

## Mark the Offer

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS THIS MONTH!

The proprietors of OUR HOME offer the people of Canada and the United States the best monthly paper on the continent for twenty-five cents a year. The list of yearly subscribers is fast increasing—thanks to our many friends who are interesting themselves in our behalf. We carefully abstain from making any wild and dishonest promises of reward for new subscribers. Such a course is only resorted to by adventurers, who have no interest or reputation in the country to promote or protect. False promises made by irresponsible promoters of monthly publications in Canada during the last five years, have taken from our wage-earning people thousands of dollars. Fortunately for our country, the law is now pursuing such fortune-hunters with a vengeance.

The proprietors of OUR HOME, being among the largest and wealthiest of Canadian manufacturers, make the following offer to new subscribers who send in their names during the present month:

A package of 'Our Home' Ink Powder, for making sixteen ounces of best black writing ink, and a package of Black Diamond Dye for wool, will be sent to any one who sends twenty-five cents in money or stamps for one year's subscription to OUR HOME.

Good ink and Black Diamond Dye are almost a necessity in thousands of homes; and those taking advantage of the offer will get the paper for about five cents a year, after taking into account the value of the Ink Powder and Dye.

Show this offer to your friends and neighbors, and let them see what they can get for twenty-five cents.

Send your name and full address to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal. When you write mention "Offer No. 5."

## Those Boys.

I once heard a motherly-like woman, plain in every way except in the lovely face, apologize for her ignorance of society and society ways, by saying: "I always keep so close at home. I had four boys, and I felt as if I wanted to do so much for them that I never had the time to go, as many mothers did; but I do not see any boys like my boys, and since they have grown up, I felt as if they had done much more with her life than if she had devoted herself to any claims of society. Her husband, though, had risen to a prominent position, and she felt keenly the difference between herself and the other ladies with whom she was thrown.

I daily hear young mothers complain that their children are taking all their time—all the best part of their lives. But do you not think if you were to interest yourself more in the things that interest your boys, you would keep them with you longer? A street education does not improve your boys, and just look around on the many who are raised that way.

It is pitiable when we come to think the house is too good for the boys; it seems to me bare floors would be more preferable than the fine carpets shut up and away from the boy entirely. "They are so noisy and rough!" "Well, need they be so, any more than the gentlemen who visit your house are so? I think the city boys are most to be pitied, for there seems no place for them but the street. But still, with the gymnasiums, the public libraries, the parks and the various industries carried on, they can employ their time very satisfactorily, if they choose to do so, without going into evil of any kind.

If school begins to grow irksome, it is much better to put the boy to some good business or trade. Looking around upon the men who have done the best for themselves, you will find they were the boys who were put early to the wheel, and not the boys whose parents clothed and coddled them and furnished them with abundant spending money, till grown into manhood. On every side you see the boys who are ruined by having too much money to spend that did not come by the sweat of their own brows.

Where boys show a decided talent, it should certainly be well cultivated, as any one does better with a specialty. It is your duty to plan employments for him, and not leave him to do as he pleases, and then blame him for the evil he is sure to fall into.

I heard a mother say this: "My boys have been perfect pests these two holiday weeks. I wish there never was any vacation during the year." Another said, "Why mine have been so busy, I do not know what has become of the time." Ah, that was it. The boys kept busy were no trouble, and the mother had planned it all. Count all your time well spent that goes toward making your boys grow up to be good men and respectable citizens.—*Ladies' Home Companion.*

## California's Big Trees.

Many Californians regard their tall trees as the chief glory of the State. The most celebrated of the big tree groves or forests is in Mariposa County, about twenty miles from the Yosemite Valley, thirty miles south-east of the town of Mariposa and 140 miles almost due east of San Francisco. This grove is composed of over 400 giant trees, the largest of which are thirty feet in diameter and three hundred feet high. The grove covers a space of a half-mile wide by three-quarters of a mile long. Botanists call the mammoth tree the sequoia gigantea. It is found only in California, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevadas, between latitudes 34 degrees and 41 degrees. It is a cone-bearing evergreen, and received its botanical title from Endlicher, the German botanist. It grows at a height of about 4,500 feet above the sea level. The first specimens discovered were a cluster of ninety-two, covering a space of fifty acres in Calaveras County. When the Californians first announced the discovery of the big trees, the world was inclined to doubt their existence. There are seven big tree groves—three in Mariposa containing 134 trees over fifteen feet in diameter, and three hundred smaller trees, one in Tuolumne County, one in Calaveras County and one in Tulare County. In every grove there are giant cloud-sweepers, from 275 to 376 feet high and from twenty-five to forty feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled show by their rings an antiquity of from 2,000 to 2,500 years. The Calaveras grove attracts more visitors than the others, because it is more accessible. There are ten trees in this grove thirty feet in diameter. One of the trees, which is down, is estimated to have been 450 feet high and forty feet in diameter. It was the hoary monarch of the grove and died of old age, say 2,500 years. A hollow trunk, called the "Horseback Ride," seventy-five feet long, gets its name from the fact that a man may ride through it upright on horseback. Just after the discovery of the grove one of the largest of the trees, ninety-two feet in circumference, was cut down. Five men worked twenty-two days in cutting through it with large augers. On the stump, which was planed off nearly to the smoothness of a ball-room floor, there have been dancing parties and theatrical performances. For a little time a newspaper called the *Big Tree Bulletin* was printed there.

One tree in the Tulare grove, according to measurements by members of the State Geological Survey, is 276 feet high, 106 feet in circumference at the base, and twenty-six feet at a point twelve feet above the ground.

## A Remarkable Dinner.

"I have eaten apples that ripened over 1,800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefoot with the boys of Genoa," said a gentleman of a Chicago club the other day. This remarkable "spread" was given by an antiquary named Gorbel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. "The apples were from a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where it had lain in an old earthenware crock in icy water, and the wine came from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."

## Dignity of Labor.

It is a common fallacy to suppose that certain employments are in themselves dignified and certain others undignified. Those of the statesman and the lawyer, the physician and the preacher, the architect and the artist are supposed to belong to the former—those of the carpenter and the blacksmith, the farmer and day laborer, the porter and house-maid, to the latter. This is an utterly artificial and untrue distinction. It may be so in any particular case, and it may be exactly the reverse. If the work is a reflection of the worker, it depends not upon what it is, but upon what he is for its dignity. How is it done? With ardour and resolution, with purpose and aspiration, with a view to improvement and excellence, or with but little care and thought, with half a heart, with a view only to the immediate reward? It is on the answers to such questions that the dignity of labor depends.

## Leaving the Cat Behind.

BY CATHERINE WINCHESTER.

Those careful observers who have studied the subject deny the popular fallacy that cats do not become attached to persons but only to places. These persons claim that cats, when abandoned, suffer more for the lack of companionship and petting to which they have been accustomed than they do for the lack of food or care. Many instances might be given to illustrate the fact that cats are both affectionate and intelligent, as they have been known to die, apparently from grief, after having been abandoned by some one person to whom they had become especially attached.

A very remarkable instance of reasoning power and affectionate confidence is told of a cat belonging to a gentleman who left his home for two months. During his absence his apartments were occupied by two young men who delighted in teasing and frightening her. She had, during her owner's absence, hidden her kittens behind the bookshelves, but upon his return she brought them to a corner of his dressing-room, in which place she had reared former kittens in safety.

Many people abandon their cats when leaving their homes for the summer without realizing the extreme cruelty of so doing. It would be far kinder to chloroform them. In most places an agent of some humane society may be found who will do this properly. Should it be desired, however, to do this at home it will only be necessary to give the cat a saucer of milk, and from behind, turn quickly over her a foot-bath tub or tight box, slipping a sponge holding an ounce and a half of chloroform under the edge, and placing a weight on the box. All this must be quickly done, that the cat may not be frightened nor the chloroform evaporate. After ten minutes place the cat, head downward, in a pail of warm water that she may not be revived by the air. This should be done by a person of judgment only. It is often found necessary to drown all but one of a litter of kittens, in which case they should, as soon as possible after birth, be dropped into a pail of warm water, which should be at once tightly covered. It is seldom that a cat cannot be sufficiently tamed to be handled and humanely disposed of, but chloroforming seems certainly the kindest method of disposition when a good home cannot be provided.

Cats should never be "expressed" from one place to another, as they are easily frightened when confronted by strange persons. They will, as a rule, be better contented if they are allowed to see where they are going. I have had very little difficulty in traveling with cats. One successful method tried consisted in placing pussy in a covered basket with holes sufficient for ventilation. When comfortably settled in the cars she was taken from the basket to her owner's lap and she made no attempt to escape. Another cat was taken from her basket and placed in a cloth traveling bag with a soft drawing-string, her head being left out and the bag being tied loosely around her neck to prevent her escape. Being carried in the arms of her owner and spoken to occasionally, she remained quiet and evinced an interest in all that was transpiring. Cats are sensitive to a soothing tone of voice and to a gentle touch.

## A World-Full.

When will the earth have all the people upon it that it can accommodate? That is a question which some sober economists and sociologists have lately thought fit to take into serious consideration, bringing to bare upon it the light of statistical research.

Before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Ravenstein, a well-known statistician, estimated that, whereas the total population of the earth is now a little less than one billion five hundred millions, there is room on the earth for very nearly six billions of inhabitants.

That is to say, when the space on the earth available for the support of human beings is fully occupied, it will be found capable of maintaining four and a half billions more of people than it now contains, or four times as many people as there are now in the world.

This seems, at first glance, to be very encouraging to the human race. But Mr. Ravenstein says it is not, because the race is increasing, in these days of civilization, security and easy exchange among the nations, so very much faster than it ever increased before, that this margin will be exhausted and the world be full in a little over one hundred and eighty years.

By the year 2072, according to Mr. Ravenstein's calculations, the earth will have six billions of inhabitants who are all that there is room for, and must, as it were, hand out the sign, "Standing room only." Living room there will be none.

"MAMMA," exclaimed a little boy, indignantly, after the visitor had gone, "when I grow up to be a man I'm going to get up a society for preventing ugly old women from kissing nice little boys."