Are we not apt in these days to consider a life hely and well spont which, in the times of the Apostles and early Christians, would have been ught a very indifferent one

There is evil enough in man, God novel But it is not the mission of

knows! But it is not the mission of svery young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gontleness and charity.

It is the united action of the brain and the eye that forms the action of close observation. We must think about what we see if it is to be a permanent impression. When the mind is vacant the eyes are robbed of half their value.

My idea is this ever onward. If God had intended that man should go backward. He would have given him an ope in the back of his head. Let us look always towards the dawn, the blossom time, the hour of now birth.

There is dow on one flower and not on another, because one opens its cup to take it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop rolls off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dow, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them. There is dow on one flower and no

A true delineation of the smallest

A true delineation of the smallest man and his seene of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are to an unspeckable degree brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; human portraits fathfully drawn are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls.—Carlyle.

When you find "high life below stairs," it is a sure sign that the master is not at home. If animal appetites and worldly ambitions rule you, the house of your nature is crying aloud for the awakening of the master. The man who is not reigning, in the name of wisdom and good order, over his earth-born inclinations, is degenerating and making progress towards chaos.

The working man's capital is health,

towards chaos.

The working man's capital is health, not wealth. It does not consist in landed property but in sinew and muscle; and if he persist in the use of intoxicating liquors they will strike at the very root of his capital—a sound physicial constitution. After this is lost he becomes unfit for the workshop, for no master will employ a man who wants capital. He has then to repair to the poorhouse or infirmary.—Hunter.

to repair to the poornouse or intrinsity.—Hunter.

The hypocrite and the saint are like two men at sawing; the hypocrite, like him in the pit, looks high upwards, but pulls downwards; the saint, like him above, looks low, humbly downward, but pulls upwards. The hypocrite is like a peach, which covers a ragged, eraggy stone under a valvet coat: the saint, like the cheatent, linth a sweet kernel, though the cover be rough. The hypocrite, like Judas, kiese Christ, but botrays Him, and like ivy, he clasps about Christ, but is not united to Him; he, again, like ivy, derives not sap and nourishment from Him, but from a root of his own: The hypocrite is like a window cushion, fairly wrought without, but stuffed with straw.

The family circle is the cell germ

stuffed with straw.

The family circle is the cell germ out of which seedly grows, but there can be no family life when drink introduces such powerly that decemoy and morality are impossible. Family can be not always. The decency and morality are impossible. Family life is marred, if not destroyed, by drink, but if drunkeness were removed the family life of the country would be unspeakably improved and the social life of the country be purified, to a degree which is incalculable. The work of temperance will largely counteract the ovite which undermine the family life, destroy many causes of disease, remove out of the way many of the obstacles which interpose between the education of the country and the expression of the national will, counteract immorality and crime, and kill most of the parasites that hang upon the industries of the land.

Madame Bonvini O'Brien.

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Our watch dog is bigger at nigh than by day because he is lot out is the evening and taken in in the

nan by an, ho evening and mach no evening and mach norning.

Counsel is making a long, dreary speech. Judge involuntarily shuts his eyes. Counsel notes the fact, and exclaims; "I shall stop talking if his fordship goes asleep." "And I never go to sleep except when you are talking," replied the judge.

Wife (drearily): "Ah me, the days nest!" Husband "2" Wife

ing," replied the judge.
Wife (drearily): "Ah me, the days
of chivalry are past!" Husband:
"What's the matter now?" Wife
"Sir Walter Raleigh laid his closk on
the ground for Queen Elizabeth to
walk over, but you get mad simply
because poor, dear mother est down on
your hat."

your hat."

A Buckinghamshire jobbing carpenter tendered to his employer an
account in which this curious item
appeared—and, all things considered,
his charge was certainly a moderate
one—' To hanging wickets and myself,
seven hours, five shillings and sixpense."

Visitor : " Well, Charlie, I hear you Visitor: "Well, Charlie, I hear you went to school for the first time this morning. What did you learn "Obarlie: "Oh, nuffen st all." Visitor: "Nothing " Charlie: "No; there was only an old woman there, and she kopt asking me how to spoll a lot of silly things—cat, and dog, and rat, and things the that—and I told her, I wasn't going to teach her any more."

told her, I wasn't going to teach her any more.

An awkward compliment recently rather disturbed the harmony of a wedding, breakfast givon by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride. A neighboring young farmer, who was hovored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the ovent, addressing the bridegroom, said: "Well you have got your pick of the batch." The countenances of the four unmarried ones may be imagined.

A miser who had an absormally large

imagined.

A miscr who had an ab...ormally large appetite (an awkward thing for a miscr to havel) went unto a restaurant where you can dine ad lib, for a fixed price, and the miscr atesolongand heartilythat he seemed to be a fixture in the establishment. When the restaurant proprietor saw the have that his gerging oustomer had made of the eatables, he rusefully exclaimed: "You've caten an enormous dinner, sir!" "Yes, said the miscr, blandly; "I suppose you make a reduction for taking a a quantity, don't you?"
The stories that are told of Archibiolog Ryan's wit would fill a small volume. A well known priest called upon him one day to ask for a vacation on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the prelate could not lot slip the opportunity. He granted the leave of absence promptly, with a recommendation: The plysicians say that you need a change of air. Father?" "They do, your Grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month of two, as a change?" He remonstrated once with a priest whose silk hat had seen its best days before the war. "I would not give up that hat for twenty now once," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "And evidently fell on the hat," said the Archbishop.

Herr Szafranki, the German journalist, has published, under the title of "Humors of the Reichstag," a few ultranuces of German deputies. For instance, Herr von Ludwig remarked: "The people, the masses, know well enough that it is extremely dilicult to become rich suddenly by honest toil, excepting always in the case of inheritance or marriage." Herr Liebkrecht remarked at the end of a speech: "Yes, I ehould say the case of inheritance or marriage." Herr Liebkrecht temarked at the end of a speech: "Yes, I ehould say the case of inheritance or morriage." Herr Ricket, taunting but profound silence." Baron de Nordeck de Rabenau, speaking of the taxes on wine: "If I were to define bottled wines, I should say that all wines t

Rheumatism Cured in a Day,—South American Rheumatism Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first doso greatly bonchus. 75 cents.

75 cents.

"I once know a man," said the imaginative boarder, "who was so fat that he was actually taller lying down than standing pu. What do you think of that?" "It strikes me." said the cheerful idiot, "as protty tall lying."

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FARM AND GARDEN.

One of the American experimental stations issues a novel bulletin on household p sts.

Polito soc ety probibits disaussion of the Omes, lectularins, that winged pest better known as the bedbug. While Mr. Mailatt, who writes most interest ingly about this repulsive insect, says that it is practically limited to the houses of the meaner sort, and that the careful housekeeper would fed listened by its appearance, he admits that its presence does not always indicate neglect or carolessness. It may come in the trunk or satchel of the traveller or may migrate from one house to another. It dopends for existence a good deal upon human society, if left in a house without other tomaits will look elsewhere for com' panionship and nourishment. The old English called it a "wall-louse Around Boston Mr. Marlatt egys they are called "ohntizes" and "oinches" in Baltimore the name is "mahogany flat," and in New-York they are said to be styled "red-coats."

itta," and in Now York they are said to be styled "red-coats."

The bedbug is a true bug of the percing sort. Like nearly all parasites, it is degraded structurally. Ages ago it had wings, but having slight necessity for extensive locomotion, the wings have become rudiment-ry, being barely recognizable pade. Mr. Marlatt says, simply but carnestly, that "the absence of wings is a most fortunate orroumstance, since other wise there would be no safety from it, even for the most careful and thorough of housekeepers." Its distinctive oder is characteristic of most plant bugs, "The presence of the odor," says Mr. Marlatt, "is, after all, a most fortunate circumstance, as it is of considerable sessistance in detecting the presence of these vermin," but in the case of these vermin," but in the case of the begbug it is the persistence of a characteristic on longer of especial valus to the possessor of it. It is necturnal in its babits. Though normally feeding on human blood, it can subsist on the juicee of wood or the moisture in accumulated dust.

The biting organ of the bedbug is exactly like that of other hemipterous insects. It consists of a rather heavy, fleshy under lip, within which lie four threadlike, hard filaments of sctac, which glide over each other with an alternating motion and pierce the flesh. The blood is drawn up through the beak, which is slosely applied to the point of puncture, and the alternating motion of these sets on the flesh causes the blood to flow more freely. In common with other insects which track man, it is entirely possible for these pests to be transmitters of contagous diseases. They become mature in about eleven weeks after hatching, depending upon warmth and the food supply.

Ordinary insect powders are not

ing, depending us

ing, depending upon warmth and the food supply.

Ordinary insect powders are not considered of much avail as a remedy against bedbugs. Liberal applies tions of benzine or letrosene to afflioted beds is recommended, and corrosive sublimate and turpentium may be used. Hot water is an effectual destroyer of eggs and bugs, and sometimes of furniture. A vigorous daily campaign is urged, and fumigation with brimstone is recommended by Dr. J. A. Lintner, New York State Entomologist. The common house corkroach and the little red ant both need frequent inspection and treatment. In general they are liable to effect injuriously only articles which are put uway and left unitable to some little time. Articles in daily or weekly use, and apartments in daily or weekly use, and apartments frequently aired and swept, or used as living rooms, are not apt to be seriously affected. Carpets under these conditions are rarely attacked, except sometimes around the borders, where the insects are not so much disturbed by walking and sweeping. Agitation, such as beating, shaking, or brushing, and exposure to air and sunlight are old remedies, and still among the best of command.

Various repellants, such as tobacco,

At command.

Various repellants, such as tobacco, camphor, naphthaline cones or balls, and cedar chips or sprips, have a cortain value if the garments are already stocked with eggs or larvae. The odors of these repellents are so disagreeable to the parent moth that they are not apt to come to deposit their eggs as long as the odor is strong. As it weakens, the protection decreases, and if the eggs or larvae are already present these odors have no effect on their devolopment, while if the moths are inclosed with the stored material to be protected by these repellents, so that they cannot escape, they will of necessity deposit their eggs, and the destructive work of the larvae will be little, if at all, restricted. After woolens have been given a vigorous and thorough treatment and aired and exposed to sunlight, however, it is of some advantage in packing them away to inclose with them any of the repellents mentioned. Cedar chests and wardrobs are of value in proportion to the freedom of the material from incistation when stored away; but as the odor of the wood is largely lest with age, in the course of a few years the protection greatly decreases. Furs and garments may also be stored in boxes or trunks which have been lined with the heavy tar paper used in buildings. Now paporing should be given to such receptuales overy year or two. Similarly, the tarred paper moth bags are of some value, always, however, first subjecting the materials to the treatment outlined above. Various repellants, such as tobacco

Chats With the Children.

mts Claus'il come to-night, If you're good,
And do what you know is right,
As you should;
Down the chimney he will creep,

Down the chinney he will creep,
And a doll that goes to sleep;
And a doll that goes to sleep;
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh
Tyro' the wood,
But he'll come around this way
If you're good,
With a wind up bird that sings,
And a puzile made of times.

ind a puzzle made of rings Jumping jacks and fuuny things-If you're good,

If you're good.

He will bring you care that "go,"
If you're good.
And a rocking horsey—oh!
If he would!
And a dolly, if you please,
That says "Mamn!" when you
It -hell bring you one of these,
If you're good. If you're good,

Nanta grieves when you are Lad,
As he should;
But it makes him very glad
When you're good.
He is wise, and he's a dear;
Just do right and never fear; He'll remember you each year,

If you're good.

James Courtney Challiss in December St.

Mr. Laurence Hutton has a fascinating article on boys in St. Nicholas. His remainiscences of his boyhood life in New York are most interesting. Of one boy he knew he says: He was not a very good boy, or a very bright boy, or an unusual boy in anyway. He was just a boy; and very often he forgets that he is not a boy now. Whatover there may be about The Boy that is commendable he owes to his 'ather and to his mother: and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it.

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else; always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything The Boy's stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was—"What on earth shall I do with it?" When The Boy came to her, one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from Heaven; when she was told that it was a boy, and not a bad-looking or a bad conditioned boy, her first thoughts were—"What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty 'to do with it before she got through with it, more than forty years afterwards; and The Boy has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she never readed her cry! What butter benediction can a boy have that that?

The Boy was red-headed and long-nosed even from the beginning: a shy.

suc noc told hum, late in ber life, that better benediction can a boy have than that?

The Boy was red-headed and long-nosed even from the beginning; a shy, dreaming, self-conseious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red, and that his nose was long. At school, for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Rod-Head," "Carrot-Top," or "Nosey."

His mother, married at miseteen, was the eldest of a family of nine children; and many of The Boy's aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and we'ce his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he was likely to be spoiled; and consequently he was never praised, nor potted, nor coddled. He was always falling down or dropping things, he was always gotting into the way; and he could not learn to spoil correctly or to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so. But nobody except The Boy knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feolings, caused him, by the fun they poked at his nose, at his unhandiness. He fancied that passeraby pitied him "a he walked or played in tho streets; and he sincerely pitical himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.

There was nother boy who had a femining a throm the was returned.

There was another boy who had a feminine weakness although he became foreman of a juvenile hook-and-ladder company before he was five, and would not play with girls at all. He had one peculiar feminine weakness. His grand passion was washing and ironing. And Ann Hughes used to let him do all the laundry work connected with the washrags and his own pocket hankerchiefs, into which regularly every Wednesday, he burned little brown holes with the toy flat iron which would get too hot. But Johnny Robertson and Joe Stuart and the other boys and even they uncles and aunts, never knew anything about this—unless Ann Hughes gave it away!

He tells how a boy succumbed to a temptation in his youth. The Boy was taught, from the parliest awaken-

IS THE TIME

of year .. . when men ..

cr, and runded and the saved thousands of the saved thousands of the saved thousands of the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, have been stronger and but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

Acrept no substitute.

The has stood the saved thousands of the saved thousands of the saved the saved millions of saved the save there to the save the saved thousands of the saved the sa the kidneys.

Accept no substitute.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY

known to medica men for prompt ly checking troubles of the kidneys and re when men ... kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of ened by ... that is by the use of the weather, and run

ing of his reasoning powers, that truth was to be told and to be repeated, and that nothing was more wicked or more ungentlemanly than a broken promise. He learned very early to do as he was told, and not to do, under any consideration, what he had said he would not do. Upon thus last point he was strictly conscientous, although once, ilterally, he "beat about the bush." His nant Margaret, always devoted to plants and to flowers, had, on the back stoop of his grandfather's house, a little grove of orange and lemon trees in pots. Some one of these was usually in fruit or in flower, and the fruit to the boy was a great temptation lit was very fond of oranges, and it seemed to him that a "home-made" orange, which he had never tasted, must be better than a grocer's orange; as home-made cake was certainly preferable, even to the worderful cakes made by the professional Jirs. Milder-barger. He watched those little grown oranges from day to day, as they gradually grow big and yollow in the sum. He promised faithfully that he would not pluck any, but he had a notion that some of them might drop off. Honever shook the trees, because he said he would not. But he shook the stoop! And he hung shout the bush which he was too honest to beat. One unusually tempting orange, which he had known from its bud-hood, finally overcame him. He did not pick it off, he did not shake it off; he compromised which he had known from its bud-hood, finally overcame him. He did not pick it off, he did not shake it off; he compromised were not made to be a rance should be was. But, in her own quaint way she gave him to understand that promises were not made to be cracked any more than they were made to be broken—that he had been false to himself in heart, if not in deed, and that he must go back and make it "all right" with his Aunt Margaret. She did not seem to be very much shocked, either; he coulú not tell his Aunt Margaret. She did not seem to be very much shocked, either; he coulú not tell why. But they punished The Boy. They made him ent

Hero is the true story of a boy's first trousers: The Boy seems to have developed, very early in life, a fondness for new clottles—a fondness which his wife sometimes thinks he has quite outgrown. It is recorded that almost his first plainly spoken words were "Coat and hat," uttered upon his promotion into. more boyish apparel than the caps and frocks of his infancy. And he remembers very distinctly his first pair of long trousers, and the impression they made upon him, in more was than one. They were a black and suite check, and to them was attached that especially manily article, the suspender. They were originally worn in celebration of the birth of the New Year, in 1818 or 1819, and The Boy went to his father's store in Hudson Street, New York, to exhibit them on the first business-day thereafter. Naturally they excited much comment, and were the subject of sincere congratulation. And two young clerks of his father, The Boy's uncles, amused themselves, and The Boy, by playing with him a then popular game called "Squails." They put The Boy, seated, on a long counter, and then slid him backward and forward between them with great skill and with no little force. But, before the championship was decided. The Boy's mother broke up the game, boxed the ears of the players, and carried the human disk home in disgrace.

carried the human disk home in dis-grace.

He remembers nothing more about the trousers, except the fact that for a time he was allowed to appear in them only on Sundays and holtdays, and that he was deeply chagrined at having to go back to kickerbockers at school and at play.

PROF. D. J. O'BRIEN.

A limition Musician Passet Peacelelly Amer The Hamilton Times of Wednesdia, says:—About 3.30 o'clock this morning, Prof. D J. O'llvrien, the Principal of the Hamilton College of Music, corner of Main and Oharles streets, and organist and choir leader of St. Mary's Cathedral, joi.—I the choir above. His end was peaceful. At his bedside were hir wife, daughter and sister-in-law. His death was not unexpected, as his physician said lattight that he was sinking fast and could not live till morning.

The deceased was one of the best known musical professors in Canada, and he will be greatly missed in musical orders. It was by his own perreverance and natural ability that he obtained the prominence that he did. He was born in Hamilton in 1868, and was thus only 18 pears of age. At an early age he was sent to St. Michael's College, Toronto, and there he gained such proficiency that he was enabled to take a position L. College in Louisville. After spends, a year there he decided to study medition, and went to Paris, France, for that purpose. In a short time, however, his love of music prodominated, and he returned to the study of it. His stay in Paris. As out short by the Franco-Gorman war, and he returned to St. Mary's Cathedral, and in 1860 het was appointed choirmaster else. Bob Doby positions he filled with honor to him.

St. Mary's Cathodral, and in 1830 he was appointed choirmaster also. Both positions he filled with honor to himself until stokness provented him from attending to the duties. A few months ago when he took seriously ill he was granted leave of absence for one year. He was a Fellow of the Soioty of Science, Letters and Arts, of London, Eng., and a Fellow of the Colego of Organists of Canada. He took a prominent part in the production of several important local musical and operatio performances. As Principal of the Music Institute, founded by himself, he had the honor of bringing out many musicians now preminent in different parts of Canada. He was in-

bimself, he had the honor of bringing out many musicians now prominent in different parts of Canada. He was indeed a successful instructor.

He leaves a widow and one daughter, Miss Josephine, to mourn his death. His brother, Mr. John O'Brien, lives at Sault Sto. Marie, and his only sister is Mrs. Wm. Kavanagh, of this city, Mrs. W. J. Morrision, his sister in law, of Cedar Rapide, Mich., has been an attendant on him with her sister for a short time, and did nuch to make his last days on earth as pleasant as possible. He was a very patient sufferer.

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