n mo's part ners."

Little girls, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all the time you can?"

EVERY YEAR, ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER, THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF BIRDS, LITTLE AS WELL AS BIG, HAVE TO LEAVE THEIR SUMMER QUARTERS IN SEARCH OF SUMMER LANDS. HOW LARGE BIRDS OF STRONG WING CAN CROSS SUCH A WIDE STRETCH OF WATER AS THE EASTERN PART OF THE MEDITERRANEAN IT IS EASY TO UNDERSTAND, BUT HOW DO THE SMALL ONES, LIKE Wrens, titmice, finches, and the rest, manage it? Why, they ride first class on the backs of cranes!

In autumn great flocks of cranes may be seen travelling southward flying low and giving forth a strange cry, as if of warning, as they sweep along southward. As soon as they have lured this note all kinds of little birds fly up to the cranes and settle on their backs, the twitter of those already snugly settling thereon being audible at times. When spring revisits the North, and it is time for the little things to return to their old haunts, the cranes carry them back again—this time, however, flying high, as if they felt assured their tiny friends would easily reach the earth once the great sea was passed.

TAKING CARE OF THE CHEST. "Take care of your chest," says a physical culture teacher. The chest is the chief thing to be remembered. Keep it well raised and your head, spine and shoulders will involuntarily assume their proper positions without any effort on your part. The cry from parents and teachers used to be "Throw your shoulders back!" But this mistaken notion is now completely exploded. The shoulders have nothing to do with correct posture. It is all the chest, and its elevation or depression will regulate the rest of the body.

The chest is the seat of all things bringing it into prominence and you bring into prominence the best qualities of your nature.

"It has been said that whatever psychological attribute is most marked in a human being is correspondingly most marked in his physical being. If he's a glutton, his stomach is most in evidence; if a scholar or brain worker, his head is surely thrust well forward; but if he perseveres a proper intellectual balance he walks with his chest in advance of the rest of his body."

It is curious, too, how one may really influence his own mental condition in his way. Just try and see how impossible it is to say "Oh, how happy I am!" with unkenken chest and spent breath. One involuntarily lifts his chest and takes a good long breath when he says anything optimistic and brave, for if he doesn't he might just as well say "Have mercy on us, miserable sinners." The effect is the same. There is no surer cure for the "blues" or like maladies than merely lifting the chest and taking a good, long breath. It scares away all the bugaboos of pessimism.—New York Sun.

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'Twas what they termed a clockwork mouse.

And governed by a spring, Her wosome behaved revoltingly. And hurt like anything. Oh! I tell me, is life livable When things go on like that? When clockwork mice and feathered shams Impose upon a cat?

THIS CANADA OF OURS.—A DISPOSITION. Canada was discovered by Jacques Cartier a great Catholic navigator of St. Malo, France, who, because of his numerous and successful explorations, was employed by the monarch and master of his country, Francis I., to make a trip across the unknown Atlantic to found a French colony in the New World. In the year 1534 he passed through the straits of Belle Isle, and in the 10th of May landed on Gaspe peninsula, where he was kindly treated by the Indians. Cartier having sailed up the St. Lawrence stopped at the Indian village of Hochelaga. In 1603 Champlain founded Quebec, the oldest city in Canada. At this time the country was nothing but a wilderness inhabited by Indians and wild-bearing animals such as the wolf, mink, beaver, otter, ermine and seals in the northern lakes. Shortly after founding Quebec Champlain proceeded to explore the wilderness of the westward. What were his sentiments as his bark, for the first time, broke the tide of the laughing Ottawa or skinned the dark waters of Lake Nipissing? But enough of the grand historic story of Canada. We shall now visit some of the interesting and picturesque scenes which are at present presented by this fair land.

Starting at Nova Scotia we shall see at Halifax large ocean steamers of her Majesty's navy. A few hours' journey from Halifax brings us to the great Nova Scotia coal mines, which are situated in the Obegouid Mountains. Here we see the roughly dressed miners running the coal cars in and out of the shafts. We shall now leave Nova Scotia for the beautiful apple orchards of New Brunswick, from which many thousands of barrels are shipped to Europe. Now westward—our parliament buildings are situated in the beautiful little city of Ottawa. Ad down majestically over the river which flows deep and silent beneath. They are the council halls of our young Dominion. We shall now visit the wheat fields of Manitoba or climb the cliffs of the eternal Rockies. Suffice to say that, whether we loiter in the fruit gardens of southern Ontario or start the timid deer from his retreat by the lonely Lac Seul, at every turn fresh beauties are unfolded to the view. "The population of Canada is filtered and the dirt of Europe is not allowed to enter. Canada has had a glorious past, we live in her sunlit present, and hope that she may see a splendid future. In our far northern forests to day, the shrieking of the wild north-wind seems to hoarsely sing the praises of our young Dominion. Our land is now covered with a mantle of stainless white, which is but concealing the beauty of the ground until the coming spring when nature will once more don the robes of green.

"God save our Queen and heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever."

HUGH ROBT. LEVON PARKNELL LYMAN. Age 11 years. St. Afichael's School.

MY LITTLE GIRL. My little girl is nestled Within her tiny bed, With amber ringlets crossed Around her dainty head; She lies so calm and still, Her breathes so soft and low, She calls to mind a Lily Half hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal Has gone to slumberland; The Pixies at the portal Have caught her by the hand; She dreams her broken dolly Will soon be mended there, That looks so melancholy Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses, My drowsy little queen, I know you have carresses From floating forms unseason; O angels, let me keep her To kiss away my cares, This darling little sleeper Who has my love and prayers.

J. M. PATER. Large Sales of Stock.

The manager of the Ontario Gold Fields Mining and Development Company wishes to return thanks to the public for the liberal support which it received for its first issue of stock. There are several reasons for the generous support accorded this company. The management is in the hands of practical mining men, the Board of Directors are business men who take an active part in the promotion of the company's affairs, and what is particularly attractive, the company is operating under a charter issued by the Ontario Government. The management has been busy the last two weeks attending altogether to the sale of stock. Now that there are ample funds in the treasury, they will proceed as soon as possible to the examination of the numerous properties which they have under consideration.