

afternoons by ferny lanes and harebell copses in the seasons of bird-nesting and bramble-gathering. These make the fragrant memories of after years, and again and again in later life, to the man jaded with anxiety and care, the old associations come back laden with pleasant regrets—a breath from the clover fields of youth.—[George Eyre-Todd.]

Literary Drugs.

There is a bookseller in Yorkshire who never tires of telling how once he "got even" with Alfred Austin, the poet laureate. This vendor of literary wares is a tall, thin man, with sharp features and a distinctly intellectual head, and Mr. Austin seems to have taken an interest in him from the first. Often and often he visited the shop, never to buy, but always to ask innumerable questions.

"How many books do you sell daily?" "Do they read about me here?" "What is the profit in bookselling?" These were samples of the poet's queries.

Then came the day when he took up a copy of Omar Khayyam, and asked, "Is this good?"

"Don't know; never read it," replied the shopman.

"What! You don't read the books you sell?" came the astonished question.

"Certainly not," was the concluding phrase of the conversation. "If you were a druggist would that lead you to eat any more opium?"—[New York Times.]

Domestic Economy.

USES FOR LEMON.

Lemons are a rectifier in cases of colds, liver complaint and biliousness. As a garnish for fish, salad, game and other dishes, they have no equal. Mix equal proportions of lemon juice and glycerine to moisten the lips of a fever-parched patient. Add five drops of juice to the water with which you brush the teeth. It will remove the tartar and sweeten the breath. A refreshing and appetizing dish for an invalid is made by mixing the juice of one lemon with the well-beaten white of an egg, to which has previously been added two teaspoonfuls powdered sugar. If a lemon is kept on hand with which to rub away stains on the nails or hands, they will quickly disappear. Salt and lemon juice will remove rust stains from linen without injury to the fabric. Dried lemon peel sprinkled over coals will destroy any disagreeable odor about the house.—[Exchange.]

USES OF TURPENTINE.

Turpentine, either in resinous form or in spirits, has a household value. A child suffering with the croup or any throat or lung difficulty will be quickly relieved by inhaling the vapor and having the chest rubbed until the skin is red, and then being wrapped about with flannel moistened with fiery spirits. Afterwards sweet oil will save the skin from irritation. In the case of burns and scalds turpentine has no equal. It is the best dressing for patent leather; it will remove paint from artists' clothes and workmen's garments; it will drive away moths if a few drops are put into closets and chests; it will persuade mice to find other quarters if a little is poured into mouse holes; one tablespoon added to the water in which linens are boiled will make the goods wonderfully white; a few drops will prevent starch from sticking; mixed with beeswax it makes the best floor polish, and mixed with sweet oil it is unrivalled as a polish for fine furniture—the latter mixture should be two parts of sweet oil to one part of turpentine. Some physicians recommend spirits of turpentine, applied externally, for lumbago and rheumatism. It is also prescribed for neuralgia of the face.

He was enjoying an ear of corn in the good old-fashioned way. "You look as if you were trying to play a flute," she remarked. "Oh, I don't know," he rejoined, "It's more like a corn-et."



Puzzle Competition.

VII.

Which country produces the lightest men—Ireland, Scotland or England?

VIII.

What is enough for one, too much for two and nothing at all for three?

IX.

A sheep, a frog, a duck, a chamelon, a skunk and a sardine all wanted to go to a circus, the admission was one dollar. How did they manage to get in?

X.

When is a ship foolishly in love?

XI.

When is a ship immoderately in love?

XII.

When is a ship like a young lady getting ready to go to a party?

XIII.

If I had a barrel that weighed exactly fifty pounds, with what could I fill it to make it weigh less?

XIV.

What of all things in the world lasts the longest yet goes the fastest, is the most neglected and the most regretted, without which nothing can be done, which devours all that is little and ennobles all that is great?

XV.

What is the largest room in the world?

XVI.

What is the largest state in the world?

XVII.—(Some towns in Europe.)

A plant (curtailed) and a domestic animal.

A contest and a carpenter's tool.

A vowel, a kind of wine, and a vowel.

Insane and a verb.

Open and a castle.

I will give full directions for this competition next week. C. D.

A Day on a Canadian Farm in Summer.

My two sisters, brother, and myself, have determined to go berry picking, and, accordingly, we are all up and dressed a little after 4 a.m. We creep down the stairs, so as not to wake the rest of the family.

The morning was a pattern one for July. The sun is just rising over the blue grey hills, far away to the east, sending a crimson glow over the horizon. As we are wending our way through fields of grain and meadows sparkling with dew, the sun rises over the gloomy hills clothed with tall pines, and sends forth a flood of light over the waving fields.

By this time the patch is reached, and we, eager to gather the fruit still wet with dew, clamber over the fence and are soon busy at work; while our faithful dog runs hither and thither in chase of squirrels and such prey.

As the sun grows hotter, we make our way over stumps and brush to the wood, where we find the berries larger on account of the shade; as we work away our pails grow gradually fuller, and before 11 a.m. we are all ready to return in high glee, with twenty quarts of fruit, and just the least bit hot and tired.

When we return home excitement prevails over the household. The first thing that greets our ears, "The bees are swarming!" One of us is immediately sent for the reapers, who are to be seen hard at work in the glowing harvest fields, or resting at noontide under the shade of the spreading trees. In the meantime the bees are buzzing in the air, and already beginning to light on a branch of a high apple tree; while the rest of us surround the tree, beating tin pans and spraying water amongst them, trying to keep the bees from flying away, until the men arrive. Still the mass of bees grows larger, and we

wait in breathless anxiety as the man climbs the tree, while the women spread a sheet, on which is placed an empty hive, directly under the bunch of bees. The man shakes the tree, the bees fall, and lie like a seething mass until the queen crawls into the hive, and the rest follow with speed.

It is half-past two in the afternoon, and having rested after our morning's fun, we are at loss to know what we shall do. At last it is proposed to go to the woods. Some take their books, to read in the cool shade, others search for wild flowers and game.

It was a beautiful walk, filled with golden sunshine, past orchards bending under the weight of fruit, rosy apples, pears, yellow and purple plums, chestnuts and walnuts. The clear river flowed below, bounded by tall poplars. On each side the neighboring rocks were covered with delicate ferns, while willows and alders dipped right into the water. On and on through the woods, crossing streams which nestled in the folds of the blue hills; dreamingly watching the exquisite play of light and shadow on the landscape round; at last we reach a picturesque place on a rocky hill, one side of it was very steep, ending in a precipice which overhung the river some thousand feet. Here we spread out our lunch in picnic style, of which everyone partakes heartily. As we are finishing our repast, we all watch the sunset, as a gorgeous pageant, till sometimes the very heavens seem to open and let down a flood of glory, tipping the summits with rosy red and shining gold. Observing the mountains, we find they have changed with the sun—blue in the morning, green in the midday heat, violet at sundown—and as we loiter on our way home, we see them black in the moonlight. JEAN L. SCOTT (aged 12). Victoria Square.



Who is This?

Here's a little maiden who wouldn't be polite;
Wouldn't say "Good-morning," and wouldn't say "Good-night";
Felt it too much trouble to think of saying "please,"
Slammed the door behind her as if she'd been a breeze;
Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take a run;
Ran away and lost herself, because it was "such fun."
Naughty little maiden! Isn't it too bad
That with all her blessings sometimes she is sad?
But the reason for it isn't hard to find,
For this little maiden doesn't like to "mind";
Will not do the things she knows she ought to do—
Who is she? Oh, never mind! I hope she isn't you!

The Blind Man's Friend.

One time there was an old blind man who lived in a narrow alley in London, and who was very poor. His house was a shattered old attic in a tenement house, but he trusted in God, and was enabled to keep it clean and tidy by his landlady, who had pity on him. He had a little dog whose name was Bony, and who loved him dearly. A little basket was tied around the dog's neck, and people dropped pennies into it as they passed by. He led his master about by a string, and never was he known to deceive him. One day a stray dog came down the street to where the blind man was and barked at Bony. This was a great temptation for Bony, but he looked into his master's face and overcame the temptation. Just then a wagon came down the street, and the man who was in the wagon took the stray dog into it and rode off. Bony felt very thankful that he had a home and a kind master. One other cold winter day a beautiful little girl, with a little pug dog by her side, came up to the blind man and talked to him for a while. She was richly dressed and had yellow curls. Her dog had a large satin bow around his neck, and together they made a pretty picture. She gave the blind man some money, and told him she would come again the next day. When she came again she brought him some edibles and gave him some more money. When the blind man died, which was not long after, he gave Bony to the little girl, and she loved him as much as she did her own dog. Bony was so grief-stricken that he died a few weeks after his master had been laid to rest.

"Only one little deed of kindness done,
Only one little word of pity said,
Yet it has brightened the path of many a man,
As onward through life he sped."

GLADYS WALLS (aged 11). Elmvale.

Talk Happiness.

Talk happiness!
Not now and then, but every
Blessed day.
Even if you don't believe
The half of what
You say;
There's no room here for him
Who whines as on his
Way he goes;
Remember, son, the world is
Sad enough without
Your woes.
Talk happiness each chance
You get—and
Talk it good and strong!
Look for it in
The byways as you grimly
Plod along;
Perhaps it is a stranger now,
Whose visit never
Comes.
But talk it! Soon you'll find
That you and Happiness
Are chums.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to
bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the
floor,
Still gazing at them through the open
door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not
please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes
away
Our playthings one by one, and by the
hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the
what we know.

Recipes.

Fruit Cake: 2 eggs, 1½ cups molasses, ½ cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful cloves, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 cup raisins seeded, 1 cup currants, 3 cups "Five Roses" flour. Bake in a slow oven for two hours.