

The Foster Mother.

Very tender is the expression of solicitude on the face of the youthful "foster mother" as she patiently stands with the bucket of milk trying to induce the young calves to drink it. Dipping one hand in the milk, she puts her fingers to the calf's mouth and is delighted to see she can coax it to take a little in that way. Feeding them alternately in this manner, she soon finds them eager to take the nourishment she is so anxious to give them.

The "Foster Mother" is an admirable representation of a very pretty Normandy paysanne, whose close-fitting French cap is most becoming to the modest-looking little maid. The sabots, according to our Canadian ideas, are more useful than ornamental, but they are dear to the hearts of the French peasants, the sound of their noisy "click, clack" being music to their ears.

"Oh! the rush of the tripping feet; oh! the lightsome hearts that beat;
Wild and sweet the merry tune of the clang of the wooden shoon.

Still I see them on the pier, all the kindly faces near,
Hear the wild and merry tune of the clang of the wooden shoon.

Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon; oh! the dance and the merry tune,
Happy sounds of a bygone day which ring in my heart for aye.

Household Economics Clubs.

In the *FARMER'S ADVOCATE* of Jan. 1st "J. M." presents a plea for the formation of "Farmers' Reading Circles," and suggests that the ladies read conjointly such subjects as "domestic economy or horticulture."

The writer begs leave to second this suggestion with the warmest approval, and also to offer for the use of the "Reading Circles" a course of reading outlined by the "Cooking School Teachers' League." At a convention held by this League at Chautauqua a Canadian farmer's daughter requested that a committee be appointed for this purpose, with a view to helping especially those in rural districts who are of necessity denied the advantages of domestic science schools or lectures on household economics. This committee had the assistance of an advisory board of seven prominent lecturers, physicians and professors of domestic science in agricultural colleges. So that it is with confidence we recommend the course of reading they have arranged with so much care.

This domestic science course is included in the Chautauqua system of education, that those who wish to take examinations and secure certificates may do so by paying the regular Chautauqua Circle fee of fifty cents. Circulars are to be placed in the hands of each Farmers' Institute secretary, and will be sent free to all who apply to the "Central Chautauqua Office," Buffalo, N. Y.

Where there is already in existence a woman's club or a W. C. T. U. this study could be taken up as a branch of their work. Where no such organization exists it is hoped that Household Economics Clubs will be formed for the purpose of studying all that pertains to the well-being of the home and its surroundings. Though this outline of work covers two years, it may be spread over a much longer period and additional books introduced from a list of references which is published in the circulars; also local physicians or teachers might be asked to give a talk or a lecture on some special subject bearing on this work. A reference library containing the best works available on these subjects would be a helpful institution, and might be made a goal of striving for ambitious Household Economics Clubs.

It is the aim of the National Household Economics Association to seek to have this study introduced in all women's clubs, public schools, agricultural colleges and all training schools, wherever "home-makers" can be reached and benefited.

MARY E. MILLAR.

Reading Courses in Domestic Science.

FIRST COURSE.

Physiology.

Physiology for Beginners; Foster & Shere; 75c.

Chemistry of Foods and Cooking.

Food and Its Functions; James Knight; \$1.

Food Adulterations.

Food Materials and Their Adulterations; Ellen H. Richards; 75c.

Sanitation.

Home Sanitation; Ellen H. Richards and Marion Talbot; 25c.

The Invisible World.

Story of the Bacteria; 75c.

Dust and Its Dangers; 75c.

Drinking Water and Ice Supply and Their Relations to Health and Disease; Mitchell Prudden, M. D.; 75c.

Primer of Hygiene; Ernest S. Reynolds; 35c.

SECOND COURSE.

Chemistry of Cleaning.

Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning; E. H. Richards and S. Maria Elliott; 50c.

Study of Plant Life.

The Essentials of Botany; Charles E. Bessey, Ph.D.; New Edition; \$1.25.

Hygienic Dress.

The Well-Dressed Woman; Helen Ecob; \$1.

Home Nursing.

Emergency Notes; Glentworth R. Butler; 50c.

Home Decoration.

The House Comfortable; Agnes Bailey Ormsbee; \$1.

[NOTE—Miss Mary E. Millar, Millar's Corners, Ont., will be pleased to help any of our readers who require assistance in the formation of Economics Clubs (or economic departments in other organizations) provided the inquirers in all cases enclose stamp for reply, as this work is entirely gratuitous.—MINNIE MAY.]

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Griffin and the Minor Canon.

Over the door of an old church, in a far-away land, there was carved in stone the figure of a large Griffin. It had a large head, with enormous open mouth and savage teeth; from its back arose great wings; it had stout legs in front, but there were none behind, the body running out into a long and powerful tail, finished off at the end with a



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barbed point. A long, long distance from the town, in the midst of dreadful wilds, there dwelt the Griffin whose image had been put up over the church door. Now, this Griffin had no idea how he looked. He had never seen a mirror, and, being the very last of his race, he had never seen another Griffin.

At last, being very anxious to know what he looked like, he determined to go to the old church and see for himself what manner of being he was. So he started off and flew on and on until he came to the suburbs of the town, alighting in a green meadow by the side of the brook.

The news of his coming spread quickly over the town, and the people, frightened out of their wits, fled to their houses and shut themselves up. The Griffin called loudly for some one to come to him, but the people were all the more afraid. At last he saw two men who were hurrying home through the fields, and in a terrible voice commanded them to stop. Not daring to disobey, the men stood trembling.

"What is the matter with you all?" cried the Griffin. "Is there not a man in your town who is brave enough to speak to me?"

"I think," said one of the men, his voice shaking with fear, "that—perhaps—the Minor Canon—would come." "Go, call him, then!" said the Griffin; "I want to see him."

The Minor Canon had just finished the afternoon service in the old church, and was coming out with three aged women who had formed the week-day congregation. He was a young man of a kind disposition who visited the sick and the poor, and taught a school composed entirely of the bad children in the town with whom nobody else would have anything to do. Whenever the people wanted something difficult done for them, they always went to the Minor Canon. Thus it was that the

laborer thought of the young priest when he found that some one must come and speak to the Griffin.

The poor fellow would rather have had his head cut off than face an angry Griffin; but he felt that it was his duty to go, for it would be a woeful thing if injury should come to the people of the town because he was not brave enough to obey the summons of the Griffin.

"Well," said the Griffin, as soon as the young man came near, "I am glad to see that there is some one who has the courage to come to me."

The Minor Canon did not feel very courageous, but he bowed his head.

"Is this the town," said the Griffin, "where there is a church with a likeness of myself over one of the doors?"

The Minor Canon looked at the frightful creature before him and saw it was, without doubt, exactly like the stone image on the church.

"Yes," he said, "you are right."

"Well, then," said the Griffin, "will you take me to it? I wish very much to see it."

The Minor Canon was afraid that the people would be frightened to death, so he suggested that it was nearly dark, and that it would be wiser to wait till morning.

"That will suit me very well," said the Griffin. "I am tired, and I will take a nap here on this soft grass, while I cool my tail in the little stream that runs near me. The end of my tail gets red-hot when I am angry or excited, and it is quite warm now. So you may go, but be sure and come early to-morrow morning, and show me the way to the church."

The Minor Canon hurried away, and found a crowd of people waiting in front of the church to hear his report of the interview. When they found that he had not persuaded the Griffin to go away, but was actually going to bring it into the town, they were very angry. Some of them tried to destroy the stone Griffin so that there would be no excuse for the real Griffin to enter the town. The Minor Canon said that this would enrage the creature beyond measure. But the people were so determined to break up the stone Griffin that the young man found that it would be necessary for him to stay there all night to protect it. Next morning he hurried away to the field where he had left the monster. Then he walked back, the Griffin flying slowly through the air at a short distance above the head of his guide. Not a person was to be seen in the streets, and they went directly to the front of the church, where the Minor Canon pointed out the stone Griffin. The real Griffin settled down in the little square before the church and gazed earnestly at his sculptured likeness. For a long time he looked at it. First he put his head on one side, and then he put it on the other; then he shut his right eye and gazed with his left, after which he shut his left eye and gazed with his right. Then he moved a little to one side and looked at the image; then he moved the other way. After a while he said to the Minor Canon: "It is; it must be an excellent likeness! That breadth between the eyes; that expansive forehead; those massive jaws! I feel that it must resemble me. If there is any fault to find with it, it is that the neck seems a little stiff. But it is an admirable likeness—admirable!"

The Griffin sat looking at his likeness all the morning and all the afternoon. The Minor Canon had been afraid to go away and leave him, but by evening the poor young man was utterly exhausted, and felt that he must eat and sleep. He frankly admitted this fact to the Griffin, and asked him if he would not like something to eat. He said this because he felt obliged in politeness to do so, but as soon as he had spoken the words, he was seized with dread lest the monster should demand half a dozen babies, or some tempting repast of that kind.

"Oh, no," said the Griffin, "I never eat between the equinoxes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An English paper tells of a clergyman who had two curates, with the older of whom he was at swords' points. On being appointed to another living, he decided to take with him the younger curate, whom he liked, and when he came to preach his farewell sermon he chose as his text, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

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