

FARM AND GARDEN.

In every work of the farm it is necessary to study the principles under which it is to be done, so that it may be done in the most effective manner.

The soil is not only the resting place for the seed, but it is the feeding place, and also supplies the food, which consists of everything needed for the growth and perfection of the crops.

The lap furrow method of plowing is evidently preferable for the growth of the majority if not of all the farm crops.

Then the seed falls in the small furrows lying between the upper edges of these lapped furrows, and is evenly covered with the harrow, which levels down these small ridges, leaving the seed well covered and in such a position that the moist soil insures quick germination and abundance of ready food right where it is wanted at the first start of the roots.

In spreading manure on the land that too common and wasteful practice of leaving it in heaps for a length of time should be avoided. It wastes the manure and spoils the land.

When the crop is growing these spots appear repeated in the field in green rich masses of highly manured vegetation. Every here and there its distinct mark on the field, and in time the unwholesome overstimulated growth becomes diseased, rust attacks the grain and destroys it, while the rest of the crop is starved for want of what has been wasted elsewhere.

In draining a swamp it is advisable to begin at the outlet, and by damming out the water of this by leaving a strip of ground the muck may be taken out dry for a space of ten or twelve feet.

This process of working taps the springs at the bottom, and so changes the reeking swamp into dry land, with an ever flowing stream flowing through it.

If the baby is cutting teeth Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Did Mabel promise to marry her photographer lover?" "No. She developed a negative."

Honoree: "Ever drink any of these substitutes for coffee?" Day-board: "I haven't drunk anything else for seven years."

Whooshman: "Isn't this an ideal bicycle road?" Novice: "No. It's good enough while you ride, but it's too hard when you fall."

"I want to take a quinine capsule this morning, and just as I got it in my mouth it came apart." "Ah, that was a bitter parting, indeed!"

Mr. Briggs, I should like to ask you for a small rise in my wages. I have just been married," said the workman. "Very sorry," said the employer, "but I can't help you. For accidents which happen to workmen outside the factory the company is not responsible."

The blushing bride-lecturer was rehearsing the ceremony about to take place. "If course you will give me away, papa," said "I am afraid I have done it already, Carolus," replied the old gentleman, nervously.

"My dear, you have an irritating habit of asking 'Why?' after every statement I make. Now, won't you try to break yourself off the habit?" asked Mrs. Bloombumper. "Why, certainly, my love. I am sure I didn't know I did. I'll certainly try to break myself off the habit, as you suggest."

He had taken an unwarranted liberty in criticising her new hat. It provoked her. She was about to say that she did not propose to be dictated to by any man. But she didn't say it. All she said was "I do not propose..."

The examiner wished to get the children to express moral reprobation of lazy people, and he led up to it by asking them who were the persons who got all they could and did nothing in return. For some time there was silence, but at last a little girl, who had obviously reasoned out the answer inductively from her own home experiences, exclaimed, with a good deal of confidence: "Please, sir, it's the baby!"

A young man in London went into a betting-club to back a horse. While he was in the police made a raid on the house, all getting away but the young man. On being tried the magistrate said: "What is your name?" He said, "Smith." "What is your trade?" "Looksmith."

In his early days Lord Russell of Killowen, Chief Justice of England, had a good deal to put up with from older men and judges, who thought to run down his exhortation. One day Sir Digby Seymour, Q.C., kept up a flow of small talk when Russell was speaking. "I wish you would be quiet, Seymour," said Russell, with his Irish accent. "My name is Seymour, if you please," replied the learned gentleman, with mock dignity. "Then I wish you would see more and say less," was the rejoinder.

On one occasion a Trinity House officer, while examining the mechanism of the monster revolving lamp belonging to a lighthouse, wished to see how many seconds would elapse before it completed a revolution. He took a half crown piece from his pocket and placed it on the revolving framework. Watch in hand, he patiently waited for the coin to come around again to where he was standing, but no half-crown appeared. The seconds lengthened into minutes—still no half-crown! "Strange!" he exclaimed. "What can be the meaning of it?" In order to ascertain the cause of the strange phenomenon, he walked around to the other side of the lamp, and in doing so encountered one of the lighthouse men, who touched his hat and said, "Thank you, sir," in an undertone. The man, seeing the coin coming towards him, had pocketed it, thinking it was meant for a tip.

A celebrated pianist, now deceased, was once performing at a certain mining town in the West Riding. His playing, although keenly enjoyed by the people in the better-class seats, was not much appreciated by the occupants of the gallery, most of whom showed their lack of interest by stubborn silence. When the night was well on, however, an incident occurred which put the "gods" in a very good humour. The applause after a particularly impressive piece of playing was being subsiding when there was a metallic click on the stage, and four pennies rolled in different directions across the boards. At the same time a hoarse voice from the gallery called out: "Ere you are there. Give it to 't' piano-player, and tell him to get his hair cut at 't' twice!" In spite of the insulting nature of this sally, the audience roared, and the celebrated pianist himself picked up the coins, put them in his pocket, and smilingly bowed his acknowledgments. "Thank you, my friends," he said. "I will keep your money, but I shan't cut my hair. I mean to have that job done by contract."

DOMESTIC READING.

A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honor and virtue.

The secret of success lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but what is forced upon us.—Right Rev. J. I. Spalding.

Ah! she is only half mother who does not see her own child in every child—her own child's grief in every pain which makes another child weep.

"Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the allotted roved, the poor waited, the work of piety accomplished?"—Massillon.

If you consider that you are both a rational and a mortal being, your mortal condition will express the pride of your reason, and your reason will fortify you in your mortal condition.—St. Bernard.

The snows of goodness are courage, moral and physical, a fact which places all really good men and women beyond the reach of ridicule, and above the high water mark of contempt. I. Marston Crawford.

A heart memory is better than a head-memory. Better to carry away a little of the love of Christ in our souls than if we were able to repeat every word of every sermon we ever heard. St. Francis de Sales.

There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over: no matter what else changes, that which I have made my life is gone forever." All our thoughts ring back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore."

The present moment runs away into eternity, and eternity is affected by our use of the present moment. It is of everlasting importance whether we rightly use it or not. Let us here grasp at the eternal now and wisely make it ours.

There is a universe between "I wished" and "I will." Many a good wish remains fruitless because it never passes into the stage of firm action. Many who wish to be better will be bad. One strong "I will" can paralyse a million wishes.

Act up to your convictions, make your faith vivid, love God and truth, for love will make you strong and kindle your nobler nature into heroic activity. Have the courage to be your best self to-day, and Heaven will have a warm welcome for you to-morrow.

Be assured that we shall obtain more grace and merit in one day by suffering patiently the afflictions which come to us from God or from our neighbor than we could acquire in ten years by mortifications and other exercises which are of our own choice.—St. Francis de Sales.

All systems of morality are fine. The Gospel alone has exhibited a complete assemblage of the principles of morality, divested of absurdity. It is not composed of a few commonplace sentences put into bad verse. Do you wish to see that which is really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

If men could only realize the importance of the passing moment, much of the sorrow and regret that many experience in their declining years might be averted, and old age crowned with honor and blessings. The most important part of life is now. If our life has been a waste, we may still do something towards making our future a blessing, by a wise use of the present moment.

We believe justly that all the periods and generations of the human family are bound together by a sublime connection, and the wisdom of each age is chiefly a derivation from all preceding ages, not excepting the most ancient, just as a noble stream, through its whole extent and its widest overflows, still holds communication with its infant springs, gushing out perhaps in the depths of distant forests, or on the heights of solitary mountains.

If acts were simultaneous with resolves, we should accomplish very much more, but most of us resolve to-day, and intend to carry that resolve into practice to-morrow. If we could be sure of remaining in the same frame of mind so long, there would not be so much danger in delay, but with each hour new thoughts present themselves, and the aspect of things changes. What appealed earnestly to us yesterday may affect us but little to-day, and so we never accomplish some of our best designs.

Adversity is a school in which many valuable lessons are learned, which can scarcely be gained in any other. (One of the greatest advantages derived from adversity is that elevated and spiritual state of mind which prepares us cheerfully to relinquish the present transient scene, and enter a world of refined and unending blessedness. Though the good things of this life ought ever to be duly estimated, and gratefully acknowledged, they always become injurious when they engross the affections of heart.

Chats With the Children.

There's a snug little barn down under the leaves In the heart of the old oak tree. From the deep, dark floor to the mossy eaves It is full as full can be.

And the jolly farmer chuckles with laughter He sits above on the roopmost rafter. He wears a fur coat and a little fur hat. No wagon nor horse has he. But not a whit does he care for that. For he brings home his corn, you see, In his own little mouth, now 'n't that funny?

And his name, did I tell you? 's Farmer Bunnny.

The professional storyteller still exists in Turkey. In that land books are not in every home, as in this, the newspapers are few and far between and never the interesting sheets they are here. It follows that a person who has a fund of bright stories which he can tell well is in great demand. These storytellers are usually found in the large public restaurants, where they attract customers, and after a story collect their fees from the crowd.

In the month of Ramadan, when night is turned into a carnival of revelry, the storyteller is at his best. Gayly dressed, in jacket waistcoat, and full, baggy trousers of gaudy colors, riously "unbroided in gold," he sits, cross-legged, on a raised dais above his audience. Quick witted, fertile in imagination, he speaks with animated action, accompanying his description of every scene with all the accessories of protruding tongue, changing expression, eloquent shrug, and gestulation that his subject demands—gestures and signs whose full significance can be appreciated only by a native-born Oriental.

Sometimes the storytellers go in pairs, like Karaghaz and Hadji-savat, who are the acknowledged princes of storytellers in Constantinople—adopting the question-and-answer style, after the fashion of the endmen in the old time minstrel entertainments. Probably the cleverest and brightest storyteller of them all is Nasaritin Hodja.

Nasaritin is always represented as an elderly man, with flowing white beard and innocent expression, dressed in a long gown and turban and holding a cane in his hand. His stories are numbered, like those of Aesop, and comprise 136 in the original. The language is Turkish and the style pithy and concise.

Among his stories are: THE RICH MAN AND HIS DONKEY. One day a wealthy man called upon Nasaritin Hodja to ask him how much he would charge to educate his son. "Three hundred piasters," said the Hodja. "What are you talking about?" exclaimed the man. "That is too much. I can buy six donkeys for 300 piasters." "That is well said," answered Nasaritin, "but if you buy six donkeys with your 300 piasters instead of educating your son you will be master of seven donkeys, including your son."

NASARITIN AS A MUSICIAN. One day Nasaritin Hodja went to the Turkish bath, and, finding no one there, seized the favorable opportunity and began to sing. As his voice was very shrill, and the vacancy of the bath added to its effect, a sound that echoed and re-echoed was the result. At this exhibition of his voice Nasaritin became very much pleased with himself and said: "I really had no idea that my voice had been so highly cultivated." As soon, therefore, as he finished his bath he rushed out, and, going to the tower of the mosque, began to exhibit his new-found accomplishment by repeating Mohammed's prayer. But the Muezzin, started by this unexpected and inharmonious voice, seized a stick and rushing after him to the tower, began to beat him vigorously, saying: "Be quiet, you donkey! What are you shouting like this for? What an inharmonious voice you have!" Then Nasaritin fell to weeping loudly and said: "Isn't there a merciful man anywhere who will build a Turkish bath on top of this tower, wherein I can sing, so that this evil man will be forced to appreciate my fine voice?" The lesson this teaches is that surroundings do not of necessity make ability.

The boys will be delighted to hear that Robinson Crusoe's musket is still in existence, and has been offered for sale in an Edinburgh paper. It is described in the advertisement as "a fine old specimen, with long barrel, flint lock, and beautifully balanced." Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe, left the weapon to his grandniece, and through her it came into possession of the present owner. What boy would refuse to buy it for a few shillings, and carry off

demand a workman of Solomon Shloock, a tailor in the East End. "No, my friend." "You did. I bought them on your warrant not to fade." "My friend, keep cool. You was in dor wrong shop. I was dor man who warrant do cloth not to shrink. It was my brudder, two doors away, who goes dor dor no fade posess, and ho failed last night."

It is well known that some of the most famous and popular of literary and musical compositions have brought their authors little or no compensation. The case of Alphonse's "Paradise Lost," which the author sold for five pounds, is frequently cited as an example of this fact, but it is not necessary to go so far back for equally striking examples.

A story to this point has been told, on good authority, in Paris. Some years ago three young men, all highly gifted but improvident and unfortunate, were walking the streets of Paris together penniless and hungry.

"What wouldn't I give for a nice breakfast?" said one of them. "What wouldn't I give for a breakfast even if it weren't nice?" said another. "Any kind of a breakfast would do me, provided it was a breakfast," said the third.

"How much must we have with which to get our breakfast?" asked the first. "We ought to have ten francs," said another.

Ten francs, or two dollars, would have provided the three youths with an excellent breakfast. "I have an idea! Here's a music publisher's. Come along!" said one. "Sir," said he to the publisher, "we wish to sell you a song, of which one of us has written the words and another the air: and I will sing it, and I am the only one of the three who has any voice."

The music publisher made a grimace. "Well, go. We'll see if your song is good for anything." One of the young men sang. "Hum!" said the publisher. "It isn't much of a song—a simple little thing. But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you fifteen francs for it."

The three young men looked significantly at each other. They had not expected as much. They handed the publisher the manuscript, took the three dollars, and went and ate them all up at a neighboring restaurant. The author of the words was Alfred de Musset, the composer, Hippolyte Mousson, and the singer, Gilbert Duprez. The song, which was entitled "Omnisiez-vous dans Barcelone," had an immense popularity, and brought the publisher forty thousand francs. The breakfast which these three young men ate was, therefore, perhaps the most expensive one that was ever eaten.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court, which used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne, was once the occasion for a display of cool audacity. In the last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal, and directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so.

On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the ambassador turned around and entered backward, and thus, according to his own conception of etiquette, saved the dignity of his country from outrage.

The following story of a lawyer and a simple-hearted client is borrowed from Scottish Nights, which professes to have had it from the lawyer himself: An Irishman sent for the lawyer in great haste. She wanted him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice said: "Mr. B., O! want ye to get a continuance for me by Jimmie."

"Very well, madam," replied the lawyer. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?" "Shure, ye can just tell the court that O! want a continuance till O! can get a better lawyer to spake for the by."

The lawyer dropped the case then and there, and we are not informed of the old lady's next move.

LIKE A NEW MAN.

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Mr. Phunny: "Do you know that Mrs. Ransom ohwa, my dear?" P.: "The disgusting creature!" Mr. P.: "My dear," said Mr. P., with usual grin; "she's obliged to do in order to maintain her food."