



It is perhaps a query, if the lamp of Alladin were vouchsafed us today, with its attendant genii ready to grant us any good thing we might wish, how many of us would ever think of asking for that homely old virtue of common sense, of which Samuel Taylor Coleridge has said, with much truth: "Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom." Not that this faculty is the highest with which human nature may be endowed, but that in consideration of what it is and can do for us, it surely is an attribute well worthy of being desired and striven for.

Have you ever noticed how your respect deepens for the man of whom you hear it said: "He is a man of out-and-out common sense."—how you feel that here is one in whom you might place confidence, to whom you might go for advice on occasion, feeling sure that you would come from him helped and encouraged? You know, too, that this one, although probably the most unassuming man in the neighborhood, is a power in it, his example one to be followed, his words to be listened to in every important issue. In short, you know him to be one of the sanest of the sane.

That last sentence has not been used unadvisedly. The more you think of it, you know, the more you are tempted to believe that there really are degrees of sanity among the sane, and that the great majority of us are at times liable to be tilted just a little from the philosophic calmness and serenity which are characteristic of absolute "level-headedness." With one, the "fit" may come in the form of outbursts of unreasonable anger, or periods of undue and foolish elation or depression; with another, the lack of balance may be due to the habit of magnifying trifles, of borrowing trouble, or to the scarcely less disastrous malady of over-impetuosity, which leads one to jump at conclusions and act upon impulse rather than as a result of deliberate and dispassionate thought. When you come to think of it, too, does not the indolent man or woman show lack of complete balance, likewise the jealous one, the extravagant one, the uncharitable one—and so it goes on. In fact, the more one ponders upon it, the more desirable does this seemingly unsentimental, hard-headed old faculty of common sense appear to be, for will not its full possession ensure to us a path through life at once more serene, more prosperous and more useful than can ever be attained without it?

True, all people do not come into the world endowed with the same degree of this desirable faculty. As with greatness, so with common sense. Some are born with it, others achieve it by constant vigilance and practice, and other have it thrust upon them by reason of much blundering or of much knocking about in the world, which is so ready to rub off angles. Experience is a dear teacher, however, if an effective one, and the wise will not wait altogether for its lessons. Constant vigilance against crochets and one-sidedness, resolute adherence to those attitudes of mind which we know to be sensible, deliberation in forming conclusions, willingness to learn from others and to find good rather than evil in those about us, may work wonders for us. There is no monopoly of common sense. Its possession is open to one and all.

May our Ingle Nook Circle also be a Common-sense Circle. We may not have the lamp of Alladin at our

beck and call, but we may all have, as a writer to our Corner recently said, "grit, grip and gumption," and with these we may accomplish much. DAME DURDEN. "Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

AN OUTDOOR COSY CORNER.

Dear Dame Durden and Friends,—Such beautiful weather! It is a favorable change, and now as spring is here, I imagine I see some gardening, and others housecleaning, and others at their different duties.

Dear Dame Durden, your most cordial welcome to come again and tell of my "cosy corners," accounts for my visit to the Ingle Nook. My winter cosy corners and entertainments have disappeared with the cold weather, and I am now planning my summer outings. I do not intend going away this summer; there is plenty to do at home this year, as we are starting to build. How many know how much that small word build contains? It tells a good deal to me, as I am all alone, and only a young girl going on nineteen. I can pride myself in knowing how to bake, and dearly love it. Bread and cake are my favorite accomplishments, and papa says I can't be beaten (or perhaps he means the bread, like the hard-boiled egg). However, as I fully know what there is to do this summer, I have planned a few comforts: one being a "cosy corner," where, in spare moments, I may have a little rest.

There is a small spring running at the bottom of our lawn, which is large, and we play tennis on one half and croquet on the other; where there are plenty of trees, and it is here that I have chosen for my cosy corner. Between two trees I have made a covering of shingles to guard against rain, etc.; from the edge of the covering, which is triangular in shape, hangs strings for vines. The vines are to be morning and evening glories. There is an old, high-back seat, which I have just finished graining, and also a small cabinet made of a box with a sliding lid, this I also made, by putting on legs and a top to represent a table, and grained it too. Standing the box sideways before putting on the top for the table, I made a few shelves for it, and am going to keep a collection of books in it, so as not to have the disadvantage of running to the house for reading when there. Then there is room enough left for a hammock and a couple of chairs. This, I think, will be all it will contain, except a few cushions, and, of course, people. Ha! Ha! Ha! I—I didn't make it a very short description, did I? But I'll try and do better next time.

Nearly all the wheat is killed around here. We have one field that is not so bad, and is the best in this neighborhood. How many have their summer sewing done? I have, and can say I did it all myself. I only finished, though, in time to do some graining before it got any later. AN ORPHAN.

I think "An Orphan" is a "brick," don't you, to manage all those things herself. No telling what a young girl can do if she tries. Speaking of graining, I saw a house in one of our towns last summer—a new house, and considered a fine one—in which all the inside painting and graining had been done by a girl scarcely older than our cosy-corner friend. Come again, my dear, and encourage more of our younger friends to visit the Ingle Nook.

Bobby had returned from his first tea-party, his round face wreathed in smiles. "I hope you were polite, Bobby," said his mother, "and remembered your 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you,' when things were passed to you." "I remembered 'Yes, please,'" said Bobby, cheerfully, "but I didn't have to say 'No, thank you,' mother, because I took everything every time it was passed."

GOSSIP.

There is advertised in another column a first-class saddle and driving mare, by Wickham, who ran the mile in 1.41. This mare is sound and true in every way, and bred in the purple. F. N. Schwartz, Port Hope, is the owner.

THE GREAT SALE OF IMPORTED CLYDESDALE FILLIES.

Farmers throughout the Dominion will be interested in the important auction sale, at the Repository, Toronto, on June 23rd, of 50 imported Clydesdale mares and fillies, selected and brought over by Graham Bros., of Claremont, to be sold to supply an acknowledged need in this country, that of good heavy draft breeding mares. The great demand for horses and the good prices offered has tempted farmers to part with their best, until good brood mares are deplorably scarce in almost every section of the country, and if we are to be prepared to share in the trade for high-priced horses, we must breed the class that brings big money. It costs no more to raise that sort than the cheap-selling sort, and it makes all the difference between profit and loss or coming out about even whether we raise high-class horses or the middling class. These imported mares have been selected by a member of the firm, a first-class judge, who knows the class and quality needed to improve the horse stock of the country. They are the get of some of the most noted stallions in Scotland, and many of them were served before leaving there, by high-class horses, which will greatly add to their value to the purchaser. This will be a rare opportunity to secure an imported mare to breed from, and farmers may rest assured that in no other way could they likely secure as good ones at the same cost, as the most favorable freight rates have doubtless been secured on so large a consignment as this, and the prices will be fixed by the buyers themselves. All interested should apply early for the catalogue to the auctioneer, Mr. Walter Harland Smith, of the Repository, Toronto, as per the advertisement.

TRADE TOPIC.

A WARNING.—Messrs. Edmanson, Bates & Co., proprietors of Dr. Chase's family medicines, desire to warn the readers of this paper against having anything to do with testimonial fakers at work in this country, as they positively refuse to accept any testimonials except directly from persons who have actually used their medicines. Though the police authorities made an effort to put a stop to this fraud some days ago, it is still going on, and thoughtless persons are being induced, by the offer of a dozen free photographs, to sign fraudulent statements about medicines almost, if not entirely, unknown to them. Every testimonial and every photograph used in reference to Dr. Chase's remedies is backed by a \$500 guarantee that it is genuine. The original, signed letters of persons recommending Dr. Chase's medicines are kept on file at the offices of Edmanson, Bates & Co., and will be

cheerfully shown to anyone who doubts the truthfulness and accuracy of any published testimonial. You are also invited to call on the person whose name appears on the testimonial whenever possible. So many people are ready and willing to certify to the merits of Dr. Chase's medicines that it is quite unnecessary to employ persons to solicit testimonials.

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