

**A Song of the Sea.**

Merrily, merrily dance the sails  
Over the summer sea;  
Down to the rocks and the yellow sand,  
Down to the sand go we!

Hey for a bucket, and hey for a spade,  
Hey for the silver sea!  
Bricks and mortar for money and men,  
Castles of sand for me!

Seaweed and shells for windows and doors,  
Doors out into the sea!  
Fish for sentinels, crabs for guards,  
Pebbles for lock and key!

We are the kings of the golden sand,  
Queens of the silver sea!  
Ours is a kingdom of spades and pails,  
None are so happy as we!

**Modern Heroes.**

There are some who think that bravery died with the Romans, that art has been decaying since the end of the palmy days of the Greeks, that all the noble virtues have long since ceased to find lodgment in the human heart. Such are pessimists; and they make life unwholesome for themselves and all whom they influence. The world is growing better all the time. There are more good people to-day than ever before. The best of virtues are more common than in any previous age.

The Youth's Companion tells of a young collegian, imbued with the pessimistic spirit, who was lamenting the decay of the higher virtues of the times. He had much to say now of Sidney and Sir Thomas Moore and other brave and chivalrous gentlemen, dead long ago.

"Where will you find such men nowadays?" he cried. "Nowhere. We are sordid and commonplace. We care for nothing but making money!"

Presently his father told the story of Walla Tonaki, the Navajo boy who was condemned to death two years ago by his tribe; but such was their confidence in his honor that he was permitted to travel alone and unguarded hundreds of miles to fulfill an engagement, giving his parole to return and be shot at the set time.

"And he was there!" said the squire. "The tribe was in waiting, and at the very hour set, the Tonaki appeared and quietly faced them, ready for death."

Then Tom's mother recalled the horrible story of the burning of the Charity Bazar in Paris, and of the Duchess d'Alencon, who, with the roof dropping in flaming fragments around her, when a way was opened through the shrieking, struggling mass for her to escape, drew back, saying:

"My guests go first," and remained until her charred, dead body was carried out.

"Courtesy and high breeding in the old time touched no loftier mark than that," his mother said, with tears in her eyes.

Some one else recalled Prof. Max Muller's account in his "My Indian Friends" of a Christian convert, Goreh, among the Hindus. His father was a high-class Brahmin, obliged by his position publicly to curse his son for his change of religion. He loved his son, and, to avoid the necessity of pronouncing the curse, took a vow of perpetual silence. He retired into the forest, and never uttered a word again to any one.

"Here were a poor red Indian, a princess and a Hindu who could touch hands with the great men of past ages, Tom," said his father. "Human nature can rise to as great heights now as it ever did. And the opportunities come every day. Make ready to use them, and waste no time bewailing the golden age."—Christian Standard.

**How to Insure Longevity.**

Under our present state of civilization in the upper walks of society, life is continuously endangered by an overstrain of the nervous system, which, if kept up, will prematurely snap the cord of life, instances of which we see almost daily. The ideal healthy man should control his desires, and to do this he should rise from the table with an appetite not completely satisfied. Whoever will adopt this rule and not deviate from it and will take care not to weaken or invalidate his vitality by any constant mental overstrain, not giving way to anxiety or worry, will enjoy the blessing of good health, attain longevity and prevent snapping prematurely the silver cord of life. To come to practical details, if every subject would when at the table decline to eat anything that does not entirely accord with his taste and digestion, or is not well cooked—and even lose one meal—such a little fast will rather do him good than harm. Let him also eat meat once daily, and once during the year discard meat altogether for a period of thirty days. Such a change will affect him in a most salutary manner. When such a subject has some slight indisposition—say a cold or catarrh—he should at once try to relieve it by diet. Let him eat little or nothing for twenty-four hours, and most probably his attack will prove to be self limited and take a favorable turn after the expiration of the twenty-four hours. There are exceptions to the above rules, and the special advice of a good medical adviser should then be consulted. Any one living in this manner will chance to pass old age without that distressing malady so frequent in old people—those who have always been good liver—enlargement of the prostate gland, ending in cystitis, paralysis of the bladder and Bright's disease.

**Marriage Fees.**

A bridegroom once came to the minister to engage him to perform the wedding ceremony, and after all the arrangements had been made, the bridegroom-elect said frankly: "I tell you right now that I can't pay all in one lump the three dollars I am planning to give you for the job. I have had a cut in my wages, and I won't have the three dollars to spare all at one time. I'll give you a quarter after the wedding, and then I'll come round to your house every Saturday night and pay you a quarter until I am square with you. I don't like this here gittin' married on the installment plan, but it's the best I can do." Said a Southern minister: "One of the queerest fees I ever received was from a young negro bridegroom for whom I performed the wedding ceremony at my own home. At the close of the ceremony, and just as the bridal party of five or six were about to depart, the bridegroom said: 'Yo' will find de fee for yo' kindness out in a co'nah ob de po'ch, sah.' I followed the party out on to the porch, and when they had gone on their way, I looked in a corner of the porch, where I found a pair of fine fowls tied together by the legs. They set up a lusty squawk as I picked them up. The bridegroom had said, as he went down the steps, that they were 'ob his own raisin', but I never felt quite sure of that."—Lippincott.

Greatness is not conferred by position, but by the manner in which we fill our position.

A Frenchman has invented a tobacco pipe which has a whistle in the stem, in order to enable the smoker to summon a cab without taking the pipe from his mouth. The inventor thinks that when his device shall be put upon the market people will wonder how they ever got along without it.

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