

When of a morning I awaken I cast my eyes about my room to see how fare my beloved treasures and as I cry cheerily to them, "Good-day to you sweet friends!" how longingly they beam upon me, and how glad they are that my repose has been unbroken. When I take them from their places, how tenderly do they respond to the caresses of my hands, and with what exultation do they respond unto my call for sympathy. Laughter for my gayer moods, distraction for my cares, solace for my griefs, gossip for my idler moments, tears for my sorrow, counsel for my doubts, and assurance against my fears—these things my books give me with a promptness and a certainty and a cheerfulness which are more than human; so that I were less than human did I not love these comforters and bear eternal gratitude to them."—Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac.

REVERENCE FOR THE FLAG.

The Veterans of 1866 Association have issued a leaflet calling attention to the growing practice of using the British flag for advertising purposes.

Respectful treatment of the flag—the emblem of the country—is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual reverence for the land itself. It is not seemly, then, that "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" that brought fear to foes and courage to allies should be brought low in order to advertise a brand of soap or tobacco, or to call the commercial to a sale of second hand furniture.

The teacher in every school in our Dominion tries earnestly to inculcate respect for the flag in the youth under his charge, and urges his pupils to salute the emblem whenever it is seen. But no teacher with any sense of the fitness of things, and no child with an eye for the ridiculous can contemplate the salutation of the British flag when it is attached to a lath and nailed to a gate post where it flaps shamefacedly in the breeze, beating time to the "How much am I bid?" and the "Going—going—gone!" of the auctioneer. The feelings of patriotic pride which ought to be evoked in every citizen when the emblem of his country is displayed are conspicuous by their absence under such circumstances.

A wise move would be the passing of a legislative enactment, such as has become law in the United States, making it illegal to use the flag for any advertising or commercial purpose what ever.

LIFE'S GREAT LESSON.

A conscientious pursuit of Plato's ideal perfection may teach you the great lessons of life. You may learn to consume your own smoke. The atmosphere is darkened by the murmurings and whisperings of men and women over the non-essentials, the trifles that are inevitably incident to the hurly-burly of the day's routine. Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence the minor aggravations, cultivate the gift of taciturnity and consume your own smoke with an extra draught of hard work, so that those about you may not be annoyed with the dust and soot of your complaints. More than any other the practitioner of medicine may illustrate the great lesson that we are here not to get all we can out of life for ourselves, but to try to make the lives of others happy. Courage and cheerfulness will not only carry you over the rough places of life, but will enable you to bring comfort and help to the weak-hearted, and will console you in the sad hours when, like Uncle Toby, you have "to whistle that you may not weep."—DR. WILLIAM OSLER.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVES.

We are wont to say of the country woman who has never been out of her native State, and seldom seen a theatre or a street car, that she has seen little of life. I challenge this statement. I say that the woman who was born in a city, educated in a woman's college, sent abroad in the conventional fashion and married suitably at the proper

time, has seen little of life. I say that many such women live and die without seeing life or knowing in any sense what life is.

Society is Not Life. While its narrow round is sounding its brass and tinkling its cymbal, life is going fiercely on, down in the narrow street where we struggle for bread, out in the barn-yard where the feathered folk are stirring to spring industries and the patient beasts are waiting our demands.

Life is here, in the kitchen, where the woman must, with consummate cleverness never to be excelled by any art or accomplishment, minister to the bodily wants of a few of her fellow-creatures.

It is the woman who has walked across the fields on a wild winter night to help a sister woman in her hour of trial, the woman who has dressed the new-born baby, and composed the limbs of the dead, learned the rude surgery of the farm, harnessed horses, milked cows, carried young lambs into the kitchen to save them from perishing in the rough March weather—it is she who has seen life.

There is a Big, Joyous, Hearty Way of accepting what life brings you, but women have not been taught as men have that it is a disgrace to shirk. They seem to think it the proper thing to do, or finding shirking out of the question they are prone to settle down, to relinquish impressions of romance, renounce artistic instincts, and narrow themselves to what they call the practical. In this they hugely abuse the practical. A woman may be practical without losing the habits of mirth and laughter that made her girlhood so lovable.

Indeed, if she is thoroughly practical she will see that it is her own personality she should cultivate for her own sake, rather than stupid economies and hard, morbid sacrifices by which she deliberately destroys much of her feminine grace and charm.—*The Ladies' Home Journal*.

LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES.

Members of the F. A. & H. J. L. S. will have felt some surprise when reading the issue of the 14th inst. to find the first and second prizes given for the "Popping the Question" competition, but no extra award mentioned. The reason is reluctantly given, and given only because the best interests of the Society demands it. It was discovered after the copy had gone to the printers and the proof sheets were ready, that one essay awarded a prize was not original matter, and fairness to the

other competitors necessitated its being withdrawn. It was too late then to substitute the essay which stood next in merit, but the award will be sent to Stanley Carvolth, B. C. The mistake on the part of the competitor was doubtless due to our not having clearly stated that only original matter could be accepted in these competitions. How-

ever, "a word to the wise is sufficient".

Up to the present time not very many members have contributed their opinions as to the relative merits of a High School and a Business Education; but by the 29nd there should be a goodly number of upholders for either side of the question. Let us hear from you.

THE QUIET HOUR

THE CROSSES ON THE WALL.

(A Legend of Primiero.)
Come, children, listen to what I tell,
For my words are wise to-day;
From Primiero among the hills
Was the legend brought away.

And when a burden is hard to bear—
And such burdens come to all—
They tell the story I am telling now,
Of the crosses on the wall.
'Tis a pearl of wisdom, gathered far
In the dim and distant past;
But ever needed, but ever new,
As long as the world shall last.
For never has been since earth was made,
And surely shall never be.
A man so happy or wise or great,
He might from the cross be free.
The tale it is of a widow's need,
Of how, through sorrow and many tears,
At the end her soul was blest.
She had not been always poor and sad,
For her early years were bright,
With a happy home, and with parents kind,
And herself their hearts' delight!
A mother's darling, a father's pride,
She was fair in form and face;
A sunny creature, a joy to all,
For her sweet and winning grace.
Then, early married to one she loved,
She had still been shielded well;
For her he labored, for her he thought,
And on her no burden fell.
She worked, indeed; but what work was hers
Through the short and happy hours
To pluck the fruit from her orchard trees,
Or to tend the garden flowers;
To sit and spin, and to sing the while
In her porch with roses gay;
To spread the table with plenty piled,
And to watch the children play.
Their home was a little nest of peace;
'Twas a mile beyond the town,
In that sheltered valley, green with woods,
Where the river murmurs down.
And she never dreamed of change to come,
(Though a change must all expect),
Till the blow, like lightning, on her fell,
And her happy life was wrecked.
But who could have thought the man would die
There were few so strong as he!
From his forest work they bore him home,
Struck dead by a falling tree.
A petted child, and a wife beloved,
She had hardly sorrow known,
Till the strong, brave man was borne away,
And she faced the world alone.
Alone, with a babe too young to speak,

And with other children five:
"Oh, why," she asked, "are the strong removed
And the feeble left alive?"
But where is the good of asking "why?"
When our helpers disappear
That question never was answered yet,
And it never will be, here.
There was little time to sit and weep;
She must rise, and bear the strain;
Alone she stood, with the home to keep,
And the children's bread to gain.
The best of herself had gone with him;
She had no more faith nor trust;
She could not bow to the Lord's decree,
For she felt it all unjust.
The good Lord cares for a widow's need,
But on him she did not call.
She labored hard, and she fought with fate,
And they lived—but that was all.
She fought her battle with fate, and failed,
As many have failed before;
If against the thorns we push and press,
They will only prick the more.
She could not bear with the children now,
And she called them rude and wild;
Forgetting quite, in her sullen grief,
That she had been once a child.
Yes, wild they were; and like all wild things,
They were light, and swift, and strong;
And her poor sick spirit turned away
From the gay, unruly throng.
They swam the river, they climbed the trees,
They were full of life and play;
But oft, when their mother's voice they heard,
They hid from their sight away.
They did not love her, and that she knew,
And of that she oft complained;
But not by threats nor by angry words
Could the children's love be gained.
Respect and honor we may command;
They will come at duty's call;
But love, the beautiful thornless rose,
Grows wild, when it grows at all.
And she grew bitter, as time went on,
Grew bitter and hard and sore,
Till one day she cried in her despair,
"I can bear my life no more!
Look down from Heaven, good Lord, and see
And pity my cruel fate!
Oh come, and in mercy take away
My burden, for 'tis too great!
My heart is breaking with all its load,
And I feel my life decline;
Never I think did the woman live
Who has borne a cross like mine!"
To her cry for help an answer came,
And solemn it was, and strange!
For a silence deep around her fell,
And the place seemed all to change.
She stood in a sad and sombre room,
Where from ceiling down to floor,
Along the wall and on every side,

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