

FARM AND GARDEN.

Not even a large application of manure on poor, worn out land will bring a full crop the first year. Manure is food for plants, but it is not to be digested in the soil before it can be made available for the crop. When this very costly experiment for it is an experiment, and by no means a sure thing—is tried, time is to be given for the manure to decompose and intermingle with the soil so as to have its needed results on the soil by making the mineral elements of it available. An exhausted soil is not only deprived of those elements of plant food which are contributed by the manure, but of those which are supplied by the soil itself, and for this reason it is that time for the soil and the manure to act together is to be given. This makes it a reasonable necessity that for the improvement of poor land the summer fallow is advisable, in which several plowings are given, and the manure applied is intimately mixed with the soil and given time to exert its good effect upon it.

The worst parasites of sheep are taken into them with the drinking water drawn from ponds or sluggish streams. Swift-running water or water from wells only should be used for a flock. It is a sad mistake to suppose that sheep need no water and that melted snow in the winter time is good enough, if they should be necessary, and that the sheep's stomach is the cheapest place to melt the snow in. The sheep is a very hardy animal, but it will not run itself alone. It needs a few special cares, as to be fed with exact regularity and never left hungry; to have pure water always before it; to keep its back dry—never mind how cold it is if it is dry—to have clean feet; to have room enough not to be crowded, and never be sent to bed with a wet jacket. It must, of course, have digestible and nutritious food of varied kinds, and salt with certain regularity or always in reach. These requirements satisfied, the sheep is always happy, and when it is happy it is prosperous; and when it prospers the shepherd is happy and prosperous too.

It is very necessary to keep the garden clear of all sorts of rubbish and refuse. It provides a secure hiding place for the last broods of all kinds of vermin, which are thus safely hidden from their natural enemies and sheltered from the risks of the season. As clean culture is indispensable to keep the soil from being infested, which are parasites of the worst kind, so it also includes this continual clearing of wastes and removing them to some place where they may be turned to some good purpose, as making a compost heap for the next season. By mixing lime or ashes in the heap with the rubbish, whatever insects may gather in it, will be destroyed by the corrosive substance.

It may not be advisable to collect seeds for next year's sowing in the garden. It is in most cases, unduly so, on account of the mixing of the varieties of similar plants. Thus, squash, melons, or cucumbers, being closely related plants, will fertilize each other, and the seeds will be spoiled for use in future sowing. It is the same with other vegetables—peas, beans, cabbage, &c. All these should be grown each year from seed procured of a reliable seedman, whose business is carried on under a perfect knowledge of those risks of mixing things. Even sweet corn is special in its use as seed if it is grown within half a mile or a mile of other varieties. This knowledge lies at the basis of the art of growing seed for the garden or the field.

There is much said about special products of the farm and the profit there is in them. All this is delusive and misleading. The fact that these products are special prevents them from becoming general, for then there would be no more profit in them than in others. But the truth is that this class are special and limited for the reason that they need special opportunities and conditions for the production of them. Early lambs are reared in artificially warm stables are one of these envied products. Fine butter, bringing 50 cents or a dollar a pound, is another of these limited products. So are the labeled fresh eggs sent to market the very day they are laid by the proud hens. Fancy cheese, the finest fruits, fat oysters to line the wealthy stomach, and others for which there is only a limited demand, all are produced under such circumstances as to cost mostly more than they come to when sold. There is no wide market except for common products of the ordinary kind, selling under close competition.

It is pursuing an ignis fatuus for the ordinary farmer, unprovided with the means needed for success in any special branch of fancy farming, as it may be said, to try to get into the run of it. The expenses, while the profits are very great, and while the profits are exceedingly good when one gets in the swim, as is said, many stay out of the current and get only the drift, while the expenses are as great as those of the most successful.

If the baby is cutting Teeth
Deare and safe that old well-tried remedy, Mrs. Weston's Sorcerer Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

FIRESIDE FUN.

The trouble with the telling of a joke is that the listener usually insists on telling another one
Little Johnny Squawh "What is your papa's business?" Little Clarence Penemith "My papa is a poet." Little Johnny Squawh "Huh! That ain't no business—it's a disease."

Mrs. Wallace "I wonder if gano-line will remove green paint?" Mr. Wallace "Dunno. Should think it ought to. I've known it to remove a green hared girl in a few seconds."

Jugg "I have come to ask you, sir, to refuse to permit your daughter to marry me." Alt "To refuse? Why you— Jugg: "Yes sir, if you will only be so kind, I can get her consent at once."

"Know all women by these presents, begun a sagacious attorney on a public document. "Know all men, etc., accreted a fellow lawyer. "That's all right," explained the first: "if the women know it, the men will soon hear of it."

"I should think it would irritate you, Dr. Pounder, to see members of your congregation falling asleep during your sermon." "Not at all, madam," replied the preacher. "On the contrary, it delights me. Sleep is a sign of an easy conscience. Those who can sleep do not need sermons."

We have known older persons to be afflicted in the same way as the little boy told about in the Church Union. Examiner (to small candidate for Confirmation): "Now recite the Commandments for me." Small candidate breaks down on the Second Commandment. Examiner: "Why, how is this? You have recited the Creed and the Catechism very well; why don't you know the Commandments?" Small Candidate: "Please, sir, I haven't practised the Commandments lately."

During a heavy storm a vessel was making to the nearest port to obtain shelter. Before it had reached its destination the storm had abated, and the captain, finding it necessary to execute some repairs at the top of the mast, sent a sailor to do it. Whilst performing the task he let an iron spike fall, which luckily came down upon a negro's head. The sailor looked down to see if any person was hurt, and to his astonishment, found a negro holding his head and calling out: "Who's dat spitting, and I'll cure him of dat bad habit."

Canon Tristram begs the clergy to beware of wrong or unfortunate illustrations. "When a dookyard chaplain, I once," he says, "secured the aid of an eloquent American Bishop, whose sermon certainly rivited me. The next day, meeting the boatswain of the yard, who was a great orator, I remarked to him: "That was a grand sermon, Mr. S.," that we heard yesterday." "Well, I don't know, sir," he replied; "I only hope he knows his own business better than he knows mine." "Why, what was the matter?" exclaimed I. "Why, didn't you hear?" He talked about sails hanging idly from the mast; as if any landlubber ever saw a sail hanging from anything but a yard yet!"

He is a quiet, unexcitable man, and when his friend took him home to see the baby he did his best, though not very successfully, to be enthusiastic. He undertook to amuse the youngster, and allowed him to play with the small watch which the jeweller had lent him while his own was being repaired. The baby was so docile in his company that they were laid together for some time. He concealed the apprehensions that he felt and resolved to allow his charge to have his own way without restraint. When the father returned he said: "What do you think of the baby, now that you are better acquainted with him?" "You have one of the most intelligent children I ever heard of," was the earnest reply. "You are beginning to appreciate his fine points, are you? Has he been saying 'Mama' and 'Papa' and 'Day day' for you?" "No. It wasn't in any such trivial manner that he demonstrated his mental powers. He has shown a comprehension of relationships and the fitness of things which, though orally expressed, is something little less than marvellous. I gave him my watch to play with and he swallowed it." "Great heavens, man! You don't mean to say that the baby has swallowed a watch?" "Yes. But that isn't what shows his intelligence. Mostly any baby, if I am not misinformed, is liable to do that if it gets a chance. When that was gone the only plaything I had to offer him was the key that winds it. And I'm blessed if he didn't swallow that, too!"

Banquet to Hon. M. F. Hackett.
The St. Patrick's branch No. 108 of the C.M.B.A., in conjunction with the Quebec Advisory Board, are about to tender a banquet to the Grand President of the Association, Hon. M. F. Hackett. The affair will come off at an early date.—Quebec Telegraph.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Paruleo's Pills the best medicine for those diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used whenever a cathartic is required. They are Genuine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste."

DOMESTIC READING.

Let not anyone say that he cannot govern his passion. John Locke. Falshood is never so successful as when she bails her look with truth. They are in glory, we in sorrow; they triumph, we are fighting; they rejoice in their country and we are glooming in exile.—B. Jordan, of Saxony.

The frequent intercourse between friends as bad as is too much of any thing else. Its end is weariness and mayhap disgust.—Katherine E. Conway.

If you would be pungent be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condoned, the deeper they burn.—Robert Southey. We never know the value of our blessings. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them we only see their virtues.—J. O'Hare.

No man is so foolish but may give another good counsel sometimes, and no man is so wise but may easily err if he will take no other's counsel but his own.—Ben Jonson.

Stiffness of person and steadiness of features are signal marks of good breeding. Vulgar persons can't sit still, or at least they must work their limbs or features.—Holmes.

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest;—the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext for doing what he likes. Vigilance is in watching opportunity: tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to the utmost of possible achievement.—Austin Phelps.

A devout, pious mother contributes more to the propagation of religion and the strength of a nation than the sermons of Augustine or Chrysostom or the transcendental eloquence of Burke or Webster.—Rev. F. Rindard.

A good conscience is a port which is landlocked on every side, where no winds can possibly invade. There a man may not only see his own image but that of his Maker clearly reflected from the undisturbed and silent waters.—John Dryden.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with someone stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. If a man may fight duels all his life, if he is disposed to quarrel.—Robert Cecil.

Our bestting sin is the sin of ostentatiousness and with the greatest facility, and the one we forget with the greatest speed, the one from which we turn away our eyes and for which we try to make excuse before God and give ourselves absolution.—Cardinal Manning. We are daily more and more impressed with the fact that the utmost fraternity of charity should be extended to non Catholic Christians. We must prove to them that we do not gloat over their mistakes and discomfures. The more perilous the road they sincerely travel the dearer they should be to us.

As we glance over modern biography, we find there are countless examples of youth born in the ranks of the lowly who have aspired to better things, and seized knowledge as a cable by which to draw them selves upward, and spent their remaining days at a higher level in an atmosphere that was but a source of wonderment to their ancestors.

What we should sorrow over, as Catholics, in this age of distrust, contempt, and hatred of things holy, is that Christianity is so divided; that the one Church, with inflexible standards, that brings her faithful rest and peace, is herself so unknown, misperceived and misjudged, by the Christian sectarians who themselves must be credited by us as seeking to do the will of God.

How many people would like to be good, if only they might be good without taking trouble about it? They do not like goodness well enough to hunger and thirst after it, or to sell what they have that they may buy it; they will not batter at the gate of the kingdom of heaven, but they look with pleasure at this or that aerial castle of righteousness, and think it would be rather nice to live in it.

There is no greater fallacy than the assumption that a man can measure accurately the value of an opportunity, that he can determine how much or how little truth and excellence he ought to give to an utterance. These are beyond the knowledge of the wisest man. There is but one safe course, and that is always to do one's work in the best way and to put one's powers into every form of activity.

He who refuses forgiveness breaks the bridge over which he must pass, for all good forgiveness. Are there any of us who can look back on wrong and injury done to us by our fellow-men? This, if we were wise, we would not wish to forget. Far more noble is it to remember in full, and yet forgive; to retain our sensitiveness unimpaired, and yet to take the offending brother to our heart as if he had done us no wrong.

"For several months I was troubled with a persistent humor on my head which gave me considerable annoyance, until it occurred to me to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before using one bottle the humor was healed."—T. T. Adams, General Merchant, Tuberville, Va.

Chats With the Children.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.
Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wood a shoe
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
"The old moon asked the three
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea."
"Notes of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that was with them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea,
"For their light is like silver and gold,"
"But never afraid are we."
So cried the stars to the fisherman three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fisherman home.
Twas all so pretty a tale it seemed
To the folks that dreamt the dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea,
"But I shall name you the fisherman three—"
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed on skies
Is a wee one's trunk and bed.
So they sailed on the twinkling stars
Of the wonderful night sky,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fisherman
three—
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

—ETIENNE FILLIS.
The yellow jacket about which you have heard so much lately in connection with the interesting visit of the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, is more of a vest than a jacket. It is made of rich yellow satin, has no sleeves, fits the wearer closely, and reaches a little below the waist. It does not fasten in front, but at the side, with small buttons, and on the front is embroidered the royal dragon of China. Only five men in all the Empire of China are entitled to wear it, and you may guess our recent guest, the wise and kindly Li Hung Chang, enjoys his high privilege.

Not long since an assistant in a warehouse in Melbourne opened a case of socks that had newly arrived from England. Several of the socks were partially destroyed, and as the case itself was sound, and nothing, therefore, could have got into it during the voyage, the contents were turned out. On reaching the bottom, the cause of the damage was discovered. This was nothing less than a big rat with a family of four rattings. It was supposed that Madame had entered the case whilst it was being packed in London, and had dined on socks throughout the voyage. How she managed to survive without air and water to wash her hose small down with, is a trifling mystery that the inquiring shopper does not seem to have attempted to solve.—From "Little Folks" for September.

Lord Holland relates in his memoirs how once the military career of Napoleon I., and therewith to a certain extent the fate of Europe, depended upon a game of hazard. When Napoleon was appointed for the first time as an independent commanding general of the Italian army, the Directory then at the head of France was not willing, or perhaps not able, to provide enough money to defray the expenses of himself and his lieutenants to the seat of war and make a proper show as Commanding General of so considerable an army at his headquarters. Napoleon borrowed money from his friends, and after exhausting all his credit succeeded in collecting 20,000 francs.

He gave the whole amount to Junot, a young officer who was known as a frequent visitor to the gaming tables, with instructions to lose the whole sum at the game or to win enough to return the amount doubled, as upon the result will depend whether he could accept the appointment as Commanding General of the Italian forces, and also appoint Junot as his adjutant, a step which he already contemplated. Junot went as ordered. Napoleon waited almost the whole night for his return. Finally, at four o'clock in the morning, the officer entered and gave Napoleon 60,000 francs with the remark that he had gambled away nearly the whole sum of 20,000 francs before he had at last succeeded in winning several high stakes in succession. Then Napoleon accepted the appointment, which was destined to confer the highest glory upon him. Junot became one of his Marshals.

The Princess of Wales has odd names for her four pet ponies. She calls them Huffy, Pumpy, Bone and Beans. She is very devoted to them, and every day when she is at home goes out to their clean, airy stable and carries her basket of dainties to them. These are the things which they especially like, and which they redden and whinny for when they see her coming: Apples, carrots, Vienna rolls and a lump of sugar spice.

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Father Kelly of Ardara, County Donegal, draws attention to the importance of the herring fisheries at Burtonport, a district in which there is chronic poverty.

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of
Ayer's Cathartic Pills.
This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Price Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Never yet was there a mining disaster of any magnitude without several instances of individual gallantry in saving boys alone (says a writer in Chorus). As a colliery manager said to me the other day, "There may be a score of cases of that kind after a single accident, and nobody is any the wiser." And then he gave me an example. "A boy told me once," he proceeded, "that after an explosion one of the men who was working with him brought him along for a considerable distance in the workings. At last they met the after-damp. The lad was so terrified, so anxious to get out, that he wanted to rush through it and make his way to the shaft. If he had done so he would certainly have dropped, but the man would not let him—he stopped him by force, and though the lad bit and fought like a little demon, he stuck to him and held him near to the ground, so that he could breathe. How do you think he calmed the boy at last? Sang comic songs to him! Well, they had to know where they were for about five hours, and then, when the air had got better, the man started off and brought the youngster out safely, though once he was nearly suffocated by the after-damp. Now, there's a case that nobody would have heard of probably if the lad hadn't happened to have told me about it." As an instance of heroism in this direction that is known, however, I recall a story I heard near the bank of the Hyde pit after the explosion in 1880. You know that the slightest delay in flying for the shaft may mean death. In the neighbourhood of Dolton, some few years ago, one man out of a party of colliers stopped behind for a minute so to look for his son, a boy of fourteen, who worked close by. The two met, but, alas! they perished together, and were found clasped in each other's arms. And paternal devotion as thus manifested has cost many a brave fellow his life. Well, on the occasion referred to, a man named Havelock brought forth the workings, or met as he was scurrying along to the pit mouth, a youth of about sixteen, and throughout the terrible journey he stuck to the lad with the most heroic determination. Twice the boy stumbled and fell, but the noble collier dragged him to his feet and urged him to push on with all speed. Other mishaps befell them; yet both, I rejoice to say, gained the surface alive and comparatively well.

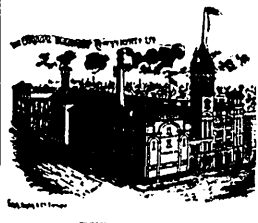
A Venerable Priest III.
Kingstonsians of all denominations will regret to learn that the Rev. Father Bernard Higgins, who labored so long and faithfully in this parish in days gone by, is about nearing his end. For a number of years he has lived with his niece in the village of Hastings, where he has been tenderly cared for. The venerable and holy priest has been afflicted with the infirmities consequent to old age and he is at present in an unfavorable condition. He was visited last week by his niece, Mrs. Patrick Corrigan, of this diocese, who will always have a warm spot in their hearts for the saintly Father Higgins.—Kingston Freeman.

Prince Max of Saxony, who has resigned his right of succession to a throne in order to labour as a priest in a White chapel, has apparently set an example, that is going to be followed by other ecclesiastics. For we hear of Monsieur Morry del Val, a lieutenant of Prussia, who left Rome in order to join the London deserts. He is the son of the Spanish Minister to the Holy See, who married an English lady. This latter fact doubtless accounts for the English tastes and sympathies of the son. He was in London in 1887 as secretary to the Embassy sent by the Pope to congratulate the Queen on her jubilee. Like Prince Max he speaks English fluently.

BELIEVES STEADFASTLY

Never having had a strong constitution, Mrs. Ann Glover, 28 Homewood Ave., Hamilton, was always more or less a sufferer from violent headaches, and a sufferer from violent headaches, and finally her system became so run down that she was unable to sleep at night and the pains in her head caused such intense agony that she frequently had to rise and use local application in order to get any relief. She lost her appetite and her strength was so very much reduced from the effects of her illness, that she had to be confined to bed, and ordered condition. Her health improved from the day she began to take Ryckman's Koolony Cure. After taking a moderate amount, she regained her appetite, the pains left her and she was at last able to get the refreshing sleep so long denied her. Mrs. Glover gratefully recommends the medicine and believes steadfastly in its virtues.
Declared before J. F. Mouck, Notary Public, August 21st, 1896.

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My eleven year old boy had his foot badly hurt in being run over by a car on the Street Car Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."



PURE WATER.
In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a new water filter, erected by the New York Filter Co., having a capacity of two thousand gallons per hour, and rendering the water absolutely pure before being used in their Ale, Porter and Lager.
Appended is a copy of analysis just taken:
Toronto, Nov. 19, 1895.
The O'Keefe Brewery Co., Ltd.
Dear Sir,—I hereby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter, and find it of first-class purity, being bright, clear and free from all suspended impurities.
Yours truly,
(Signed) THOMAS HEYS,
Consulting Chemist.
R. O'KEEFE, Prop., and Secy.,
W. H. BAYNE, Vice-President. Asst. Mgr.,
JOHN G. GIBSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

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Madame Palmira Bonvini
(MRS. PROF. ORRIN).
Prima Donna Soprano from Milan, (Italy). N. Y. and principal concert in Europe. Fourteen years' teacher of singing in Liverpool, England, and first principal voice in leading Catholic choir. It is that she has taken up residence in Toronto where she will receive a great number of pupils for artistic singing and "Vocal Protection."
Voices tested free of charge. Good voices only taken.
STUDIO: 210 JARVIS ST.