

Advantages of Thinking.

To have learned to think, whether learned in schools or out of them, is to have attained the most valuable of all acquisitions. Any system of instruction which does not teach a man to think falls short of the best results. A man who has learned to think continually separates and combines, and from the scraps which he gathers as he goes he constructs. Material is ever at his hand, and whether he is on a journey, in the shop, or the factory, his eye is ever observant and his senses alert. Having learned how to acquire knowledge, he never finds himself anywhere that something does not appear which he wants to see, and having seen, will not sooner or later put it to practical use. Having learned to think, he sends forth every moment freighted with some sort of effort. He has learned the "value of work as a means of happiness, and of a change of work as a means of rest," and idleness as neither necessary nor recreative. He can catch an idea on the wing, and an idea gained is a source of true happiness. Such a man does not easily weary, and it is late in life before he grows old.—Ex.

Man's Friend, the Dog.

Edward Hanavan, one of the best known miners and prospectors in Ouray County, had a remarkable escape from death in a snowslide which came down the western slope of Mount Hayden recently, says the Denver Republican. He owes his life to his dog Sandy.

Hanavan was climbing over the trail of the mountain above the Mineral Fern mine, when he was suddenly caught by a snowslide and swept one hundred feet into the gulch. His dog, following fifty feet behind, barely escaped the avalanche. The faithful canine jumped into the gulch and began pawing and scraping where the toe of one of Hanavan's boots barely showed above the snow. Within ten minutes the dog reached his master's head and began licking his face.

Hanavan was practically unconscious from lack of air, but soon revived and managed to dig out of what threatened to prove his snowy tomb.

A Favorite Japanese Game.

A favorite game of the Japanese is played as follows: One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, and each part printed on a separate card. The host of the evening has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one; the hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their hands face upward upon the "tatami," or thick mat of rice straw on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read, the holder of the second half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbor's cards, seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords great entertainment to the players, for the quick-sighted and keen-witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbor, and this leads to much laughter and many good-natured sarcasms.—[Onward.

In Doubt.

This is from Sir Archibald Geikie's reminiscences: A country doctor, who was attending a laird, had instructed the butler of the house in the art of taking and recording his master's temperature with a thermometer. On repairing to the house one morning he was met by the butler, to whom he said, "Well, John, I hope the laird's temperature is not any higher to-day." The man looked puzzled for a moment, and then replied:

"Well, I was just wonderin' that myself. Ye see, he died at that place."

How can he be otherwise than an honorable who attends only to his own interests, who claims to himself no share in the happiness and prosperity of mankind, whom friendship cannot warm or charity inspire? Living only to himself, he can but reflect back upon himself his own weakness and ineptitude.—Henry Turner.

Billy and I.

They say they are going to shoot you, Old Billy, but don't you forget, For the fellow who dares to meddle with you, must reckon with me, you bet; You're a poor old horse, Old Billy, and you aren't worth much, it is true, But you've been a faithful friend to me, and I'll see you safely through.

Shoot Old Billy? I guess not, though you may be old and gray, By the self-same stretch of mercy they'll be shooting me some day; I haven't much love for the fellows who follow the shooting plan; If they had more pity for horses and dogs, they'd have more love for a man.

They tell us that horses have no souls, and they all declare it is true; That shows how little they know, Old Boy, and it proves they don't know you; Well, well, 'tis a mighty question, and quite beyond my ken— But the more I know of horses like you, the less I brag about men.

You've been a good horse, Old Fellow, steady and brave and true; You have given us faithful service—done all that a horse could do; You've earned your keep; you shall have it; so live as long as you can— For justice is justice, and right is right, whether it's a horse or a man.

Food for the Cat.

It is a common thing to hear women say that they cannot keep growing plants of any kind in their rooms on account of the cat, who persists in nibbling and biting the leaves and new buds as they make their appearance, sometimes destroying in the course of a few weeks some favorite or rare fern or flower.

The reason for this seeming vandalism is perfectly plain, or ought to be. The cat requires green food, if it is to be kept healthy and happy, and takes the shortest road to getting it.

In summer, following this need of its system, a cat will eat grass freely. In winter, or in the city, when this supply of green fodder is cut off, common sense suggests that the cat be artificially provided with it.

For its own sake, as well as for the safety of the Boston fern and the rubber plant, why not plant a cigar box of soil with some quick-growing thing, like oats or sorrel, and let the cat help itself?

It will soon realize the glad fact that the plants are meant for it, as proved by the fact that indulgence brings no aftermath of slaps or scoldings.

As one crop fails sow another, and keep it up till mother earth provides a more liberal supply of her own, and your cat will bless you.

All Contraltos Dark.

"Did you ever see a blonde contralto?" asked a teacher of vocal music. "I'll be bound you never did, for the reason that all contraltos are dark. For a matter of twenty years I have observed the human voice, and I have come to the conclusion that the coloring of a person has some sort of influence upon the vocal organs. Blonde persons with blue eyes, ruddy complexions and yellow hair incline to have high, sharp, metallic voices—soprano voices. I won't go so far as to say that I can tell by a woman's appearance what type of voice she has, but I will say that I can usually give a pretty good guess as to her voice. To be sure, I have seen blondes with deep voices and brunettes with high ones, but I have only seen this rarely. Never in my life have I seen a blonde contralto—a naturally blonde one, I mean."

Musical Fish of Ceylon.

Every bay and inlet on the coast of Ceylon abounds with musical fish. Their song, if it can be called a song, is not a sustained note like a bird's, but a cascade of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, clear and distinct in itself, somewhat like the vibrations of a wineglass. The fish is robbed with the music of the sea. In the harbor at Bombay, I have observed a fish with a song like that produced by an Aeolian harp.

30 PERCHERONS

ALSO

Shires, Hackneys and Clydes and 12 Percheron Mares

3, 2 and 1 year old.

Have just arrived with our new importation from Scotland, England and France, of high-class stallions and mares. Many of them prizewinners in their native lands. Bred by the best breeders. Percherons, blacks and greys, weighing 1,600 to 2,000 pounds. Shires at two years old, weighing 1,700 pounds. Clydes, bays and blacks, 4 and 5 years old, weighing 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, and breeding that cannot be beaten. Our Hackneys are bays and chestnuts, combining size, quality and all for sale at reasonable prices.

Hamilton & Hawthorne, Simcoe, Ont.

82 miles south-west of Toronto on the G. T. R.

GOSSIP.

OFFICIAL TESTS OF HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS.

Fourteen more cows and heifers have made records that have been accepted in the Record of Merit. These tests are all for a period of seven days, and were conducted under the supervision of the Ontario Agricultural College or the Eastern Ontario Dairy School. The amounts of milk and butter-fat are actual; the amount of butter is estimated from the fat by adding one-sixth.

1. Inka Sylvia De Kol (2878), at 6 years 5 months 9 days; milk, 425.12 lbs.; butter-fat, 14.91 lbs.; equivalent butter, 17.40 lbs. Owner, G. A. Gilroy, Glen Buell.

2. Christmas Jennie (3008), at 6 years 1 month 24 days; milk, 523.4 lbs.; butter-fat, 14.36 lbs.; equivalent butter, 16.75 lbs. Owner, Thomas Davidson, Spring Valley.

3. Burkeyje De Kol (3295), at 5 years 2 months 18 days; milk, 404.1 lbs.; butter-fat, 13.62 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.89 lbs. Owner, A. D. Foster, Bloomfield.

4. Dirkje Pel (5908), at 3 years 10 months 28 days; milk, 412.12 lbs.; butter-fat, 13.17 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.36 lbs. Owner, G. A. Gilroy.

5. Gretchen Abhekirk De Kol (4477), at 3 years 11 days; milk, 401.1 lbs.; butter-fat, 13.08 lbs.; equivalent butter, 15.27 lbs. Owner, A. W. Davidson, Spring Valley.

6. Augusta Acme De Kol (4454), at 3 years 6 months 12 days; milk, 459.06 lbs.; butter-fat, 12.64 lbs.; equivalent butter, 14.74 lbs. Owner, A. C. Hallman, Breslau.

7. Juanita Sylvia 2nd (3921), at 4 years 6 months 16 days; milk, 395.12 lbs.; butter-fat, 12.23 lbs.; equivalent butter, 14.27 lbs. Owner, G. A. Gilroy.

8. Daisy Pietertje (3872), at 4 years 1 month 23 days; milk, 397.2 lbs.; butter-fat, 12.19 lbs.; equivalent butter, 14.22 lbs. Owner, A. D. Foster.

9. Pauline Belle De Kol (3841), at 4 years 1 month 8 days; milk, 333.1 lbs.; butter-fat, 11.65 lbs.; equivalent butter, 13.60 lbs. Owner, Thos. Davidson.

10. Emma Abhekirk De Kol (3842), at 3 years 10 months 24 days; milk, 294.9 lbs.; butter-fat, 10.98 lbs.; equivalent butter, 12.81 lbs. Owner, Thos. Davidson.

11. Gretchen of Evergreen (3816), at 3 years 8 months 21 days; milk, 338.9 lbs.; butter-fat, 10.88 lbs.; equivalent butter, 12.70 lbs. Owner, Thos. Davidson.

12. Rosie's Wonder (4845), at 3 years 4 months 27 days; milk, 399.5 lbs.; butter-fat, 10.31 lbs.; equivalent butter, 12.03 lbs. Owner, A. C. Hallman.

13. Beauty Eugenie De Kol (4014), at 3 years 10 months 20 days; milk, 371.31 lbs.; butter-fat, 10 lbs.; equivalent butter, 11.67 lbs. Owner, A. C. Hallman.

14. Minnie Evergreen (4637), at 2 years 8 months 1 day; milk, 244.2 lbs.; butter-fat, 8.29 lbs.; equivalent butter, 9.67 lbs. Owner, Thos. Davidson.—G. W. Clemons, Secretary.

A Brown County girl recently sent fifty cents to a Chicago advertiser for a recipe to whiten and keep the hands soft. She received the following reply: "Soak them three times a day in dish-water while your mother rests."

When we reach Utopia we always find the map has deceived us, and so we sail on. This is Progress.

Before President Angell, of the University of Michigan, had attained to his present high position, a young hopeful entering college was recommended to his consideration.

"Try the boy out, professor; criticize him to tell us both what you think," the parents said.

The professor took the boy for a walk. After ten minutes' silence, the youth ventured, "Fine day, professor."

"Yes," with a far-away look. Ten minutes more, and the young man, squirming all the time, ventured: "This is a pleasant walk, professor."

"Yes." For another ten minutes the matriculate boiled to his bones, and then blurted out that he thought they might have rain.

"Yes." And this time the professor went on: "Young man, we have been walking together for half an hour, and you have said nothing which was not commonplace and stupid."

"True," answered the boy, his wrath passing his modesty, "and you indorsed every word I said."

They shook hands, and word went home that the boy was all right.

QUITE MIXED.

The chairman of the school committee was addressing a meeting at the teachers' institute.

"My friends, the schoolwork is the bulhouse of civilization; I mean—ah—"

The chairman here became slightly chilled.

"The bulhouse is the schoolwork of civ—"

An invincible smile began to make itself felt.

"The warkhouse is the bulschool of—"

He was evidently twisted.

"The schoolhouse is the housework—"

An audible snigger spread itself over the faces of the audience.

"The scowse hool—"

He was getting wild. So were his hearers. He mopped perspiration, gritted his teeth, and made a fresh effort.

"The schoolhouse, my friends—"

A sigh of relief went up. A-h-h! Now he has got his feet under him again. He gazed suavely round. The light of triumphant self-confidence was enthroned upon his brow.

Is the wulbark—"

And that was all.

On the walls of an old temple was found this picture: A king forging from his crown a chain, and near by a slave making of his chain a crown. And underneath was written: "Life is what man makes of it, no matter of what it is made."

At first he cursed the world that for his heart's true gold it paid him in worthless coin; but later said: "It gave me its best, and was not to blame that I bestowed not my wealth on something worth more."

Her way in life led through a garden where flowers bloomed, but not for her. "Bravely could I pass them by," she said, "did they who pluck them do so lovingly."

In the light flashed from the scythe of Death a miser turned from the gold he had worshiped all his life. "I see now," he said, "that wealth is a curse to him who considers it the greatest of blessings."