

The Three Lessons.

THREE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shalow from thy brow—
No night but has its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy barque is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Faith, Hope and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else were blind.

—FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

A Mosquito Legend.

Hiawatha is the subject of many Indian legends, only a small number of which are included in Longfellow's beautiful poem. The little boy, reading a book of poetry, who declared angrily to a mosquito singing about his ears, "If you do not move off, I will fling Hiawatha at you," spoke more wisely than he know.

The Indians say that hundreds of years before Columbus came to this country, a great mosquito invaded Fort Onondaga which was the capital of the Iroquois. The mosquito did great mischief to the people, for on whomsoever it lighted it sucked out his blood and killed him.

The warriors made several expeditions to expel the monster, but failed. The country was invaded until Hiawatha, the Holder of the Heavens, was pleased to visit the people. When he was with the king at Fort Onondaga, the mosquito made his appearance, as usual, and flew about the Fort. Hiawatha attacked the monster. It flew so rapidly he could hardly keep in sight of it, but after a few days' chase it began to fail. He hunted it to the borders of the Great Lakes, toward the sunset, and round the great country. At last he overtook the monster and killed it near the salt lake Onondaga, and the blood became myriads of small mosquitoes.

The Indians place the greatest reliance on the truth of this legend especially when they visit the swamps about the Great Lakes.—LUCY ELLIOT KELLER, in *American Agriculturist*.

The Cattle Breeder's Association.

The annual meeting of the Pure-Bred Cattle Breeders' Association was held at Winnipeg during exhibition week. President J. S. Robson, of Manitou occupied the chair. There was a good turn out of members. After the minutes had been read, Mr. Robt. Hall, of Brandon, was appointed president. Mr. Hall on taking the chair, commended the action of the board in giving wholesome suggestions as to the appointment of judges at general and local societies. Mr. R. J. Phin, of Moosomin, was elected president of the Territories. R. L. Lang, of Oak Lake, vice-president for Manitoba. W. S. Lister, of Middlechurch, was re-elected secretary-treasurer. Walter

Lynch, of Westbourne, was elected representative of the Holsteins; Jas. Bray, of Portage la Prairie, for Jerseys; W. H. Martin, of Winnipeg, for Galloways; David Steele, of Glenboro, for Ayrshires; Hon. W. Clifford, for polled Angus; with Messrs. Proctor, of Virden; Donald Frazer, of Emerson, and John Sherman, of Souris as ordinary directors. Messrs. Acton Burrows and W. Thompson were elected auditors.

The president, secretary and Messrs. W. Martin, Acton Burrows and W. Thompson were appointed a committee to confer with the railway authorities, so as to secure the most advantageous terms and arrangements for conveyance of exhibits to local shows. Mr. Robson drew attention to the last year's regulation by which Manitoba bred cattle were prevented from competing both in the general and special classes of Shorthorns. After a good deal of discussion it was unanimously agreed on the motion of Mr. Robson, seconded by Mr. Lynch, that home-bred cattle should be eligible to compete, both in the general and special class for the encouragement of Manitoba and Northwest cattle.

Mr. Grieg moved, that in the opinion of this meeting the summer show should be held not later than the middle of July, so as not to interfere with haying. This was unanimously approved of. It was agreed to adjourn and hold the annual meeting next year at Winnipeg.

Bringing Canada into Disrepute.

The following clipping from the Leipzig column of *Der Anwanderer* shows to what an extent a few black sheep can injure a country in the eyes of people of distant lands. It is to be regretted that these things have occurred, but they are no more characteristic of Canadians than of any other people:

"Leipzig has no insatiable desire for such visitors as some of those we have had of late years from Lower East Canada. The first to honor us with her attentions was a Mrs. Captain Knight whose husband, a naval man, was said to stay at home and do the house-work, while she—an elephantine beauty "in the dark with the light behind her"—went round, talked tall and borrowed monies, the repayment of which was omitted owing to a defective memory. One night the family disappeared, leaving an advertisement in the "*Tyblatt*" to the effect that their landlord was instructed to discharge all claims, but—they had neglected to provide the funds for so doing. Then a Mrs. Lampman made off, and among others who lamented her departure was the music-master who had instructed her daughter. About the same time we were allowed to make the acquaintance of a Mrs. Liar, with an assortment of olive-branches—including red-haired triplets—who, when not fighting among themselves, were in litigation with their neighbors. The landlord waived his rights in order to see their backs. His definition of them was more forcible than polite. But the one who is most regretted by the Leipzigers is an "innocent widow," one Hilda Elizabeth Irvine of Quebec or Montreal, who "knew nothing about business" but proved to be a first-rate hand at obtaining credit, renew-

ing bills, getting into law-suits and eventually stealing things (part of which were found in her bustle) belonging to a lodger. The losses sustained through that woman, who was never known to do a stroke of work—would "tot up" at some 10,000 marks. She learnt a trade before leaving Germany, having received the hospitality of the prison authorities for the space of 18 months. People who come here now from Lower East Canada have to bring money with them!"

He was about Seven.

A COWBOY WHO CONVINCED A CONDUCTOR OF A CHILD'S AGE.

A great deal has been written about the wild, untamed attributes of the Texas cowboy, but an incident witnessed by the writer in a railway train down south seemed to indicate that this terror of the plains is possessed of many more pleasing characteristics, says the *Detroit Free Press*. The train was just pulling out of Laredo when a woman with a child entered the car and took a seat in front of a Texan whose appearance was far from prepossessing. He had tangled black hair, his trousers were tucked into his boots and he looked mean enough to steal a horse. He seemed, however, to feel much interest in the prattle of the child and the response of the mother, for something like a grim smile lighted up his unprepossessing features. While the conductor came around the mother presented two tickets, one of which was for half fare.

"This won't do," said the conductor gruffly. "That child is more than twelve."

"O, no; indeed he isn't."

"But I say he is, and you must pay."

"I have no money. I tell you—"

"Then you'll have to get off."

Here the Texan interposed.

"I reckon noc." He touched his revolver significantly and looked the conductor squarely in the eye. "I reckon, Mr. Conductor, that kid is about seven. What do you think?"

The conductor returned the glance and hesitated.

"Well, he moight be," he said, and turned away. Then the woman murmured her thanks, but the Texan's face resumed its former villainous expression, and no one, to look at him, would have deemed him capable of a kind action.

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