

thought he would go still further afield, and see what was to be got in Ireland. It was the "Emerald Isle" even then—and, of course the shamrock—and there were herds of cattle, just what the Norwegian warriors wanted for food.

One large herd had at this time been brought in before the king, but amongst it were certain cows of a poor peasant, who humbly implored that they might be given back to him as they were his only means of living.

"But how can you tell which are yours?" quoth Olaf.

"Please, sire," replied the countryman, "nothing is easier—my dog will know them."

"Well, then, let him try," was the answer, and both king and courtiers smiled, incredulous, since to their eyes each one looked like the other.

"Now, Viq," said the peasant, and with a whisper in his ear of his own native tongue he sent him forth to the herd.

With a rush and a bark and a way of his own he singled out this one and that one till the right number were separated and stood apart, the owner's property intact.

"Well done, noble creature!" cried King Olaf, delighted with his sagacity. "I must have that dog; I will buy him."

"Nay, sire," said the Irishman, "I could not sell him, for he is more than money's worth to me; but if your Majesty will accept him, take him as a present, and away in your country they will see how clever and how faithful an Irish dog can be."

The king took off the gold ornament about his neck and bade him keep it as a remembrance, and Viq became his property. Back to the Norway shore he bore him, and prized him much. In many a battle he was by his side—yes, as faithful to a Royal master as he had been to a humble one; and as tradition tells us, he was slain at last in a fight, Olaf's spear having killed an idolater, but not before the idolater had wounded Viq; and so passed away the Irishman's dog.

A contemporary tells a good story concerning a railway carriage dispute. A gentleman who had secured his corner seat by placing a handbag on it was surprised and pained to find on his return from the book-stall, perhaps, a lady in occupation of it. Gently he remonstrated with her. "Perhaps you are not aware," she said patly, "that I am one of the director's wives." "My dear madam," retorted the aggrieved passenger, "if you were his only wife it would be no reason for taking my seat." Then she hastily sought another compartment.

"'Tis worth a wise man's best of life,
'Tis worth a thousand years of strife,
If thou canst lessen but by one
The countless ills beneath the sun."

Renovating Old Furniture.

"Where in the world did you find this lovely set of furniture?" asked one friend of another.

"In my attic among discarded lumber," was the reply.

"Please explain."

"I needed another bedstead, dressing bureau and washstand for my little guest chamber, but could not now afford to purchase them, so, I brought down these antiquated articles, rubbed them off with sandpaper, painted them white, three coats, varnished them finally, and renewed the handles. This is the result."

"Well," said the friend, "nothing could look newer, cleaner and daintier."—Christian Intelligencer.

A Paradise for the Sportsman.

The wild rugged grandeur of its scenery, the health giving properties of the atmosphere, the primeval wilderness and the surroundings and the splendid fishing and hunting grounds of the Lake Nipissing and French River District in the "Highlands of Ontario," about 200 miles north of Toronto and reached by excellent transportation service, are attracting thousands of sportsmen who do not care for the gaieties of the modern summer resorts, but prefer the untrodden forests and the pleasures to be derived from out-door life. Black bass, maskinonge and pickerel fishing unexcelled. Handsome illustrated publication sent free upon application to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Montreal.

Wasps and Their Ways.

Two boys took a walk with a naturalist one morning.

"Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?" he asked, pointing to a puddle, around which some of them were busily engaged.

"I don't," replied one of the boys, "except that they seem to come and go."

The other observed them closely, and said:

"They fly away in pairs; one has a little pellet of mud, the other has nothing."

"I am glad you have discovered something," responded the naturalist, "but both wasps were busy; the one you thought idle had a drop of water to carry. They reach their nest together; the one deposits the mud and the other ejects the water upon it. They then mix it, and fly away for more, and thus the nest is gradually built."

The boys never forgot the incident, nor the lessons which their kind friends sought to point out, namely, the industry and patience of the wasps, and the importance of acquiring knowledge by careful observation.

Literary Notes.

THE COSMOPOLITAN for August is bright and readable. Savinia Hart writes of *The Way to Win a Woman*, and Frank C. Drake of *Shakspeare in Modern Settings*. In the way of fiction we have *A Romance of the Executive Chamber*, by Wm. R. Lighton, *Realization*, by Josephine Elyom, *Cupid and the River God*, by Wm. McLeod Raine, and *Shaughnessy and The Turnpike Toll*, by Wm. Hamilton Osborne. Irvington, New York.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for August contains an article entitled *Home Life of the Indians* in which their life of to day is contrasted with that of long ago. Other interesting articles are *A Homely Sweet—Honey from a Canadian Bee Garden*; *A Queen's Summer Outing*; *The Family Horse*; and *The Magic Power of Exercise*. Under the department called, *The Table*, many good recipes are given. Dominion Phelps Company, Toronto.

Especially attractive for midsummer reading is the number of *THE LIVING AGE* for August 1. Opening with an article from the *Edinburgh Review* on "The Supernatural in Nineteenth-Century Fiction," and following that with the instalment of "The Oberles" in which M. Bazin's fascinating story draws towards its climax, it contains also some delightful letters of Charles Dickens, just published in *Chamber's Journal*, and a clever short story from the *Cornhill Magazine*, called "His Excellency's Aigrette."

BABY'S SECOND SUMMER.

WHY IT IS A DANGEROUS TIME FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Baby's second summer is considered a dangerous time in the life of every infant because of the disturbance to the digestive functions caused by cutting teeth during the hot weather. In slightly less degree every summer is a time of danger for babies as is shown by the increased death rate among them during the heated term. Of great interest to every mother, therefore, is a comparatively recent discovery of which Mrs. David Lee, of Lindsay, Ont., writes as follows:—

"My little girl had a hard time getting her teeth. She was feverish, her tongue was coated, her breath offensive, and she vomited curdled milk. On the advice of our doctor I gave her *Baby's Own Tablets* and she began improving at once. She had not slept well at night for about three months, and I was almost worn out caring for her. Nothing did her any good until I gave her the tablets. Now her food digests properly, her breath is sweet, her tongue clean and she is quiet and good. I can strongly recommend the tablets to other mothers as they cured my baby when nothing else would."

Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent postpaid at twenty five cents a box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, (the mid-summer number) contains a large number of excellent short stories. The first is a quaint and delightful one called, *The Castle of Content*, illustrated with colored pictures, reproductions of paintings by Howard Pyle. Some of the well known authors writing for this number are Robert W. Chambers, Margaret Beland, Arthur Colton, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Marie Van Vorst and Brander Matthews. Alice Brown begins a rather strong novelette, "Judgment," and the editor announces that Mary Johnston's new serial will be ready for the fall. Harper and Brothers, New York.

THE STUDIO for July opens with an article by Mrs. Frances Keizer on *The Work of Albert Paul Benard*. Then follows a short description of Mr. G. P. Bankart's *Lead Work*, by Ernest Radford. Wynford Dewhurst's second article on *Impressionist Painting* is most interesting, the illustrations being remarkably fine. In *Some Recent Portraits*, by Harrington Mann, reproductions are given of seven portraits. Studio Talk is full of interest as usual, and the several supplements are most valuable. 44 Leicester Square, London.

If there is no good in us we will see no good in anything.

