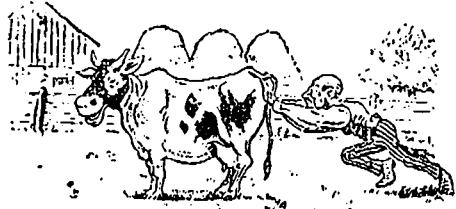
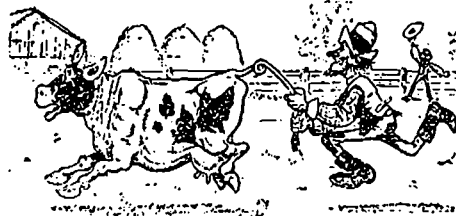




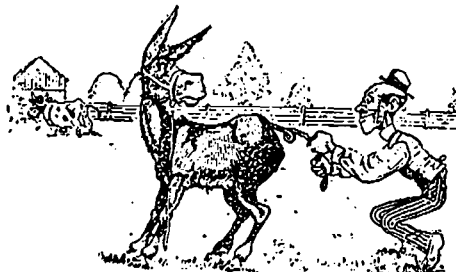
THE AMATEUR FARMER'S MISTAKE.



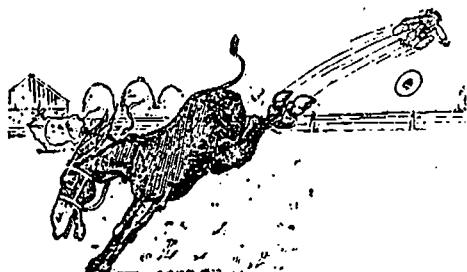
"G'lane there, you lazy brute!"



Experienced Farmer (who happens to be passing by)—
"When you want her to go just give her tail a twist."



Amateur Farmer (a week later)—"You won't go, won't you?" That old farmer gave me a good pointer about arousing stubborn animals that I haven't forgotten."



The Animal—"There is animals and there is animals."—
Judge.

THE SEASONS.

When runnels began to leap and sing,
And daffodil sheaths to blow,
Then out of the thicket peeped blue-eyed Spring,
And laughed at the melting snow.
"It is time, old Winter, you went," she said,
And fitted across the plain,
With an Iris scarf around her head,
And diamonded with rain.

When the hawthorn put off her bridal veil,
And the nightingale's nocturn died,
Then summer came forth with her milking pail,
And hunted the Spring, and cried,
"It is time you went; you have had your share,"
And she carolled a love song sweet,
With eglantine ravelled about her hair,
And buttercup-dust on her feet.

When the pears swelled juicy, the apples sweet,
And thatched was the new-ricked hay,
And August was bronzing the stripling wheat,
Then summer besought to stay.
But Autumn came from the red-roofed farm,
And "Tis time that you went," replied,
With an amber sheaf on her nut-brown arm,
And her sickle athwart her side.

When the farmer railed at the hireling slut,
And fingered his fatted heaves,
And autumn groped for the last stray nut
In the drift of her littered leaves,
"It is time you went from the lifeless land,"
Bawled Winter, then whistled weird,
With a log for his hearth in his chilblained hand,
And sleet in his grizzled beard.

TENURE OF OFFICE UNCERTAIN.—The Eldest: "How sorry I am that you were not here last Christmas, to see our beautiful presents." The New Governess: "Never mind, dear; I can see your presents next Christmas." The Eldest: "Oh, no; we never keep a governess as long as that."

COUNT PUNONROSTRO.

CHARLES V. was a great hunter. One day, while partridge-shooting, he was accompanied by a gamekeeper who joined in the sport. The servants of his majesty were loaded with game, when a partridge rose under the feet of the two sportsmen. Two shots went off simultaneously. The partridge dropped. "Who killed that bird?" said the king to the gamekeeper. "I did," was the reply. "You lie, you scoundrel," said the king in a rage. Thereupon the man unceremoniously slugged his majesty. The first movement of Charles was to try to kill him, but fortunately the gun was unloaded. Then his second and most successful effort was to save the man from the fury of his attendants, and to send him off to prison, with the recommendation to prepare for death, remarking also that his offence was all the more atrocious because he could not say that he really did not lie, inasmuch as it was doubtful who shot the bird. "I have no doubt about it, sire," replied the prisoner. "Permit me to examine the bird."

The king ordered the partridge to be brought to him, and after having examined it, the guard affirmed that it was he who shot it, because it was hit by a bullet, and he had used bullets all day long, while the king used shot. A further examination of the dead partridge by the king and his attendants proved that the gamekeeper was correct.

The king was sorry, but he nevertheless sent the prisoner to Madrid, where he was placed in the cell of offenders condemned to death. At the last moment the king promised him pardon if he would repent, but the man refused. Charles ordered the gamekeeper to be brought into his presence, and again asked him if he repented.

"Sire," replied the guard, "if I had a thousand lives, and your majesty should tell me a thousand times, without reason, that I lied, a thousand times would I punch your majesty on the nose, and a thousand times I would go quietly to execution."

"And you would thus be a loss to my reign!" exclaimed the king. "Would that I were surrounded by men like you! I not only pardon you, but I attach you to my person and make you Count of Punonrostro (Fist-in-the-Face.)"

CULINARY MAXIMS.

Beauty will buy no beef.
Inquire not what is in another's pot.
A good stomach is the best sauce.
Better half an egg than an empty shell.
Better some of the pudding than no pie.
He who depends on another dines ill and sups worse.
Make not your sauce till you have caught your fish.
He that dines and leaves lays the cloth twice.
He deserves not the sweet who will not taste of the sour.
He fasts enough whose wife scolds at dinner time.
He who would have hare for breakfast must hunt over night.
When a man cannot have what he loves he must love what he has.
Healed enmity and a warmed-up dinner are never worth much.

TOO SMART BY HALF.

SMART BOY (reading history to please his father)—"Father, there is one king whom the children never liked very well, isn't there?"

Father—"Well, really, my boy, I hadn't thought of it. But it affords me much pleasure to see you storing your mind with knowledge that can be useful to you in the great future that is before you. But what king is it to whom you refer?"

"Span'king," was the dubious reply.
And then the smart boy had an opportunity of deciding whether he liked that king or not.

A scientist says a wasp may be picked up if it is done quietly. Yes; it is when the wasp is laid down again that the noise begins.

The foolish woman darkeneth her house to save her carpets and keep out flies, and behold her children grow pale and disease marketh her for its prey.

Marry your sweetheart on her birthday if you can, young man. It will save you money every year in anniversary presents.

A woman generally does not know how to drive a nail, but she knows how to wheedle a man into driving it for her.

A Yankee has just taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they laid boiled eggs. Who says this is not an age of improvement?

"I am going to plant my foot down," said the lady of the house in wrathful tones. "What, yer going to raise corn?" interrogated the man of the house from behind his paper.

SEWING-MACHINE AGENT—"Good morning, reverend sir. You know something, do you not, of a society in this place known as the Tattletown sewing circle?" Reverend—"I do, young man, I do." Sewing-machine agent—"Then you can tell me, no doubt, what kind of sewing they particularly devote themselves to?" Reverend—"I regret to say, my friend, that they devote themselves most assiduously to sewing the seeds of scandal."

Many English clergymen treat their curates with scant courtesy. "Good morning, Mr. H.," said a curate recently to his rector, "I hope you are better." "Thank you," was the reply, "I am quite well; but I do not expect my curate to address me until I first speak to him." But the curates are not always without fault, either. A number of curates were recently met together, and got to discussing a popular preacher. "How I should like to be one of his curates," remarked one of the clergymen, "and preach him down."

CORRESPONDENCE

R. W. L., Brandon, Man., writes: You have mentioned several ways of destroying rats, and here is another which is recommended as a means of thinning them out: Leave a mixture of plaster of Paris and flour lying around near their haunts; the plaster is supposed to become impacted in the stomachs of the rodents and cause death. The mixture must be kept beyond the reach of fowls, or they will be likely to share the fate of the rats.

W. H., Chatham, N.B., writes: About three years ago I found my young apple trees badly infested with borers. After cutting these out, I gathered all the old cans I could get, took out the bottom, and cut open the sides so as to spring them open and inclose the trees. In some cases I had to use two cans for one tree. Then I filled the space between the can and the tree with soil. Now the trees are all healed, and none of them have been infested since. When the soil washes out I replace it occasionally.

HARRY B., Trenton, Ont., writes: Brick paths about the yard or garden become green and slimy during the rainy weather and hard scrubbing often fails to remove such stains. Go to the druggist's and get some "Venetian Red," which costs about five or six cents a pound, and two pounds will go a long way. First, wash the dirt from the bricks with clean water; then sprinkle the powder lightly over the bricks and distribute it evenly with a wet broom. This makes the bricks a bright red. It also fills up the crevices between the bricks and prevents weeds and moss from growing there. By doing this twice a month you can keep your paths in good condition.

FARMER'S WIFE, Millbrook, Ont., writes: Perhaps the following will serve a useful purpose to other farmer's wives and save them many a trot caused by setting the table and clearing it off three times a day, the year round. When we built our house I asked the carpenter to make me a stand to carry my dishes on. It has strong legs two inches square, with heavy casters. It is three feet long by two wide, and has two shelves below the top. I need to go to the dining room but once in getting a meal. When the table is cleared the stand is rolled to the pantry, the food removed, then it is taken to the kitchen table where the dishes are washed, and where it stands until wanted again. I also find it convenient in house-cleaning. I stand on it and anyone can push me around the room easily. Try one, and in a few weeks you will wonder how you ever kept house without it.

SUBSCRIBER, Pembroke, Ont., writes as follows: I bought a new mowing machine the spring before last, and it occurred to me that something could be done to utilize the old one to some good purpose. Accordingly I took it all apart, merely leaving the two large wheels, with the crossbar which connects them, and the tongue, and then, with the aid of the oak frame of an old roller that had been stored for years, and was as hard and strong as iron, and ten bolts, I constructed a small frame that fitted in between the wheels, securely fastening the tongue to this, and raising the frame with short cross pieces, until a bolster could be fitted across the top, so as to project out each side over the wheels. I cut out places in the bolster so that the wheels could revolve beneath it without touching. When it was completed, it made a strong, durable, two-wheeled truck, on which my son drew logs all the fall to the sawmill, a short distance away. A special advantage in its favor is, that it is so much easier to load than the regular truck, being lower. Several of my neighbors pronounce it quite a success, and it has cost nothing but the bolts and the time in constructing it.