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HOME CIRCLE eee eee eee eee eee

THE ANIMALS' FAIR. (Selected)

Tws long ago, they say, in the Land of Far-Away,
The beasties clubbed together and hey held a big bazaar;
Not'an animal was slighted, every single one invited,
And they all appeared delighted they came from near and far.

The Bear brushed his hair and dressed himself with care,
With the Lynx and two Minks he
started to the fair;
The Tapir cut a caper as he read h

morning paper,
Ail learned about the great bazaar
and all the wonders there

The chattering Chinchilla trotted in with the Gorilla,
Meh elated, so they stated, by the iprospects of the fun,
Whit the Yak, dressed in black, came came riding in a hack,
And the Buffalo would scuffle, ohbecause he couldn't run.

The Donkey told the Monkey that he

The Donkey told the Monkey that he had forgot his trunk key,
So an Ox took the box and put it in the way
Of a passing Hippopotamus, who angrily said, "What a muss!"
As he trod upon the baggage and observed the disarray.

A graceful little Antelope brought a A graceful little Antelope brought a idelicious cantaloup,
And at a toble with a Sable sat primly down to eat;
While a frisky young Hyena coyly gave a philopena
To an Ibex who made shy becks at her from across the street

A Bison was a pricin' a tea-chest of young hyson,
So cheap, said the Sheep, that it
nearly made her weep;
The Igzy Armadillo brought a satin
Sola-pillow,
Then found a cory, dozy place and
laid him down to sleep.

An inhuman old Ichneumon sang a serenade by Schumann,
The Giraffe zave a laugh and began ef-er and chaff,
A laughing Jaguar sais, "My, what a wag you are!"
And the Camel got his camera and took a photograph.

* * *

FINDING THE LOST LAMB.

Shortly before the death of Eugene Field a friend from one of the Southern States told him a pathetic story of a girl who had wandered away from her home in the country. She had grown weary of the drudgery and dreariness of Ler life on the farm, and her vanity and pride having been touched by unfortunate compliments to her beauty, she had run away from the farm and taken refuge in a large city, with the usual results of that dangerous step.

Her old father, who in his rough way had been devoted to her, mourned for the girl he had lost, but in his simplicity it never occurred to him to try to find her, for the world beyoud the limits of his township was vast and forbidding. But word came to him one day that somebody had somehis daughter in the city, a hundred miles away, and with only that to guide him he went in search of her.

Onen in the cit, he shrank from the noise and confusion of the crowds. He walted until night, and then when the streets were comparatively deserted he roumed up and down from one street to another, giving the pe-culiar cry he had always used when looking for a lost lamb-a cry the girl herself had heard and given many times in her better days. A policeman stopped the old man and warned him that he was disturbing the peace, eupon the father told his story and added:

mm that he was disturbing the peacy whereupon the father told his story and didded:

"She will come to me if she hears that cry."

The officer was moved by the old man's simplicity and carnestness and offered to accompany him in his search. So on they went up and down the thoroughfares and into the most abandoned sections of the city, the farmer giving the plaintive cry and the officer leading the way that seemed the most promising of success."

And success did come. The girl heard the cry, recognized it and intuitively felt that it was for her. She rushed into the street and straight to father's arms. She confessed the weariness and misery of her lot and begged that he would take her back to the fath, where she might begin a new and better life. Together they left the city the next day.

The story deeply touched Mr Field He often spoke of it and declared his intention of making some literary use of it, and before he had settled the interior deathful the new quite made upile him in the story of the old farmer and his lost lamil awaits another poet. Youth's Companion.

FLANTS THAT SEE.

Crasia plants stretch themsel estated the father of support and food in a strength of support

way that makes the ordinary observer believe that they can see, and the experience of a correspondent in connection with a convolvuh's lends color to this sight theory. He was seated at his back door and put his foot against a pillar round which a convolvuius was twined. The tendrals, co has surprise, began to move, and in half an hour were beginning to curl round his foot. He resolved to try an experiment with a pole, and on the following day he set up one about twelve inches from the nearest tendrils and at the back of the pillar, so that it could not be said that the plant was attracted by the light. Within three minutes the tendrils began to move towards the pole, just like snakes, and it was almost impossible to believe that this was done without sight. In a few hours they

> * * * THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

First of all keep your eyes wide open during the working hours. That seems a simple thing to do, doesn't it? When your eyes are wide open, you will see many new things in the world, many things that half asleep people never see. So get wide awake and learn all you can from the world about you.

were curled round the pole.

Read books that give you information as we'l as entertainment. Associate with people who are cheerful and instructive. Ti, to keep out of your mind all the small trials that you may have. Make it a point each day to say a pleasant word to some one, do a kindness for some one and do the things that you promised yourself yesterday that you would do today.

Don't be ashamed of being bigbearted and ambitious to improve yourself in body and mind. Remember that one of the best ways of self improvement is being of service to others who need help.

* * *

HOW TO IRON A SHIRT WAIST. Not infrequently a yeing woman finds it necessary to launder a shirt waist at home for some emergency, when the laundryman or the home servant cannot do it. Hence these directions for ironing the waist. To iron summer shirt waists so that they will look like new, it is needful to have them starched evenly, then made perfectly smooth and rolled tight in a damp cloth to be laid away two or three hours. When ironing have a bowl of water and a clean piece of nuslin beside the ironing board. Have your iron hot, but act sufficiently so as to scorch, and absolutely clean. Begin by ironing the back, then the front, sides and the sleeves, followed by the neck band and the cuits. When wrinkles appear amply the damn by the neck band and the cuits. When wrinkles appear apply the damp cloth and remove them. Always iron from the top of the waist to the bottom. If there are plaits in the front iron them downward, after first raising each one with a blunt knife, and with the edge of the iron follow every line of statching to give it distinctness.

After the shirt waist is ironed it should be well aired by the fire or in the sun before it is folded and put

Complicated Ailments

A Remarkable Case of Kidney an Liver Disorders and Extreme Nervousness Cured by the Combined use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pils and Nerve Food.

A PROTEST. Where are the names, the pretty

names. The names we used to know The names we used to know,
The sweetly simple, girlish names,
We knew so long ago?
There are no Marys any more
In this enlightened age,
The old name's never used to-day,
''Marie'' is all the rage.

The Kitties are all "Kathyrines,"
In this late age and day;
There are no Mannies any more,
For "Mayme" is the way.
The Fannies are all "Fanys" now.
The girls we used to know
Named Alice have all changed ther
names names Since "Alvs" is the go.

The Pearls have gone to join the rest, For "Pyrle" is up to date, The Helens spell it "Helyn" now, For it is very late.

The Ediths are all "Edyths" now,

The Ediths are all "Edyths" now,
And much as we may rue,
The girls nam d Lillie have gone o'er,
They spell it "Lyly," too.
The it is to gone o'er,
They spell it "Lyly," too.
The it is to gone o'er,
They spell it "Lyly," too.
The it is to gone o'er,
They spell it "Lyly," too.
This sylly, sylly thyng;
Yi we should ynto dayly lyfe
Thys kynd of spellyng bryng,
Confusion would be ryfe yndeed,
We'd lose our E v and I's
Yn keepyn track of spellyng whych
Ys very much too Y's.
Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune

* * *

CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE MERCURIAL NEWSBOY. The St. Vincent de Paul Quarte ly tells the following story by Father Porta S. J., in the May number:

Some three or four years ago, said Father X., I happened one day to be "walking down Canal street," when I heard a clear piping voice shouting 'Ev'-nin' p-y-perrr All 'bout de murderr." With the Intention of brying the paper, I turned as und and beck oned to the owner of the high-pitched voice - a hatless, shoeless, one-suspendered little midget of a boy. He ran up to me and said in a most apologetic tone:

"Xeuse me, Fawder, dere ain't b no murder. I wasn't hollerin' fer you, Fawder. I wouldn't fool no priest fer nothin', me."

"And why do you shout 'All about the murder,' then?" I asked.

"Oh!" he answered with a smile on his thin lips and a twinkle in his rog ish eye: "I'm dead sure, Fawder, dere's been some murder somewheres, and it's somewheres in dis paper. So yer see, Fawder, it ain't 'xactly no le wot I holler. It's only ter sell ter dem folkses as buy only a paper when ye holler murder or fire, or shootini Take a paper fer nothin', Fawder?"

"Thank you, my boy. And now, tell me, how do you know I am

"Oh, dat's easy 'nuif. Foyst, I can tell by yer collar, den by yer face, den by yer clothes, and den by your walk, and row by yer talk. And den yer see, Fawder, I belongs to der Newsboys' Home, and lots of priestes comes dere. I can tell a bishop, too. He-Paper, sir?"

"No," answered gruffly an old man to whom the innocent question was put.

"Now dat guy ain't no priest, Faw der, sure. Yer never hears no priest talk like dat to no newsboy: dev's got more manners dan dat, yer bet." "And what is your name?"

"My true name is Tommy But den dey never calls me dat; dey calls me 'Seven Colors,' ou 'count of my hair, see? All de gan; has got nicknames. Dere's Boozy, Sheeny, Frenchy, Dutch, Stale Bread, All Night, Warm Gravy, Big-foot Pete, Whisky, Shake 'Em-Up, and oder names like dat, yer know. Dey ain't wot yer mout call nice names, but den, yer know, dey all means somethin' wot a feller is or does."

At this juncture another junior memer of the press appeared, or rather swooped down on the scene: "Paper, cap'n?" he said, addressing

me. "All 'bout de fight, Paper, sir?' 'Git away, from here, Cat-fish," said Commy indignantly, his eyes dancing in his head. "Don't yer know better dan tryin' t' bluff a priest? Some of dem fellers, Fawder, ain't wurf sweepin' up; no dey ain't. But den dis feller can't help it; yer see, he don't belong t' de home, he's a reg'lar tramp, he is. Dere ain't no use puttin' him in jail, because he steals there, and he won't work in de workhouse. He don't go to no school; he don't know his letters; he don't know no prayers, he don't know nothin' 'bout his religion, in fact he don't know the difference b'tween a prayer-beads and a ham-sandwich, he

"Yer know wot you is, Seven," blurted out the new-comer, who had listened with a meditative face to Tommy's denunciations.

"I'm a gentleman from way back, if yer wanter know," replied Tommy, throwing back his head and striking his chest. "I'm a perfect gentle-man, me, and a Catholic, and I don't care who knows 'it."

"Dat feller's a fake, Fawder. He wants t' make out he's a good Catholic, but he ain't. When he makes his first communion last year, he never

wears no shoes. Mebbe 'tain't true, ch? Now don't be 'bout it," he addcd, triumphantly.

"Pat's true, Fawder," replied Tommy m a sorrowful tone of voice. "But den, ye see, I couldn't help it, fer Yer see Fawder, I never wears no shoes, and de Sisters dey gives me shoes de mornin' of my foyst communion. I puts dem on ter go ter Mass, but den I coaldn't pray with dem tings on, to I yanks 'em off, and when de time comes ter go ter commumon, I couldn't put 'em on no more So I goes to communion widout dem, but den I keeps on my stockens. Some crazy fellers says dat I busted my assolution. Den I aced de Sisters, but dev larfed and says 't wash t even a venial sin, 'twash't "

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TREES THAT WHISTLE The musical tree found in the West India Islands has a peculiarly shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these forms the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name In harbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the island a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which, in the still hours of the night, has a very weird and unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, growing abundantly in the Soudan, is also called the whistling tree. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvae of insects, distorted in shape and swollen into a globular bladder from one to two inches in diameter After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of the swelling, the opening, played on by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, equal in sound to a sweet-toned flite.

EARLY IRISH IN CANADA.

A writer in The National Hibernian writes. Retracing odr steps to Canadian territory, we find there the footprints of an early Irish immigration. As far back as 1518 Baron de Lory, the French descendant of a Munster family, led a company of colonists to Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

The Dalys, Bells, Caseys, Caniffs, McBrides, Gambles, Creelmans, Archibalds and other Irish families were established in Canada in the last century. In 1784 Dc. O'Donnell, afterwards consecrated bishop of the island, led a company of Irish settlers to Newfoundland. One of the most romantic chapters in Canadian history is the story of the Talbot settlement, founded by Hon. Thomas Talbot of Malahide, the scion of a distinguished Norman-Irish family.

In his youth he was the brother

aide-de-camp of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the victor of Waterloo. Having seen service in Canada, Talbot retired from the army after the peace of Amiens, and obtained a grant of in the wilderness on novel terms. He had devised a social experiment of his own, and his stipulation was that every settler he located on fifty acres or land he should receive a grant of 200 acres up to a limit of 5,000, with the privilege of obtaining an extra 100 acres for every farmer who might desire them.

His rule was arbitrary and in some things eccentric, but generous and just, and the fertile tract settled under his superintendence now comprises wenty-nine flourishing townships. Hundreds of farmers, whose holdings are to-day worth \$25,000 apiece, had little more capital than an exe when they first met the aristocratic pioneer c' Malahide. Doubtless some people will be surprised to learn that in Canada to-day the Irish element is numerically stronger than either the English or Scotch.

The first governor of Prince Edward Island was Captain Walter Patterson, a native of Ireland, whose younger brother, Robert, settled in Baltimore and became a wealthy merchant. It was the daughter married the latter who Jerome Bonaparte in 1803, and who was so shamefully deserted by the parver, prince at the command of his despotic brother, the Emperor.

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UNI,UCKY THREE TIMES. He-I've been unfortunate in love

three times! She-I'm sorry for you! What were the circumstances?

He-The first went into a convent, the second married another, and the third is-my witel-Heitre Welt.

THEY WAKE THE TORPH EN-FRGIES.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows faults in its working. It is the stame with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parma-lee's Vegetable Pills: were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring-into order all parts of the mechanism.

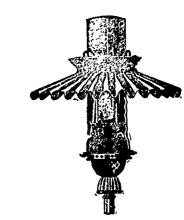
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