

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

WHY CHERRIES GROW. "Why do cherries grow?" Said I. "Robin red, Chipping overboard In the gloom and glow— Why do cherries grow?" Paused he perkily While he plucked at one Flushing in the sun; Then said he, said he, "Cherries grow for me!" —July St. Nicholas.

MILLET'S BOYHOOD.

Jean Francois Millet, the great artist, was born in the hamlet of Gruchy, a mere handful of houses which lie in a valley descending to the sea, not far from Ocherbourg, France. In writing of his parentage and early influences in McClure's Magazine, Will H. Low says that every inch of the ground up the cliffs above the sea, in Millet's country, represented the struggle of man with nature; and each parcel of land, every stone in the walls which kept the earth from being engulfed in the floods beneath, bore marks of his handwork.

Millet was reared by his grandmother, such being the custom of the country, the younger women being occupied in the service of the mastering earth, and the elders, no longer able to go afield, bringing up the children born to their children, who in turn replaced their parents in the never-ending struggle.

This grandmother, Louise Jumelin, widow of Nicolas Millet, was a woman of great force of character and extremely devout. The most ordinary occupation of the day was made the subject not of uttered prayer, for that would have entailed suspension of her ceaseless activity, but of spiritual example tersely expressed, which fell upon the fruitful soil of Millet's young imagination, and left such a lasting impression that to the end of his life his natural expression was almost Biblical in character of language.

In his father, whose strongest characteristic was an intense love of nature, Millet found an unconscious influence in the direction which his life was to follow. Millet recalled in after life that he would show him a blade of grass or a flower, and say, "See how beautiful; how the petals overlap; and the tree there, how strong and fine it is."

It was his father who was attentive to the youth's first rude efforts, and who encouraged him when the decisive step was to be taken.

"BULLS" NOT IRISH.

Those who are not Irishmen sometimes trespass on Irish property. A French curé, preaching about sudden death, said, "This is with us. We go to bed well, and get up stone dead!"

An old French lawyer, writing of an estate he had just bought, added, "There is a chapel upon it in which my wife and I wish to be buried, if God spares our lives."

An English lecturer on chemistry said, "One drop of the poison placed on the tongue of a cat is sufficient to kill the strongest man," and an English Lieutenant wished to kill him to prevent him going up the river until next year.

A merchant who died suddenly left in his bureau a letter to one of his correspondents which he had not sealed. His clerk, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom, "Since writing the above I have died.—Youth's Companion."

"OWNY'S" TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

Charles Frederick Holder, in St. Nicholas, describes "Owny," the famous Albany Post office dog, and tells of his voyage round the world. Owny arrived in New York December 23, at noon. He was taken after a short reception by his many friends started again, by the New York Central, for Tacoma, which he reached five days later, having completed the circuit of the globe in 192 days—a rapid rate of traveling for a dog who attracted so much attention. Owny was visited by hundreds, young and old, and no universal was the demand to see him that Postmaster Case placed him on exhibition in a public hall, and people for miles around made his acquaintance. At the end of his trip Owny had over two hundred tags, medals, and certificates to add to his collection, and he is to-day, in all probability, the best-known and the most universally popular dog in the world.

THE ANIMALS OF BERNE.

I have a set of Animals From Berns across the sea. You'd never think that cows and pigs So beautiful could be. For all the pigs are pale light blue, And all the cows are green; Their coats are speckled 'er with flowers Of every kind that's seen. The horses are a fine bright pink With daisies mottled over. The cats are white and violet. At With leaves of meadow clover. There are no animals like those In all my Noah's Ark; There are no animals like those In all of Central Park. And sometimes when I think of them You don't know how I yearn To see those lovely animals A-walking round in Bern.

—A. Pauline King in July St. Nicholas.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Some popular ideas on the effect of weather in varying the quantity and quality of milk have led to some interesting investigations. These indicate that during a falling temperature the quality of the milk has a tendency to become richer, while a rising temperature has a contrary effect—the milk becomes less rich. The approach of a storm does not seem to make any change in quantity or quality. No connection is found between storms and the number of pounds of butter fat. Cows in flush milk on pasture give as much or more milk, and of just as good a quality in bad weather. When a storm is over they give a less quantity of richer milk.

Now, the weeds being in flower to a large extent, is the time to check them. Every one should be cut down if some especial help is to be had for the work. The small amount spent in this way will be exceedingly profitable, for it will save more than itself every year, which is something over 100 per cent. on the cost of it. Those which have perennial roots should be cut out below the ground. Experience has proved that five years of the constantly lessening work every year will insure a comparatively clear farm. When this result is reached the rest is easy, but it will be a great and solid satisfaction to the farmer.

While the field and garden weeds are being exterminated, let the others not be neglected. There are the profitless animals, the insect pests that prey on the crops, and the personal faults that tend to interfere with those indispensable habits of thrift and general economy that may be summed up in the words—having the best of everything in the best place, doing the best one knows in the best way, making the best use of time and material, and thinking twice before spending one. This is not enslaving one's self, but securing and enjoying the greatest freedom and comfort, and laying up for an easy and happy future when old age comes.

When a cow has been long milking and is not in calf the quality of the milk changes, and at times it is impossible to get butter from the cream. This is so pronounced a characteristic of such milk, that one cow in a herd of this kind will be apt to cause trouble in the churning. The most satisfactory way to manage a herd is to have at least half of the cows within not more than two months of their calving, or at most four months; then the effect of the long milking of the others is not apt to have any ill effect on the behaviour of the cream in the churn.

The early blight of the potatoes may be looked for if it has not already struck the leaves with its brown patches. The only remedy is the Bordeaux solution, sprayed on the leaves at the appearance of the first indication of the dry, diseased patches or indeed before they appear, in the safest time, as a preventive which in this case is worth more than the best cure.

The effect of this disease is to ripen the crop, as it seems, prematurely. It is not ripeness, however, but early death that is indicated by the shriveling leaves, and the small tubers, half grown or less, grow no more for want of the assistance they should have derived from the foliage.

It is to be always considered that young animals are to be thought of in regard to the feeding some time before they are born. The feeding of the dam in the last part of her pregnancy is of the greatest importance, as it is the first stage of the life, as it may be truly said, of the yet unborn animal. It thrives or suffers with the dam, and by whatever mistake the dam may be suffering the unborn progeny suffers too.

There is something more yet to be thought of. It is not only the actual physical condition of the animal that is thus imperiled or favored, the disposition in every way is formed before an animal is born. And this is one of the first considerations to be made when any of the farm animals are to be bred.

It is now good time to get the hay ceps ready for the protection of the crop. There is always risk of weather, proverbially uncertain. And the hay necessarily suffers in quality or in the cost of the harvesting, when there is rain at the time. But with the hay ceps there will always be time to get the hay under cover, and two, three, or even four days' steady rain will not hurt the hay. The cost is but a trifle if the right way is gone about.

This is to get a piece of the strongest unbleached sheeting a yard and a half wide. Tear it into squares, and hem the rough edges. Turn up the corners four inches, and sew the end firmly, leaving a space in which to put a cord loop that may be used to hold the cap firmly against the wind by means of a wooden pin stuck into the hay. The caps are first stepped in a solution of the following: Two and a half pounds of alum and the same of sugar of lead are dissolved in separate vessels in four gallons of water, in each. When dissolved the liquids are poured together into a tub, until a precipitate settles. The clear solution left is poured off and the cloths are stepped in it a few minutes. When dry they are ready for use.

FIRESIDE FUN.

There is one secret that is easy for a woman to keep—her age. Miss A: "I'm older than you think I am." Miss B: "I doubt it." Will some fisherman kindly inform us how the bass can reach the upper sea?

What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose? A bald head.

Whether a woman remains serious or smiles much depends often entirely on her teeth.

"I think I'll take a day off," remarked the humorist, as he tore a leaf from his calendar.

"Didn't you tell me that Miss Design was an artist?" "Oh, no; I told you she painted."

The man who is always "on the go" generally doesn't know how to stop when he gets there.

There are women who can listen quietly; but in that case they are usually thinking of something else.

"Don't you think that young Mr. Early is too fresh altogether?" "No not altogether. His jokes are stale enough."

She: "Why did she contest her husband's will?" He: "Force of habit, I suppose. She always did when he was living."

The Kentish Town girl wrote: "Don't please to be thar." Her city beau replied: "I will be thar. There's no such word as phale."

"You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?" "I don't know, sir. I have never seen your wife."

"I don't like her singing. Her notes come from the chest." "Well, ought they not?" "No, indeed. They ought to stay there."

Teacher: "And the prophet rent his clothes! Johnny, what does that mean?" Johnny: "I suppose he didn't have the price to buy 'em."

"How hollow it sounds," said a patient to the doctor pounding his chest. "Oh, that's nothing," said the doctor; "wait till we get at the head."

What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shellest the weakest and wickedest as well as the wisest and best of mankind? A hat.

"The trees are leaving," remarked Mrs. Snaggs. "Nevertheless, they are one packing their trunks," replied Mr. Snaggs, who objected to his wife's coaxed verb.

A well known lawyer of a cynical disposition thus defines a promoter: "One who sells nothing for something to a man who thinks he is getting something for nothing."

Swelling (at the soiree): "I wonder if that plain woman over there is really trying to flirt with me." Cooler: "I can easily find out, sir, by asking her. She's my wife."

A Striking Change.—"But, papa, things have altered since you were young." "Yes, they have. Folks used to wait fifty years for a golden wedding, and now they demand it at the start."

A good bull was made recently in Parliament by an hon. member who, on being stopped by the Speaker, said: "I bow, sir, to your ruling, and merely beg to reiterate what I was about to observe."

Pat's Leap-year Question.—At a festive gathering on February 29 a true son of Erin asked: "Has it occurred to any of ye that it will four solid years before we again see this day twelvemonth?"

That Would Never Do.—"There is one great objection to electing women as representatives of the people." "What is that?" "Complications would arise should they pair with the masculine members."

When a man's collar gets unbuttoned in church and begins to climb the back of his neck, a man who has "been there" thinks he might as well get up and go out, the sermon will not do him much good.

Mrs. Vansock: "There. You have ruined my dress." Mr. Vansock (reassuringly): "Lobelia, my dear, it will all wash out. I know. It is simply some indelible ink I bought for marking the linen."

Rubbing it In.—Wife: "My husband and I never have a discussion before the children. If I see a quarrel coming on, we always send them out." Visitor: "I thought I had seen them in the street; very often."

Perry Tatetic (in the road): "Why don't you go in? Do dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?" Wayworn Watson (at the gate): "Yes, an' he's growin' at the same time. I dunno which end to believe."

At the Oasis.—The Camel: "Mother, do come here and look at this beautiful pool. The water is as clear as crystal." Mother: "Come, now, take a drink if you want it; but don't stand there all day admiring your hump."

Had Blood Between Them. The ever-slaving farmer's wife, her delicate sister in the city, suffer more than they seem to tell. The dark rings round the eyes, headaches, dizziness, palpitation or rheumatic twinges, between a run-down system. The blood is poor, and is a bar to enjoyment of life. Scott's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, strengthens and vitalizes the system, and speedily restores the bloom of health to the cheeks. It cures when all others fail.

DOMESTIC READING.

All high places have their precipices. If all our prayers were granted, the entanglement would be appalling.

Chance opportunities make us known to others, and still more to ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

To struggle with the world—that is a proud thing. To struggle alone—there lies the doubt.—I. K. Marvel.

Our folly does not fail to seek happiness where even our reason knows well that it is not to be found.—Abbe Roux.

True repentance has a double aspect: it looks upon things past with a sweeping eye, and upon the future with a watching eye.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.—Geo. MacDonald.

A face which is always serene possesses a mysterious and powerful attraction. Such hearts come to it, as to the sun, to warm themselves again.—Abbe Roux.

Cardinal Newman said of the Bible: "Its light is the body of heaven in its clearness; its vastness like the bosom of the sea; its variously like scenes of nature."

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare to do a day are dangerously medical: those that dare suspend it, desperate.

Thoughts are the first born, the blossoms of the soul, the beginning of our strength, whether for good or evil; and they are the greatest evidences for or against a man that can be.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.

Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything. It is the light that leads and the strength that lifts on and up in the great struggles of scientific pursuits and of professional labour. It robs endurance of difficulty and makes a pleasure of duty.

Above all, be content with simple pleasures. Abide by simple joys, try to feel the power that is in familiar things, the charm of the wayside flower, the gleam of heaven, the ripple of the stream. These, because they are simple, you will find to be lasting.—Prof. Vailoch.

There is poetry and there is beauty in real sympathy; but there is more in there is action. The noblest and most powerful form of sympathy is not merely the responsive tear, the echoed sigh, the answering look; it is the embodiment of the sentiment in actual help.

Books are the negative pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind) reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.—Holmes.

The greatest living man of letters, Mr. Ruskin, said: "All that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, every greatness that there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

Oh, it pays to be true; it pays to be faithful; it pays to respect the hearts and the hopes of our fellow-creatures of every sort and condition. Only he who has a fixed and high standard of honor can make and keep that friendship and good will of his fellows which no one can dispense with, and which it is perilous in any given instance to abuse.—Catherine E. Conway.

The peace which God promises is procured amidst tribulations, as the rose buds amidst thorns. God has not promised His servants that they shall not meet with trials, but that with the temptation He will give them grace to be able to bear it. Heaven is offered to us on no other conditions. It is a kingdom of conquest, the prize victory—but, oh God! what a prize! —Duller's Lives of the Saints.

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of Heaven blossom with stars? The open heart knows, in a revelation which comes to it with every dawn and sunset, that life does not mock its children when it holds this cup of peace to their anguished lips, and that into this tideless sea of rest and beauty every breathless and turbulent atom of sorrow at last—Hamilton Wright Mabie

In Forty-Ent Old Girlfriends Remembered. A Bath, Ont., Chase's Kidney Liver Pills are a standard remedy. Joseph Gardiner, of this town, suffers for 40 years with indigestion and it's ever present accompaniments—constipation and headache. K. & L. Pills are the only remedy that gave him relief. Twenty-five cents a bottle. One pill a dose.

Old Man of the Mountain.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN FROM ST. NICHOLAS. Mulchet is a country in which the Old Man of the Mountain dwelt in former days; and the name means "Place of the Aram." I will tell you his whole history as related by Messrs Marco Polo, who heard it from several natives of that region.

The Old Man was called in their language Aloadin. He had caused a certain valley between two mountains to be enclosed, and had turned it into a garden, the largest and most beautiful that ever was seen, filled with every variety of fruit. In it were erected pavilions and palaces the most elegant that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite painting. And there were fountains, too, flowing freely with wine and milk and honey and water; and numbers of ladies, the most beautiful in the world, who could play on all manner of instruments, and sung most sweetly, and danced in a manner that it was charming to behold. For the Old Man desired to make his people believe that this was actually Paradise. So he had fashioned it after the description that Mahomet gave of his Paradise, to wit, that it should be "a beautiful garden running with conduits of wine and milk and honey and water; and sure enough the Saracens of those parts believed that was Paradise.

Now no man was allowed to enter the garden save those whom he intended to be his Ashishi. There was a fortress at the entrance to the garden, strong enough to resist all the world, and there was no other way to get in. He kept at his court a number of his youths of the country, from twelve to twenty years of age, such as had a taste for soldiering, and to these he used to tell tales about Paradise, just as Mahomet had been wont to do, and they believed in him just as the Saracens believe in Mahomet. Then he would introduce them into his garden, some four, or six, or ten at a time, having first made them drink a certain potion which cast them into a deep sleep, and then causing them to be lifted and carried in. So when they awoke they found themselves in the garden.

Now this prince whom we call the Old One kept his court in grand and noble style, and made those simple hill folks about him believe firmly that he was a great prophet. And when he wanted one of his Ashishi to send on any mission, he would cause that person whereof I spoke to be given to one of the youths in the garden, and then had him carried into his palace. So when the young man awoke, he found himself in the castle, and no longer in that paradise, where at he was not over-well pleased. He was then conducted to the Old Man's presence, and bowed before him as great generation, as believing himself to be in the presence of a true prophet. The prince would then ask whence he came and he would reply that he came from paradise! and that it was exactly such as Mahomet had described it in the law. This of course gave the others who stood by, and who had not been admitted, the greatest desire to enter therein.

So when the Old Man would have any prince slain, he would say to such a youth: "Go thou and slay so and so; and when thou returnest my angels shall bear thee into paradise. And shouldst thou die, methinks even so will I send my angels to carry thee back into paradise." So he caused them to believe; and thus there was no order of his that they would not affront any peril to execute, for the great desire they had to get back into that paradise of his. And in this manner the Old One got his people to murder any one whom he desired to get rid of. Thus, you see, the great dread that inspired all men withal, made them become his tributaries in order that he might abide at peace and amity with them.

I should also tell you that the Old Man had certain others under him, who copied his proceedings and acted exactly in the same manner. One of these was sent into the territory of Damascus, and the other into Kurdistan.

Now it came to pass in the year 1252, that Alau, lord of the Tartars of the Levant, heard tell of these great crimes of the Old Man, and resolved to make an end of him. So he took and sent one of his barons with a great army to that castle, and they besieged it for three years, but they could not take it, so strong was it, and indeed if they had had food within, it never would have been taken. But after being besieged these three years they ran short of victual, and were taken. The Old Man was put to death with all his men, and his castle with its garden of paradise was leveled with the ground. And since that time he has had no successor; there was an end to all his villainies.

It was the first time that little Bessie had ever seen a snake, and as it writhed along she ran into the house breathless with her discovery. "Oh, mamma, come quick," she cried: "here's a tail wagging without any dog."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, always all pains, cures wild colic and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

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25c. OAKVILLE 25c. AND RETURN STR. GREYHOUND CHANGES OF TIME TABLE. Commencing on Wednesday, 1st of July, will leave OAKVILLE: 7:15 a.m., 12 noon and 6:15 p.m. TORONTO: 10:15 a.m., 3:15 p.m., and 8:15 p.m. Young Street Wharf, east side.

The staunch Sidewheel Steamer Eurydice.... is now open for charter for excursions to any port on Lake Ontario or Thousand Islands. This steamer is newly built, has 1000 horse power, and is lighted by 50 incandescent electric lights. For further information apply to ST. MICHAEL'S HOTEL, 125 St. Michael Street, Toronto.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS. LIVERPOOL SERVICE. Steamer From Montreal From Quebec. Acadia... June 29, 9 a.m. June 29, 9 a.m. Ontario... June 30, 12 m. June 30, 12 m. Labrador... July 1, 3 p.m. July 1, 3 p.m. Andromeda... July 2, 6 p.m. July 2, 6 p.m. Vancouver... July 4, 9 a.m. July 4, 9 a.m. SS Canada will call at Liverpool, on or about July 10th.

RATES OF PASSAGE.—First Cabin—Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool—£14. Second Cabin—£10.00. Third Cabin—£7.00. Return—\$100 to \$150, according to a passenger and berth. See and fares there must be tendered in advance to Liverpool, London, London, Liverpool, Belfast or Glasgow, including outside, \$25.00 and \$25.00. Shipboard saloons, electric light, spacious promenade decks. For all information apply at Toronto to A. F. Collier, corner King and Yonge Sts., or G. W. Graham, 18 Front St., east.

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Trent Canal. SIMCOE AND BALSAM LAKE DIVISION. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at the office of the Chief Engineer, Peterborough, until 10 o'clock on Monday, August 4th, 1896, for the construction of about fourteen miles of canal on the Simcoe and Balsam Lake Divisions. Plans specifications of the work and forms of contract can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, Peterborough, or at the Superintendent Engineer's Office, Peterborough, where forms of tender can be obtained on and after July 15th, 1896. In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full names, the names of the principal and place of residence of each member of the firm, and further, the names of the contractor for the sum of \$15,000 must accompany the tender. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. By Order of J. H. BALDWIN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals. Ottawa, June, 1896.