

AROUND THE LAMP.

The Rendezvous.

I count that friendship little worth
Which has no many things untold,
Great longings that no words can hold,
And passion secrets waiting birth.

Along the slender wires of speech
Some message from the heart is sent;
But who can tell the whole that's meant?
Our dearest thoughts are out of reach.

I have not seen thee, though mine eyes
Hold none the image of thy face;
In vain, through form, I strive to trace
The soul I love! that deeper lies.

A thousand accidents control
Our meeting here. Clasp hand in hand
And swear to meet me in that land
Where friends hold converse soul to soul.

Mr. Evelyn Abbott.

Mr. Evelyn Abbott, an account of whose death is given below, is known in scholastic circles in Canada as an author of Greek text books. The following is from the London (England) Times:

"Balliol College, which sustained but a short while since a severe loss in the person of Sir John Conroy, has now suffered again by the death of Mr. Evelyn Abbott, one of its classical tutors and Jewett lecturer in Greek history. Mr. Abbott's health had been failing for some time, and his death, which took place at Malvern last week, was not altogether unexpected. Mr. Abbott, who was first scholar in the first class in classical moderations in 1864, and again in the school of literature humaniores in 1866. He gained the Gaisford prize for Greek verse in 1864, and filled the office of classical moderator in 1869 and again in 1892-94. Shortly after taking his degree, Mr. Abbott was struck with the incurable paralysis of the lower limbs, which resulted in his being a prostrate invalid throughout his life. But, in spite of this disability, he was an active and sympathetic colleague, as well as an earnest and laborious student. His pupils will always remember the sympathetic interest and appreciation he showed in their work. He was far more than a rule, to find excellence than to criticize, and many a pupil of moderate abilities learnt for the first time from Mr. Abbott to believe in his own power. His various works on Greek history and literature, a history of Greece in three volumes, a study of Greek subjects called Hellenica, which he edited, and in which he wrote on 'The Theology and Ethics of Sophocles' and 'The Character of the Tragedy,' are well known and read by scholars. Very characteristic of his history of Greece, as of all his lectures on the subject, was his always ready skepticism, which he always refused to substitute conjecture where historical material was defective, preferring to let vexed questions remain unsolved so long as the evidence, one of his latest works was the 'Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett,' produced in collaboration with Professor Lewis Campbell. Mr. Abbott wrote the story of Jowett's Mastership, and was responsible for the whole. But perhaps the most memorable fact about Mr. Abbott was his inviolable sweetness of disposition and cheerful bravery with which he supported and, so to say, bade defiance to the terrible disability under which he had labored from his youth. He not only endured but triumphed over his bodily condition, took part in the social as well as the intellectual life of his college, and was wheeled on his couch to the lecture room and the dinner table, or lifted into the little pony-trap in which he loved to drive, equally beloved and admired by pupils and friends for his benign cheerfulness and magnanimity of endurance.

The Art of Agriculture.

Agriculture, in a general sense, denotes the art of rendering the earth fertile by tillage and culture. Its theory includes the nature and properties of land, the different sorts of plants fitted for it, and the rotation of crops. The practical part comprehends the labor of husbandry, with the implements and animals appertaining thereto. Since the revival of the arts, the science of agriculture has been zealously cultivated by the higher orders. The writers likewise on this subject have within the last century been more numerous than at any former period; and every effort has been made by experiments, inventions, and improvements to render the land productive. Nor can this be a matter of wonder, since it is the most important science to which the human intellect can be directed, alike interesting all nations and all ages, and spreading an influence over the whole circle of our wants, comforts, pleasures, luxuries, arts and commerce.

It is the basis of all other arts, and in all countries coeval with the first dawn of civilization. It is not only indispensable to the national prosperity, but is eminently conducive to the welfare of those who are engaged in it. It gives health to the body, energy to the mind, is favorable to virtuous and temperate habits, and to purity of moral character.

In the energetic language of Dr. Johnson, we may truly say, that "though mines of gold and silver should be exhausted, and the science of agriculture be neglected, the nation would still be able to support itself."

made of them lost; though diamonds and pearls should remain concealed in the bowels of the earth and the womb of the sea; though commerce with strangers be prohibited, though all arts, which have no other objects than splendor and embellishment, should be abolished; yet the fertility of the earth alone would afford an abundant supply for the necessities of an industrious people, by furnishing subsistence for them, and such armies as should be mustered in their defense. We therefore ought not to be surprised that agriculture was in so much honor among the ancients; for it ought rather to be so, and that the most necessary and most indispensable of all professions should have fallen into any contempt.

It must not, however, be forgotten that the husbandman of antiquity, as well as those of the middle ages, were the possessors of many advantages enjoyed by the modern cultivator. Neither the practical nor the theoretical agriculturists of the present time had any other knowledge of geology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, vegetable physiology or natural philosophy; but these sciences have given the modern husbandman the command of important agents, elements and principles of which the ancients had no idea. Nature's most simple modes of operation were to them inexplicable, and their ignorance of causes often led to erroneous calculations with regard to effects. To modern science we are indebted, among numerous other advantages, for the knowledge and means of chemically analysing soils, by which we can ascertain their constituent parts and thus learn what substances are wanted to increase their fertility; for immense improvements in the implements used in husbandry; and for the art of breeding the best animals and obtaining the most nutritive vegetables, by a judicious selection of individuals and species from the middle ages, and even greatly surpassing the degree of perfection it had attained during the days of Roman greatness.

Conversation.

Great and important as are the uses of conversation described by me in a former paper, there is another, more practical benefit from it, of which I wish to speak in this article, viz., as a help to worldly advancement or success in life. First, there is the advantage to be derived from the understandings of other men in the exercise of our own. Every man in a social circle has his strong point—his special subject, on which he is at home, and better qualified to speak than anyone else. No inferior, however acute or strong-minded, can sift and probe to the bottom of a subject so effectually as the minds of many men, each from a different point of view.

Daniel Webster, who, if any man could do so, might have traced his own unalloyed judgment in forming an opinion or deciding a question, had, nevertheless, great faith in the aid to be derived from conversation. Charles Sumner, I have found that conversation with the intelligent men I have had the good fortune to meet, has done more for me than I could possibly learn from their books. I have learned in conversation, conversation, and intimate acquaintance with my own mind; and I absorb certain secrets of their power, whatever may be its quality, which could not have been obtained in their books. I converse, converse with living men face to face, and mind to mind; for that is "one of the best sources of knowledge," as the great Englishman, John Locke, held a similar view. When asked how he had contrived to amass such an amount of knowledge, he replied that he knew to his being ashamed to ask for information, and to a rule he had adopted of conducting to other men or women, whom, on account of their intelligence, stores of experience, and knowledge, position, and power, it may be desirable to know a few of their chosen words—the mainly yet deferential and conciliatory expression of an opinion—an acute criticism of a recent book, or a speech, or painting, or time—are worth more to a young man than any personal advantages he could boast of. The greatest intellectual success in life almost wholly to their conversational tact and power. A young woman will always carry away the palm in the long run, from the possessor of a beautiful face, or the most brilliant talents, or the most charmingly. Though men are supposed to succeed in life by professional knowledge and skill only, or, perhaps, by their social qualities, by their cunning or agreeable ways of putting things, or by their more solid merits, and not by their more solid merits, that they make their way to the front.

The Marriage State.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, writing on the subject of marriage in October Success, declares as follows: "Far more difficult than the mere harmonizing of opinions is, in married life, the harmonizing of tempers; since, while many people have no

opinions worth mentioning on any subject, the humblest or most ignorant can set up a temper. Nothing can deal with tempers except conscience and time. I have known young married couples with whom it was unpleasant to be in the house during the first year of their marriage; and yet habit and sheer necessity made their society tolerable within two years, after the lively agreeableness in fire. The presence of children is a help to this compatibility, as being the one possession absolutely shared and necessarily accepted by each parent. Another great aid to the harmonizing of tempers—indeed sometimes priceless, as a permanent rule—is to study mutually the preferences—that is, to form a habit of considering, when husband and wife differ about any matter, whether of the two really the most reasonable to care about it. Thus it may sometimes make little difference to the wife whether breakfast is early or late, while a late breakfast may cost the husband his morning train; or a carriage may be a very important matter with a wife with her skirts to take care of, while it means no serious difference to the husband whether he walks or rides. It is surely better that one should make a little sacrifice on any matter than that the other should make a far greater one. Many a household jar which would have left prolonged slings behind it, if made a mere test of the equanimity of preference is applied to it, and each is ready to make a little sacrifice to save the other from a greater one.

So far from accepting the theory that marriage is justly to be regarded as a business transaction, I should claim it to be one of the best means of securing happiness in a married life that young people should not love each other warmly, but should begin poor. If possible, and thus save the pleasure of mutual sacrifices, and the pleasure of making their way upward in prosperity by gradual steps. It is to husbandry, and for the art of breeding the best animals and obtaining the most nutritive vegetables, by a judicious selection of individuals and species from the middle ages, and even greatly surpassing the degree of perfection it had attained during the days of Roman greatness.

A Floral Love Story.

Fair Marigold, a maiden fair; Sweet William was her lover.
Their paths were twined with bitter-sweet; It did not run through clover.
The lady's tresses raven were, her cheeks A lovely rose;
She wore fine lady's slippers, to warm Her small pink toes.
Her poppy was an elder, who had a mint Of golden leaves;
And awful old snapdragon, to make one's blood run cold.
His tongue was like sour grass; his daughter's heart he wrong.
With words both fierce and bitter—he had an elder's tongue.
The lover's hair was like the flax of pure Germanic type.
He wore a Dutchman's breeches, he smoked a Dutchman's pipe.
He sent marshallows by the pound and the choicest wintergreen.
He painted him forget-me-nots, the bluest ever seen.
He could serenade her within the nightshade dark.
For every rhyme he tried it her father's dogwood bark.
And so he set a certain day to meet at four o'clock in the park.
Her face was pale as snowdrops, e'en whiter than her frock.
The lady loved him for a long time, and she should say him no.
And then he kissed her tulips beneath the mistletoe.
"My love will live forever; my sweet, will you be true?
Give me a little heartiness; say only 'I love you.'"
She faltered that for him alone she'd wear a blossom.
Then swayed like supple willow, and tore her maidenhair.
For, madder than a hornet, before them stood her pop.
Who swore he'd came the fellow until he made him hop.
Oh, quickly rose Mary. She cried: "You'll rue the day."
Most cruel father, Haste, my dear, and let us flee away.
But that inhuman parent so pined the birth of their daughter.
He settled all flirtation between that hapless pair.
The youth a monastery sought and donned a black monkhood;
The matron ate poison ivy and died within a week.

Aphorisms.

"A man must have," he replied, "either great men or great objects before him, otherwise his powers degenerate, as the magnet does when he is turned towards the right corners of the world."—Jean Paul F. Richter.

Gather roses while they blossom; tomorrow is not today! Allow no moment to escape; tomorrow is not today. Today is the opportunity for knowledge and power. Knowest thou where thou wilt be tomorrow? time flies swiftly away. Procrastination of a good deed has often brought repentance to work while it is called today is my advice; time flies swiftly away.—Gleim.

The past and the remembrance of it have a never-ending power; and if painful longings arise to give ourselves up to it, it has yet an inexpressible charm. We can shut ourselves up in thought with those whom we have loved and lost—we can turn away in peace and freedom from all that is external, and though still active and beneficent, for ourselves we ask nothing, for everything that the heart has the power to enjoy is within our breast.—Wilhelm Von Humboldt.

Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he is better too. He that wrestles with us, strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amiable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.—Burke.

I think we may assert that in a hundred men there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from

A BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

The disorders of children seem to the rugged and hearty grown person to be simple and not particularly dangerous.

This point of view on the part of parents has been the cause of the loss of thousands of baby lives. You will always find that the mothers who are successful in bringing up families of healthy, happy children with scarcely a day's sickness are always those who are careful to note the slightest evidence of illness and to check the difficulty at once.

They do not belong to the class of mothers that stupefy their children with sleeping draughts and similar medicines containing opiates.

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the instruction they have received. It is an education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperfect impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important and of a long duration. It is with these first impressions as with a river, whose waters we can easily

turn by different canals in quite opposite courses; so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—John Locke.

MAPLE SUGAR.

Reminiscences for The Advertiser by Rev. W. W. Smith.

When I was a boy in the township of Dumfries, the neighbors told me that they all learned to make maple sugar from the Indians. I soon learned to do it myself. For how could they get maple sugar without boiling down or evaporating the sap? And we know they had absolutely nothing in the way of pots or pans for boiling. And even those who at the present day hold to this opinion are free to admit that there is no historical trace of the New England Indians making it before the whites came.

A few years ago I tried to fathom this mystery, and applied for information to several of the most likely sources; among others to Parkman, the American historian. But Parkman wrote me that he had no historical data on the subject, and "knew nothing about maple sugar further back than his childish recollections of New England." Then I tried the savants of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. They were inclined to the view that the Indians in Virginia made it before the whites came, but they "would search out the matter further." However, I never heard any more from them. The only statement regarding its history that I find moderately well supported is that it was first made (in New England), in 1737. There is not a word about it in the early history of the "Pilgrims" in Massachusetts, who first came in 1620. It would have been a great Providential boon to them if they had known how to make maple sugar! About the time of the breaking up of the snow is the most terrible time, as all our Canadian neighbors know, for new settlers in the bush. Then it is that the provisions are nearest run out, and help hardest to get. But I guess they were in New England a hundred years before somebody found out how to make it.

In Norway and Sweden the maple is used to how large an extent I do not know—for sugar making at the present day. And (if it were only for the name of the thing) in Great Britain itself, for the "maple" family is a large one, and they have some of the varieties. We have at least three varieties; the "hard" or rock maple, the "soft maple" and the red maple. The bark of the last is often used in backwoods dyeing, as the red it yields only needs to have copperas added to make a good black. Both the hard and soft maples will yield sugar, but

the "hard" is sweeter in sap. And even hard maple trees on low or wet positions do not yield nearly as much sugar, though even more sap, as when on high, dry, or even rocky places.

Half a century ago, in most of our older townships, when the snow began to melt away, though often still deep in the woods, preparations were made for sugar making. Pine or basswood troughs, thirty inches long, and about twelve broad, were looked after. If you bought them they were \$6 a hundred. The trees were tapped by two skillful strokes of the axe, making a small oblique gash, and below the lower corner a gouge was used and a "spout," shaped like a gouge, inserted. The sap dropped steadily during the day, and especially if it was a mild, sunny day, but stopped at night.

The boiling-down was very primitive. Two "five-pail kettles," hung over a long wood fire, with a smaller kettle to "feed" the others. And at night a "sugaring-off." The sap stored in a big trough near the works, and carried there by two pails hanging from a neckyoke on a man's shoulders.

It was slavish work, and did not amount to much after all, two pounds at the most from each tree. But the poor fellows in the new bush settlements were glad to do it—they had no money to buy sugar and in the more open-up townships it was a fine time for "fun" for the young folks. I have "made sugar" in the bush myself.

Way up in the Owen Sound bush country I once saw this startling announcement stuck up at a sugar camp:

NO SPARKING
ALLOWED
HEAR.

I did not ask whether it was some crusty old bachelor that lived there, but I supposed so.

The "sugaring-off" is always a time of rustic festivity. It can never become "fashionable" or belong to "society," for as Aunt Miranda says, "you'll be sure to muss your clo'es" with the "taffy." But it is in the "Eastern Townships," the English-speaking portion of Quebec, that sugar making has arrived at its greatest perfection. A "sugar social" there is something worth attending. Not so very long ago I spent three years in that region, and one of my "sweetest" memories is that of sugaring-off. The "sugar social," so called, was at the house; it was generally for some good object—the church or Sunday school, or something, and you paid your "quarter" to go in. You imagined you were going to eat far more than a quarter dollar's worth of warm sugar; but you were mistaken; it is easy, as you find, to be surfeited with it, and the promoters of the "social" knew that, or they would have charged you far more than a quarter.

But the plain "sugaring-off" in the Eastern Townships, would come about thus: Everybody made everybody else welcome to a "sugaring-off," and along in the afternoon, or early evening, when the "molasses" began to "boil up" and get thick, the man would just give a short series of prolonged war-whoops. That was the understood signal all over the country. Everybody within a quarter or half a mile would hear it, and the boys and girls would say, "Uncle Amos is hollerin',

we'll go and get some sugar!" Each one provided himself with a "paddle," a foot long and an inch and a half broad in the blade, and then a smaller one to put in his mouth, for you must not put a paddle from your mouth into the kettle.

There is always a demand for salt bacon, or smoked beef, or pickles after a "sugaring." But in a few hours after you had thought "you would never care to look at sugar again"—you are just as ready as before for another.

They evaporate the sap there in large flat sheet-iron pans. The sap is hauled in by oxen, with a few hours' rest after a "sugaring." But in a few hours after you had thought "you would never care to look at sugar again"—you are just as ready as before for another.

A farmer's wife told me, "if it's a

good season and we make 800 pounds, we use it all; and if it's a poor season and we only make 200, we make it do."

The Indians, on every "sugaring," make a good deal of sugar. They work on the old primitive style, and they are communistic with it. No single Indian owns any of the land, it belongs to "the band." So an Indian goes out and puts his "totem" on four beech trees at the four corners of the patch he intends to work in, and it is his for that season.

And an Indian woman (they don't like to be called "squaws"), will take the head of a wild duck and nicely clean and hollow it out and run maple sugar into it and give it to her baby for a "sweetie," and it is nice to look at, and sweet to taste, and lasts well.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

HIS TIME FOR SLEEP.

De white man say de weather hot—
De sun, he put me wrong!
But when de sun shine in my face
I sleep de whole day long.
De never see me say or reap—
De sun he put me right to sleep!

De white man hunt de oak tree shade,
En say, "Dis ain't no fun!"
But heah's one pesson ain't afraid—
He sleep right in de sun!
You never see me say or reap—
De sun, he put me right to sleep!

SURE TEST.

"Aunt Chloe," said the caller, "how does you get out de Philippines like de new colonies?"
"I guess he likes 'em fus' rate," sobbed the Amour avenue matron, "he went to an' dat he's done married a Filipino gal."—Chicago Tribune.

A TIMELY HINT.

The women should quit wearing white feathers in their hair. No one admires the white feather, even when it is shown in a whim of fashion.—Aitchison Globe.

VERY TRUE.

Sunny South—De world owes every man a living.
O'Way—Yes; but it costs more ter collect it dan it's worth.—Puck.

THE DARK STAR.

Funny how dey all turned out,
Chloe's chap en mine;
Den we thought er less er bout
Seemed to rise en shine.
Den we heard de pendence in,
Den we helped a heap,
Den wid sense en yallah skin
Wuh de brackest sleep.

Dah wuh Lucy, lily tall,
Bright en husson brown;
Dressed her up en spent mah all
Sendin' her to town.
Thought she'd get widout a doubt,
On de upah carpet,
But she ran off wid a tout,
Den cum back on her!

Dah wuh Jawee en dah wuh Lee,
Bright en dess so bright,
When dey straddled Chloe's knee
Dey cud read en write.
Thought dey wud mak dah mahk,
But dey ran away.
En dey's diggin' in de dahk
Prison mines today.

Nebah thought so much ob Jim,
He were brack en tall,
Cudn't beat no sense in him
Wid a dumbah maul.
Wid a dumbah maul,
Ob de family string;
Waitin' in a dinin' cah,
Labin' lak a king.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Two tramps, one from green Erin and the other from the land of our kraut, and puntericked, one night, exceedingly hungry, came to a farm house, the owner of which would give them lodging but no food. So to bed they went, supperless.

About 12 o'clock Hans got up and went softly down to the pantry. Having eaten a hearty meal, he returned, passing, from necessity, through the farmer's bedroom. When he got back Pat questioned him as to how he had passed Cerberus.

"And did ye not wake him up?" he asked.
"Ya," answered Hans; "but I yost stand still and say: 'Miaow, miaow.' I'll do the same myself," said Pat. Rising, he went slowly and cautiously down. But he was not so successful as Hans. As he entered the farmer's room he stumbled over a shoe, kicked a chair, and woke the farmer, who cried angrily:

"Who's there?"
"Oh, lay still!" said Pat, "O'm the cat."

WHEN THE HARVEST DAYS ARE OVER.

When the harvest days are over an' the fodder's in the barn,
An' the punkins big an' yeller are all stacked within the sheds,
An' the apples an' the 'taters,
An' the pickle green tomatoes,
An' the luscious beets an' turnips are within their winter beds;

When the harvest days are over an' the cider's running free,
Down the brown and luscious cheeses out beneath the eaves an' warm,
When the autumn winds come sighin',
An' the loosed leaves go flyin',
An' the partridge starts a-trumpin' on the distant wooded hill;

When the harvest days are over an' the frost is white an' thick,
An' the sheds are fixed for winter an' the stocks are snug an' warm,
When the little's singin' nightly,
An' the fire is burnin' brightly,
An' the hens an' turkeys shelter from the winter's cold an' storm;

Then a feelin' of contentment passes thro' my rustic soul,
An' I settle by the fireplace in the kitchen cozy cheer,
An' a happiness steals o'er me,
With the dreams that dance before
When the harvest days are over an' the winter time is near.

AN EXCEPTION CITED.

"Enthusiasm is contagious."
"Oh, not always; I've courted girls who didn't seem to share my enthusiasm," in the least.—Chicago Record-Herald.

DISADVANTAGE OF BEING RICH.

One needs to know Mr. William Vanderbilt well before he will become communicative; but of all the "colossal" men who have shown a predilection for European society, he is one of the most worthy. There is not a little finger's worth of snobbery in his whole body, and in the fifty-two years of his life he has probably never done a mean act.

"My life was never destined to be one of the 'colossal' kind, sitting on the walls of the deck, under the stars. 'You see, I have nothing to hope for—nothing sufficiently definite to be sought after, that I can't get.'"

"Is great wealth a handicap to happiness, then?"

"Inherited wealth—yes. It is as certain death to ambition as—well, as cocaine is to morality. If a man makes money, he spends it right along; it's part of his business in life."

"And you?"

"The point blank query seemed to startle him. 'Oh, I get all the fun I can out of things, and I'm quite pleased if other folks get something out of me.'"

"And do you really find managing your wealth a burden?"

"Not exactly a burden, but a distinct nuisance. Still, what is the use of talking about it? It can't be helped; I must see to it. That, too, is one of the disadvantages of being rich. From an interview with Mr. William K. Vanderbilt in the Week-End of London.

NO SURFACE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

Dorothy—How would you define a gentleman?
Katharine—Well, my idea of a gentleman is a man who looks and acts like a gentleman even when he isn't dressed like a gentleman.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CONCERNING INDUSTRY.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did you know some people says your brain works all de time?"
"I don't believe it," answered Mean-earin' Mike. "I'd rather de wit out sense altogether dan have such a foolish brain."—Washington Star.

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