

Chats with the children

Three little boys from Frostland... When the moon was high in the heavens... They were by far the loveliest sight...

Next morning the grass laid jewels... That brought but a ray of light... At last the little boys had vanished...

FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

Will the world be writers among our young people give their attention for a few minutes? A letter lying on the desk prompts the request...

Perhaps it may interest you a little to be told how one girl began to write. Her first effort was a poem, but very fortunately she used the word "disperse" instead of "depense"...

CHERISH CAREFULLY THE LITTLE VIRTUES. "How carefully," said St. Francis de Sales, "we should cherish the little virtues which spring up at the foot of the cross"...

STRANGE BIRDS NESTS.

The habits of birds often suggest that they must be in possession of reasoning powers in addition to their instincts. A clergyman writing to a friend in Calcutta says: "I write this at the foot of the lofty mountain called Cape Comorin, whose rocky head seems to be peering at us..."

DON'T BE TOO CLEVER. It is possible to be too clever as well as not clever enough; now which of the two do you think the sailors in the following story were?

"I finished our story, Blanche," she said, blithely. "You finished it?" gasped Blanche, "without me!" "I didn't think you'd mind," faltered the dejected one. "I worked very hard to get it done..."

"There was the pound of candy," suggested Blanche, more hopefully. "Don't you like that?" "She was going to be twenty years old at the end," said Blanche, scornfully. "Do you suppose when we are twenty we'll eat candy?"

Thus the difficulty was adjusted very happily. One of the writers is now a nun of the Sacred Heart Order, and the other—well, after a while she wrote stories that were accepted and published, but she will never write anything that gave more pleasure than did those early efforts.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A TALENTED WITNESS.

An odd white-washer stood before the court as a witness. The lawyer for the defendant tried to confuse him. "You are James Miller?" "Yes." "Are you the James Miller who was sentenced under mitigating circumstances for robbery?" "No."

HIS ORDERS OBEYED.

"Golden Days" tells of a travelling man who put up for the night at the leading hotel in a small town, and before retiring left very particular instructions to be called in time for an early train.

PARMELO'S VERITABLE PILLS.

As PARMELO'S VERITABLE PILLS contain Maudsley and Daudet's, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have powerful action on the stomach and bowels.

There is no sense in...

There is no sense in dodging any sort of trouble around a man's neck. The only way to get rid of it is to come squarely out and face the difficulty. If you are sick or half sick, the best thing to do is to get rid of the ailment or ignore it, or pretend that it does not exist, but to find the proper remedy and use it.

"If we knew where we could borrow some saw Jack... "If we knew where we could steal some saw Joe. Just then the church bells began ringing for evening prayer.

"Now is our time," said Jack. "Off they went to the tower where the bells were hung. Here they found two fine ropes. "One for me, cried Jack. "And one for me," cried Joe. "I'll give you the rope," said Jack. "I'm up at the top," said Jack. "So am I," said Joe. Jack pulled out a knife from his pocket, and cut Joe's rope.

With these words he cut his rope close under his feet. Down it fell, and left him hanging by his two hands at the top. "Oh, erker!" cried Joe at the top. "Who'd have thought of that?" "So am I," said Joe. "You will have to hang there till morning."

Thoughts are the aliment upon which the mind feeds. If they are kept pure and in constant exercise, they impart health and vigor, and are like fertilizing currents running through the soul. There is one view respecting them which should awaken the greatest anxiety to have them under proper control.

In some respects manners resemble language—that is, they are signs or expressions of sentiment or feelings. This is undoubtedly their original intent, and if in the course of time they become somewhat overworn and less significant it is but the natural result of every form which no longer holds the spirit that once animated it.

Truth has many powerful enemies against which it struggles, and to which it is too often sacrificed. Fear, passionate desire, envy, malice, greed, shame, and a host of other emotions come into conflict with truth, and prove its deadly foes. When they take possession of the mind, justice departs and truth is often ruthlessly stricken down.

Domestic Reading

As there is no show of beauty in the root of a tree, and yet whatever beauty or grace there is in a tree comes thence, so, too, from the lowliness of faith—from faith as the foundation—comes whatever merit or blessedness the soul can ever attain.—St. Augustine.

FIRMSIDE FUN.

Why should a chimney sweeper be a good whist player? Because he is always following suit. "Oh, you crab boy! You're making your brother cry. No, mummy, I ain't. I'm only sharing my good liver oil with him—wot you said was so nice."

Secretary Wilson, in a recent speech at the Ohio State Fair, strongly advised the Ohio sheep husbandman to be sure to raise sheep that were good for mutton, as well as for wool. While the fleece of a fine-wooled sheep is sold for more per pound than the fleece of a good mutton producing sheep, the total value of the fleece of the one is far less than the total value of the fleece of the other, while the difference in the value of the mutton produced was very considerable.

At a dinner party an elderly lady was seated next to a deaf old gentleman. At dinner she asked her neighbor for civility, while enjoying her fruit. "Do you like bananas?" He bent down, and in a confidential whisper replied: "Well, no, madam, I've tried 'em, but I must admit I prefer the old-fashioned nightshade."

Tramp (to editor who is hurrying past): "Sir, couldn't you help me a little, please? I gave you a h-ping hand once." Editor: "What do you mean, follow?" Tramp: "Don't you remember that burglary by Jim Oricket and his pals some years ago?" Editor: "Yes." Tramp: "Well, I'm Jim."

The parish doctor said, "Your case is plain. The parrot rots in both wind and rain. Your pains rheumatic." "No," the pauper groans. "Six pairs of stairs wear out my aching bones. Each upward flight leads downward to the tomb!" "Tis not rheumatic, 'tis the attic room!"

A priest was examining a confirmation class in the South of Ireland and asked the question: "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered: "Tis a stato of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world."

WEDDING BELLS.

On behalf of the members of St. Helen's Branch we have much pleasure in congratulating their very worthy and popular Vice President, J. Fullon and his charming bride Miss Campbell of Ottawa upon their union in holy wedlock, wishing them every blessing in their future state of life, and if we may judge from an honorable stand point it will be a most happy one.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Buffalo, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for influenza, rheumatism, and other troubles, and it effected a complete cure. It was the only of my summer troubles that I never had to undergo, and every movement caused excruciating pain. I am now out of the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Mr. Alex. Clarke, one of the managers employed by the Butter and Cheese Association of Western Ontario, has, by request of the cheese-makers, made a special inquiry to ascertain the quality of the milk supplied to the York factory. The law provides that no milk shall be supplied to a cheese factory from which cream has been taken, or to which water has been added, which the strippings must be sent with the rest of the milk, that is, that the milk supplied must be whole and unadulterated, as it is supplied by the cows. Mr. Clarke first proceeded to ascertain at the factory the quality of the milk supplied by each farmer. He then visited the farms of those whose milk indicated a quality poorer than it should be. The result was a presentation and fines of \$5 and \$6 for the offenders.

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