UNDER THE MAPLES.

FUTURE YEARS.

Build on resolve and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future years * *
* * * * Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile, to see
The fair white pages that remain for thee.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FIRE.

It seems almost a wonder that the world is not burned up, when one realizes what strange circumstances may cause a disastrous fire. In one case the peaceful crawling of an insect set a building on fire. Some cotton waste had been used with mineral oil, and then thrown away.

An unlucky insect crawled through the oil-saturated waste, and came out again with some of the oily fibers adhering to its body. Then it perambulated round the building, coming at last to the gas jet to meet its fate. The cotton fibres, still adhering to its body, caught fire, and the unfortunate insect dropped blazing to the floor, setting the place on fire.

Cotton waste was also partly responsible for another curious fire. This time an electric spark did the mischief, passing from a belt to some conducting substance near it and communicating with the cotton.

The Railway and Engineering Review, borrowing from an English exchange, gives two instances of fire caused by water. In the first case a flood caused the water to rise inside a factory until it reached a pile of iron filings. When they came in contact with the water, they oxidized so rapidly that they became intensely hot, and at last set fire to woodwork near them, and the building was destroyed.

In the other case the water from the engines during a fire found its way into a shed containing quicklime. The heat caused by the slacking of the lime set fire to the shed, and this to other buildings.

Glass globes, which act as lenses, often cause fire, and it has recently been said that the convex glasses used in pavement lights are dangerous, and should be abandoned in favor of lights with flat tops.

A HUMOROUS JUDGE.

There is a good story told of a medical witness called during the trial of a prisoner for stealing, who gave it as his opinion that the accused was suffering from kleptomania, and added, turning, to the judge, "Your lordship, of course, knows what that is?" To which the judge replied: "Yes, it is what I am sent here to cure."

The real author of this mot was Mr. Justice Byles, who had a strong vein of homely humor. Byles was the author of a book on bills—to the lay mind a subject hardly susceptible of light treatment, and not in itself, we believe, strictly speaking, amusing. Now the learned judge rode a sorry hack, which was known in the temple by the name of Bills, and "There goes Byles on Bills," was a stock saying. The judge had a habit of referring to his steed, and on one occasion asked counsel, "If Mr. Blank were to agree to sell you my horse, do you contend that I could not sue for the price unless," etc., a question which provoked the rather broad retort, "My lord, the section applies only to things of the value of £10."

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN MEXICO.

An interested auditor at the band concert on Trafalgar Square Friday evening was r. Dan Spillane, of San Luis, Potosi, Mexico, who is spending a few days with old friends in Guelph. "They have fine bands down in that country," remarked Dan, "and they play every night on the Plaza, but the boys and girls in the crowd do not mingle together. It looked strange when I first went there to see the young men all walking in one direction, the young women in the other."

"How do they do their courting?" asked the scribe.

"By making what you would call up here goo-goo eyes, at one another. Or mayhap in meeting a letter would be passed. Until you become engaged to a young lady you are not permitted to call at her house. You may occasionally meet her at the house of a friend—but not if her father knows it. When I first went down there my brother Dennis said to me one night, "I'll show you my girl." With that he took a seat in a little park and gazed up at the bared window of a house across the street. In a little while a young lady's face appeared at the window and there they sat looking at one another like owls.

"When the young man wants to propose he sends three friends to the house to interview the prospective bride and her father. These friends report to the young man, and if the answer is satisfactory he is allowed to call at the house thereafter. He has to buy the bride all her wedding trousseau."

"The Mexican loves and hates, intensely. To speak to a young lady with any degree of familiarity would be to run the risk of the knife at the hands of her lover."—Guelph Herald.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A square deal is just as broad as it is long.

The moth does the most mischief while it is taking a nap.

Diplomacy never kicks at the cur that barks at its heels.

Look out for the knife grinder; he's a regular sharper.

You can't judge a man's business capacity by his belt line measurement.

It is easier to carry on a flirtation than it is to carry off an heiress.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband she must set the example.

A woman recently asked a grocer for a quarter's worth of oblong tea.

MISS MARIE CORELLI ON HAPPINESS.

Miss Marie Corelli addressed the P. S. A. in the Congregational Church at Stratford-on-Avon on a recent Sunday, her subject being "The Secret of Happiness." The nineteenth century, she said, had gone for ever, and with all our progress and civilization we had not come much nearer the real secret of happiness than our ancestors. The twentieth century found us still searching, asking the same old question—how to be happy. It had been declared that we had lost the art of being happy in the old, simple ways, and that the brightness and mirth which used to make our England "Merrie England" had gone for ever.

She thought there was some truth in this, and the reason was not far to seek—we thought too much of ourselves and too little of our neighbors. There was nothing so depressing as a contemplation of one's self. To be truly happy they must think of all the good they could do, and all the love they could show to their neighbors: be earnest and fond of their work, and by performing that work thoroughly, they would not miss happiness. The twentieth century found us far from our best hopes and ideals. War still hung over this country; drink was still a curse to many. Good, constant, steady work was one of the secrets of true happiness; a lazy, loafing man was generally a discontented creature, and they would find misery in his home and unhappiness everywhere about him.

"Here," continued Miss Corelli, "in this beautiful corner of Warwickshire, where the greatest philosopher and poet was born, who was content to return to his native town and die among his own—here, I say, let us try to keep up the ideals of mutual help, love and goodwill. The secret of true happiness is to hold fast to such simple, old-fashioned virtues as love of home, a life of simplicity and appreciation of all the beautiful things of nature which are so richly strewn about us, and never to lose sight of the best of all things—the great lesson of a pure, Christian faith, the lesson which teaches us how the divine sacrifice of self for the sake of others was sufficient to redeem the world."

THE APPEAL TO EXPERIENCE.

Some of the inmates of a Yorkshire asylum were engaged in sawing wood, and an attendant thought that one old fellow, who appeared to be working as hard as anybody, had not much to show for his labor.

Approaching him, the attendant soon discovered the cause of this. The old man had turned his saw upside down, with the teeth in the air, and was working away with the back of the tool.

'Here, I say J——," remarked the attendant, "what are you doing? You'll never cut the wood in that fashion. Turn the saw over!"

The old man paused, and stared contemptuously at the attendant.

"Did ta iver try a saw this way?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant. "Of course I haven't."

"Then, hod thy noise, mon," was the instant rejoinder. 'I've tried both ways, I hev, and"—impressively—"this is t' easiest."—London Spare Moments.

WOMEN PREACHERS IN LONDON.

Though not using the title reverend yet, there are about 30 ladies belonging to the United Methodist Free Churches who conduct missions and take services, but who are called deaconnesses and sisters rather than by the more ministerial title. The other day they held their convention and meeting at Exeter Hall, Mr. E. C. Pannett, of London, presiding. The Deaconesses' Institute is at Bowron House, 165 Lupus street, Pimlico, and the institution, it was said, was established to train and send forth sisters in the threefold capacity of district visitor, evangelist, and nurse. During the year they have conducted 175 evangelistic missions, while during the nine years of the institute's existence they have conducted 1,199 missions, and converts from these services were to be found in all parts of the connexion.

By far the greater portion of the speaking consisted of addresses by the sisters relating to their work. Much of it consists of daily visitation, but during the winter many were set apart to conduct special missions. They did not this year visit the great industrial centers so much as in some years, because of the great Simultaneous Free Church Mission, but they visited a larger number of villages, especially in Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Cumberland, and Cornwall.

According to one of the sisters the other day, the greatest foe they have to meet is not indifference, not skepticism, but strong drink. She had seen scenes when visiting in the slums as bad as reported from savage Africa.—London Daily News.

THE "MARSEILLAISE."

The "Marseillaise" has just been reorchestrated by order of the minister of war. Rouget de Lisle, if he be the author of the "Marseillaise," for there are doubts, would hardly recognize his own hymn. The early scores of this century were musically of little value and incorrect. Berlioz rewrote it, and his version became just as stereotyped as "God Save the King." Not many years ago, the late Ambroise Thomas was asked by the French Government to write a "Marseillaise" according to the latest ideas of harmony. Which of the two is the better, Berlioz's or Ambroise Thomas'? The government, as an escape out of the difficulty, have asked M. Theodore Dubois for another "Marseillaise," and lest the task should prove too difficult, M. Duvernoy, professor of thoroughbass at the Conservatoire, and M. Pare, bandmaster of the Garde Republicaine, have been commissioned to help him. Gen Andre, minister of war, heard a performance of the new "Marseillaise" yesterday, and declares himself thoroughly satisfied. It is a far louder one, it appears, than the older versions, drums and bugles being introduced with an effect enough to terrify any enemy into instant flight.—Paris Correspondence London Daily News.

ROTHSCHILD'S MAXIMS.

The elder Baron Rothschild had the walls of his bank placarded with the following maxims, and they are worth copying into our young folks' school exercise books:

Shun liquors.

Dare to go forward. Never be discouraged. Be polite to everybody. Never tell business lies.

Employ your time well. Be prompt in everything.

Pay your debts promptly.

Bear all troubles patiently.

Do not reckon upon chance.

Make no useless acquaintances.

Be brave in the struggle of life.

Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.

Never appear something more than you are.

Take time to consider, and then decide positively.

Carefully examine into every detail of your business.

Then work hard, and you will be certain to succeed in life.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S COURTESY.

One of the great sources of the Queen's power, says Harper's Bazar, was the extreme attention she gave to detail. This extended to everything which came under her personal notice. The story of her writing her name in the dust on a piece of furniture, while making a tour of Windsor Castle, and underneath it also the name of the housemaid who was responsible for the neglect, I have never heard confirmed, but many little stories attest her far-seeing supervision in everything. She never considered the smallest courtesy beneath her dignity. Madame M——, lady in-waiting to the Duchess of Connaught, is responsible for this little anecdote illustrating this. At the time of the christening of little Prince Edward, the eldest son of the Duke of York, through some mistake Madame M——'s invitation was forgotten. She did not go to the ceremony, but seeing the Queen soon after, her Majesty asked why she had not been present, inquired into all the particulars, and made many excuses. Just then the duchess came; "It's such a pity about Madame M——'s invitation," said her Majesty, "but there's no need for you to say anything. I've apologized."

AND YET HE WAS NOT PLEASED.

The conjuror stepped forward to the front of the stage, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if there is in this audience any young man who would like to know the name of his future wife I will undertake to tell him."

Up jumped a young man.

"Thank you," said the conjurer. "Now, I always like to do things in a proper business fashion. Will you kindly give me your name."

"Yes, certainly," said the young man; "my name is Johnson."

"Thank you!" replied the conjurer. "Then the name of your future wife will be Mrs. Johnson."

THE VOW OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Among those who have received much benefit to themselves, and who have conferred much benefit on others in consequence of their having made a solemn resolve, the name of Sir Matthew Hale, lord chief justice of England (in the Cromwellian period) stands very conspicuous. Seldom has there been a better man, a better scholar, a better Christian, or a better judge, and his excellence in all these respects may be traced to his having at certain critical junctures of his life, marked out for himself a course of life, and confirmed the same by a solemn pledge.

In his life we are informed that, having been invited with other young students to be merry out of town, one of the company called for so much wine, that notwithstanding all Mr. Hale could do to prevent it, he went on in his excess until he fell down as dead before them, so that all that were present were not a little affrighted at it, who did what they could to bring him to himself. This particularly affected Mr. Hale, who thereupon went into another room, and, shutting the door, fell on his knees and prayed earnestly to God, both for his friend, that he might be restored to life, and for himself that he might be forgiven for giving such countenance to so much excess; and he vowed to God that he would never again keep company in this manner, nor drink a health while he lived.

His friend recovered, and he most religiously observed his vow to his dying day; though he was sometimes roughly treated for this, which some hot and indiscreet men call obstinacy. Now was an entire change in him; now he forsook all vain company, and divided himself between the duties of religion and the duties of his profession. In the former he was so regular, that for 36 years he never once failed going to church on the Lord's day. This observance he made when an [illegible] first interrupted that constant course, and he reflected on it as an acknowledgment of God's great goodness to him in so long a continuance of health.

COLLEGE MEN IN FINANCE.

The names of J. Pierpont Morgan, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, James J. Hill, James Stillman, Charles Schwab and William C. Whitney are all household words, and have been ever since the consolidation of those huge industrial enterprises that almost baffle the imagination in their intensity of inclusion. Of these only one—the last named—is a college man in the sense that we ordinarily use the term. Mr. Morgan went through the Boston High School and then attended lectures at the University of Gottingen, in Germany. Likely as not he is as much a college man as he would have been if he had stayed at home and gone through Harvard or Yale. And quite rightly he should be set down as such. The rest of them are not college men at all, though Mr. Hill and Mr. Schwab each went to an academy. But Mr. Schwab, who is at the head of the largest engineering works the world has ever dreamed of, has acquired his technical knowledge mainly by his own efforts and by study in practical work, rather than in schools of theoretical instruction.

The others in the list, Mr. Carnegie, the two Rockefellers and Mr. Stillman, had but common school advantages. But they have held their own in most surprising fashion, and have known how to employ the talent and the learning they did not possess. It might be said that these men have all a genius for affairs, and therefore defy classification. That I believe to be the case, and there would be no object in mentioning them were it not that omission to do so would seem, on account of their prominence, like a suppression of evidence. Such men are exceptions in life, and when those of ordinary mold try to imitate them, they only resemble the fabled frog that aspired to be mistaken for the lordly bull. Before dismissing this phase of the subject, I think one observation is due. Four years in college has a tendency to give to a man the habits and the manners of a gentleman. Such habits narrow and circumscribe a man's capacity to be overbearing and masterful that there is no withstanding him. No man that I ever heard of has succeeded in the large measure of which I speak and preserved more than the faintest vestige of that gentle forbearance which is the heritage of them that seek the world from the academic retreats we call colleges and universities. Getting great wealth, even when the most scientific strategy is employed, is after all only a great game of grab. Maybe they do not teach the principles of it at college, even though they do not neglect football.

MODERN LUXURY.

Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. With respect to luxuries and comforts, the wisest have ever lived a more simple and meagre life than the poor. The ancient philosophers, Chinese, Hindoo, Persian, and Greek were a class than which none has been poorer in outward riches, none so rich in inward. We know not much about them. It is remarkable that we know so much of them as we do. The same is true of the more modern reformers and benefactors of their race. None can be an impartial or wise observer of human life but from the vantage ground of what we should call voluntary poverty. Of a life of luxury the fruit is luxury, whether in agriculture, or commerce, or literature, of art. There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but not philosophers.—Thoroud.

Wrinkles Come

To many a face which should still be smooth and fair. Worry doesn't bring them. There are no cares and anxieties to furrow the face. They are the signs of physical suffering, graven by the hand of Pain. It is the saddest result of the diseases which affect the womanly organs that they write plainly the sad record of suffering on the face and form. The skin becomes sallow, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes look dull, the body falls away. No woman who values her health or good looks should neglect to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for diseases of the womanly organs. It cures irregularity, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It lights up the eye, brightens the complexion, and rounds out the sunken curves of the body.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female weakness," writes Mrs. Susannah Permenter, of Pauls Store, Shelby Co., Texas. "I was troubled with bearing down pains in my back and hips six years, and I wrote to Dr. Pierce for advice. I tried his 'Favorite Prescription' and six bottles cured me. I feel like a new person, and I thank Dr. Pierce for my health. Life is a burden to any one without health. I have told a great many of my friends about the great medicines I took."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, sent free on receipt of stamps to pay cost of customs and mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for paper covered book, or 50 stamps for cloth. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

What the Doctor Does.

The first thing the doctor does when he is called to see a fretting, worrying, crying baby is to give it a medicine to move the bowels and sweeten the stomach. The doctor knows that nine-tenths of the troubles affecting babies and young children are due to irritation of the stomach or bowels, and that when the cause is removed the child is well and happy.

Baby's Own Tablets,

(REGISTERED)

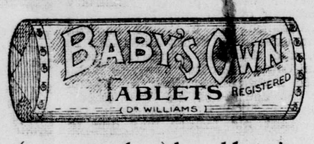
are a ready-at-hand doctor. They gently move the bowels, sweeten the stomach, promote digestion, cure colic, check diarrhoea, break up colds, prevent croup, reduce fevers, expel worms and promote healthy sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are mothers' friend and an ever-ready help for little ones.

Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous "sleepy" stuff.

Good for children of all ages.

Try them for your children.

The genuine package looks just like this



Sold by druggists or sent post paid on receipt of price (25 cents a box) by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.

ON THE FARM.

FEEDING SHEEP.

Sheep must have special feeding. They are essentially pasturing and browsing animals, living in summer on pasture and in winter on dried herbage, or on the soft sprouts of bushes. We do not change the natural habits of animals by domestication to any such extent as to alter their feeding or modes of life. Sheep cannot feed on sour food. Indeed, they require fresh, soft, watery feed even in the winter to maintain best condition. That the sheep of Great Britain have become the finest in the world, and have been so vastly improved, is the result of the common—indeed, universal—practice of feeding roots during winter. This succulent feeding, with unrivalled pastures for the summer feeding, shows in excellence of meat, as well as of fleece. It is also the feeding by which the ewes are nourished so well, that the almost common doubling of the flock in the lambing—every ewe almost having and rearing twins—is due. But good, sound clover hay, made by early cutting, not later any way than full blossom, and before pollen is formed in the flowers, is excellent feed for winter, especially if fresh green food, as cabbage, be provided for a change, and sheep may be brought through to spring in excellent condition.

Nevertheless, it should be the rule to grow some roots, which is easily done to supply the succulent food which seems indispensable for the full welfare of a flock. Mangels may be grown as cheaply as ensilage can be. Our native-grown sugar beets first grown by Henry Lane, of Vermont, and called Lane's sugar beet, will yield as many tons to the acre, and is twice as nutritious on account of the 10 or 12 per cent of sugar; and roots may be kept perfectly well until July in good condition—at any rate, they will bring the flock through until full pasture is ready. There is no necessity of running risks with a flock by feeding ensilage; it may be fed under exceedingly careful management, and the sheep may survive it, but the risks are so great that it is not to be recommended, even in the entire absence of roots. When as large a product of roots may be grown as may be of ensilage, then the roots are not only safe but excellent, and their growth in every way is as good for the cleaning of the land by the culture required. Ensilage is only permissible when it is unavoidable. And then it must be fed with extreme care. For fattening, ensilage of the best kind—that is, in which the grain has been nearly or quite matured—would be an excellent feed, containing as it does in full all the nutriment needed for the purpose. But healthfulness is a sine qua non in this respect, and on this account experience has shown that ensilage is not safe for sheep. It has been used, and possibly may be safely under strict rules by long-experienced feeders. This is all that can be said of it in its favor.—Country Gentleman.

TAMING A WILD GRAPEVINE.

A dozen rampant wild vines which formerly made a useless tangle of themselves among the trees, are now harnessed to the production of salable Wordens and dainty Delawares. A vine may be grafted in ten minutes, will make a tremendous growth the first season, and bear a big crop of the improved variety the second season. Slow-growing kinds will do very much better as grafts than upon their own roots. The principle is the same as for cleft grafting of fruit trees, but earth covering is used in place of wax.

Dig away the soil, saw off the wild stock below the surface, and split the stock with a strong knife. The scion should be taken from a good vine of the kind desired and whittled down smoothly with a sharp knife just below a bud. If the stock is large enough to give a good grip, two scions may be inserted to make sure. No tying is needed if the stock is large enough to grip the scion. Then bank up carefully above the surface. This operation may be done any time in spring before growth starts. Several sprouts are likely to be sent out from the stock, which must be removed so as to force all the growth into the scions. Unless the scions can be readily picked out by a difference in their leaves, it will be necessary to remove the earth so as to make no mistake when breaking off the shoots.—Contributor American Agriculturist.

FIELDS INFESTED WITH HESSIAN FLY.

"Would you advise me to plow my wheat field under and sow something else?" is a common inquiry just now from southwest counties of the province. This question may be easily answered in the affirmative if many "flaxseeds" are to be found at the base of the wheat plants. There is no use in trying to bring through a wheat crop which looks yellow and winter-killed by the Hessian fly.

Even should the crop revive sufficiently to appear encouraging, it will in all likelihood succumb to the attack of the spring brood. In four or five weeks the flies escape from the "flaxseeds" and proceed to deposit eggs on the leaf-blades for another brood—for another batch of "flaxseeds"—which will ruin the crop near harvest time completely. Nothing will prevent these flies escaping if the plants are not plowed under. Simple harrowing or even disk-plowing the infested field is not sufficient, for the flies will emerge from the "flaxseeds" after such treatment.

Prof. Webster, of Ohio, says: "All wheat fields that do not give fairly good promise of a crop should be plowed under to a depth of from four to six inches as quickly as possible, and the ground harrowed and rolled in order to prevent the flies from reaching the surface. The land may then be devoted to oats, corn, or any other crop that may be practicable."

It is advisable to sow barley after the wheat has been plowed under, for it is subject to attack by the Hessian fly just as rye and wheat are.

Some may ask: "Of what use is it to plow under the wheat crop? Would harrowing or disking not do as well? So far as the present crops are concerned, harrowing in the oats would do just as well, but we have neighbors who have possibly good wheat or barley fields. If the flies are not killed they will swarm over to our neighbors' field, and destroy them before harvest. Moreover, simple harrowing will not keep the flies from the wheat fields in autumn if they are allowed to propagate unmolested during the spring and summer.

In August and September the parent flies are active, and eggs are laid on the young blades of wheat. From these the minute grubs hatch and make their way down the stem to base, where they embed themselves and feed upon the sap of the plant. These become "flaxseeds" by winter. In May and June, the flies will emerge from the "flaxseeds" and proceed to lay eggs on the wheat-blades for another brood. Again grubs hatch from the eggs, make their way down the stalks, and embed themselves at one of the lower joints. It is these maggots that do the harm at the time of the ripening of the crop. These pass the summer as "flaxseeds," in the stubble as a rule; and the flies appear in August and September, as already stated. The adult flies do no direct damage; they appear twice a year, in May and June, and again in August and September, when eggs are laid. The grubs do damage to the crop twice a year, in October and November, and June and July.—W. Lochhead.

Remarriage of Widowers.

[Hamilton Times.]

At the meeting of the Anglican Synod at Ottawa, Mr. Orde, the lay secretary, proposed an amendment to the rules governing the widows' and orphans' fund, the first clause of the amendment reading as follows:

"The widow of any clergyman of the Diocese of Ottawa who shall have been married to such clergyman after he shall have attained the age of 50 years, and the children of any such marriage, shall not be entitled to any of the benefits of the existing canon XVI. on the widows' and orphans' fund or be deemed to come within the terms thereof."

In moving the adoption of the clause, Mr. Orde said that in case a clergyman, who, having reached the age of 50, married a young girl, in the event of his death, he would leave a young widow and probably orphans, who would have to be maintained by the widows' and orphans' fund for many years. This would be a great strain on the fund. Rev. Mr. McRitchie opposed the clause, but suggested that, in cases where a clergyman over 50 years of age married a woman much younger than himself her allowance as a widow should only be paid for a limited number of years. Mr. Waterman remarked that, as the clergymen were the largest contributors to the fund, the laity should leave the matter to the clergy. Rev. Mr. Gorman said it was a rare thing that a clergyman married after reaching the age of 50, and Rev. Mr. Kitson asked, Why does a man get married at the age of 50? Why does a man get married at 25? If the synod should pass legislation interfering with a man's right at 50, why not pass first similar restrictions on a man at 25? The legislation was not going to interfere with a man getting married at any age, nor was the fund going to prevent the girl from marrying if she was inclined. "Let nature take its course," said Mr. Kitson, "and let the canon stand as at present."

The discussion was cut short by the ringing of the dinner bell. St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians that "the wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord," and it is a poor rule that will not apply to husbands as well as wives—to widowers as well as widows. The provision for widows seems to have been a cause of anxiety away back in the days of the apostles, for we read in the epistle to Timothy,

"Let not a widow be taken into the number under threescore years old, having been the wife of one man."

And again:

"If any man or woman that believeth have widows, let them relieve them, and let not the church be charged; that it may relieve them that are widows indeed."

This would appear to shut out from the benefits of the fund young widows who might fairly be expected, by the exercise of due diligence, to secure second husbands.

We shall read with interest the answers to Rev. Mr. Kitson's question, "Why does a man get married at the age of 50?" It is quite possible that, having enjoyed the comfort and the privacy of a home of his own, before the death of his first wife, he cannot take kindly to the hash and prunes, the gossip and racket, of a boarding house, therefore he accepts the earliest favorable opportunity to start again on the old basis. Then there is a popular belief that widowers, of a good moral character, such as bereaved clergymen are sure to possess, are apt to be overwhelmed by the kind attentions of all the spinsters and widows in the parish, which would surely justify the victim in choosing one as a wife in order to get rid of the rest. For these and other reasons, we think Mr. Kitson was about right when he uttered the words, "Let nature take its course, and let the canon stand as at present."

The Size of Rain Drops.

[From the London Express.]

The Paris Meteorological Society has undertaken the laborious task of measuring the dimensions of raindrops.

It is found that the largest are about one-sixth of an inch, and the smallest on-five-hundredth of an inch in diameter.

They are larger in summer than in winter and larger in hot than in cold climates.

At the moment of condensation of the water vapor to the liquid state great numbers of extremely small drops are formed in close proximity.

As they fall they come together, and coalesce in consequence of mutual attraction, and so what we call raindrops are formed.

In the summer the lower strata of air are warmer than winter, and therefore clouds are formed at a greater height where conditions are favorable for rapid condensation.

The drops falling from those high summer clouds have more time to grow, and therefore become larger than the winter drops.

In winter, as is well known, clouds often exist very near the ground. The velocity with which raindrops fall depends both on their size and on the wind, which makes them fall obliquely.

Other things being equal a drop of medium size, say, one-fifth of an inch in diameter, may strike the ground with a velocity of some 13 feet a second, while a very large drop, measuring one-sixth of an inch, may attain a speed of 38 feet a second.

SUMMER DRESSES

Shirt waists, lingerie, etc., should not go in the general wash with coarser articles. Keep all such delicate fabrics separate and wash them with

Lily White FLOATING Soap

It is specially made for fine wear of this kind, is absolutely pure, loosens the dirt without rubbing—preserves and brightens the natural colors. It costs more than the ordinary laundry soap, but saves its cost many times over in the increased wear of the goods.

LILY WHITE is an eight ounce twin bar and sells for 10 cents at all good grocers. A smaller size at 5 cents. It is a perfect soap for general toilet use and for the bath.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
MANUFACTURERS TORONTO, ONT.