

FARM AND GARDEN.

Temperature is very changeable at this time of this year. Cools nights are followed by hot days. The cow is chased and irritated by flies that annoy her. The milking season is advanced, and the condition of the milk is different from that obtaining a few weeks or days ago, and these so affect the milk that it is not subject altogether to the strict rules in regard to temperature that prevailed previously. The main trouble is that the milk cures prematurely, and thus the process of decomposition begins in the products of the milk before it is expected, and there is trouble in the churning or in the cheese making. The butter is off flavor or there are floating curds in the cream. These are the result of premature decomposition beginning in the milk, and are due mainly to the effects of an increase of internal temperature in the cow, by which the milk is so affected as to call for all the care that the most skillful dairyman may be able to exercise. The question is, How may the cows be best protected against these evils? This is best answered by each individual himself, whose best judgment is to be applied to the solution of the difficulty presented; but the remedies required depend on so many various situations that it would be futile to try and consider them in detail. The general principle must be that the cow is to be protected in every possible way against annoyances, and exposure to changes due to the advanced season. It will doubtless be sufficient to mention the facts, leaving each to apply the best remedy possible.

As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined. This remark of Mr. Pope, the poet, is certainly based on a good foundation, the result of experience as well as of the reasonable deduction from knowledge of the manner of growth of trees. The adage is applicable to the training of animals as well as of plants. Indeed, this application of rules of this kind is invariably confirmed by experience. It certainly applies to calves, like young twigs of a tree, being bent any way, at first take the inclination given by training, and as a natural bent as well. For forty years and over I have been raising calves, and during all that time I have never permitted one to suck a cow. I have now a young cow, the fifth descendant of a cow I had in 1834, and this year that cow has a calf. During all these succeeding generations the natural attraction of the cow to her calf has been perceptibly weakening until the last cow actually refused to have anything to do with the calf, and the calf takes no notice of the cow. Of course it was removed from its dam as soon as it was born, and when it was but six hours old it drank the milk offered to it in the usual manner without any demonstrations as well as a three months old calf would have done. It is even now running in a field with the dam, never attempting to suck, but eating grass, and coming home with the cows it hawls for its milk and drinks it out of a pail in the most orderly manner. If this is not only an accident, but the actual result of so many years of training by which a natural habit has been broken and lost, it goes to show that persistence in this culture of the calves will in time save a vast amount of trouble in the dairy.

Let us take the pasturing of cattle or sheep, and see what is the fundamental principle at the bottom of it. First, what is the end in view? Then how is this end to be secured with the means at one's disposal? The end and purpose of pasturing cattle are to get the most and best feeding from the least ground, and keep the most productive kinds of animals until during the season. These two ideas involve several subjects, for consideration, which immediately occur to the mind. As, for instance, there is the right method of using the pasture to make it most effective for the object in view, viz., the support of the greatest number of animals from the same area of ground. This one alone might be made to fill a moderately large book, but all interested have such a clear idea of it that only practical thought is needed to reach a right conclusion. The land must be of the right kind; it must be properly prepared and sown with the right kinds of seed for the largest and most nutritious product. This product must be used in the most economical manner; and this is just now the most important of all the points of view from which to consider the whole question.

Just now, for example, we see the fields bare and dry, and unable to furnish adequate support for the cattle or sheep. What is the reason? It is clearly because the land has been overstocked, and no supplementary crops have been grown to permit the fields to get a rest and recover from the overfeeding. Thus one most important thing to consider is how this resting spell may be given, that the herbage may recover from the eating of it down.

At the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Do nurse 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 pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

DOMESTIC READING.

Love is sunlight of life. Failure has produced more heroes than success. He is the greatest teacher who hath erred the least from truth. Mourn not, that which God hath not given thee. He hath withheld in love. The world has received the greatest good at the hands of the man she has treated the most harshly. No reward that man can give is so great as that which Duty herself bestows upon her faithful followers. You will never have more than three or four friends in the course of your life, your entire confidence is their right. But to give it to many—is not that to betray your real friends? Truth is a very different thing from fact; it is the loving contact of the soul with spiritual fact, vital and potent. It does not work in the soul independently of all faculty or qualification, therefore setting it forth or defending it. Truth in the inward parts is a power, not an opinion.—George Macdonald.

Christ was alone. How weird and sombre that word! How it throbs with painful life! And does not your experience substantiate the same thing? What comfort you could give your pain, and sorrow, and heartache, and stern conflict you have borne and sustained in solitude into which your dearest earthly friend must not enter.—Higgins.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

True greatness is in the character, never in the circumstances. No matter about wearing a crown, make sure that you have a heart worthy of the purple. No matter about a throne to sit on, make sure that your life is royal in its own intrinsic character—that man will recognize the king in you, though you toil in the field or mine or serve in the lowliest place.

Whenever anybody whom we love dies, we discover that although death is commonplace, it is terribly original. We may have thought about it all our lives, but if it comes close to us it is quite a new, strange thing for us, for we are entirely unprepared. It may, perhaps, not be the bare loss so much as the strength of the man which is broken that is the surprise, and we are debtors in a way to death for revealing something in us which ordinary life disguises.

Take good care of disagreeable duties. Attend to these first. Never select the things that you want to do, and shirk upon others the things that you do not want to do. Wherever you are, choose the disagreeable things. You will get your pay in thankfulness or weariness. You cannot grow in any other way so fast. You may be angry with some shiftless one who is willing to put on you work that he or she ought to do, and you may feel that there is injustice in it, but you cannot afford to be unfaithful because somebody else is.

A prize was offered recently by a paper for the best answer of the question: "What is home?" Here are a few of the answers which were received: Home is the blossom, of which Heaven is the center, world of strife shut out, world of love shut in. The golden setting, in which the brightest jewel is mother. The only spot on earth where faults and failings of humanity are hidden under a mantle of charity. The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great. The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world. Where you are treated best and you grumble most. A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world, where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

Society could not exist without continual obligations on every side; and, instead of being felt as a burden, they should be gladly accepted as a part of the benefit and happiness it has in store for us. As soon as two persons come into contact, there is abundant opportunity for mutual sacrifice; and only as such sacrifices are made and accepted in a spirit of kindness and goodwill can the association be a source of pleasure and profit. He who makes it a debit-and-credit affair, who is uneasy until he has balanced the account, who thinks his independence invaded by a favour or his self respect injured by a gift, is quite ignorant of the meaning of social life and unable to fill the part in it. Blot out the kindly feeling that loves to give and the grateful gladness that loves to receive, and you have destroyed the roots of society and killed its power for good.

RAGGED OUT.—None but those who have known fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. For this, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Every other woman you meet who is in trouble has lost her pocket-book. The dismemberment of Turkey might be possible if Russia did not insist on both second joints. Ethel: "You know I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud: "Don't worry, dear. That's the kind you'll get."

"Well, thank goodness, I'm not two faced!" She: "No wonder you're thankful. One like yours is enough!" One of our builders was asked the other day if a house of his just erected was his last. "Yes," he said, "my last, but not loosed."

"They say that the Hickeys have a big skeleton in the closet." "Wouldn't be surprised. There are a great many bones of contention around there."

Lord Nocont (proudly): "I can trace my descent from William the Conqueror." Oynicus: "You have been a long time on the downward path."

"Uncle Simon, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician?" "The politician pulls the wagon and the statesman gets the ride."

Mrs. Brown: "How would you define 'tact'?" Mrs. Jones: "I should say tact is the ability to make your husband believe he is having his own way."

"Fannie, I have told you time and again not to speak when older persons are talking, but wait until they stop." "I've tried that already, mamma. They never stop."

Joy fills my cup, and I can scarce refrain from giving vent. Unto the feelings that within My manly breast are pent.

My love has said she will be mine, And I have let a pound Of poison to the bullock that Her dad's had hanging round.

At one of the university unions an orator declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell."

Madgo: "When Mr. Smoro showed you his picture at the exhibition, did he tell you what he liked best about it?" Marjorie: "No, but I could see it was the little yellow t'cket in the corner with the word 'Sold' on it."

"I often wonder just what she thinks of me," said the young married man. "It is easy to find out," said the elderly married man. "Just sit down on her hat and she will tell you what she thinks of you in less than a minute."

A certain minister while preaching said that every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by mowing his lawn when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor; cut your sermons short."

Young Husband: "What! You are twenty-five years old to-day?" Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." Young Wife (wearily): "I have aged rapidly since I married."

"Your husband looks like a man of great self-control," remarked Mrs. Gadd to Mrs. Gabb. "Well, he hadn't much when I married him," replied Mrs. Gabb; "but," she added, "with a good deal look in her eye, 'he's getting it."

There was a soprano whose name was Miffo. Byrd. The finest soprano that I ever heard. She sang so divinely that men, 'pon my word, Would melt into tears, their souls were so agryd.

No critic would venture her voice to malign, Her singing was so remarkably fine. But, alas! she said "Yes" when the bass said "Be mine," And straight from the choir Miss Byrd did resign.

"What's the matter, Dicky?" asked the horse editor. "My mother-in-law wrote a book of poems," answered the literary critic, with a long, shivering sigh. "Well, you had sense enough to jolly it, hadn't you?" "Yes; where I wrote about the 'limping lines,' the printer made it 'limping'!"

Must Kremlin be added to the number of words for which no rhyming equivalent can be found? It would seem so from the following examples, which occur in "The Coronation Cruise of the Midnight Sun." The first is by the author of that book, A. A. Sykes, and originally appeared in "Punch." He naively acknowledges his inability to grapple with the word, as witness:

We kaded the Czar and his suite so bizarre, And felt not a quail or a trembling; Quite free of all charge, we wandered at large, And drank the sweet dew That the sunlight shies through;

Now don't take to me Of your coffee and tea, Or let me sit up with the sun, Nor nerves have no hope, And dyspepsia never or junketing stops.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r! You admire squirrel turf? Yes, we think it's fine; Can't well part with mine, For 't's just in my line.

Don't Worry Yourself and don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. Infant Health is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

Chats With the Children.

"Keep to the Right." (Written for "Chats.") There's a short concise sentence which often we see On many a pillar and wall, It's certain to be true, where'er we may be, In store or in billroom or hall; We can't fail to see it wherever we go, For it's always put just within sight, The authorities think it as well we should know.

We're requested to "Keep To The Right." A very good rule when you're caught in a crush, With folks going and folks coming back; And all such a lot of bustle and thrash; You can scarce keep your temper or track; If some passenger happens to tread on your toes, Don't, like Paddy, harrow for a fight; Be collected and calm, cork your temper up close, Be goodnatured, and "Keep To The Right."

And then, while you're treading the path-way to fame, Tho' the thousands who block up the way White you climb to the height where you'd faint carry you name, In spite of the foe which you "stay!" If your's hustled and jostled and hit in the stride, With the race for success at its height, You can never go wrong on the highway of life If only you "Keep To The Right."

Take this for your motto, boys, "Never say Success comes to 'work' not to 'luck.' Stick to track, and to traces, for obstacles lie Before perseverance and pluck. Beware of false turfings that often allure, Keep your honor and honest bright, Shun the voice of the tempter, be sober, and pure, Keep steady and "Keep To The Right."

Toronto, Oct. 16th 1895. I HAD A CAT.

The domestic cat is said to have affection for places and not for persons. I am strongly inclined to think that this is a misapprehension. As a schoolboy I had a pet cat which would follow me to school just like a dog, and, remaining in the shrubberies around, would wait to return with me. My father at one period always returned home at the same hour in the evening. This cat would wait for him at a certain point in the road, and as soon as he approached would spring out, gambol a little round him and then trot a yard or two in front of him for a quarter of a mile between the meeting point and home. Later in life, I had a cat which accompanied my family during three removals. On each occasion he was carried in the arms through the open road from the old house to the new one. Not once did he desert us or return to the former dwelling. My experience is that the cat is not a selfish creature.—Chicago Times.

SQUIRREL CHATTER. Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r! Good morning, sir! I'm with you see me, I'm up in the tree, If you're home as you see, Here's my wife, sir! (she's shy; Her name's Fritzy, mine's Spry.) Now, don't try and use: Nor think of the stew So nice we'd make you, For, you see, we love life and liberty too.

Chip-chip-chip-chur-r-r! Now, we'd much prefer, That that wicked gun You'd aim at the sun, Or else try and use 'em Than this rare sport to you; But now honest and true Do a squirrel you're, And I'm a hunter.

Do you think you'll enjoy The gun which my boy? Would there be so much fun as shot or decoy?

But I meant to remark, With my chattering bark, That my wife, sir, and I Were most happily Taking breakfast up high On this wide-spreading bow, Where we're picnicing now, When you happened this way In your ramble to stray; For we sat up with the sun, And have had a good run Over fences and treecrogs, for nuts and for fun.

And just sit up—so! (On out haunches, you know,) And hold in each paw A nut with no flaw; Then though it we gnaw; And drink the sweet dew That the sunlight shies through; Now don't take to me Of your coffee and tea, Or let me sit up with the sun, Nor nerves have no hope, And dyspepsia never or junketing stops.

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A GOLD MEDAL.

I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. Watson gave a boy named Watson, driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks. The boys attending school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow. With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him. "I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milkman of you?" "Why not?" asked Watson. "Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you ring them—that's all."

The boys laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milkman, I'll give good measure and good milk."

The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which deserved its bestowal proper. It was the first prize of honor. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning.

The principal then said that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

"Not long since, some boys were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service."

"This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture was now helpless with his bruises. 'Never mind, good woman,' said the boy; 'I will drive the cow.'

"But his kindness did not stop there. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary. 'I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with,' said he, 'but I can do without them for a while.' 'Oh no,' said the old woman, 'I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we could get on nicely.' The boy bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing the thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable activities. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

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DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL. Every one is either growing better or worse. How is it with you? You are suffering from KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES. Have tried doctors and medicine with out avail, and have become disgusted. DON'T GIVE UP! Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

What do you suppose becomes of all the peach stones that just now are being discarded by the hundreds of thousands in the peach canning factories, to say nothing of the many that are left from the peaches we are all eating every day while the delicious fruit lasts? Have you ever thought anything about them, except that they were not good to eat? They are not; that is so; but they have a use, however—several, indeed. Bushels and bushels of them are sent to fruit growers, who plant them to grow young peach trees that are in turn set out for orchards. From the oil of the kernel that is found in the inside of the stone a powerful drug, prussic acid, is distilled. It is a poison if taken even in a very small quantity, but it is available and useful drug for various laboratory purposes. A third use of the peach pits is to dry them and use for fuel, for which purpose they are excellent.

On Wednesday 15th the children of Rideau street convent celebrated the feast day of Sister Teresa, superioress. Fathers Constantineau, Fallon and Dubreyl, of Ottawa College, and Father Nilles, chaplain of the convent, were also present. The English address was delivered by Miss Dolly O'Leary and the French one by Miss O. Besonnet. The following young ladies contributed to the programme of entertainment: Misses O'Reilly, Plumb, Quimet, Greenfield, Desjardins, Ryan, Rignor, Fortin, Denis, Sylvain, Tasse, Bergeron, Neville, McMorrow, McGrady, Campbell, Bogue, and O'Reilly. The golden jubilee of the superioress' novitiate will be celebrated with grand ceremonies in June of next year.

JUST LISTEN TO COMMON SENSE. Learn to recognize Kidney Disease by its Symptoms.

AVOID GRAVE DANGERS. Never Neglect your Trouble in its Minor Form—Never Despair at any Stage—Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure.

It is far easier to prevent than to cure the serious forms and complications of kidney disease. We don't say this because we doubt the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but it is better to avoid the wear and tear of curing at the minor stage with a single box. The dangers of every sufferer are of a three-fold nature:—Not to know what ails; to neglect when he knows; and to despair when everyone says he is going to die. If you are not posted in the symptoms of kidney disease write to the Dodd's Medicine Company, Toronto, Ont., for their Calendar for 1897. It will cost you only a postal card and is worth a hundred. If you suffer and neglect kidney disease, remember that nineteen out of every twenty deaths result from this disease, and that every such death is prevented by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. To those who suffer and despair of cure, we briefly say: We have never yet heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills failing to cure. We have letters from more than a thousand who were cured when given up by physicians and friends. We have published many scores of such letters, and the writers are still living in health and contentment. Over one hundred thousand persons in Canada have been cured of kidney disease in its simpler forms—cured by from one to three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any kidney disease. It is no need of kidney treatment don't permit yourself to be anything short of the original and genuine. Why should you try experiments to benefit those who say they have something "just as good"?