

**How to Cheer an Invalid**

That an invalid needs cheer no one can doubt; for, while clouds chase each other across the sky that overarches the well people, a gloomy pall settles over the one who is deprived of liberty and denied the commonest blessings of life. So it will be no more than right if you deny yourself, even to the extent of cutting short a talk with a book agent or omitting to attend a club lecture or to have that argument out with a friend as to the respective merits of the British and the B ers, of which everyone is talking, if only by such means time may be secured in which to pay some attention to your afflicted friend.

As a further proof of thoughtfulness carry flowers, and I advise you to select fragrant ones. There are some to the influence of which strong men have been known to succumb. If the magnolia and the jessamine are not in season, the hyacinth or tuberose will do as well. You will never know just the appreciation that gift inspires, for courtesy demands that not until the front door is closed behind you may it be sent to the furthest corner of whatever sized back yard your friend possesses. Even the modest violet has been renounced with a speed which spoke well for the unselfishness and kindness of heart of the favored recipient. There are some civilized people who feel that strong perfumes are barbaric and belong to the oriental, along with the bangle and the nose jewel. But this doubtless is a somewhat morbid feeling, so do not regard it.

If not convenient to visit the florist, the next resource is to make some delicacy with your own hands. How the poor patient's eyes will sparkle when you tell her you have brought her some lemon jelly, and that it can't hurt her. Indeed it cannot! You are only the ninety eighth person whose thoughtfulness has been run into a mold, but there is redress even for wrongs like this. Doubtless there are compassionate neighbors to take it off her hands, even if the household boasts no omnivorous boy or goat. Your delight in concocting and presenting that questionable compound, compared to her delight in passing it along, will be "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." So you are sure to give pleasure, whatever you do.

**Saved by a Collie Dog.**

Mr. Robert Macdougall, one of the Meteorologists at Ben Nevis Observatory, had a most exciting experience when climbing that mountain the other day. His only companion in the ascent was a collie dog, to whom, he says, he owes his life. When manœuvring on a snow-slide about one thousand feet above the half-way station, Mr. Macdougall lost his footing; and, as the surface of the snow was glazed and hard, he was soon being whirled down a gully at an alarming pace, sometimes head foremost, at others the reverse. It was at this juncture that the dog's sagacity came in. As soon as Mr. Macdougall began to slide, it caught his coat with its teeth, and greatly impeded the downward progress. The dog ultimately guided him to a place of safety, after the twain had slid down on the snow for nearly one thousand feet. Strange to say, neither observer nor dog was much hurt; and the former, breaking open the door of the half-way hut, lit a fire. Here he was found by a search party, half asleep, with the dog watching over him.

Devotion to art, culture, professional life, does not diminish the guilt of indifference to our neighbor's woe.—Anon.

**How Does it Seem to You?**

It seems to me I'd like to go  
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow;  
Nor clocks don't strike nor gongs don't sound  
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real still stillness, but just the trees'  
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,  
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones  
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,  
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,  
Or just some such sweet sounds as these  
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'twere't for sight and sound and smell,  
I'd like a city pretty well;  
But when it comes to getting rest  
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must  
Just quit the city's din and dust,  
And get out where the sky is blue,  
And say, now how does it seem to you?  
Eugene Field.

**The Pagodas of China.**

From the point of view of artistic and essentially Oriental design the pagoda possesses the most interest. These singular constructions at least one of which nearly every city possesses, fair at the surface of the country. Their purpose appear to be two fold—either as monuments commemorating the virtues or the munificence of some departed benefactor, or as agents of "feng shui" (literally "wind and water"), the spirit genius of good and evil, which, if properly propitiated, will ward off pestilence, and famine and permit only prosperity and happiness to visit the neighborhood. These very curious towers are of great antiquity. Chinese records authenticating their origin at least as far back as the early part of the Christian era. In size they vary from the little ones, which are nothing more than roadside shrines, to what was once the most beautiful and largest—the celebrated porcelain pagoda of Nanking, destroyed in the Taiping rebellion. The extraordinary structure had a height of 261 feet, was built of masonry and covered with glazed tiles of many colors, and was a monument to native skill in erection as well as to artistic sense in design. Unfortunately, most of the large pagodas are being allowed to crumble to decay, although some are tended and give hope of standing for other generations to admire. The prominent ones vary in height from 100 to 200 feet, are usually octagonal in plan, with straight but tapering sides, and always are composed of an odd number of stories.—Wm. Barclay Parsons in the Engineering Magazine for July.

The hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea.

If those who perspire very freely would use a little borax in the water in which they bathe every day, it would keep the skin clean and sweet, and prevent any unpleasant odor.

Charlotte Russe made without gelatine is delicate in flavor and very delicious. Line a jelly mould with split lady-fingers or slices of sponge cake. Whip a pint of thick cream. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff meringue, stirring in gradually a cup of powdered sugar. Beat this, a little at a time, into the whipped cream, then add a generous teaspoonful of extract of vanilla. Pour this mixture into the cake-lined mould and set on the ice for two hours. Pass a knife around the sides of the mould to loosen the cake, and turn the Charlotte Russe out upon a chilled platter.

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