

hindrance to study, negligence and untidiness are to be avoided. Clean clothes, plainly made, need not be expensive, either of time or money, and a proper regard to personal cleanliness in all its details is what every person owes to himself or his associates.

"It is very desirable that the pupil should have at least two school suits, for in the crowded school-room the clothing soon becomes saturated with the exhalations floating in the atmosphere, and an airing of the clothes every two or three days is necessary to keep them fresh and sweet. Especially is this true of clothes that are not put into the wash-tub, and of shoes. Wearing these after a day's sunning and airing will give one a sensation almost as pleasant as that of putting on new clothes.

"As a rule, the more simply a child is dressed, the more attractive it is to all sensible people. The bewildering maze of ruffling and embroidery, and knife-plaiting and shirring, and great, broad, brown sash, big enough to shroud the child in, with which little girls and boys in kilts are dressed, is simply shocking to people of correct taste. Let us not have it in the school-room."

#### The Talkative Person.

If talkative people are sometimes great nuisances, they are, at other times, quite as much of a convenience. There are seasons when talking must be done, whether we have anything to say or not; when the ball must be kept rolling; when a pause in the conversation is almost as fatal as a protested note, and we are too weary or dispirited to hold our own, but feel it a blessed privilege to listen. At such moments the talkative person is at a premium, and seems to us like an angel in disguise. We begin to thank our stars that some people are born who do not dote on the sound of their own voice. This gush of words appears to rob every situation of constraint, whether it be a visit of condolence, the first awkward pause after grace, when everybody is afraid of seeming frivolous, or that embarrassing instant when memory is hastily searching the dusty chambers of the brain for some dim impression made there by a strange face which presents itself for recognition, and we feel like saying, as the boy said of his A B C's, "know you by sight, but can't call you by name." Sooner or later, however, we agree with Landor that "two evils may befall a man—never to be listened to, and to be listened to always;" when our own little wit is swamped by the torrent of his conversation, or our apropos bit of learning fails to secure attention; when, in short, we cannot engineer a cherished sentence in edgewise until it would be as much out of date as last year's almanac. In the meantime we have little or no defence against this garrulous being. Common civility prevents us from taking leave of him in the middle of a speech, and we must watch closely and wait patiently for any other loop-hole of escape. He takes no heed of yawns, and no note of time; he will keep you out of your bed till all is blue, and detain you in a pouring rain while he has his say. His ideas never depart from being kept too long; his words are ferns on his tongue's end, or, rather, they are always dropping therefrom, like chain-lightning always ready to be kindled; he will find an audience, if it be only from a pinafore, or a woman peddling berries, an archipelago in a desert, he would harangue the If he were we do not by any means find that his universe; an any proportion to the degree of ineloquacity is in claim with his listener. He would timidity he may claim with his listener. He would no sooner think of waiting for an introduction than he would exhibit his talent than of waiting for an idea. To be a deaf mute must represent his notion. But unless he silences us of eternal punishment, he silences us with his eloquence, so that we forget ourselves and our puny powers, renders listening a delight, and makes us sorry when the thread breaks, he is in great danger of being considered a bore.

**FRETTER.**—One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can disturb the harmony of a neighborhood, can unsettle the councils of cities, and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who repairs and too often evil; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere neighborhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the body more chilling than cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, then the misery of it becomes insupportable.

#### Hunting the Eggs.

Behind the purple western hills the sun is sinking low,  
And its last bright rays are gleaming on the gentle brooklet's flow;  
The cow-boy hast'ning homeward, sings a merry song,  
As waving his leathern lash in air he drives the cows along.  
And pretty, light-footed Mamie, sweetest of country girls,  
With a gay pink sun-bonnet neatly tied over her dark-brown curls,  
With a small splint basket on her arm, humming a tune so gay,  
Gathers the white and pearly eggs among the new-mown hay.  
"Get off, old Speckle! what do you mean? It is too late to set!"  
And she drives the poor hen off the nest, with a snap in her eyes of jet;  
Then singing a plaintive melody that hardest heart would charm,  
She trips along the grassy path with her basket on her arm.  
Under the vine-hung doorway, maiden and melody go,  
Brushing the scented roses, bright with the sunset glow,  
Up with the birds in the morning, to rest when the sun goes down—  
Oh, who would leave such a gladsome life, to live in a dusty town?  
Webster City, Iowa. MAUDE SUTTON.

#### School-Days.

Once more by mount and meadow side,  
The merry bells are ringing,  
Once more by vale and river wide  
The school-room doors are swinging;  
Forgotten books win pensive looks,  
And slates come forth from cover,  
For hand in hand to lesson-land  
Go little lass and lover.

Vacation hours were full of joy,  
Vacation skies were cheery;  
Yet days which pleasant tasks employ  
Are neither dull nor dreary.  
The rhythmic beat along the street  
Of feet that dance in walking  
Gives witness true that three times two  
Is better fun than talking.

What meed of bliss were ours, my friend,  
If we, like these, were able  
Our cares and discontents to spend  
In vanquishing a table—  
If we could be so light and free  
Amid our garnered pleasures,  
As these who sweet the tale repeat  
Of runic weights and measures!

Ah! children dear, our later days  
Have brought us wise anointing;  
We see in all your sunny ways  
The Father's kind appointing.  
Your morning bell is ours as well—  
We go to school to Duty,  
Whose brow severe from year to year  
Wears fadeless wreaths of beauty.

#### Take the Papers.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?  
They're the light of my delight;  
Except about election time,  
And then I read for spite.

I knew two men, as much alike  
As ever you saw two stumps,  
And no phrenologist could find  
A difference in their bumps.  
One takes the papers, and his life  
Is happier than a king's;  
His children all can read and write,  
And talk of men and things.  
The other took no paper, and  
While strolling through the wood,  
A tree fell down and broke his crown,  
And killed him—"very good."  
Had he been reading of the news,  
At home, like neighbor Jim,  
I'll bet a cent that accident  
Would not have happened him.  
Subscribe! You cannot lose a cent.  
Why should you be afraid?  
For cash thus paid is money lent  
At interest, four-fold paid.

#### Dinner Table Hints.

When taking a lady down, do not ask if she is "peckish" or "sharpset."  
Do not say, "I hope they will give us a good tuck-out!"

When you are seated, keep calm, whatever there is for dinner.

Soup should not be chewed; you must swallow it whole.

Never hammer with your feet for the next course, or shout, "waiter!"

When anything nice is put on the table, do not chuckle, nor rub your chest.

When the entrees come round, make a free choice, but don't pocket.

Never take more than four helps of anything.

Do not sponge your gravy with your bread and squeeze it down your throat; it has an uneducated look.

Never speak with your mouth full. First, because it's vulgar; and secondly, because you can't.

If you feel uncomfortable symptoms arising from repletion, you must dissemble; do not call for brandy and peppermint drops.

If your fair neighbor asks what is the matter with you, hasten to assure her that it is not catching.

Crack nuts for your hostess—if your teeth are good.

Do not say, "I'm chock full!" when dinner is over. It has a foreign air about it.—Punch.

\*Minnie Hyde has been successful in winning the handsome Chromo, having answered the greatest number of puzzles correctly in the two previous numbers. Now, my nephews and nieces, try again for the Chromo which will be awarded to the one who answers the most puzzles correctly in this and November number.

#### Don't Talk About Your Aches.

"A pain forgotten is a pain cured" is a proverb I think I have never heard, but I think it would be a good one. I know more than one person who cherishes ailments, and of them makes a never-failing topic of conversation, which is never agreeable, and ceases to be interesting to others after a time. If the purpose of such conversation is to obtain sympathy it certainly fails of its object. When one is really suffering, a regard for the feelings of friends would cause one to be very careful not to talk about it unnecessarily, for what is more distressing than to witness pain which one has no power to alleviate, and be continually reminded of sorrows that cannot be assuaged? Don't talk about them.

#### Stock Notes.

##### Short Horn Convention.

The sixth annual convention of the American Association of Breeders of Shorthorns will take place at Lexington, Ky., U. S., on Wednesday, Oct. 31st, 1877. S. F. Lockridge, Sec., Greenastle, Indiana, will furnish further particulars to those desirous of attending.

The convention promises to be more than usually interesting, and a cordial invitation is extended to all Shorthorn breeders.

The arrivals of live stock at Liverpool from the United States and Canada for week ending Sept. 15th, were much in excess of any former period, whilst the quantity of fresh meat was in excess of recent weeks. The total numbers of live stock were 831 head of oxen and 780 sheep. Of the former, 507, as well as the whole of the sheep, came from Canada, and 324 cattle from the United States. The condition in which the animals arrived augurs well for further development in the importation of live stock, which will, it is expected, assume larger proportions during the coming winter. The accommodation on board the steamers for the conveyance of live animals is exceptionally good, and they are enabled to land their valuable freight in prime order. The quantity of beef landed was 1,484 quarters, whilst the arrivals of fresh butter amounted to 2,900 packages. About 20 large fresh fish were landed during the week, thus introducing a new element into the food importation from America.

Messrs. Hornsby & Bro., of Eminence, Ky., have sold to Messrs. Birrell & Johnston, of Greenwood, Ont., the Gold dust colt Gold Leaf, for the highest price obtained by them for any of the stock they had at the Provincial Exhibition. Messrs. Hornsby have also sold to the same firm the trotting filly Fanny Barnet.

While attending the Provincial Exhibition, Mr. Jas. Dickson, of the township of Tuckersmith, Ont., purchased three shearlings, Cotswolds, two ewes and a ram, from Messrs. J. Suell & Son, Edmonton, paying therefor the sum of \$450.

Mr. John Stacy, of Lansdowne township, Co. Leeds, has purchased a very promising Shorthorn bull calf and a pair of Berkshire pigs, from Mr. James Armstrong, Spring Brook Farm, township of Vaughan, Co. York.