

With the Flowers

Notes.

Roses intended for winter blooming should be repotted now, and the pots plunged to the brim out of doors in a flower-bed somewhere. Give plenty of water, and sprinkle the foliage well very frequently. Do not neglect to shower fuchsias very often and very thoroughly.

Don't forget to stir the surface of the flowerbeds, especially during dry weather. A mulch placed about rose bushes, sweet peas and dahlias will be found to be of great value during this season. A little wood ashes worked in about the sweet peas occasionally is also beneficial.

You may still plant gladiolus bulbs, and have a good showing if you take good care of them.

Geraniums intended for winter blooming should not be permitted to flower during the summer. Pinch off all buds according as they form.

Pinch back the stems of chrysanthemums now, in order to induce bushy growth, otherwise you will have long, straggling stalks and fewer flowers when December comes.

Keep the seed from forming on your sweet peas, pansies, aquilegia, poppies and nasturtiums, if you wish to prolong their flowering season. Remember the more of these flowers you cut, the more you will have. Let them go to seed, and the beauty of the plants will be over in a short time.

If you need leaf-mould to mix in your garden or with soil for potting plants, and cannot get hardwood leaf-mould conveniently, begin a compact heap now and have a supply ready for use next spring. In some out-of-the-way corner, throw old sods, weeds which have been pulled from the garden, parings of apples, potatoes, turnips, etc.; in fact, any kind of vegetable matter which will decay and form the humus which is to gladden the hearts of your flowers next year. Keep adding to the heap all through the summer, pouring on dish-water, slops, etc., often enough to keep the heap fairly well saturated. Turn the heap once or twice, and let it stand over winter. In the spring, the greater part of it will be found to consist of a fine black mould, equal in every way to the genuine leaf article of the "hardwood bush."

Some Reasons for Daily Exercise.

Any man who does not take time for exercise will probably have to make time to be ill.

Exercise gradually increases the physical powers, and gives more strength to resist sickness.

Exercise will do for your body what intellectual training will do for your mind—educate and strengthen it.

Plato called a man lame because he exercised the mind while the body was allowed to suffer.

A sound body lies at the foundation of all that goes to make life a success. Exercise will help to give it.

Varied, light and brisk exercises, next to sleep, will rest the tired brain better than anything else.

A man "too busy" to take care of his health is like a workman too busy to sharpen his tools.

Humorous.

Teacher—"I don't see why you can't understand this rule in arithmetic, Johnny. It didn't take me five minutes to understand it when it was first explained to me." Johnny—"Perhaps your teacher explained it to you better."

Factor—"I am afraid, Murphy, I'll have to raise your rent." Murphy—"Faith, I'm glad of that, sir." Factor—"Glad! You're the first I've ever heard say that." Murphy—"Begorra, I'm glad, because it gives me great trouble to raise it meself."

Even the horse that breaks a record still has it.

The tips we get for nothing are usually dear at the price.



"Just My Luck."

Gretchen and Hans are two little German children who came out to Manitoba a few years ago. They left a dear old grandmother at home in Germany, and one day they decided to write her a letter. This was soon scribbled with a lead pencil, but the children thought the address should be written with pen and ink. The small ink bottle was empty, so Hans climbed to a high shelf in the pantry and got a large one. Then he began to fill the small bottle; but, being in a hurry, as usual, most of the ink was spilled on the letter—as you see in the picture.

"Just my luck!" exclaimed Hans, dolefully, while Gretchen, who knew it was no use crying over spilt ink, tried to repair the damage with blotting paper. What black paws they had when they got through, to be sure! Hans said: "I read the other day that if inky fingers were dipped in water, and then rubbed with the sulphur end of a match, all the black marks would come off." They tried that plan, but I can't tell you whether it did much good. You can try it some day when you have inky fingers. You know the old superstition about it being lucky to find a horseshoe, or a four-leafed clover. Well, I don't think you will have much luck in your life if you spend your time in hunting for such things, but luck always comes in good time to the people who deserve it.

"A little maid in a gingham gown
Went hunting the meadows over:
Till the birds were tired, and the sun
Went down,
She sought for a four-leaf clover!"



"Just My Luck."

"For four-leaf clovers bring luck, they say;
And patchwork 'stint' and dishes
Were tiresome duties of every day:
She wanted some fairy wishes!"

"With dishes unwashed and 'stint' undone,
She tramped back home in the gloaming;
No four-leaf clover—no, never a one—
Was there to be had for her roaming!"

"A little maid in a gingham gown
Had washed all the dinner dishes;
Had finished her 'stint' ere the sun
Went down,
Undreaming of fairy wishes."

"When just at her feet, as she raced in play
The blossoming meadows over,
She found what the other had sought
all day,—
She found, yes, a four-leaf clover!"

An American once put up a notice in his office window: "Boy wanted. Call here to-morrow morning."

Next morning a crowd of boys waited outside, and it was hard to make a choice among so many. At last the gentleman drove a nail into a tree and told the boys to stand some distance off and fire at it with a stick. He said that the boy who hit the nail after three trials should have the place. When they all failed they were told to try again next morning. Next day they went at it again with fresh energy, and one boy succeeded in hitting the nail every time, and it wasn't by good luck either. When asked the secret of his wonderful success he said that he was very anxious to get the place, as his father was dead and his mother was poor, so he had driven a nail into the barn at home and had practised nearly ever since. Of course he got the place, and as he always encouraged his luck by steady, patient perseverance, he was a very prosperous man—as he deserved to be. I don't care what your work is, luck will be on your side if you put heart into everything you do.

A girl in a departmental store soon worked her way up to the head of her department. The secret of her good luck was that she never grudged any

dry it before you come back." She did this, giving up a little of her precious leisure time for the sake of obliging a poor country customer. And as she was always ready to oblige people in every way she could, her employers soon found out her value. Indeed the manager said she put as much life into her work as ten other women.

So if you are looking for good luck be sure and seek in the right place, and don't expect it to drop into your arms from the good-luck tree—for it doesn't grow on trees, but is manufactured by hand. If things seem to be going against you, don't make up your mind that you are born to be unlucky, as a boy once did who said:

"My name is Simpkins primus, I'm a most unlucky lad,
I sit by Brown secundus, who's a dreadful little cad;
He ran a needle in my calves, and when I gave a yell,
The master—that's old Boggles—said sarcastically: 'Well,
My dear friend, Simpkins primus (he knows that makes me sour),
'Your voice is very beautiful, but stay in for half an hour.'"

"Bother Boggles" is my motto, for he loves to wear a frown
Like a cheerful little thundercloud that's always dropping down
With "Simpkins, I am certain I distinctly heard you wink;
Do you think that it is right to polish up your nose with ink?"

In wiping all my tears away I hadn't time to think,
But used a duster just employed for mopping up some ink!

My back is very tender, and I felt the brutal cane,
For, as the poet somewhere says, "the blows came down like rain."
I frolicked round about the room in ecstasy of woe,
And when at length my much-respected master let me go,

"Take you head, sir, to the housemaid, 'twill be handy as a mop,
If you wear such lovely collars you'll be taken for a fop."

Now tell me what on earth could be more innocent than peas?
But just because friend Boggles saw me with them, if you please,
He turned my pockets inside out and confiscated, then,
A knife, a comb, a button-hook, some toffee, and a pen,
Three peppermints, an apple-tart, and what has made me sad,
A sketch with an inscription, saying:
"Boggles is a cad."
COUSIN DOROTHY.

Gems of Thought.

In the depths of the sea the water is still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are closed.

Each man has an aptitude born with him to do easily some feat impossible to any other. Do your work.—Emerson.

THE CHEERFUL SUNBEAM.

One day a sunbeam met a cloud;
'Twas in the month of May.
Frowning, the cloud said, angrily,
'You're always in the way!'

The sunbeam smiled, and said, "My dear,
Why can't we work together?
The flowers need us both, you know,
Sunshine and rainy weather."

There has never yet been a cloud in this world that was not cleared away by sunshine.

A pleasant word is quickly spoken, but not quickly forgotten.

Godliness with contentment is great gain.

Whoever has a good temper will be sure to have many other good things.

The truest happiness comes from giving and sharing—not from possessing and hoarding.