

FREEZING THE FARM UP.

People who shiver with cold do not always understand the importance and value of the frost. God who "scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and before whose cold, "who can stand?" (Psa. cxlvii. 16, 17), does all His work in wisdom: but many men do not fully appreciate how much a freezing of the ground does to set at liberty the plant-food locked up in almost all soils.

Water, in freezing, expands about one-eighth its bulk with tremendous force; and if confined in the strongest rock and frozen, will burst it asunder. The smallest particles of soil, which are in fact only minute bits of rock, as the microscope will show, if frozen while moist are broken still finer. This will go on all winter in every part of the field or garden reached by the frost; and as most soils contain more or less elements that all growing crops or plants need, a good freezing is equivalent to adding manures or fertilizers.

Hence it is desirable to expose as much of the soil as possible to frost action, and the deeper the better, for the lower soil has been less drawn upon, and is richer in plant-food. We know that in the spring the ground "breaks up," and sometimes there are great holes left in the middle of the roads. This is because the water which has expanded in the frost of winter into ice, lifting and moving all the soil, now melts away, and allows the earth to break in pieces and drop down.

The cold wintry frosts not only kill weeds, and germs of disease, and make the air pure and healthy, but they also save poor farmers a deal of hard work, in spading, digging, plowing and making the soil ready for the seed. H. L. H.

THE LITTLE ROBIN.

One summer morning Bessie sat on the door step reading. In the midst of an interesting story she heard the shrill chirping of a little bird. Going out into the yard she found a little robin that had fallen out of its nest.

"Poor Birdie," said Bessie, "I will try and take you to your home." She soon saw the tree and the nest on a low bough from which the baby-bird had tumbled out. As it was within reach she gently put the little one back into its nest.

Looking up she saw the father and mother birds in the tree and thought they would take good care of it. Then she went back to her story.

Pretty soon she heard the chirping again, and going out she saw the baby bird on the ground crying and fluttering as hard as ever.

"Your papa and mamma ought to take better care of you," she said, as she put the bird back in again the second time. Then she sat down on the door step and

watched to see what would happen.

The old birds flew here and there about the nest making some chattering which she supposed was bird talk. As she was thinking how much care the little one needed, out it tumbled for the third time.

"You stupid old robin" she cried "do you think that some one will be putting back your birdie for you all day. Why don't you keep it in the nest?"

She picked up the birdie again and was about to put it in the nest, when down flew the old robin and gave her a sharp peck on the forehead.

Bessie wondered what that meant, but soon she laughed as she began to think what the father bird wanted to say to her, and this was it.

"Don't you interfere when we are teaching our child to fly. You are a big girl and you may know a great deal, but you don't seem to know that it is not right to keep birds in the nest all summer. They would never find out what their wings were for," and Bessie went away quite amazed by her lesson.—Good Cheer.

THE RECTORY KITTEN.

When anyone asks me how many children there are at the rectory, I always have to stop and count. There are twelve, I am sure, now, for I have just counted. I can't call all children, for they range from a young man of twenty-seven, to a baby girl of five years. I usually spend my summers at a house just in sight of the rectory, and only ten minutes walk from the church. Often, as I sat writing at my open window, I can hear the voices of the rectory children at play. And one can never take a walk about the neighborhood without meeting, at least one or two of the rectory children. They are always good-natured, and happy looking, apparently having the best of times.

But dear me! I didn't mean to talk about the children, only in an incidental way. I must hurry on to my real heroine, or go back and change the heading at the top of my page.

The first time I ever saw the kitten, she was walking demurely down the turn-pike. She gave a little "meow," as she passed, as if to say "How are you?"

I know now that she was saying to herself, "A stranger in the neighborhood—a summer visitor, I suppose."

The next time I saw her was at morning prayer. She walked in, just as service began, and took her seat under the lectern, and behaved very nicely, indeed, until it was over. I learned, after we came out of church, that she was one of the rectory family. In fact, I was introduced to her, and in my walks about the neighborhood, she always seemed to recognize me ever



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after—always looked at me approvingly, as if to say, "Now, there's a summer visitor who can find time to go to daily service. I must be polite to her."

Once, after paying a call at the rectory, the kitten escorted me home, staid long enough to return my visit, and then went gravely back, the way she came. That she has grown to approve of me, I am sure, since she has often sat by me at church, lately.

Generally her place is as near the Clergyman as she can get. But for two or three days of late she has shared my pew. I consider it a great honor. It shows that she trusts me, at any rate.

On Sundays, the rectory kitten chooses some less conspicuous place than under the lectern. She doesn't mind the few who attend daily service, but I imagine she thinks the Sunday worshippers would think she was putting on airs, if she took her usual seat by the Clergyman.

Really, the rectory kitten is very good, and sets an example to the whole Parish.

An example they would do well to follow. Don't you think so, children? C. M.

PREJUDICE!—It is a remarkable fact that hundreds of people are so wedded to old ideas that no matter how much merit a new article may possess they will not try it. This is wrong. To those of our readers who recognise the fact that we are living in a progressive age we would call attention to the remarkable offer made by the ELECTRIC PAD MFG. Co., of Brooklyn, N.Y., in an advertisement in this issue of our paper.

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