

Pocket-Money for the Young People.

Did any one ever know a spirited young person who did not prefer earning his "spending-money" to having it as a gift from his elders? It is well, too, that young people should know "how the money comes" which is theirs to spend. It trains them to a habit of self-reliance. If the boy or girl who has to work patiently for the wherewithal to purchase the various little needs and pleasures so dear to the heart of youth, does not develop into a painstaking, economical man and woman, the personal experience of thousands who had to earn the pennies that went to pay for their holiday whistles, goes for nothing.

My young friend, to avoid the disagreeableness of doing something for which you have no liking, or what is worse, leaving it before it is fairly begun, turn the question "What shall I do?" over in your mind before you set to work. If you have a taste for poultry rearing and none for gardening, keep out of the garden by all means. If you have no fancy for poultry, you will most likely be on the lookout for a calf or two, or a pig or a lamb, to raise on your own account. Calves, toward which youthful eyes are often turned with longing, are killed because the milk cannot be spared for them. In such cases hay tea, with just milk enough to give it the color of coffee, has been found an excellent substitute. The tea should be made daily,—enough each time for two feeds.

In some families the eggs over and above a stated number each day, are given to the child who gathers them. This answers for the "little shavers," and if anyone thinks there will be many hens sitting around on stolen nests, let him try it and see. In the same way the surplus butter goes to "the girls" to do as they please with it, and when this is done, even young girls, provided they have been properly taught, may be safely trusted with the milk work without fear of having quantities of cream, at every skimming, left in rims around the pans, or otherwise wasted.

A pair of canary birds provided with a nest—a collar box stuffed with cotton to the proper shape, and lined with flannel, makes a good one—and given a little extra care in the way of keeping the cage supplied with food suitable for the young, may be made a source of profit. The proper food for the young birds is the yolks of a hard-boiled egg, made fine and mixed with double the quantity of bread crumbs. Nothing else, save water and, of course, seed for the old birds, should be given. Green food of all kinds must be kept away until the young ones are out of the nest, which will be in about two weeks after hatching; and by that time the mother-bird will have commenced laying again. To get the young birds out of her way, put them, as soon as they begin to peck at the contents of the feed-dish—which should be kept in the bottom of the cage—into another cage. A healthy bird, if not too old, will rear several broods before the molting season, when the nest should be taken away. A male bird often sings a *very little* when it is but three weeks old. If a bird has not been heard to sing by the time it is six or seven weeks old, you may be pretty certain it is not a singer. One thing more: do not allow the cage to be taken from its place after your bird has commenced laying, until the eggs are hatched.

Here are several ways by which boys and girls may "pick up a little money" at certain seasons: By nut-gathering, especially if you live where chestnuts abound. They do not fill the measure so fast as some other kinds, but they sell for more. By saving cherry stones, peach pits, apple seeds, etc., for the nurserymen. To get the apple seeds: take the cores after a quantity of the fruit has been pared and quartered, as for drying, put them in a barrel with water enough to float them, "churn" them for a few minutes with a churn-dasher, skim out the cores and find the seed, a quart, or less, in the bottom of the barrel.

Then for boys, there is the trapping of minks, muskrat, raccoons and other furry animals; but what farmer's son doesn't know all about that? How many a warm breakfast has been forgotten till it was no longer warm, while John, or Fred, or Tom, went whistling off to the brook where his half-dozen Oneida Communities were set? Shooting game, too, is a pastime which many boys contrive to turn to good account financially, and when the passion for hunting is not indulged in at the expense of the corn husking or apple-gathering, who shall say that the boys are injured by it?

What flies fastest when both its wings are broken? An army.

What tune makes everybody glad? Fortune.

Live for Something.

Live for something, be not idle—
Look around thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold and silver,
With their grief-dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Give, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning,
From this perfect fountain-head;
Freely as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

As Dickens Would Have Painted It.

There is a touch of Dickens in Little Danny's soliloquy over the death of his mother. We find it in the New Orleans *Picayune*:

"I've just been down in the parlor to see mamma. She's in a long box with flowers on her. I wish she'd come and bathe my head—it aches so. Nobody ever makes it feel good but mamma. She knew how it hurt me, and she used to read to me out of a little book how my head would get well and not ache any more some day. I wish it were 'some day' now. Nobody likes me but mamma. That's 'cause I've got a sick head. Mamma used to take me in her arms and cry. When I asked what the matter she would say, 'I'm only tired, darling.' Aunt Agnes made her tired, for when she came and stayed all day mamma would take me up in the evening on her lap and cry awful hard. I ain't had any dinner to-day. Mamma always gave me my dinner and a little twenty pudding with 'D,' for 'Danny' on the top. I like little puddings with D's on top. I like to set in my little chair by the fire and eat 'em. I wish mamma wouldn't stay in the long box. I guess Aunt Agnes put her there, 'cause she put all the flower trimmings on and shows her to everybody. There ain't any fire in the grate, but I guess I'll sit by it and make believe there is. I'll get my little dish and spoon and play I've got a pudding with D for Danny on it. But any way I want mamma so bad."

Faithful Friends.

Of all the gifts and blessings that can be meted out, there is none of more inestimable value than the possession of good friends.

All who have reached years of maturity have learned from experience the meaning of the term "summer friends." In this term there is no faithfulness included; it savors only of insincerity. In days of prosperity how many flock around us, eager to sail as we sail—to cast their lot in with ours; but let reverses come, and the storms of life beat around us, and one by one they drop away until the many fellow travelers who started out so merrily on the voyage with us dwindle down to a very small number.

In this hour we find our eyes opened, as it were—a curtain seems to be rolled back, and we see as we never saw before. The friends who made the loudest professions—who courted our society the most, are the soonest to leave, while those who remained in the background, but followed still, without any special notice from us, are the ones who cling closely around, and by sweet counsel and tender sympathy and delicate assistance, hold us up and keep the storm from wrecking us. In such hours faithful friends shine out with a brightness that nothing can exceed. Sincerity is one of the graces which should be instilled in children; they can be trained so as to be faithful in every relation of life—to be sincere in every profession—to be a help to others when they are weak and need help.

The most beautiful example of faithful friendship is a mother's love; no other love so patiently endures everything, and grows stronger all the while—clinging closer in proportion as the child is more wayward. And this friend is oftentimes

not appreciated until the lips have been sealed and the "silver cord broken." Faithfulness begets faithfulness. I never knew a person who was a faithful friend himself that did not have the ability to draw and hold about him the most devoted friends wherever his lot was cast. This is an age of change and upheavals and downfalls. Change seems to be breathed in at every breath, and it requires the strongest effort not to yield to the contagion, and become as fickle as the wind itself.

When we find we have faithful friends, how careful should we be not to wound them by word or deed—not to let them have an opportunity to grieve or sorrow one moment for any act of ours—to return their love "measure for measure," and be faithful through everything.

Coming Exhibitions.

The Provincial, at Toronto, 23rd to 28th Sept.
The Great Central, at Hamilton, on 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th October.
The Western, at London, on 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th October.
The Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition, at Truro, on the 1st October.
The Manitoba Provincial, at Winnipeg, on the 9th and 10th October.
The Central Exhibition, at Guelph, Ont., on 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th Sept.

UNITED STATES.

The Michigan State Agricultural Society show at Detroit, on 11th to 20th Sept.
The New York State Agricultural Society show, at Elmira, 9th to 13th Sept.
The Maine State Fair, at Portland, 17th to 20th Sept.
The Vermont State Fair, at St. Albans, on 10th to 12th Sept.
The Ohio State Fair, at Columbus, 9th to 13th Sept.

Ontario Agricultural College.

Following are the results of the written examinations held last month at the close of the spring term of the summer session of this institution. The names follow in order of merit.

SECOND YEAR.

AGRICULTURE.—First-class honors: Nicol, A., Fyfe, A.; second-class honors: White, G., Clark, J.
HORTICULTURE.—First-class honors: Nicol, A., Hartshorne, L., Torrance, F., Toole, L., Fyfe, A.; second-class honors: Carey, E. W., Clark, J., White, G.
ECONOMIC BOTANY.—Second-class honors: Stewart, W.
ENTOMOLOGY.—Second-class honors: Nicol, A., Hartshorne, L., Torrance, F.
ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY.—First-class honors: Stewart, W., Warren, J. B.
VETERINARY MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS.—First-class honors: Torrance, Nicol, Hartshorne; second-class honors: Stewart, Carey, E. W.

FIRST YEAR.

AGRICULTURE.—First-class honors: Cornell, A. C., Randall, J. R., Bonnard, E., Barclay, J., Lawson, B. A., Jopling, W.; second-class honors: Dawes, M. A., Moore, M., Jenkins, L. L., Luton, A., Ash, W. E., Brecken, J., Clinton, N. J.
HORTICULTURE.—First-class honors: Bonnard, Summers, Wilkinson, Lawson, Moore, Clinton, Robinson, Jopling, Barclay, Luton; second-class honors: Ferguson, Randall, Cornell, Higgins, Gillespie, Daves, Joyce.
PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY.—First-class honors: Bonnard, Lawson, Randall, Luton, Cornell, Daves, Barclay, Clinton, Higgins; second-class honors: Wilkinson, Gillespie, Robinson, Bell, T., Chapman, Warren.
STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL BOTANY.—First-class honors: Bonnard, Cornell, Lawson, Wilkinson, Robinson, Jopling, Moore, Barclay, Clinton, Luton; second-class honors: Higgins, Randall, Simmers, Hay, Chapman, Joyce, Grey, Doves, Gillespie.
VETERINARY MATERIA MEDICA.—First-class honors: Lawson, Moore, Randall, Jopling; second-class honors: Bell, T., Gillespie, Cann, Presgrave, Clinton, Dawes, Elliott, Wilkinson, Jenkins, Luton.