

Chats With the Children.

When I go to bed at night... You'd wonder that I dare to go into the room, at all... If I told you what was there... There's an elephant and a tiger... And a monkey and a bear... A lion with a shaggy mane... And a most ferocious air...

71-BIRMEN OF ST. NICHOLAS AND MIQUELON.

Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in the North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their travels". Their fishing vessels are much larger than ours, and include even bark. Instead of dories they carry sail-boats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by running against the wind, another will tack a straight-away course, so that the trawls, while all covering to ward the vessel, do not interfere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can in foggy weather get back to the vessel by simply under-running their trawls. Our fishermen set their trawls where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor, cruises about where she put the dories over. "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere," by Gustav Kobbie in St. Nicholas.

A PHILOSOPHER.

A little lad sat by the sounding sea. A fiddler on the damp, damp ground. And seeing a ship sail over the edge, He cried, "The world is round." "I know it must be so, because I study geography now, And the book declares that's one of the proofs. But I'm sure I don't see how." —Tudor Jenks in St. Nicholas.

THE GRAND BANKS.

Gustav Kobbie writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for August St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbie says: "The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are the great fishing-ground on this side of the Atlantic. Other fishing-grounds near these are Western Bank and Quiro; but all the year round you will see vessels on the Grand Banks. If you have ever crossed the ocean on a swift liner, you will have noticed that when about two days out you can see a chilly fog. You were off Cape Race, Newfoundland, crossing the Banks. It is usually cold and foggy there, and in winter frequent gales and snow-storms add to the dreariness and danger.

Western Bank is near Sable Island, a long sand-bar off the coast of Nova Scotia, and an ocean graveyard, literally strewn with wrecks. The English Government placed a flock of sheep there because there had been instances of sailors wrecked on the island starving to death; but the sheep died. The island was too barren even for them. A herd of ponies was a dreary youth, and as his half-sister says, "would sometimes fall into long reveries between putting on one sock and the other when dressing in the morning," he was far from being jolthead when his interest was aroused. He was possessed by an insatiable curiosity, and made his parents' life a burden by his eternal "whys." One day a sewing-machine arrived at his house. Nansen knew no rest until he had taken the machine to pieces, thoroughly examined them, and put them together again. His curiosity, on more than one occasion, nearly put an early end to the explorer's career. In a certain little voyage of discovery—for Nansen was a born explorer—he discovered a box of fireworks stowed away in the attic. This was a case of good material in the young economist's eyes, so he promptly struck a match and blew the whole box up, narrowly escaping an exit through the ceiling himself. On another occasion he found a small brass cannon, which he filled to the brim with powder and slugs. His delight was complete when he succeeded in bursting the cannon and almost annihilating himself. In his earliest days, as now, he was subject to violent fits of temper, succeeded by the remorse which all warm-hearted people experience after such exhibitions of violence. It was in one of these fits of temper that young Fridtjof fought a fierce battle with one of his schoolfellows, called Karl. Luckily the master intervened before serious damage was done, and, as punishment, made the boys stand opposite each other for ten minutes. One minute was sufficient to cool Nansen's temper, and stretching out his hand in an impulse of remorse and affection he begged Karl's pardon. From this day Fridtjof and Karl became inseparable friends, and formed a league—Quixotic perhaps—to protect the weak and to succour

this feeling of compassion quickly gave way to the interest of the adventure, the value of the prize, and the exciting joy of the capture. The fidelity of the male and female whale to each other exceeds that of most animals. Anderson, in his "History of Greenland," mentions that some fishermen, having struck one of two whales, a male and a female, that were in company together, the wounded creature made a long and terrible resistance. With a single blow of its tail it upset a boat containing three men, by which the boat came up, and the other whale still remained by its companion, and lent every assistance, till at last the wounded victim sank under the number and severity of its wounds, while its faithful partner, unable to survive its loss, stretched herself upon the dead body of her mate, and calmly shared its fate.

THE BIRMEN.

A. Hyatt Verrill writes and How They Live for August St. Nicholas. Mr. Verrill says: "In early spring, when the meadows first take on a tinge of green, and the apple-trees put forth their rosy buds, we may often see a single large Bumblebee flying low and swiftly back and forth across the lawns and pastures. These great bees are the queens who have just awakened from their long winter's sleep, and are now seeking some favored spot where to commence housekeeping and found a colony; for these insects, like their cousin, the Honey-bee, live in colonies consisting of three classes, or castes—"drones," or "males," "queens," or "females," or "workers." When our big queen has at last discovered a satisfactory building-site, usually a deserted mouse-hole, she cleans it of all rubbish and litter, and places within a ball of pollen, in which she lays her eggs. The young grubs hatch out possessed with enormous appetites, and, feeding on the pollen, eat into it in all directions. At last, when fully grown and their craving for food is satisfied, they spin cocoons of silk in the remains of the pollen, and change to pupae. While her family is thus sleeping quietly within their silken cells, the old queen is constantly at work, building up and strengthening the cocoons with wax.

Finally, their sleep being over, the pupae-cases burst, and the young bees come forth in all their glory of black-and-golden livery and gauzy wings. The first brood consists entirely of workers, who immediately fall to and relieve their tired mother queen of all work and duties, with the exception of laying eggs. They fly hither and thither, always busy and industrious, now plunging into the center of a gorgeous hollyhock or a sunny dandelion, or busily dividing heads first into some nut-scented, aristocratic lily or rose, always emerging with the golden dust of pollen. The honey and the pollen thus gathered are stored away and the eggs laid in the waxen cells from which the workers issued; and the next brood, composed of drones and young queens, feed upon this store of nectar.

NANSEN AS A BOY.

"That saggard will never be any good," was the unflattering prediction which greeted the future explorer many a time during his early boyhood (says a writer in "Chums"). "This was scarcely just, for although Nansen was a dreamy youth, and as his half-sister says, "would sometimes fall into long reveries between putting on one sock and the other when dressing in the morning," he was far from being jolthead when his interest was aroused. He was possessed by an insatiable curiosity, and made his parents' life a burden by his eternal "whys." One day a sewing-machine arrived at his house. Nansen knew no rest until he had taken the machine to pieces, thoroughly examined them, and put them together again. His curiosity, on more than one occasion, nearly put an early end to the explorer's career. In a certain little voyage of discovery—for Nansen was a born explorer—he discovered a box of fireworks stowed away in the attic. This was a case of good material in the young economist's eyes, so he promptly struck a match and blew the whole box up, narrowly escaping an exit through the ceiling himself. On another occasion he found a small brass cannon, which he filled to the brim with powder and slugs. His delight was complete when he succeeded in bursting the cannon and almost annihilating himself. In his earliest days, as now, he was subject to violent fits of temper, succeeded by the remorse which all warm-hearted people experience after such exhibitions of violence. It was in one of these fits of temper that young Fridtjof fought a fierce battle with one of his schoolfellows, called Karl. Luckily the master intervened before serious damage was done, and, as punishment, made the boys stand opposite each other for ten minutes. One minute was sufficient to cool Nansen's temper, and stretching out his hand in an impulse of remorse and affection he begged Karl's pardon. From this day Fridtjof and Karl became inseparable friends, and formed a league—Quixotic perhaps—to protect the weak and to succour

beauty in distress. As was to be expected, this exalted ideal led them into many scrapes, from which they did not always emerge with a sound skin. If these stories are purely true, they are at least interesting, as showing that, as a boy, Nansen possessed in a marked degree the thoughtfulness, love of research, scorn of danger, and lofty, angelic ideals which have made him famous as a man. Almost from infancy he was passionately fond of anything artistic. When he was eight years old his greatest wish was to possess a pair of skis, or snow-shoes, and to try the national pastime. His father, however, only allowed him to twopence a week for pocket money, and he despaired of ever saving enough to buy the coveted skis. Fortunately a neighbour took pity on the boy, and, to his intense delight, made him a present of a pair. From that day he lived on his snow-shoes, and in a short time was admitted to be the most expert performer in the country. He could zeal the deepest glaciers, leap over crevasses and down precipices with gigantic flights of seventy to ninety feet. Such was his love of the sport that he would frequently disappear for days together in the depth of winter, with a temperature 30 degrees below zero, finding shelter for the night in a peasant's hut, and taking with him a loaf for his sole sustenance.

Canada's Greatest Celebration of the Jubilee Year.

Fully alive to the times the management of the Toronto Exhibition, or as the title runs this year, "Canada's Great Victoria Era Exposition and Industrial Fair," is to be conducted on a scale, from August 20th to September 11th, that will over-transcend any former effort made to promote this, the most popular, most comprehensive and most attractive annual show held on this continent. Already a sufficient number of applications for space and of notifications to leave nothing undone that will warrant the highest expectations. The management has increased the number of medals to be awarded and have made many improvements to the buildings and grounds, showing that they are resolved to leave nothing undone that will enhance the pleasure and comfort of both patrons and exhibitors. They have also determined on a special feature that promises to prove the greatest outdoor spectacle in the way of entertainment that Toronto city has ever known, outside the world's metropolis itself. This spectacle will take the form of a reproduction of the wondrous Diamond Jubilee procession in London. Agents are now across the water hiring and buying the necessary properties and costumes, which will be an exact replica of the uniforms and costumes worn by the soldiery, the sailors, the nobility and the yeomen of the guard in the celebrated procession. Scenes will also be reproduced of the coronation at Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral and other places along the line of route. Many interesting specialties will also be introduced, while at night the effect will be heightened and magnified by brilliant illuminations and fireworks. Not only will spectators have brought home to them the grandeur and unity of the empire, but they will be practically taken home to Old London. While dwelling on this grand feature the material aspect of the Exhibition must be the last thought that occurs. It is well to mention that entries of live stock, and the majority of the departments, close on Saturday, August 7th. Programmes containing all details of the attractions will be issued about the 10th of August.

"When I was first married I thought my wife was the only woman on earth." "How do you feel about it now?" "Well, there's our cook."

"You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Peck. "Think of that." "My dear," said Mr. Peck, as innocently as he could, "I cannot imagine such a thing."

The young married couple who are crowned with good health are really a king and queen. They are possessed of an armor that enables them to withstand all the hardships and misfortunes of life. Accidents aside, they live long, happy lives of mutual happiness, and they will be blessed with healthy, healthy children. They will sit together in the twilight of old age and look back with contentment on a mutually happy, helpful, useful, successful companionship. There are, of course, very few who are ever drawn back—once the other, or both, suffer from ill-health. There can be no true and lasting happiness that is overshadowed by the black cloud of physical suffering. The man who contemplates matrimony, and reflects that, though overjoyed with the prospect, he is suffering from ill-health, should take the proper steps to remedy it before he enters into the responsibilities of a husband. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all medicines for men who wish to be strong and healthy. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, and the blood pure and rich with life-giving elements. It is the great blood-purifier, it invigorates and gives vitality, strength and vigor. No woman should wed while she suffers from weakness, and it is a warning way. These are the most disastrous of disorders from which a woman can suffer. They break down her general health. They undo her for wifehood and motherhood. They make her weak, sickly, nervous in walk, her face pale and her complexion sallow. They cure all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burden of the motherhood. They transform weak, suffering, fretful invalids into healthy, happy wives and mothers. These medicines are sold at all good medicine stores.

FARM AND GARDEN.

High on the crest of the upland a ploughman treads with his horses. Fearless of the splashing mud they appear on the softest soil. The ploughman is a man of the soil, but a magic alchemist of sunlight. Sprinkled with dust of gold the rich brown earth of the furrows. More and more he watched him tirelessly guiding the plough, laboring, straining muscle and nerve as he urged his team to their labor. Once when a cuckoo sang he laughed and joggled his moustache. "Once when a cuckoo passed like a flash on a rocky highway. Then cracked his whip at the horse; and the hedgerows arched and him; Silver chiming of skylarks, fluting of thrushes and larkbirds. Canopied with the soft light, contained her chambers with sweetness. Mingled with other notes was the voice of an emulous starling, the vain of his bird imitation of more original minstrels.

There to the eye of his heart the ploughman who had a cheer. Where to I fashioned a song in praise of ploughing and reaping; "Hail to the plough and the oxen! Hail to the Lord of the plough-hare! Hail to the tamer of Earth! Hail to the builders of Home! Huntsmen of old were our sires, or herdsman seeking for pasture, or fisher, and hunter they fared to and fro in the land; Never the summer found them where the water had left its foam. Hardly their tents were pitched ere, struck once more, they were gone. But with the plough there came an end of the golden yearning. For with the plough there came clearing of forest and fen; Cottage and hamlet and village arose for fixed habitations. Binding with cords of love man to the soil, that was their own, their own. There they had played as children, there they had courted and wedded; Dear was each well-known field, dear each familiar tree. There were the graves of their fathers, there were the graves of their mothers. Back to the earth they loved, when they might till it no more."

Thus I feigned him to sing, but he listened on word on song; nor spoke except to his horses. Now at the close of day he stands erect on the upland, modelled against the sky, a figure of the soil, a figure of the soil. Over the sublimity, and scans the field he has conquered. All the fair hillsides is ribbed with his long, straight furrows: Soon shall it break into green, pierced by the gleam of the sun. Soon, too soon! I shall it were with fall ears ripe for the reaping. Aye! though the day was hard and his frame was weary with toiling. Surely his heart is glad and his spirit within him rejoices. —R. H. Law.

It is true that all manures must be liquid in form to be available as plant food, but the leaching process should take place in the field, and not in the bar-yard. It is the profit we must aim for, the profit which comes from the best farming, from raising most at least expense, the raising on one acre what our neighbor raises on two. About the weight of a farmer can commit is to spend time and money and labor to produce crops, and then not take the very best care of them after they are grown and harvested.

Snail raising forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry in France and other countries, and the consumption of them in France is very large, says a correspondent of Nature. Though the great majority of the edible snails produced in France are of natural growth, their artificial culture is carried on to a very considerable extent. They are propagated from August to October in ground especially prepared for the purpose, and fed with cabbage, clover, etc. During the winter they are sheltered in houses composed of brick or wood, and they are gathered and marketed from April to June.

The cultivation of corn at the end of the season is to control moisture. Now is the time to attend to the weeding. The very best work of the season is being done right now, if the corn is up. Have the rains and warm sun started a growth of weeds and formed a crust over the corn fields? In getting rid of the one we break up the other, and we shall be all right for another ten days. The first thought of the careful and thoughtful corn-raiser is to get in his quick and timely work on the weeds. After the little rains in the one time they can be effectually eradicated. The ploughing should be so deep that all moisture will be soon absorbed and stored for use when it is needed at the surface, at which it will be brought up by the capillary action of the earth.

INFLAMMATORY RHUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pain. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

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