

Ashes and Soap Suds for Plants.

A writer in one of our floral exchanges says: During the early spring months I emptied the wood ashes, from the heater and cooking stove, over the ground that I intended to use for flowers. When the time for planting came, my husband dug a trench for me, which I filled half full with ashes. Over the ashes I threw an inch or two of soil, and planted sweet peas, covering them one inch. In a few days they were up, and such vines as I had! When they were six inches high I laid brush along one side of them. They grew five and six feet tall, and gave such quantities of lovely flowers all summer. I fertilized them once a week with soapsuds, left from my washing, and hoed them three or four times during the season, each time drawing the dirt about them, but never making a narrow ridge for them to grow in. When this is done they dry out too much, and do not bloom well. Nasturtiums, also, shared the same treatment, except I did not give them so many ashes. I kept the flowers picked from both sweet peas and nasturtiums. Soap suds is my fertilizer for almost all sorts of flowers. Nothing better can be given to rose bushes.

Riding.

It has always seemed a great pity to me that more girls in the country do not learn to ride horseback. Few farms there are that could not afford a broncho or pinto pony for the girls of the house to ride.

A well groomed mustard colored broncho with saddle and bridle of deep chocolate or maroon leather makes quite a smart riding horse, and if his rider choose a habit of dark blue, dark green, or brown, the picture is quite a harmonious one.

Everyone in these days, even to Royal Princesses, is adopting the sensible custom of riding cross saddle, which is the only sane and safe way to ride. The number of women and young girls who ride in this fashion is steadily on the increase, and very smart and sensible they look.

Mrs. Thompson-Seton, wife of the great naturalist, in her book on "The Woman who went Hunting with her Husband," gives not only a description but a very complete sketch of how these habits can be made, so that they look like a short habit on each side of the horse when you are riding, and a plain smart walking skirt when off the horse.

Acting on this suggestion the leading pattern houses now issue designs for these habits, and though, of course, it is always best to have a habit made by an experienced tailor, the woman, clever with her needle can get very good results at home.

There is no cosmetic compounded in laboratories that can equal a brisk canter on horseback. Troubles that look mountain high, in the house dwindle to the merest spots on the landscape after an hour on a horse. Cycling is good; I am an ardent cyclist myself, but a horse is infinitely better, for in addition to rapid motion, there is the sense of silent sympathetic companionship. Horses are almost more human in their sympathies than dogs, though that is putting the case strongly, and the wistful look in their great eyes, when their rider is in trouble, is quite as expressive as words; while the nuzzle of a soft silky nose is as tender and comforting as a mother's caress.

A Remarkable Record.

It is a fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies. In order to get such results from sticky paper it would be necessary to cover both walls and ceiling with it.

In other words, each ten cent packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper costing fifteen dollars.

He thought he had a right to smoke and chew tobacco and drink liquor and be as boorish and brutal to his family as he chose, regardless of the effect on them. Surely such a man needs regenerating to be fit to live with anybody.

There are few people who have not heard of the wonderful excitement created in England by the Torrey-Alexander Mission. These gentlemen are holding revival meetings in all parts of the country, and peer and peasant are alike moved by their eloquence and singing. The Gram-o-phone Co. has succeeded in persuading Mr. Alexander to sing some of his most famous hymns and songs for them, and has just published three records made by him: The famous "Glory Song," "Tell Mother I'll be There," and "An Incident of the Glory Song." Mr. Alexander tells a story in connection with his singing of his "Tell Mother I'll be There" at the Albert Hall, in London, England. He says: "I sang it after Dr. Torrey had preached a sermon on 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Two days later, I received the following pathetic letter, which tells its own story:

"Dear Mr. Alexander—I feel that I cannot let this day pass without in some measure thanking you for your rendering of that beautiful solo, 'Tell Mother I'll be There.' I listened with great interest to Dr. Torrey's address on 'What shall it profit a man,' and in some degree was convinced that I was not going straight, but after you sang that hymn, I was struck at once, and immediately you had finished, I went home to my apartments. I could not sleep at all, but just as dawn was breaking this morning I returned to the Good Shepherd's fold. I have been away from home for some time now, and had determined to go home tomorrow—Saturday—and see my mother and tell her the good news. I received the enclosed this morning, and my heart is almost breaking, for I am too late."

"The card which was enclosed contained simply these words: 'Dear John. Mother died this morning at 8 o'clock.'"

Only a Few (?) Questions.

The following letter of enquiry was recently received by a gentleman in one of the towns of Western Canada:—"Would like to have an expression from you in answer to the following questions: Is there any government lands still open for settlement around (blank), and, if so, how far from town? What kind of soil is it and is the land level or not? Also is there land to be bought, and at what price? Is it timbered or not? and, if not, how far is it to timber? Is there plenty of good water to be easily had? Is the country settling up fast or not? How much does the different kinds of grain yield per acre, and what is the price paid per bu.? Do you have rainfall sufficient each year to raise a good crop of grain? How does stock do that far north? How do vegetables do? What is the market for them? Is there a good market for them? How does poultry do? What are the prices of eggs and butter? What is the price for horses? Also cattle and hogs? Price of poultry per dozen? What is lumber worth per M.? I would be thankful for any information you can give me in answer to the above questions and any additional information will be thankfully received. How large a city is (blank)? Do you think it will ever be a city of considerable size? Where is the best outlet as a market for farm produce? And do you think it will continue to be good? Is there any call for improved farms? Or is there only lands being taken as homesteads and such as is bought of the land companies, railroad, etc. I enclose stamp for reply. Don't know if you can use it or not, but think the P.O. will take it in ex."

"Doctor," said the patient, after paying his bill, "if there is anything in the theory of transmigration of souls you'll be a war-horse after death."

"What sounds rather flattering," remarked Dr. Price.

"Yes, you're such a splendid charger."

Man is so prone to err that he should reflect a little before drawing attention to the mistakes of others. A professor who prided himself on his correct English, says the "Chicago Journal," heard his wife remark:

"I intended to tell Jane to bring in a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless meant a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some little attention to your rhetoric."

A few minutes later he said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah," she replied, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear."

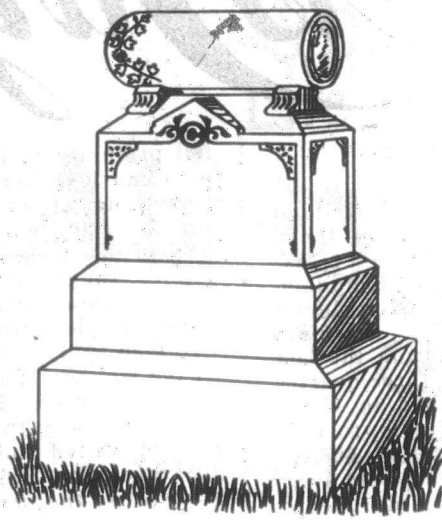
And the learned professor became all at once much interested in his book.

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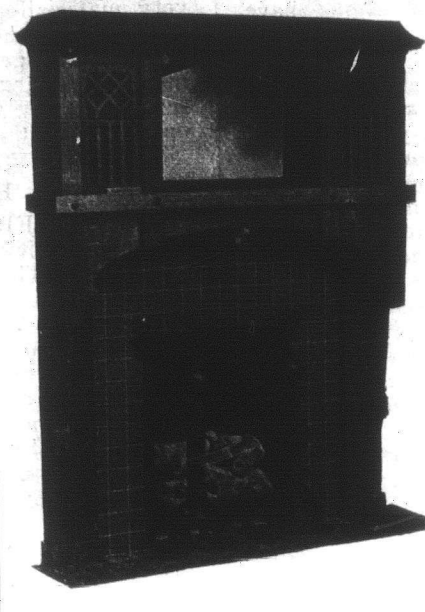
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RALPH

Student

In an estimation there is a decided him merely as a v fiction. Other elements have been overshadowed and later development. But Mr. G to be ashamed of the intellectual real and high school co ronto. University. guished men, he di fast to the colle never became a bo est sense of the t any branch of st hand he was not free play to an ale mind, and allowed grow by browsin fields. Yet he did study. He gradu honors in 1883.

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Knowing how church matters has given much a future of the G him for an opin "The religious Canada is undou Canada is a beginn a people trained phere and nou teaching; we h the crystallizati wisest in the h nations that ha "Do you thin to do with the Mr. Gordon?"

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