

A Few Minutes' Reflection and Recreation.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.—Herbert.

Hope dries the tear which sorrow weeps.—T. Ingoldsby.

He makes no friend who never makes a foe.—Tennyson.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy.—Emerson.

The most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.—Henry Home.

The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity.—Johnson.

Hundreds would never have known what if they had not first known waste.—Spurgeon.

One of the best effects of thorough intellectual training is a knowledge of our own capacities.—A. Bain.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasts of it is a devil.—Thomas Fuller.

There is no future pang can deal that justice on the self-condemned, he deals on his own soul.—Byron.

Fine clothes are good only as they

supply the want of other means of procuring respect.—Boswell's Johnson.

Remember that in every quarrel the person who has been least to blame is generally the most ready to be reconciled.—Bewdley.

No man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is a half life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.—Philip Brooks.

There was never a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good, that never could have been done before, and never can be again.—W. H. Burleigh.

No man is fit to win who has not sat down alone to think; and who has not come forth with purpose in his eye, with white cheeks, set lips and clenched palms, able to say: "I am resolved."—Bulwer.

We give and receive direct soul impressions. Every one of us touches; every one of us receives an impression from every one who touches him.—Lyman Abbott, D.D.

Our blunders mostly come from getting our wishes interpreted our duties, or hide from us plain indications of unwelcome tasks. We are all apt to the blind eye when a signal is flying that we dislike.—Dr. McLaren.

AROUND THE LAMP.

There are two ways to live on earth.—Two ways to judge,—to act,—to view; For all things here have double birth.—A right and wrong,—a false and true!

DIGNITY OF NATURE.
In such works as the weird, gaunt, ungainly "Man With the Hoe," the "Pig-killers," or the "Vinedresser Resting," it really seems as if [Millet] had deliberately chosen the most unlikely of figures and compelled one to love them, and made them fall into harmony. Two men, rude and dirty, carrying a calf on a hurdle from the fields, and yet the overpowering impression conveyed is the tenderness of their feeling for the new-born thing—"Angels' Wings," by Ed. Carpenter.

ELIZABETH II.
How many of our readers know that but for a mother's prejudice we might never have had a Queen Victoria, and correspondingly a huge column, to say nothing of streets and buildings, would never have existed under this name? But, all the same, this is so. We were at one time extremely likely to have been ruled by our late Sovereign, certainly, though not our Queen Victoria, but as Elizabeth II. Elizabeth was the name which the Duke of Kent chose for his daughter, and chose it with a reason. He thought it might bear a girl-Sovereign with her people, and that Elizabeth II. would bear a strong recommendation as a link with Elizabeth I. "The Queen's mother, however, disliked the name, and chose Alexandrina in its place, which is now inscribed on the Victoria, which is now inscribed so large on the page of history, and on the map of the world, being thrown in at the front as a sort of afterthought.

ALL HE WANTED TO KNOW.
A middle-aged man, dressed like a tramp and without an overcoat, walked up to the ticket-office at the station the other day and hesitatingly inquired:—"What—what is the fare—to—to?"
"To where?"
"To—to— Well, that's funny! The name of the place has slipped from my memory. Let's see!"
"How far is it?"
"I don't know."
"Is it on the main line?"
"I—I can't remember."
"Do you have those spells very often?" asked the booking-clerk.
"Not very often. It's very embarrassing. I assure you. Strange how a man will lose his memory."
"Is it a big town?"
"Oh, yes."
"Do you mean Manchester?"
"Yes, yes—that's the place—Manchester. How could I have forgotten it?"
"And you want a ticket to Manchester?"
"Oh, no. I just wanted to know what the fare is. I always walk when I go, but I want to put it down on my expense account as much cash saved. What did you say it was?"
The long, stony stare of the ticket man's eye did not kill him dead, and if that booking-clerk had had his way the tramp would have gone off limping in both legs.

THE BUSIEST MAN OF A LARGE TOWN.
A clergyman working in a large town is almost certain to discover that he is in a way looked upon as common property. What he knows a small proportion to the fact which, reasonably or unreasonably, he will be expected to occupy. He is presumed to have a heart for everybody's woes, to be a solvent for everybody's problems, to be a treasury for everybody's necessities, and a general bureau of information, covering all questions from Christian Science to higher criticism and from daily occupation to matrimony and divorce. He is also supposed to be able to speak with equal fecundity and effect on any occasion that may offer and upon any theme that the occasion may suggest, and to be so charged with versatile stores of fancy, epigram and nonsense as to require for the emergency only the easy turning of the spigot.—Rev. Dr. Parkhurst.

A CRYPTOGRAM.
The death of Ignatius Donnelly, of Shakespearean "Cryptogram" fame, adds interest to a recent surmise in the Donnellian field. This is no less than an argument in favor of Shakespeare's authorship of the Bible. In a late number of the London Answers, a writer claims that in the name "Shakespeare" lies the key to this wonderful cryptogram. He says: "The spelling 'Shakespeare' was the non-de-plume of the great poet, while 'Shakespeare'—an evident change of 'Shakespeare'—was his real name. Each of the two latter spellings contain ten letters—four vowels and six constants. By combining these figures the number 46—the key to the mystery—is obtained.

Take up your Bible, turn to the forty-sixth psalm in the Revised Version, and you will find that the psalm is divided into three portions, each one ending with the word 'selah.' Now count forty-six words from the beginning of the psalm and you will read the word 'shake' in the first portion. Then count forty-six words from the end of the psalm and you will read the word 'shake.' There you have the word 'Shakespeare' as plainly as the letters can make it.

A NEW PUZZLE.
They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the First Napoleon than they do now. The Emperor, it is said, one day met an old one-armed soldier, and asked him where he lost his arm.

"Sire, at Austerlitz."
"And were you not decorated?"
"No, sire."
"Then here is my own cross for you. I make you chevalier."

"Your Majesty names me chevalier because I have lost one arm, would you say my Majesty have done had I lost both?"

"Oh, in that case I should have made you officer of the Legion."

Whereupon the soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off his other arm.

QUICK-WITTED COMPLIMENTS.
The late Sir Charles Russell used to tell with great gusto the following story, which illustrates the inborn knack among Irishmen of turning compliments.

Sir Charles, who was of Irish extraction himself, said: "An Irish girl was taking a walk with a young friend of similar nationality and a son of Sir Charles, one on each side of her. They were talking of some popular English beauty, and the girl made some disparaging remark about her countrywomen, saying that beauty had died out in Ireland since the English conquest. 'I don't think,' said the young friend, 'it has died out altogether. I fancy I have seen beauty in this country fully equal to any you can find across the Channel; but that, Frank,' he added, 'is between you and me.'

THE INTEREST OF WEDDINGS.
Girls love weddings. Why should they not? It is a curious experience to them. Their minds are full of the great theme; they tenderly record each incident they can think of nothing else; and they tell each other a thousand times how the bride looked, and how the traveling dress became her.

Not otherwise than when a covey being dispersed, men go round and shoot the straggling birds, so admirers might easily win the hearts of the fair who are still hovering wistfully round the memory of a wedding. Thus Nature has provided chances for bridesmaids; and thus the superstition that it is unlucky to be a bridesmaid is justified. For if a maiden can survive heart-whole, and pass unscratched through these moments of sympathy, it is certain that she will never be won, because of her hardness of heart.

A VERY GOOD REASON.
A certain junior counsel was on one occasion bullying a rather innocent-looking witness. The witness bore it meekly, but at last he rather smartly got even with his tormentor. "Was your wife with you on the occasion referred to?"

"Witness—'No, sir.'"

Counsel—"You are quite sure? Remember, you are on your oath."

"Witness—I am quite sure."

Counsel—"Was she present with any one else?"

"Witness—'No, sir.'"

Counsel—"Did you tell her that?"

"Witness—'No, sir.'"

Counsel—"Or at any subsequent time?"

"Witness—'No, sir.'"

Counsel—"You said nothing to her whatever?"

"Witness—'Not a word.'"

Counsel getting angry—"Now, state to the court the reason or reasons why you did not consult your wife regarding the important events which occurred on the occasion mentioned."

"Witness—'Because I haven't got a wife.'"

THE WIFE'S PURSE.
The average American husband does not seem to be able to get it through his well-meaning but halting mind that nothing on God's earth humiliates a wife more than to be compelled to ask her husband for money," writes Edward Bok of "The Wife and Her Money," in the March Ladies' Home Journal. "She instinctively hesitates to do it, and oftentimes she goes without rather than ask. Every wife should be

given all that is possible for the husband to allow for household expenses, and it should not be doled out to her but as her right and without question. Over such a share she should have independent away to do with as she sees fit for the wisest interests of her home and children. That is the right step. But there is still another. She should have an allowance of her own apart from the family share of the income. I have no hesitation in saying that the truth is, wife is too great and important a factor in the life of the modern advanced woman. In that particular she is right and is absolutely justified in filing a protest. The wife is too great and important a factor in the life of her husband to be made a financial dependent.

THE ART OF CHOICE IN READING.

(By James Russell Lowell.)

One is sometimes asked by young people who recommend a course in reading. My advice would be that they should confine themselves to the supreme books in whatever literature, or still better to choose some one great author, and make themselves thoroughly familiar with him. For, as all roads lead to Rome, so do they, like wise lead away from it, and you will find that, in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to examine the explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and will find yourselves scholars before you are aware. For remember there is nothing less profitable than scholarship for the sake of scholarship, nor anything more wearisome in the attainment. But the moment you have a definite aim attention is quickened, the mother of memory and all that it acquires groups and orders itself in an order that is lucid, because everywhere and always it is in intelligent relation to the central object of constant and growing interest. This is a serious study in any sense, I am quick to think, which is, after all, the highest result of all education. For what we want is not learning, but knowledge; that is, the power to make learning answer to the needs of our intellectual sympathies. I do not mean to say that everyone is fitted by nature or inclination for a definite course of study, or indeed, for a serious study in any sense. I am quite willing that these should "browse in the library," as Dr. Johnson called it, to their heart's content. It is, perhaps, the only way in which the mind can be profitably employed. But desultory reading will not make a "full man," as Bacon understood it, of one who had not Johnson's memory, his power of assimilation, and, above all, his comprehensive grasp of the relations of things. "Read not," says Bacon, in his "Essay of Studies," "to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and matter for dispute; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously (carefully), and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books, also, may be read by deputy."

This is weighty and well said, and I would call your attention, especially to the words with which the passage closes. The best books are not always those which lend themselves to discussion and comment, but those (like Montaigne's) which discuss and comment themselves.

THE SYMPATHY OF EXPERIENCE.

Dr. Macleod, who knew Queen Victoria intimately, recalls in the Sunday Magazine one of the most pathetic anecdotes told about her late majesty: The first person she went to see after her bereavement was a Highland cottager, widowed like herself. "And we both cried," he said, "and we both cried. I controlled myself as soon as I could," said the dear old creature, "and asked her pardon for crying. And 'Oh,' she said, 'she was so that I had to cry with her.' And she knew full to cry with her. And she afterwards said, 'You saw your husband's death coming, but I—I did not see mine. It was so sudden!'"

Who, asks Dr. Macleod, does not know the value of the sympathy of experience, the sympathy of those who "know exactly how one feels?"

A GRAND OLD ORATOR.

At length for the first time in my life [Leeds, October, 1881] I have heard Gladstone make a great speech; indeed, two such speeches as would be enough to immortalize a man. He spoke for two hours and twenty minutes, and thus the superstition that it is unlucky to be a bridesmaid is justified. For if a maiden can survive heart-whole, and pass unscratched through these moments of sympathy, it is certain that she will never be won, because of her hardness of heart.

HOW HE MANAGED TO PROPOSE.

"It's all settled," announced the young man with a beaming face, "and the happy day has been fixed."

"So you got your courage up to the point at last?" said the friend, who understood the situation.

"Yes, it isn't hard when you get started. But it is a wonder I didn't get nervous prostration before I made the plunge. We were sitting on the sofa, and I was trying to get the courage enough to ask the all-important question. But every time that I opened my mouth to speak I simply broke out in a cold sweat, and couldn't say a word for the life of me. I would have retreated a dozen times, bag and baggage, if I could have done so gracefully."

"Not that I didn't want the girl, but simply for the reason that I despaired of ever being able to ask her to be mine. The girl acted, too, as if she had a right to hear something to the point. But I could only sit there like a chucked-head idiot, and abuse the weather. I would have been there still, in the same horrible situation, if something hadn't happened to break the ice."

"One night last week we were sitting side by side on a sofa, and during one of those blissful moments when nothing was being said I chanced to get

the girl's eyes intently fixed upon a motto hanging on the wall, and which read 'Love One Another.' 'I'll be hanged if I ever saw that motto before, but it gave me an inspiration, and I leaned over and murmured: 'Shall we?' and she murmured, 'I don't mind,' and it was all over."

A GREAT IDEAL.

It is related of Dennekker, the great German sculptor, whom art critics have given rank with Michael Angelo and Canova, that after exercising his genius on subjects taken from Greek and Roman mythology, in which he won great fame, he devoted years to a statue of Christ, and when he thought the work was finished, he called a little girl into his studio, and directing her attention to the statue, asked her, "Who is that?" Her answer was, "A Great Man." Though disappointed and chagrined, feeling that years of hard toil had been lost, he determined to renew his labors to work up a higher conception of Christ, and at the expiration of another year, he again called the child into his studio and repeated the question, "Who is that?" After a few moments of solemn silence, she burst into tears, and said in low and gentle tones, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and she pointed to the statue. He was satisfied. The child had given him the meaning, and her sweet answer had assured him that he had succeeded in embodying the great ideal he had so studiously and fully labored to express. He was told that he declared himself inspired of

God to execute this work; and so long had he given his thoughts to it, that, in his solitary vigils, he believed a vision of Christ was enjoyed by him. After this great achievement he was requested by Napoleon to execute a statue of Venus for the Louvre, but he declined, saying, "A man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a Pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing." Well would it be if all Christians were as profoundly imbued as was this famous sculptor with the duty of developing, in art, a noble ideal of Christ.

Not to our mortal eyes, as claimed by Dennekker, but more surely by a divine manifestation, has Christ been revealed to every believer. Not in bodily form have they looked upon him, but in the glory and perfection of his character they have seen him; and the apostle, describing the influence of the marvelous vision, tells us that, beholding it, they are "changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." Nor can one who has been so highly exalted, and who, by divine help, has been able to develop a likeness in spirit and character to Christ ever content to "commit sacrilege," by doing "the works of the flesh." His theory of life is too magnificent and inspiring. He lives in a vision of Christ and with such a grand ideal of life, and to that all his aims and ambitions are entirely consecrated.

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ty of rain. It matures by Sept. 1 to 15. Sow three pecks, not more than one bushel, per acre, always broadcast. On rich land three pecks is enough. The growing of a crop of buckwheat is very simple. After seeding it germinates in two or three days, especially after a rain, and grows very fast. It requires no attention whatever until harvesting time. It is free from insect attacks so far. Yet sometimes the crop is somewhat blighted by very dry weather. It is also free from fungi. When three-fourths of the seed are ripe is the time to harvest. The average number of bushels per acre depends on the kind and condition of the ground. If land is of medium fertility, 25 bushels is a fair average, but I can grow as much as 40 bushels on new ground. On very poor land some do not get over five to ten bushels.—American Agriculturist.

COST OF PRODUCING MILK.
The great difference in cost of milk when made by good cows and by poor ones is shown by the experiments of the practical dairy operated at the New Jersey Experimental Station. The value of the yearly product of their best cow at 3 cents per quart is \$14.25, and of the poorest cow \$3.74, while the cost of feed for the cows is estimated at practically the same. At 3 cents per quart the returns of the good cow over the cost of feed are \$10.50, while for the poorest cow they are \$13.40.—American Agriculturist.

THE WHITE MINORCA.
The White Minorca has a large body and stands well up on its legs; it has a broad chest, and a long, flat back. The standard requires the tail to be carried upright, but breeders generally prefer having it carried well back. The body of the male is long, square in front, tapering toward the rear. The thighs are stout, shanks medium in length, stout in bone, and are pinkish-white in color. The comb is single, large, perfectly straight, evenly serrated, and extending well back over the head. Wattles are thin and pendulous, and correspond with the size of the comb; ear-lobes pure white. The general appearance of the female in body is the same as the male, rather long, broad and deep. Her comb is single, large and drooping to one side. The color of the White Minorca must be white throughout; feathers other than white disqualify. The comb, face and wattles are a bright red, showing no white in the face. The eyes are hazel or red.—Poultry Monthly.

Nervousness and Nerve.
The more nervous a man is the less nerve he has. That sounds paradoxical—but it isn't; for nerve is stamina. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nerve. It tones the whole system, perfects digestion and assimilation, and is therefore the best medicine a nervous person can take. If you get tired easily, mentally or physically, take it—it will do you good.

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