

Our Own Fireside

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Henry Fawcett M.P.

HENRY FAWCETT, whose death was chronicled Nov. 6, 1884, was a noteworthy example of what perseverance and application will do. Whilst out shooting in 1868, being but 28 years of age, he was entirely deprived of his eyesight. What he has since learned was, consequently, from others. Notwithstanding the difficulties under which he labored he was one of the best informed men upon current topics. In April 1867 he married Millicent, daughter of Newson Garrett Esq., of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and to her not a little of his success is to be ascribed. Henry Fawcett was the son of W. Fawcett Esq., of Salisbury, and was born at the latter place in 1838. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge and graduated with high mathematical honors in 1856. He was elected fellow of the Cambridge Society during the same year. Notwithstanding his blindness he wrote "A Manual of Political Economy" in 1863, and the "Economic Position of the British Laborer" in 1865 and having been an extensive contributor of articles of economic and political science to the various magazines and reviews; he was elected in 1868, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge. He unsuccessfully contested on Liberal principles, Southwark in 1857, and the borough of Cambridge in 1862. He was again defeated at Brighton in Feb. 1864 but was returned by the last mentioned constituency at the general election of July 1865, and was re-elected in 1868. He was unseated at Brighton in 1874 but was elected for Hackney during the same year. On the formation of Mr. Gladstone's administration in 1880 he was appointed Post Master General. The University of Wurzburg on the occasion of its ter-centenary in 1882 conferred upon Mr. Fawcett the honorary degree of Doctor in Political Economy. A new and revised edition of Mr. Fawcett's "Manual of Political Economy" was published in 1869 with two new chapters on "National Education" and "The Poor Laws and their influence on Pauperism." Still another edition appeared in 1874. He also published "Pauperism, its causes and Remedies" 1871, "Speeches on some current Political Questions" 1878 and "Free Trade and Protection" in 1878. Mrs. Fawcett has also published several works on political economy and is an ardent supporter of the women's suffrage movement.



HENRY FAWCETT, M.P.

Mr. Fawcett was sick only a few days with pleurisy and pneumonia.

It is long since the death of a prominent politician has aroused such a general and widespread feeling of regret as has been caused by the untimely decease of Mr. Fawcett. By every party in the House of Commons Mr. Fawcett was held in the highest respect. Throughout the country by politicians of every grade as well as by men who pay little heed to what is going on in the political world, his career was followed with the utmost interest and often with the warmest admiration. The wonderful courage and manliness with which he had fought against the sad accident which threatened for a time to blight his career gained for him the sympathy of every one with whom he came into contact and of many who know him simply by repute. No man could have set to work more doggedly or more bravely than he did to live a life of usefulness and activity in spite of a disaster which would have crushed ninety-nine people out of a hundred. Moreover, as a politician he occupied a unique position of which any public man might be proud. He was a strong Liberal, in many respects a radical of the philosophical school as opposed to the Birmingham type, as the Tories delight to call it. Strong Liberal measures always received his support, but he was essentially an independent Liberal, and no one knew better than

the Liberal whips that there was in Mr. Fawcett at least one man in the House who could not be forced by any pressure to vote or speak with his party if he did not heartily and thoroughly approve of their policy. Once or twice his independence has, from a party point of view, proved most injurious. Once certainly, his influence went a long way towards nearly upsetting one of Mr. Gladstone's Administrations. His conscientiousness, his firmness, and his ability were such as to command admiration on all sides, and the tributes which have been paid his memory by Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord John Manners have been as sincere expressions of regret and admiration as have ever fallen from the lips of public men. As the Postmaster-General during the present Administration, Mr. Fawcett has been an unqualified success. His administrative qualities proved far superior to those of his predecessors and far greater than had been expected of a professor of political economy who had been previously spoken of not unfrequently as a doctrinaire politician. We need not mention any of the numerous reforms which he brought about at St. Martin's le Grand. He will be missed there not only by the rank and file of the post-office, by whom he was respected as Postmaster Generals very rarely are, but in a still larger measure by the public who reposed in him a confidence

which they placed in very few men in his position. As a political economist Mr. Fawcett can hardly be called an original thinker but he had a wonderfully clear and able mind, with powers of persuasion and lucid expression which give to his writings a permanent value. His books have been and will be still more widely read; and will do much to perpetuate the name of one of the most remarkable and most honorable figures in both political and literary worlds.

The Right Hon. George J. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., has been appointed Postmaster-General, in succession to the late Mr. Fawcett.

Shortly after he left Cambridge, while out partridge shooting with his father, he was the victim of a melancholy accident. As his father was about to fire, the head of his son rose into view directly in front of him, and he received wounds in each eye which blinded him for life. The last and greatest honour conferred upon him was when he was made Postmaster-General by Mr. Gladstone. As a private member of Parliament he went at once to the front, and on becoming an administrator he far more than justified the most sanguine expectations formed by those who had gauged his great capacities for hard work. As Postmaster-General he distinguished himself not merely for energy and assiduity, but for a readiness to test and try new things when they appeared themselves to his remarkably sane business judgment. The postoffice, now so vast an establishment, may have been as well administered before as it was under his rule, but never better. The manner in which he first introduced himself to the electors of Brighton is characteristic of his courageous spirit and his cheerful indifference to his affliction. He travelled down to Brighton one afternoon alone and unattended, and when he reached his hotel he heard there was a political meeting in the town that evening. He asked the waiter after dinner to accompany him thither, and started forth under the man's guidance. He found the meeting occupied in selecting candidates for the approaching election, and without a moment's hesitation he rose and said that he did not wish to disturb the harmony of the evening, but begged to announce that he intended to offer himself as a candidate. This bold address naturally took every one by surprise, but his candidature was adopted with acclamation, and he subsequently represented Brighton for nearly ten years.

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Lines on a Skeleton.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
'This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beautiful pictures filled this spot—
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern; hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied riches shine?
To how the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bowers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humble bed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's lap returned,
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

OUR STORY TELLER.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.

"Not exactly"—Allen's heart halted in its rapid beatings at the voice, and the low, musical laugh that accompanied it; "but I deserve the credit of having instigated the self-willed infant to the desire expressed by directing her attention to the riches cast up by the waves, that proved themselves such able abettors in my womanly manoeuvre."

"I hoped you gained enough by said manoeuvre to recompense you for the loss of your new gaiters."

"I was fortunate even there. The boots are uninjured, except that the tips may be a trifle less glossy. The walk in the warm sand that succeeded my wetting dried my feet comfortably by supper-time. Even if they had been ruined, I should not have been inconsolable, well as they fit; should have considered it but a small mishap, one of the minor misfortunes of war."

"How much longer do you intend to drive two in hand?" interrupted the other. "Take care! it is a dangerous game!"

"I grant it—to the inexperienced," was the confident rejoinder. "I remember, moreover, your insinuation against my adorable Allen, as expressed in the French proverb. Harken, O unbeliever! My politic show of interest in the arrival of the interesting youth this forenoon was a bullet in the heart of the real game. Whilst I was making sure of the decoy here upon the sands this afternoon—partly because he might yet be useful to me, partly because my heart softened at the thought of his miserable state, and I was not loth to leave him 'with a sweet taste' of me 'in his mouth,' as the children say; while I was doing this, a certain young gentleman was galloping restlessly through country lanes and woods to while away the tedious of the afternoon which I had named as the period I desired for deliberation upon the subject of a

letter slipped into my hand at dinner. Now, since this cogitation occupied less time than he expected, was I to mope in my room, like Marianna in the 'meated Grange,' through all the glorious sunset? This would have been especially nonsensical after I had seen my melancholy second-best strutting towards the beach. To cut short my story, at ten o'clock I am to meet the writer of this document in the pavilion on the bank back of us, and give him his answer. I was in a very good-humor towards the whole world, as you may suppose, so, as I could spare an hour after supper to 'the aforesaid No. 2, who the fates have decreed shall be No. 0 by tomorrow, it was but kind in me to bestow this parting blessing."

"How did you get rid of him finally?"

"Poor fellow! He is now diligently staring into the windows of the 'National,' expecting to recognize me in every girl that floats by in the waltz. It hurt my conscience to fib outright to him, but it was necessary to get rid of him. He is called the 'black sheep' of the family, and he is very like a sheep-burr in his pertinacity, where he once fastens himself. What a noisy heathen old Neptune is! Let us go on. I do not care to crack my voice before the interesting interview at ten o'clock this moonlight night."

And warbling the song she had quoted, she walked away.

CHAPTER V.

None of Allen Tyndale's kindred have looked upon his face since that summer night, four years ago. A brief line to his father, dated from New York the day after he left the sea-shore, is all the direct intelligence they have ever had from him. It stated his intention of immediate departure from the country, without assigning his reasons for doing so, or his destination. A month later, an acquaintance just returned from a Southern tour informed Mr. Tyndale that he had met his son in New Orleans, in company with several Filibusters of Walker's army; had spoken to him, and received a sullen recognition, which, however, did not surprise him, as the young man was evidently intoxicated! Every means of inquiry was resorted to by the alarmed parent, but no further information was ever gained.

The mother knows not if the son she nurtured upon her bosom is still a fugitive and a wanderer upon the earth; or, if he moulders in a nameless grave; or, more distressing yet, if he's in a malefactor's cell, awaiting the day of doom. On her the stroke has done its work. Remorse, late and ineffectual, sets before her his shadowed childhood; his embittered youth; his neglected manhood; and asks, "Was there no balm in a mother's love—no pity in a mother's heart, that could more than compensate to him for Nature's deficiencies and the world's slight?" This voice it is whose accusations have robbed spirit and body of rest; made her old while yet in her prime—a change that causes friends to wonder, and acquaintances to conjecture what mysterious grief thus weighs her down, which arouses the husband's fears for her health and reason, and the daughter's indignation at the extravagant expenditure of sentiment upon an object so unworthy.

"It may seem unsisterly in me

not to sympathize with mamma's anxiety," she says to her friend and neighbor, the still pretty and blooming Mrs. Delisle, "but what else could she—what could any of us expect? You know yourself, Minna, that Allen was always our 'black sheep!'"

THE END.

Fashion Notes.

None but brides wear white gloves. Gold ornaments are no longer in vogue.

Black lace dresses are worn at balls and evening parties.

Chinchilla is the correct fur to put on grey satin garments.

Evening shoes are of the color of the dress or golden bronze.

Tulle forms all or a part of nearly every ball dress this season.

Fur trimmed cloth suits are the correct wear for January.

All shades of brown up to ecru look well with gold tinsel trimming.

There is a revival of French taste for mirrors in artistic interiors.

Fur trimmings should match the material on which they are used in color.

Cream white and pale rose are the colors preferred by young girls for evening dress.

Steel and silver tinsel are the correct metal trimmings for gray stuffs of all kinds and in all shades.

Diamond spangled chenille makes a lovely and lustrous tablier or front breadth for an evening dress.

The fashionable colors of the season are steel blue, grape red, chestnut, mushroom, autumn meadow green, and twilight pink.

Among new woods used for furniture and artistic interior finishing is cocoba wood, darker than mahogany, and very effective.

Evening gloves are as long as ever, and always of unglazed kid or *Suede*, and the preferred colors are beige and tan in various shades.

The stockings for evening wear must match the color of the dress or its trimmings, and be plain, of silk or fine helle bread, with embroidered clocks.

Coiffures to be fashionable must be in the form of a figure 8 on the top of the head, with frizzled bangs on the forehead and in the nape of the neck.

Bisque dogs and cats are not the proper ornaments for the parlors and reception rooms of a well-appointed modern house; but they are frequently seen there, nevertheless.

Wide sashes of white Surah, loosely tied around the waist and arranged in a big bow in the back, make an effective finish to a plain white tulle, organdie, or crape evening dress.

English brides refuse to wear long-trimmed wedding robes, saying they do not care to look like dowagers at their own weddings, where they propose to dance in a demi-trained dancing dress.

Zouave velvet jackets, very short, in bright colors, and braided with gold and silver, are worn by young girls over tulle and organdie dancing dresses, a Greek scarf sash embroidered in tinsel and color forming most of the drapery.

Ball dresses have skirts put on in gathers or pleats around the waist, opening like a screen over a petticoat of another material. The preferred materials are velvet or satin broche for the petticoat, and tulle, lace, or crape for the overskirt.

The latest aesthetic wedding gown reported by English papers is that of the daughter of Prof. Huxley. It was of creamy satin, trimmed with Mechlin lace, myrtle and jasmine, while the bridesmaids wore sage green velvet trimmed with chrysanthemums.

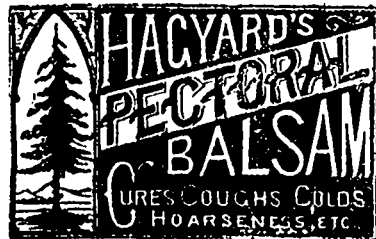
No Harm in It.

No harm can come from using Hagar's Pectoral Balsam; as a remedy for throat, bronchial and lung complaints it is always reliable and positively safe.

A German paper says "Bismarck is dancing on a volcano." Our Irish contributor thinks he'll lava narrow escape from being blown up if he fools too much with the "crater." Generally, when a man fools with the "crater," the "blowing up" doesn't take place until he reaches his home, we've been told.—[Norristown Herald.]

An essay by a pupil teacher.—Rector (reads): Horse racing is a favorite pastime of the aristocracy and other blackguards. Jockeys are led on gin from childhood, to stop their growth. The racecourse is a scene of drunkenness, profanity and vice, ruinous alike to body and soul. The next important event is the St. Leger. The favorite is Ratoacher, but father says the straight tip is Bluenose!—[London Punch.]

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The Scotch Sun says:

Last week we were shown a handsomely bound book called the "Canadian Home, Farm and Business Cyclopaedia," and in so far as we are able to judge should be in the hands of every farmer and business man. The book is practical in its teachings and is written by the best recognized authors in the Dominion. It is especially adapted to the wants of the farming community, and contains more practical information on farming than any work we have previously examined.

The St. Thomas Evening Journal says:

The Canadian Home, Farm and Business Cyclopaedia, published by J. S. Robertson & Brothers, Whitby, is, as it is described to be, "A treasury of useful and entertaining knowledge on the art of making home happy, and an aid in self-education; the laws of etiquette and good society; home amusements; out-door sports, and other interesting matters of social and educational value; the science and practice of farming; Goodwin's practical book-keeping; a treatise on penmanship, business correspondence, a digest of mercantile law," &c. It is a well-bound book of 816 large pages, printed in clear type, on good paper. It will be a useful book in every house, and will be sure to command a large sale. It will be sold only by subscription.

The London Advertiser says:

We have received a copy of "The Canadian Home, Farm and Business Cyclopaedia," edited by a syndicate of Canadian specialists, and published by J. S. Robertson & Bros., Toronto and Whitby. The work is very voluminous, containing no less than 816 pages. The Farm Dept. of this work has been carefully edited by Prof. Wm. Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College; the Business Dept. has been compiled under the supervision of George M. Rose, ex-President of the Toronto Board of Trade, while Goodwin's Practical Book-Keeping has been included in its complete form. The work deals with so many subjects that it would be impossible even to give a partial list. It contains numerous illustrations, the first of which is a full-page cut of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the now Governor-General of the Dominion. The work is well printed in clear bold type, and is really a credit to the publishers.

The Carleton Place Herald says:

This is a new book, purely Canadian, published by J. S. Robertson & Bros., Toronto and Whitby. It is well bound and printed with clear type on beautifully tinted paper, and the quality of its matter is such as makes it necessary to see and read the book in order to fully appreciate it. The subjects upon which it so ably treats are so numerous that only a few can be mentioned in our limited space. While it is entirely free from fiction, the "Home" Department is written in a style which possesses all the attractions of a novel. Amongst other subjects it contains an elaborate treatise on etiquette, another

another on the moral and physical training of children and the care of health generally. The "Farming" Department is prepared by Professor Brown, of Guelph, Ont., and contains information of such value that few days will pass without the farmer referring to it for something. In the "Business" Department, the book-keeping is treated in the clearest and most comprehensive manner of any book that has ever yet appeared, and is in every way superior to the ordinary text-books. The "Legal" Department, prepared by Mr. Geo. McLean Rose, of Toronto, contains law forms and other legal information, which will often save the farmer or business man more than the book costs him.

The St. Thomas Daily Times says:

We have just received a copy of the Canadian Home and Business Cyclopaedia. As regards binding and general appearance, the work is in every respect first-class and is a credit to Canadian authorship, Canadian enterprise and Canadian art. The work is distinctly Canadian and is written and edited by Canadian specialists in their particular departments. The home department is edited by Mr. Adam, founder of the Canadian Monthly, and for many years known to the Canadian public as an able writer and journalist; the farm department by Professor Brown, C.E.P. L.S., Canada's greatest agriculturist; and the business department, under the supervision of George McLean Rose, ex-president of the Toronto board of trade. The paper has been made expressly for this work, of a particular shade and with a view to durability. The stamp and general get up of the bindings are most elegant and durable in style and perhaps the finest that have ever been executed in Canada. The complete work is handsomely illustrated with portraits of some of Canada's prominent men including Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada at the present time, the Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C., B.D., C.L., etc., Premier of the Dominion of Canada, and Hon. Edward Blako, leader of the Opposition in the Canadian House of Parliament, while the different departments are all properly illustrated with cuts in keeping with the subjects which they represent.

The London Free Press says:

This work contains so much that is valuable to the business man, the farmer and the housewife that columns might be consumed in the bare enumeration of the contents. It is a compendium of matters which enter into every man's business, into every man's household. If he be a farmer he will find not only the best advice concerning the culture of his land and the conduct of his herds brought up to the present standard of knowledge and experience, but he is furnished with methods of keeping records and accounts of his doings which will guide him, warn him or encourage him. As affecting the business man, there are maxims and illustrations which will serve to show him the best principles upon which

to conduct his affairs; the safest means of investing his funds, and withal the most accurate manner of keeping and posting his books. As to those important matters of health and diet there are many pages of useful matter, which if read, considered and acted up to will not fail to save many an aching head, to spare many an aching heart. Useful rules for calculations; rates of interest; current legal forms; weights and measures, convey a fund of information to the careful reader. Those who may be curious to know something of the usages of what is called society are not neglected in the pages devoted to etiquette; while what is of far more importance, the mothers of the land are supplied with hints how to make their homes happy and their children healthy. The games of the country come in for some exemplification, and useful models for letter writing are given for use of beginners in the art. To those who do not possess special works upon the subjects spoken of, the volume will prove of much value, as being a book of reference with which constant and useful consultation may be had. The work is well got up, and will no doubt obtain a wide-spread sale. It is published by subscription.

The Hamilton Times says:

A surprising number and variety of subjects are to be found in this well-printed and handsomely-bound volume. The "Home Department" bears evidence of careful compilation, and is sure to prove of much service to the trusted housewife, or indeed to any member of the family. "Education and Manners of Girls"; "Respect for the Rights of Others"; "Manners of Young Men"; "A Profession for our Sons"; "Profession for Women"; "The Preservation of the Health"; "Air, Food and Exercise"; "Diseases of Children," are all subjects of vital importance, and they are ably debated, and many useful remedies for diseases are stated. An odd chapter or two is devoted to amusements for the family, both indoor and outdoor—a decided novelty in a work of this size that will at least be appreciated by the young folks. Other features are the "Complete Letter-Writer," "Rules for Debating Societies," many useful statistics of population of principal towns and cities, with special reference to Canada. The Farm and Garden Department of the work is edited by Professor Brown, C. E. P. L. S., of the Ontario Agricultural College, whose ability to deal with the topics undertaken is unquestioned. The writer gives a very interesting history of farming, comparing the past with the present, and supplying many useful hints as to how the farm may be made more productive of wealth. The Business Department contains hints on how to keep books that will be of much value to merchants, clerks and others. It also exhibits forms of Canadian legal documents, and a digest of mercantile law. The work, which is purely a Canadian production, and eminently fitted to take its place alongside the best finished book in our libraries, is illustrated with numerous engravings, embracing portraits of Hon.

E. Blako, Sir John Macdonald and other Canadian statesmen. The Home Department is edited by Mr. Mercer Adam, founder of the "Canadian Monthly"; the Farm Department by Prof. Brown, and the Business Department by Mr. George McLean Rose, ex-President of the Toronto Board of Trade.

The Bruce Herald says:

"The Canadian Home, Farm and Business Cyclopaedia"—The enterprising firm of J. S. Robertson & Bros., Book Publishers, of Whitby and Toronto, have recently made "A new departure" which reflects credit on themselves and our native country, in the issue of a large volume, which will be "A thing of beauty on any parlor table or library in the land. Written in Canada, by Canadians and for Canadians, it is the most practical and complete book for general information published in the Dominion. It contains upwards of 800 pages, printed on fine tinted paper, with clear type, beautifully embellished with numerous engravings. It teaches how to lighten the duties of home and how to make home enjoyable and attractive morally and intellectually, blending such innocent sports and amusements for the long winter evenings as will make "our lads and lassies" prefer the atmosphere of a pure home to places of dissipation. It also gives the Rules, Regulations and By-Laws which govern the more public "manly sports" with illustrated instructions to learn them. It teaches how to preserve health and what to do when sick. Its "home lessons" begin at the cradle and guide and follow the youth in every phase of life up to the hymenal altar, showing how to appear to the best advantage in society; a safe and reliable standard of instruction and reference in etiquette—a true friend and counsellor of the mother in dress, cookery, and other matters which almost daily occur in her anxious life. The mercantile department gives fullest directions in book-keeping, embracing not only the renowned "Goodwin's complete system," but also instructions how to conduct business correspondence. It also contains the latest legal forms for bonds, indentures, leases, assignments, mortgages, conveyances, notes, wills, etc. This part is not a mere transcript of American usages, but embraces everything now in use in our own Dominion. The book also contains the Rules, Regulations and By-Laws and explains the meaning of technical phrases used in debate and in public meetings. In a word it is a manual of Parliamentary practice. So far as we know this is the only book ever written giving information on Canadian farming, several hundred pages being devoted to this subject in its most practical bearings—written and selected by Prof. Brown of the Experimental Farm at the Ontario Agricultural College. This department relates to the climate, soils, plants of our own latitude, and is worth the price of the whole work. The Canadian Home, Farm and Business Cyclopaedia ought to have a large circulation.

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Godey's Lady's Book for February is one of the prettiest Valentines which the month has brought us.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisement of that splendid agricultural monthly the *Farmer's Advocate*.

Our Own Fireside for 1885.

The success that has attended this journal during the year now closing, plainly indicates that it meets a popular want in Canadian journalism.

Fresh improvements and attractions will be added during 1885.

A well-conducted Educational page will be maintained throughout the year. Correspondence from members of the profession on timely topics is invited.

The publishing of carefully written and reliable memoirs of men of note, with portrait, will be continued throughout the new year.

The "Art Pictorial" will also be utilized in the printing of attractive sketches of one character and another from time to time.

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Trying to Please.

Nothing contributes more certainly to the animal spirits than benevolence. Servants and common people are always about you; make moderate attempts to please everybody and the effort will insensibly lead you to a more happy state of mind. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest. The receipt for cheerfulness is not to have one motive only in the day for living, but a number of little motives; a man who from the time he rises till bedtime conducts himself like a gentleman, who throws some little condescension into his manner to inferiors, and who is always contriving to soften the distance between himself and the poor and ignorant, is always improving his animal spirits, and adding to his happiness. I recommend lights as a great improver of animal spirits. How is it possible to be happy with two tallow candles ill snuffed? You may be virtuous and wise and good, but two candles will not do for animal spirits. Every night the room in which I sit is lighted up like a town after a great naval victory, and in this serene galaxy, and with a blazing fire, it is scarcely possible to be low-spirited, a thousand pleasing images spring up in the mind, and I can see the little blue demons scampering off like parish boys pursued by the beadle.—[SYDNEY SMITH.

In connection with the large four page supplement to this issue of OUR OWN FIRESIDE will be found a carefully compiled catalogue of Educational Works. Teachers are asked to note the special advantages gained in dealing direct with the Teachers' Book Room.

Why Birds Sing.

The majority of ornithologists agree in ascribing an erotic character to the songs of birds; not only the melting melodies, but also those of their tones that are discordant to the human ear, are regarded as love-notes. Darwin finally, saving some reserves, came to accept this view. To be able to speak critically of the love-song, one should pay especial regard to the love-life of birds. It would be to throw water into the sea to add to what ornithological writers have advanced concerning the exceeding vital worth and cosmical significance of love. Nevertheless, I venture the opinion that the origin of the song-habit is to be found in other sources as well as in this important factor, among which is the joy of life, manifested in an irresistible determination to announce itself in melody; and that the song is more perfectly brought out in proportion as this feeling is more highly developed in the organization. Birds in freedom begin to sing long before pairing, and continue it, subject to interruptions, long afterward, though all passion has been extinguished; and domesticated birds sing through the whole year without regard to breeding-time, though no female or companion ever be in sight. Such birds, born in captivity, never feel the loss of freedom, and, if they are well taken care of, are always hearty and in good spirits. The bird sings, to a large extent, for his own pleasure: for he frequently lets himself out lustily when he knows he is all alone. In the spring-time of love, when all life is invigorated, and the effort to win a mate, by ardent wooing is crowned with the joy of triumph, the song reaches its highest perfection. But the male bird also sings to entertain his mate during the arduous nest building and hatching, to cheer the young, and, if he be a domesticated bird, to give pleasure to his lord and the providence that takes care of him, and in doing so to please himself. Lastly, the bird sings—by habit, as we call it—because the tendency is innate in the organs of song to exercise themselves.—DR. FLACKEZ, in *Popular Science Monthly* for February.

The History of Zero.

Zero on the common thermometer, like the fanciful names of the constellations, is an instance of the way wise men's errors are made immortal by becoming popular. Zero comes to us through Spanish from the Arabic, and means empty, hence nothing. In an expression like "60 degrees Fahr.," the abbreviation Fahr. stands for Fahrenheit, a Prussian merchant, of Dantzic, on the shores of the Baltic Sea.

His full name was Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit. From a boy he was a close observer of nature, and when only 19 years of age, in the remarkably cold winter of 1700, he experimented by putting snow and salt together, and noticed that it produced a degree of cold equal to the coldest day of that year. As that day was the coldest the oldest inhabitant could remember, Gabriel was more struck with the coincidence of his little scientific discovery, and hastily concluded he had discovered the lowest degree of temperature known to the world, either natural or scientific. He called that degree zero, and constructed a thermometer, or rude weather-glass, with a scale graduated up from the zero to the boiling point, which he numbered 212, and the freezing point, 82, because, as he thought, mercury contracted the thirty-second of its volume on being cooled down from the temperature of freezing water to zero, and expanded the one hundred and eightieth on being heated from the freezing to the boiling point.

Time showed that this arrangement, instead of being truly scientific, was as arbitrary as the division of the Bible into verses and chapters, and that these two points no more represented the real extremes of temperature than from "Dan to Beersheba" expressed the exact extremes of Palestine. But Fahrenheit's thermometer had been widely adopted with its own inconvenient scale, and none thought of any better until his name became an authority, for Fahrenheit finally abandoned trade and gave himself up to science. This habit made people cling to the established scale, as habit makes the English cling to the old system of cumbersome, fractional money. Our nation began to use Fahrenheit's thermometer about the middle of the last century, or not far from the time when old style was exchanged for the new style in the writing of dates.

The three countries which use Fahrenheit are Holland, England, and America; Russia and Germany use Reaumur's thermometer, in which the boiling point is 180 degrees above freezing point. France uses the Centigrade thermometer, so marked because it calls the boiling point 100 degrees from freezing point. On many accounts the Centigrade system is the best, and the triumph of convenience will be attained when zero is made the freezing point, and when the boiling point is made 100 or 1,000 degrees from it, and all the subdivisions are fixed decimally. If Fahrenheit had done this at first, or if he had made it one of his many improvements after the public adopted his error, the luck of opportunity, which was really his, would have secured to his invention the patronage of the world.

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At a recent wedding, where the bride was very dilatory in arriving at the church, a lady remarked concerning the affair: "Well, the idea of that woman being late in getting here, when she has been waiting twenty years for just such a chance as this!"

"Ain't you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman visiting her father and mother. "No, little one, I can't say that I am. But why do you ask that, Daisy?" "Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife always kept you in hot water."

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Fashion Notes.

Etamine is the rage in Paris. Etamine is the leading spring novelty fabric. Etamine, coarse or fine, is canvas-woven wool. Children's balls begin at 5 in the afternoon, and end at 9 in the evening. Blondes affect black tulle ball dresses with embroideries of jet. Fancy balls and carnivals for children, as well as their elders, are the order of the day.

Aurora pink, a warm gold-u rose, is the latest shade of this fashionable color.

A moderate sized tournure gives style to a costume but a big bustle is hideous.

High-shouldered fishy mantles and plain, old-fashioned long scarfs will be worn for spring wraps.

Ball-dresses are extremely décolleté, and have no sleeves to speak of; sometimes only a shoulder strap.

The skirt laid in alternate clusters of kilt pleats and panels decorated with braid is the style for tailor made spring suits of cloth, serge, diagonal, and flannel.

Jerseys are cut off in front like a pointed vest, and trimmed with a row of macarons around the collar, down the fronts, on the edge and sleeves.—*Godey's Lady's Book for Feb.*

A suggestion for fancy ball costumes is that each lady is to be dressed as a flower—violets, lilies, roses, blue-bells, fuchsias, marigolds, touch-me-nots, and forget-me-nots. What a lovely bouquet for a debutantes' ball!

The newest caps for babies are of white Surah, embroidered all over, or of piece net, embroidered, and lined with Surah. The ruche around the face is double, one row in shell ruching back of a fluted ruche next to the face.

The new plaided flannels for children are in charming shades of red, blue, green, brown, and beige, with dashes of yellow and black, all the combinations of color so arranged as to produce the most delightful harmony with the contrasts.

Spring garments for little children are ingeniously arranged to do duty both as suit and wrap by the superimposed draperies, pleatings, and parements on the princess form, and a small coachman's collar or cape, with pleated or fluted epaulette sleeves of the material, to give the high-shouldered effect.

Lowly Origin of the Great Musicians of the World.

Madame Materna, the greatest of living dramatic singers, is the daughter of a poor pedagogue in Syria. Christine Nilsson was a ragged street singer. Jenny Lind was a peasant child. Campanini was a servant. Brignoli was a cook. Nicolini "tended bar." Had not Rossini given Albani instruction the first half of the century might have lacked a great contralto. Her successors—Cary, Emily Winant, and Hope Glenn—are simply American girls, whose nobility is in true hearts and not in coronets. The Bach family, illustrious musicians for 200 years, were always so poor that they had to take lessons from each other. Balie was the son of an Irish cottager. Beethoven's mother was a cook's daughter. Haydn's father was a wheelwright. Gungli, who has written the most delicious dance music, learned to sing while his father wove stockings. Lucia is a peasant's daughter. Paganini was born and bred in want. Schumann's childhood was spent in a print-shop. The father of Liszt held a petty government office. Wagner's father was a police court Dopberry. The only representative of royalty who attained a respectable place in music was a woman—the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederick the Great.

Inscribed on a Kentucky Grave-stone.

IN MEMORIAM.

Here lies the body of Amassa Crump Waiting the summons of the awful trumpet. Amassa was not learned in city ways, He dwelt in old Kentucky all his days. When he had reached the age of fifty-one He made a journey on to Washington. There one morning he arrived quite well And took a room in a first-class hotel. At 10 P. M. Amassa Crump desired He should be called at 7, and retired. Before he got into his bed, alas! Colonel Amassa Crump blew out the gas. When they essayed to call him up at seven Amassa Crump was, we all hope, in heaven

New Proverbs.

"Truth," of London, advertised for an original proverb. Many hundreds were sent in. Here are some of the best: A white lie often makes a black story. It's a poor musician who can't blow his own trumpet. He who would eat the egg must first break the shell. Every back has its pack. Pens and ink out of reach avoid many a breach. Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you. The present is the child of the past and the parent of the future. The want of money is the root of much evil. Egotism is an alphabet with one letter. If you'd know a man's character follow him home. Better a line of sense than a page of nonsense. The surest road to honor is to deserve it. Only whisper scandal, and its echo is heard by all. It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best. Sighs are poor things to fly with. Home is the rainbow of life. Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread. They who live in a hurry, invite death by hurry.

The Best Yet.

The best blood-cleanser known to medical science is Bardock Blood Purifiers. It purifies the blood of all foul humors and gives strength to the weak.

Engineering Prodigies.

The smallest steam engine in the world is now claimed by the Toronto Globe to be the production of a resident of Arkona, Can. The Globe says: "The dimensions of this miniature affair are as follows: Diameter of cylinder, 3/4 of 1/16 of an inch; stroke, 1/32 of an inch; weight, 1/2 of a grain, bore of cylinder, .3125 of a square inch; revolution, 1760 per minute; horse power, .12490 per of a horse power. This engine is so small that it can easily be covered with the case of a 22 calibre cartridge.

The largest stationary engine in the world is in Lehigh Co., Pa., at the famous zinc mines at Friedensville. The engine is known as the "President," and as now run with sixteen boilers is of 5,000 horse power. With double the number of boilers the capacity of the engine is 10,000 horse power. There is no pumping engine in the world that can be compared with the monster. At every revolution of its ponderous wheel it throws out a little river. The number of gallons of water raised every minute is 17,500. The engine works with a smoothness that is astonishing, and there is not the slightest jar observable in any of its parts in the engine house. Previous to March last it had been idle for a period of seven and a half years. Since then it has been run day and night without a hitch. Twenty-eight tons of bunkheat coal are consumed by the boilers every day. The engine, as it is generally run, makes seven revolutions per minute, but the speed can be increased to fourteen revolutions. The driving wheels are thirty-five feet in diameter and weigh forty tons each. The sweep rod is forty feet long, the cylinder 110 inches in diameter, and the piston-rod eighteen inches in diameter with a ten-foot stroke.

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- Hold integrity sacred.
- Endure trials patiently.
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- Think of ease, but work on.
- Zealously labor for the right.
- Yield not to discouragements.
- Forgive any sooner than thyself.
- Be not too hasty to out-bid another.
- Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
- Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.
- Deeds are fruit, words are but leaves.
- Go not into the society of the vicious.
- What is bought is cheaper than a gift.
- Crosses are ladders that lead to heaven.
- Do what you ought let come what may.
- Extend to every one a kindly salutation.
- A man is not good or bad for one action.

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FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleases to test it. Contains their own purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

Edison's Electric Light, 60 cts

A complete model incandescent Electric Lamp with battery, stand, globe, platinum burner, wire, etc., with instructions for putting in perfect operation, will be sent post-paid, for 60 cents. Stamps taken. FREDERICK LOWEY, 96 Fulton St., New York.

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

The Oats.

Hear the warbling of the cats—
Merry cats!
Oh, I love to hear the music of their mid-
night nightly spats!
And they waltz around and frisk all,
In the joy air of night,
In a way so weird and brisk all,
While their shapely tails they whisk all
With a Cataline delight—
Keeping time with their tails,
Like a lot of Bunio dolls,
To the concert-entertainment, sung in sundry
sharps and flats
Of a canticle on rats,
Rats, rats, rats,
Rats—
To a wild carnivorous canticle on rats!
Hear the turbulent Tom cats,
Daddy cats!
How the cataputic bootjack interrupts their
fendish chats!
In the darkness of the night,
How their ghoulish outcries smite
Portland flats!
From their catacombs throats
All intense
Cataphonic zitty floats
To the turtle cat that gloats
On the fence!—
Ah, the tabby cat that listens, while she
gloats,
To the surging cantalysms of their wild
catarrhal notes!
Hear the hoarse grandfather cats—
Aged cats!
How they make us long to grasp a score of
rattling good brickbats!
They have caught a bad catarrh,
Caterwauling at the moon!
(See it? Caught a bad cat R!)
You may hear them from afar,
Roll it like a British R,
Out of tune.
In a clamorous appealing to the aged tabby
cat,
In a futile, mad appealing to the deaf, old
tabby cat!
Shrieking higher, higher, higher,
Like a demon in a fire—
While the little kitten cats—
Infant cats—
Sing an emulous, sweet ditty of their love
for mice and rats?
That's
Put a rudimental epasm of the capers of the
cats!

Over the Garden Wall.

THE ENGLISH BEIR APPARENT WITNESSES
A MOCK FRENCH AMBASSADOR'S
DISCOMFITURE.

A correspondent of the London *Citizen* tells of "a little comedy got up for the amusement of the Prince of Wales at the house of a well-known lady who is frequently honored with a visit from the Prince and his little personal court. On that occasion the hostess, whom we will call Mrs. B., was informed that the French Minister, M. Waddington, was in Cowee, the scene of the little comedy. The Prince of Wales expressed a desire to meet his Excellency at dinner, and an invitation was at once forwarded and promptly accepted. After dinner M. Waddington, who appeared to have dined sufficiently, began to discuss with Lord Charles Beresford the comparative merits of the English and French navies. From words the combatants got to blows, and Mrs. B., to her profound dismay, beheld the representative of the French republic set upon in her drawing room in the presence of the Prince of Wales. Lord Charles literally hustled M. Waddington out of the room. The fight was renewed in the garden, and finally the unfortunate French Minister was bundled over the garden wall, whence he presently returned with his coat torn. Mrs. B. set herself to bring about a truce, and the Prince of Wales, controlling as well as possible his boisterous laughter, joining in the good work, the French Minister and Lord Charles Beresford shook hands, and to all outward appearances, became good friends. This story travelled far enough to reach the French Embassy at London, and M. Waddington made a formal communication to Earl Granville, with the result that explanations were forthcoming showing that 'Billy,' otherwise 'Bull Run,' Russell, who in early days won fame as a special correspondent of the *Times*, had for the amusement of his Prince personated M. Waddington, and had snuffed himself to be hustled over a garden wall."

The Study of Finger-Nails.

Phrenology and chiromancy have long ago been established branches of pseudo-science, and books and pamphlets on these subjects are within the reach of everybody. There is, however, a new branch of the curious methods of physical research into psychical character, which is as yet very little developed. It is the study of the finger-nails, the shape and color of which are said to indicate certain traits of character. Finger-nails, according to the experts of the new fad, if long and slender, denote imagination and poetic feeling, love of art, and laziness; if long and flat, they are the sign of prudence, good sense, and grave mental faculties; if wide and short, of anger and rudeness, controversy, and obstinacy; a healthy color signifies virtue, health, happiness, courage and liberality; dry and brittle nails are signs of anger, cruelty, quarrels, culminating even in murder; curved in the shape of claws, hypocrisy and wickedness; soft, feebleness of body and mind; and, lastly, we are told that short nails, gnawed down to the flesh, signify silliness and dissipation. Which last injunction would make it worth while to commend the study of nails at least to schoolboys laboring under the burden of mathematical studies, or the heavier curves of an unwelcome imposition.

The Speed of Man and his Instruments.

From the *Wheelman's Gazette*.

The following table gives the various ways of going a mile and the time required. The bicycle stands fourth as regards the time taken to cover a mile:

	M.	S.		M.	S.
Locomotive.....	504		Running man.....	1	104
Running horse.....	1	394	Rowing.....	5	024
Trotting horse.....	2	004	Snow shoes.....	5	39
Bicycle.....	2	39	Walking.....	6	234
Skating.....	3	00	Swimming.....	12	424
Tricycle.....	3	039			

Before and After.

Just starting on the wedding trip—
Young Wife—I am afraid, dear, that our trip to Montreal and Quebec will be very expensive.

Young Husband—It may be a trifle expensive, but just think what a delightful time we will have!

Just ending the wedding trip—Young Wife—What a delightful time we have had, dear!

Young Husband—Yes, we have had a pleasant enough time, but just think what an awful expense it has been!

Etiquette of Smoking.

The well-bred man who smokes only for the love of it puts but as much of his cigar into his mouth as is necessary in order to draw it, keeps it in his mouth no longer than is necessary, and never fails to remove it when he talks or passes any one toward whom he would be respectful, especially a lady. Further, our best bred men never smoke in any street at an hour when it is much frequented, nor in any public place where smoking is likely to be offensive to others.

THE SIGNS OF WORMS are well-known, but the remedy is not always so well determined. Worm Powders will destroy them.

Delicious Little Fried Cakes.

Beat two eggs well, add to them one ounce of sifted sugar, two ounces of warmed butter, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, a teaspoonful of lukewarm milk and a little salt. Whip all well together, then stir in by degrees one pound of flour, and, if requisite, more milk, making thin dough. Beat it until it falls from the spoon, then set it to rise. When it has risen, make butter or lard hot in a frying-pan, cut from the light dough little pieces the size of a walnut, and without moulding or kneading, fry them pale brown. As they are done, lay them on a napkin to absorb any of the fat.

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— I N —

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The only Paper in Canada that goes direct every month to thousands of Active Working Agents. Sworn Circulation, 4,000 copies monthly.

The Folly of Pride.

The very witty and sarcastic Rev. Sydney Smith thus discoursed on the folly of pride in such a creature as man:

"After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on the speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives is he free from pain? When he dies can he escape from the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection."

We will send OUR OWN FIRESIDE for one year to any man, woman, or child, in Canada or the United States, who will take the trouble to send us the following order, properly signed and with address carefully written:

Publishers OUR OWN FIRESIDE,

Whitby, Ont:

Please send me OUR OWN FIRESIDE for one year, commencing with the Jan. 1885 number, for which I promise to pay you 50 cents one year from date of this order.

Yours truly,



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BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,
DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,
INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING
JAUNDICE, OF THE HEART,
ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF
SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,
HEARTBURN, DRYNESS
HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,
And every species of diseases arising from
disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH,
BOWELS OR BLOOD.
W. MURPHY & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.



THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

Saved Him \$1,800.

ADAMS, N.Y., Jan. 30, 1882.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents.—Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had a speedy colt as ever was raised in Jefferson County. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross-bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thorough-bred, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the hunch entirely off, and he sold afterwards for \$1800 (dollars). I have used it for bone spavins and wind galls, and it has always cured completely and left the leg smooth. It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Witherington & Kneeland's drug store, in Adams, the other day and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it, but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.
Very respectfully,
R. S. LYMAN.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 3, 1882.
B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents.—Being a sufferer from the rheumatism, I have tried a great many remedies for that complaint, using everything that I heard of or my friends knew of, and being treated by the best physicians in this city without effect. I had become discouraged and had concluded there was no help for this disease, when I fortunately met your agent, Mr. John Fish, who told me it was unnecessary to suffer any more, as Kendall's Spavin Cure would do the business, and as I was of the same profession he presented me with a bottle, which I used, and I must say without any faith, in one week I am able to walk without a cane or any other artificial help. I don't know that the Spavin Cure did it but this I do know I will never be without Kendall's Spavin Cure again, as I thoroughly believe it deserves its popularity, and has unqualified merit. I write this entirely unalloyed.
Yours truly,
H. B. SNOW, C.T.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH.

Vevay, Ind., Aug. 12th, 1881.
DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Gents.—Sample of circulars received to-day. Please send me some with my imprint, printed on one side only. The Kendall's Spavin Cure is in excellent demand with us, and not only for animals, but for human ailments also. Mr. Jos. Voris, one of the leading farmers of our County, sprained an ankle badly, and knowing the value of the remedy for horses, tried it on himself, and it did far better than he expected. Cured the sprain in very short order.
Yours respectfully,
C. O. THOMPSON.
Price \$1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Knobburgh Falls, Vt. Send for illustrated circular.

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OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

EDUCATIONAL

Individuality in Teachers.

The ideal school system would be one in which every teacher should have full liberty of action. Individuality would have free play. Each would regulate his own hours, choose his own text-books, use his own appliances, and work out his own ideas and methods. But such an ideal system postulates a host of impossible conditions, amongst them an ideal army of teachers, every man and woman of whom should be not only devoted heart and soul to the profession, but also qualified by culture, experience and personal character to be a law unto himself, and a model for other educators.—J. E. W. in *School Journal*, Jan. 12 '85.

Women as Teachers.

There can be little doubt that teaching will always rank among the highest branches of employment for women, however useful other branches may be, just as intellectual work must always be classed above manual; for, in spite of increased facilities for study, it does not seem likely that any large number of women will ever make their living by entering the medical or legal professions.—From *Work and Leisure*.

Public Schools.

We are often told that English public schools are both the outgrowth and the parent of the English character. The battle of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton, and Tom Brown is the fittest lad to tame the wilderness of Tennessee. By public schools are of course meant public boarding-schools. A public school, according to the English model, is located in a rural district, and surrounded by plenty of open fields. The central buildings are encircled by a number of picturesque villas, in which the masters receive boarders. The education given in these establishments, although supposed to be classical, is mainly "naturalistic." It follows the teaching of Montaigne, Locke, and Rousseau, and aims at training the body and the character rather than the intellect. Those who vaunt the superiority of our system scarcely realize how very modern it is.—OSCAR BROWNING in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Character.

I should be very glad to define what character is if I could. Not only is that impossible, but in these days of criticism one must be extremely careful about definitions. It is not passive goodness, or a constant tendency to abstain from wrong action. Conduct in such a case is merely negative. Rather it results from a positive force in one, prompting him to seek the right and do it, come what may. It gives one the keenest sense to distinguish between honor and dishonor, between selfishness and unselfishness, between right and wrong. It is not mere religious sentiment, for one may possess much of this and yet never rise to that height of living to which character belongs. And although there may be much of real character in a man whose religious nature has not yet been awakened, it is unquestionable, that when his heart is once fired by a supreme love of God, and by a burning desire to follow the steps of Christ, his character becomes much more intense and ardent than ever it had been before, much more potent for true living and good conduct than otherwise it could possibly be. Thus much can I say without touching theological differences, which I am studiously striving to avoid.—EDITOR JOHN E. BRYANT, in *Educational Weekly*, Jan. 22 '85.

WORMS often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It destroys and expels Worms effectually.

School Journals.

The educational world in Ontario is not likely, we apprehend, to suffer from the lack of press organs whose mission it is to speak for the teaching profession. There are now in the field, in this Province, two weeklies, *The School Journal* and *The Educational Weekly*, and two monthlies, *The Canada Educational Monthly* and *The School Supplement*. Of these the oldest is the *Canada School Journal*, formerly a monthly but quite recently changed to a weekly under the same name. The nearest in age to the *School Journal* is the *Canada Educational Monthly* now in its seventh year. The more recent ventures are the *School Supplement*, a monthly started last year, and the *Educational Weekly* the first number of which has just been published. It may be interesting to our readers to know that the *School Journal* is edited by Professor Wells late of Woodstock Baptist College, the *School Supplement* by Mr. Eaton late of Pickering College and the *Educational Weekly* by Mr. Bryant a well known Whitby man and late Principal of Galt Collegiate Institute. The *Canada Educational Monthly* since the departure of Mr. G. Mercer Adam, its founder, has been edited by our former townsman Mr. G. H. Robinson. Mr. Robinson we hear has just resigned the editorship of the *Monthly* to devote his whole time and energies to the new denominational weekly *The Presbyterian Review*. It has not transpired who is to be his successor in the editorial chair of *The Monthly*. All these School Journals are ably edited and are indispensable to the teaching profession. The general reader, too, will find very much in them that is interesting and profitable.

Woman at the School Board.

We are glad to notice that women in this Province are beginning to take an active interest in educational affairs. Mrs. J. R. Smith has been elected a school trustee in Brussels, Ont. If it is desirable that women should engage in public affairs there is no field better suited to them than the school board. The success of ladies in the London School Board fully justifies their election in this country.

Truth and Science.

Scientific education is a training in mental integrity. All along the history of civilization men have imagined what ought to be, and then have tried to prove it true. This is the very spirit of metaphysical philosophy. When the imagination is not disciplined by unrelenting facts, it invents falsehood, and, when error has thus been invented the heavens and the earth are ransacked for its proof. Most of the literature of the past is a vast assemblage of arguments in support of error. In science nothing can be permanently accepted but that which is true, and whatever is accepted as true is challenged again and again. It is an axiom in science that no truth can be so sacred that it may not be questioned. When that which has been accepted as true has the least doubt thrown upon it, scientific men at once re-examine the subject. No opinion is sacred. "It ought to be" is never heard in scientific circles. "It seems to be" and "we think it is" is the modest language of scientific literature.

In science all apparently conflicting facts are marshaled, all doubts are weighed, all sources of error are examined, and the most refined determination is given with the "probable error." A guard is set upon the bias of enthusiasm, the bias of previous statement, and the bias of hoped-for discovery, that they may not lead astray. So, while scientific research is a training in observation and reasoning, it is also a training in integrity.—From "Scientific Education," by J. W. POWELL, in *Popular Science Monthly* for February.

Brain in Boys.

Every boy is not fit to be sent to college, because it is not every one for whom a college education is beneficial. Properly applied, a college training is a sort of polish that adheres only to material of fine grain. Culture does not adorn every nature, and except with the wealthy, for whom we are not concerned, the expensiveness of a college course should plainly indicate an expectation of some substantial return. Money should not be wasted in turning basswood into clockwork machinery. "You can't fill any cup beyond what it will hold," says James Payn, "and the little cups are exceedingly numerous." There is a homely proverb ascribed to a homely queen to the effect that a silk purse cannot be manufactured out of a pig's ear. When the article is unquestionably of the pig's ear type, then a rich man may spend a fortune if he chooses endeavoring to make something superfine out of it, but the sensible man will devote it to other uses. The professional man, the artist, or the scientist must have some of the elements of success in such professions—there must be some groundwork of ability to rest upon before he enters into an elaborate course of study fitting him therefor.—D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., in January *Educational Monthly*.

Notes.

To follow the education of the child, is a new training for the parents, who live over again the experience of their youth.

It has been discovered that a Michigan teacher, by a misunderstanding of an anatomical model used in a public school, taught his hundreds of pupils that the heart was the liver, and vice versa.

The midwinter (February) *Century* contains an article by Dr. W. George Beers, of Montreal, on "Canada as a Winter Resort," profusely illustrated by Henry Sandham, with views of tobogganing, curling, racing on snowshoes, etc. The Montreal carnival gives this paper an especial timeliness.

THE GREAT CARNIVAL.—Thousands upon thousands of people from all parts of the continent are going to the Montreal Carnival at the end of January. We hear the *Montreal Daily Star* is bringing out a magnificent Carnival number, something that will eclipse in artistic merit and absorbing interest every illustrated paper heretofore issued in this country. It will have the attack on the ice-palace and defence by the Garrison in all its magnificent pomp and brilliancy; the tobogganing fete in its true natural beauty; the Ice-Condora after the Egyptian models, inaugurated with electric and pyrotechnic illuminations; the mammoth ice lion (British); the great sleigh drive, embracing thousands of superb equipages, and probably the grandest thing of the kind of modern times; the fancy dress entertainments, true to nature; and a magnificent inset-plate of the ice-palace in tints—a fine picture for framing. It will be remembered that there was a tremendous furore over the last year's Carnival number of the *Montreal Star*, the issue running up near a quarter of a million. It is said this year's number will be far ahead of last. The artists are Bengough, Julian, Harris and Haber. The writers, George Murray, John Reade, Dr. Beers, "Adirondack" Murray, and W. H. Turner. *Grip* sends for production in the Carnival *Star* a double page which is said to be the most side-splitting cartoon ever published in this country. Fifteen cents in stamps sent to the publishers, Graham & Co., Montreal, will secure a copy of what is said to be the greatest illustrated paper ever issued in this country.

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HAVE YOU A FRIEND who wants to get into a good paving business, or would you prefer to go in and win yourself? Agents, farmers, mechanics, clerks, school teachers, etc., will find this an easy way to make money; everybody satisfied; no humbug; no peddling; write for particulars, enclosing 3c. stamp; don't delay; this advertisement will only appear for one month. Address JAMES LEWIS, Importer of choice Teas and Coffees, 281 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 6m2

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Names on postal cards not accepted. Only those written in plain English, and mailed us in a sealed envelope will be acceptable.

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Is the oldest family magazine in America, and is conceded by the press and public to be the leading Fashion Magazine, especially so, as its circulation probably covers the largest area of any American publication, its patrons being found in every civilized country under the sun. 1885 will mark the 55th year of this magazine, and it is proposed that it shall not only exceed in excellence in every department anything in its previous history, but surpass in attractiveness, quality and quantity any other magazine published for the same price. The magazine, during 1885, will contain:—

1000 pages of reading, consisting of Stories, Novels, Romances, Sketches, Poetry, History, Biographies, by the best magazine writers; also Art and Current Notes, Charades, Dialogues, lessons on Dressmaking and Cooking.

200 practical Recipes; besides descriptions of Fashions, domestic and foreign.

150 pages illustrating Fashions in colors, and black and white.

24 pages of select Music.

18 beautiful Engravings.

12 Illustrations of Architectural Designs; besides illustrations of household interiors and stories.

Each subscriber will be allowed to make a selection each month of a "Full Size Cut Paper Pattern" of any design illustrated in the magazine, without extra cost; these patterns are worth more than the price of the magazine. We will also present to every subscriber a Steel Engraving (for framing) of Perault's celebrated picture "Sleeping Love," prepared expressly for this magazine.

As *Godey's Lady's Book* has faithfully observed its promises with the public for fifty-four years, there need be no doubt about the above offer being fulfilled to the letter. Subscription price \$2.00 a year. Sample copies, 15 cents. Address—

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PERSONS REPLYING TO ANY ADVERTISEMENTS IN THIS MAGAZINE WILL CONFER A FAVOR BY MENTIONING THAT THEY SAW IT IN "OUR OWN FIRESIDE."

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

VARIOUS.

The Outside Dog.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
Or of any dog that you please;
I go for the dog, the nice old dog,
That knowingly takes his ease.
And wagging his tail outside the ring,
Keeping always his bone in sight,
Cares not a pin in his sound old head
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should my dog sail in
With nothing to gain but a certain chance
To lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few, perhaps, who fail
To see it quite in this light;
But when the fur flies I had rather be
The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs, injudicious dogs,
That think it is quite the thing
To take the part of one of the dogs,
And go yelping into the ring;
But I care not a pin what all may say
In regard to the wrong or the right,
My money goes, as well as my song
For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

Elephantine Eccentricity.

TOBACCO ANTI-PATHY A MYTH—"GYPSY'S"
HAZARDOUS APPETITE

"Yes, Gypsy here has some queer
cases and habits."

The speaker was the manager of a
circus which is quartered in the city for
the winter. The gypsy referred to was
a large sized 9-year old elephant who
stood close by, playfully throwing hay
over his back. A few minutes before
the manager had dropped from his
pocket a briar-wood pipe that had seen
over a year of service and was by no
means sweet. Gypsy saw the tempting
morsel and calmly reached out his
trunk for it, put it in his mouth, crunch-
ed it up, and while doing so rolled his
eyes about with every appearance of
satisfaction.

"Gypsy," continued the manager,
"has exploded the theory that all ele-
phants hate tobacco. A common idea
used to prevail that if a person gave an
elephant any of the weed the animal
would never forget the insult and
would have its revenge if it took years
to accomplish it. I have given Gypsy
pound after pound of plug and fine-cut,
and instead of resenting it he, figura-
tively speaking, cries for more."

"Has he a fondness for eating any
other odd things?"

"Yes. He is like the camel which
Mark Twain describes that chewed up
Mark's coat. We do not dare to leave
any old clothes lying within reach of
his trunk. Gypsy will take just about
three minutes to get away with a coat.
A pair of pants will disappear down
his throat in just four minutes, and he
will masticate an overcoat in about ten
minutes."

"Has he any preferences as to the
quality of the goods?"

"I never noticed that it made any
difference whether they were imported
or domestic, basket pattern or cork-
screw. I have remarked, however,
that if the garment was old and greasy
Gypsy seemed to tackle it with greater
zeal than if it was new."

"But I wish you could be here in the
morning when he gets up. You see,
the keeper of the animals makes his
bed on the ground in the near vicinity
of the cages. Gypsy always lies down
on his bed of straw close by. In the
morning, when he thinks it is time to
be up and stirring, the animal will
reach over with his trunk and rub it
over the keeper. If that fails to awake
him the elephant will pull the bed-
clothes off, and he will keep the racket
up until the man is fully aroused."

"Yes," spoke up the keeper who
stood near, "and he has a bad habit of
nearly always waking up about an hour
before I am ready to get up. It's no
use kicking, though, for he is a very
determined animal and always has his
own way."

The Cheapest and Best.

On account of its purity and concen-
trated strength and great power over
disease, Burdock Blood Bitters is the
cheapest and best blood cleansing tonic
known for all disordered conditions of
blood, liver and kidneys.

Caprices of Horses.

THE LADY-LIKE WAYS OF A SORREL MARE.

(From the Cornhill Magazine.)

All horses have their fancies, and
know perfectly well whom they have to
deal with. I am just now much exer-
cised with Whitefoot, a sorrel mare,
which I bought when young, and has
lately come out of the hands of a pro-
fessional breaker with two or three
tiresome whims. I do not think that
he understood her. When an unbroken
filly she was most obedient to me.
I found her in the drawing-
room. To reach it she had walked
into the house by the front entrance,
and after traversing a corridor some
forty feet long, had passed through
three doorways. There she was, con-
sumed with curiosity, examining
furniture, smelling knob-knocks, and
looking out of the window. I expected
a scene, since she was as good as wild,
having never been made acquainted
with a saddle, bridle or shoe. Yet she
behaved like a young lady, not only
daintily walked about among the chairs
and tables without damage but exhibit-
ing solitary self-consciousness, espe-
cially when she came to look at herself
in a mirror. This she did with much
interest, getting first one side of her
face and then the other into the most
appreciable position. It seemed to me
that she smiled. When she had gazed
her fill I said: "Now come, out, my
dear." Then she put her warm velvety
nose into the hollow of my up-lifted
hand and followed me, as I walked
backward, like a courtier, into the
paddock. And yet the professional
breaker had found her hard to manage.
She was evidently too refined for him,
and resented his coarse manners.

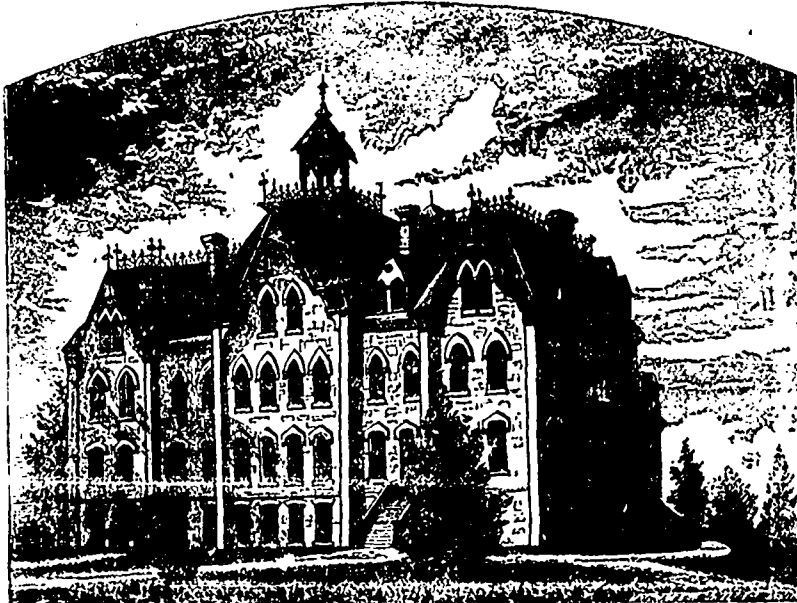
Live Stock Notes.

We have seen farmers throw a fork-
ful of splendid hay into each fence
corner, and more on the top of the
manure pile, only to be half-trampled
under foot. The same men wonder
why their hay doesn't "go farther."
The farm-yard without a good feeding
rack, or racks, lacks an important con-
venience. Remember, we can make
hay in winter as well as in summer, by
saving it.....Always avoid abrupt
changes in feeding. One advantage of
good ensilage is, that it helps to avoid
sudden changes from pasture to dry
feed.....We do not believe in blanket-
ing horses in the stable. It is ad-
visable to throw on the blankets when
the team comes in warm after a drive,
but only for an hour or two. Have the
stables warm enough to keep the
horses comfortable without blankets;
they will stand the cold better when
out of doors.....If eggs are wanted in
winter, select early hatched pullets of
laying breeds, and give them warm
quarters, clean perches, sufficient water
(not too cold), and a feed in the morn-
ing of corn meal and wheat middlings,
wet up with milk. Feed meat scraps
daily, and keep plenty of coal ashes
frequently changed or gravel within
reach of the fowls. At noon feed corn,
buckwheat, etc., scattered among chaff;
clover hay, or oats in the bundle, may
be given frequently for the fowls to
pick at.—*American Agriculturist for
January.*

A Golden Opinion.

Mrs. Wm. Allan, of Aston, declares
that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best
household remedy in the world for
colds, croup, sore throat, burns, scalds
and other painful complaints. Her
opinion is well founded.

Turkish towels are ingeniously uti-
lized in forming the decorative front
breadth of esthetic evening dresses,
the parts being united and trimmed
with ruching and cascades of fine ficelle
lace run with tinsel threads. The oth-
er parts of the toilet are made of sage
green, twilight pink, gray blue, copper,
or strawberry colored satin and plush
or velvet, or some artistic brocaded
stuff, and trimmed with ficelle lace and
a little judiciously applied tinsel.



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Attended by Young People of both Sexes.

REDUCTION IN FEES. ADVANTAGES:

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Nine earnest teachers are employed, several of them University graduates. It is thought the staff is as good as can be obtained anywhere.
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Four distinct, efficient Departments are maintained:
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 - (2) The COMMERCIAL giving a practical business training.
 - (3) The COLLEGIATE preparing for the various University, and Teachers' examinations. Last summer five young ladies passed the Local University Examination, and ALL of the candidates for Second Class Certificates were successful.
 - (4) MUSIC AND FINE ARTS under the charge of Masters and Teachers whose reputation is more than Provincial.
- Literary Society.**
This is a special feature. Meetings are held every Friday evening, and an excellent Reading Room is maintained.
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To improve every student, *physically, MENTALLY, SPIRITUALLY.*
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The College is by all odds the cheapest first-class school in the province.

STUDENTS ARE ADMITTED AT ANY TIME.

For information concerning other advantages, address

W. H. HUSTON, M.A., *Principal, Pickering.*

Dimpling Dashes.

CLIPPINGS FROM THE CHRONICLE'S
COMIC COITRNS.

Weight for the wagon—A ton of coal.
One thing a lazy man is sure of—Leis-
ure.

Why is water in a filter like the for-
tune of a spendthrift? Because it is
soon run through, and leaves many
matters behind to settle.

A Delaware farmer has put down
40,000 herrings as a fertilizer. His
theory is that the crops will hurry into
the air away from the smell of the
herrings.

The principal of one of New York's
many "finishing" schools where young
ladies are presumed to get the final
touches of polish to fit them exquisitely
for society, includes in her course of
lectures one on the art of slumbering
presentably.

A Massachusetts woman sold her
washtub to a party of riflemen for a
target. They paid her \$1.50 for it, and
after they had gone home she went out

in the field and brought it home as good
as it ever was.—[*Burlington Free
Press.*]

The Texan editor and father who
penned the following paragraph must
have had a tough time: "If in propor-
tion to size a man could holler as loud
as a baby, there would be no telephones
needed in this country."

There are in old England more so-
cieties for the promotion and prevention
of things than one could name in a
summer's day. But among them all
there is none that will strike Americans
as more remarkable than that for the
"prevention of the repeal of the act
forbidding a man to marry his dead
wife's sister."

It was just after the tiff. "I won-
der," snarled Romeo, "if we shall know
each other in Heaven." "I'll remem-
ber you, of course," replied Juliet, with
tender emphasis, "but of course I
couldn't know you without meeting
you." And a period of silence as long
as a centennial poem crept into the
room. Romeo kept thinking about one
thing and another and one thing and
another and one thing and another.—
[R. J. Burdette.]