

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

One of our good neighbors, who claims she can interpret "baby talk," vouches for the truthfulness of the following having fallen from the lips of a sweet little blossom of humanity that recently came to a home in our city: "I am here. And this is what they call the world. I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler, whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me good now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say: 'Hush, don't wake Jane's baby.' That's me. I am 'Jane's baby,' and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Jane. No, I am mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Charley's baby, and looked at me, and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Charlie. He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's 'Ganna.' Jane told me, and then she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said: 'It was Ganna's baby, so it was.' I declare I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out."

A WORD TO BOYS.

Our young friend, did you ever know—can you call to mind a single case of a person, who, having his own way to make in the world, spent his time on the street or in any other form of idleness or dissipation, to succeed in an eminent degree in any enterprise? Look over your list of friends and acquaintances and note their course. Do you not find upon examination that those who to-day are men of influence and honor, were the youths who made the most of their time, turning it to good account? And, on the other hand, do you not find that those who stood on the corners with a pipe or cigar in their mouth, went from bad to worse, from worse to ruin? Sadly must the answer be made—oh, that it were not so—they

CONSERVING THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

The soil is the one great factor of foundation not only of agriculture but of the nation's welfare, hence it is practically impossible to spend an excess and care on its cultivation and preservation. Therefore any knowledge that results from experience is of the greatest value. A deal of information acquired from such experience in Bulletin No. 27, second series, entitled "Soil fertility, its economic maintenance and increase," just issued by the Department of Agriculture of which Dr. Frank T. Shutt, the Dominion Chemist, is author, and which can be had free by application to the Publications Branch of the Department at the capital. Dr. Shutt sounds an intensely practical note of warning when he argues that we have been terribly wasteful of plant food and that every effort should be made to maintain and increase the fertility of our soils, and, by more rational methods, endeavor to put a stop to that waste. While the warning is directed to the Northwest, "where farming has been likened to mining," Ontario and Eastern Canada generally are summoned to account. In brief, a change is called for from extensive to intensive farming, the lesson that is sought to convey being that there is more profit in high tillage and conservation in cultivation than in methods of mere routine. Having gone minutely into the properties, necessary treatment and application of farmyard manures, the doctor supplies a table giving the approximate average composition of manure (fresh) from various animals, describes the manurial value of clover, the component elements and beneficial influence exercised by fertilizers, and refers to the places occupied by wood ashes and seaweed as potassic fertilizer. He goes into the virtues of gypsum and nitrate of soda as indirect potash fertilizer, concluding in an instructive review of the chief means by which the productivity of the soil may be increased and preserved, by urging farmers to make greater use of the various means and agencies provided by the governments—Federal and Provincial—for the assistance of the man on the land by information, advice and demonstration. "There is no country," he avows, "better provided than Canada in this respect." Regarding manure, two important facts to be remembered are that where it is not at once utilized by being put into the soil, or on to the soil, one-third of its initial value is lost, and that the loss is least where the manure is kept compact and protected from rain.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

have failed. Will you profit by the experience of others? Go not that way. Never be idle. Every moment of your time is a golden one, use it as such, improve the mind, fix your mind on some noble object; be men. The call is for men; will you not be one of that number who can say, "I am a man!"

THE IRON BAR.

A bar of iron worth \$5, worked into horse shoes, is worth \$10.50; made into needles, is worth \$35; made into pen-knife blades, is worth \$3.85; made into balance springs of watches, it is worth \$250,000.

What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that. But hammered and beaten and pounded and rolled and polished, how its value was increased! It might well have quivered and complained under the apple knocks it got; but were they not a necessary to draw out its fine qualities, and fit it for higher office?

So we say to the children and young people who weekly read this department, all the drilling and training you receive at home and at school, and which seems so hard to you, is all necessary to bring out your nobler and finer qualities and qualify you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.

The true mission of this paper in general and this department in particular, in this wonderful age of progress, is to be magnanimous, "with charity toward all and malice towards none." It speaks the truth boldly for the truth's sake, and cherishes justice as the apple of its eye. It seeks by the prosperity of right principles and high thoughts, to be useful as well as popular, to build up truth and tear down error—in short, to improve and ennoble, as well as to please and entertain mankind.

Six things are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection and lighted with cheerfulness. Industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity every day; while over all, a protective canopy of glory, and nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Woman is more practical than man, much more so. When a man discovers that he is losing his hair he invests lots of money in hair restoratives, which never do a bit of good. A woman does not waste time or money on restoratives, she goes and buys more hair.

The word orphan is one of the saddest in the human language.

New Patents.

List of Canadian and American patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal and Washington: Canada—Joseph Nap. Piche, St. Basile (Portneuf), Que., Fire escape; Hector Daoust, Lachine, Que., Combined letter sheet and envelope; K. E. Ericsson & G. W. Dahlsrom, Stockholm, Sweden, Automatic switch in telephone systems; Dennis Donovan, Montreal, Fender for vehicles; Ernest W. Potter, Yerville, Eng., Internal combustion engine of the two cycle type; Dr. James L. Warren, Montreal, Water carburetor. United States—John F. Hayes, Consort, Alberta, Road vehicle; Alfred A. Frechette, Grand Forks, B.C., Cattle guard; Charles A. Foulger, London, Ont., Garment stay; Mederic Lafontaine, Charlemagne, Que., Work holder.

Rod and Gun.

In his story "Two Bags of Wild Ducks," in the September number of Rod and Gun, which is now on the news-stands, Bonnycastle Dale, the naturalist writer and contributor to many Canadian as well as American journals, compares shooting with the gun to shooting with the camera. "Duck Days on Pitt Meadows" describes a duck shooting expedition in another Province, that of British Columbia. "A Bit of Sekirk Bush" is a humorous sketch of an expedition through the Selkirk while "With Dad in the Forests of Quebec" tells something about the good hunting and shooting that is to be had in that Province. The magazine for September is replete with stories of interest to the lover of the out-of-doors and the special departments devoted to Guns, and Ammunition. Conservation, Fishing Notes, The Kennel, etc., are also of particular interest. This representative Canadian sportsman's magazine is published at Woodstock by W. J. Taylor, Limited.

Unconscious Over Three Months.

Hubert St. John Peddle, wounded seven times and twice knocked out by poison gas, probably holds the unconsciousness championship of the British army.

At Ypres gas overcame him and he was out for days. He recovered and went back to the front and again got his lungs full. During his period of service he was unconscious three months and eleven days.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FOR THE CHILDREN

Sleepy Time Story Adapted From an Old Highland Legend.

SHREWD REYNARD OUTWITTED

Little Cock and Hen Prove Too Smart For the Wily Beast With a Bushy Tail—Things of Interest to Little Folks.

Now, kiddies, said Uncle Ben, I'm going to tell you a story about

SLY FOX AND HIS DEFEAT.

Once upon a time Master Red Fox was walking alone, searching for a dinner, for he had eaten a very scant breakfast.

Soon he spied a cock and hen scratching around in a field.

"The very thing I need," said he to himself. "They will make a fine meal for me."

So he stole along very quietly until he had almost reached the two birds.

"There's many a sly 'twixt cup and lip," says the old proverb, and just as Red Fox had put forth a paw to grasp the cock the hen chanced to see him, and, with a loud "cluck, cluck," to warn the cock, up she flew into a tree near by, closely followed by the cock.

The fox was a cunning fellow, however, and began to converse with them in very friendly terms.

"I hope you are not afraid of me, my dear?" he called up. "I feel so very friendly. I was just coming to ask you to take a walk with me; it is such a beautiful, fine day."

"You are very kind," answered the hen, and the fox was sure he heard her chuckling to herself, "but we prefer flying to walking. We have so much more of an outlook."

For a long time they sat thus until the hen became very anxious to go home, but was afraid to venture for fear of being pounced upon by the fox.

"My dear," she exclaimed at last to the cock, "please look over there by the roadside and see if that is not our master with his gun and his dogs."

"It is, indeed, my dear," answered the cock, "and they are coming straight toward us."

"Oh, indeed," said Master Red Fox. "Then must I go. It is getting late, and if I wait until the dogs come I fear I will be detained too long. They are so very agreeable."

And away trotted the fox and never stopped until he reached his den.

The cock and hen then flew down and soon sought their home in the barn.

But the fox, weary and hungry and angry, lay in his den, thinking hard.

"I wonder if the master and the hounds were coming?" he said to himself. "It would be like those saucy birds to deceive me. Never will I trust them again."

What Am I?

That I'm the center of gravity I'm sure you'll allow;

Invaluable, being first in victory, all will agree;

A capital position in Vienna I hold;

Always in voice, though out of tune, behold!

I've been though in the midst of a river—seen.

Oh, there are three in love with me, I ween.

Although I've three associates in vice, you say.

It is vain to seek me, for let me tell you, pray,

That I've been in heaven since ages have gone by.

And embalmed in the grave even now I lie.

Answer—The letter V.

The Salad Bowl.

Shrimp Salad.—A can of shrimp, three boiled eggs, boiled thirty minutes. Slice eggs, mix with shrimp; then turn over the whole a dressing made of an egg, a dessertspoonful cornstarch, half teaspoonful salt, pinch red pepper, a tablespoonful butter. Mix quickly and well and stir all into half a cupful of hot vinegar. When cold mix with a cupful of cold cream.

Apple and Celery Salad.—Slice the tops from four large apples and scoop out the pulp. Mix this with a cupful of crisp celery cut into small bits and broken English walnut meats. Then add mayonnaise dressing made with out mustard. Fill the apple shells with this mixture, put on the tops and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Oyster Salad.—A large can oysters, six soda crackers, six stalks of celery. Roll crackers fine, chop oysters, leaving two or three for garnishing. Chop white part of celery and two hard boiled eggs. Mix well, adding salt and pepper. For dressing cook two well beaten eggs in a cupful vinegar, add a piece of butter size of a walnut and flavor with liquid from oysters. Pour over the oysters and garnish with sliced hard boiled eggs.

Tuna Fish Salad.—Materials—A tablespoonful gelatin, one-quarter cupful water, three-quarters cupful water, three-quarters cupful cooked salad dressing, a cupful flaked tuna fish, one-half cupful chopped celery, one-half green pepper shredded fine, two tablespoonfuls chopped olives, one-quarter teaspoonful paprika, one-half teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls vinegar. Utensils—Two bowls, knife, spoon. Directions—Soak gelatin in two tablespoonfuls cold water ten minutes, then dissolve in two tablespoonfuls hot water. Add dissolved gelatin to salad dressing. When it begins to thicken add fish, celery, pepper, olives, and seasonings. Mold and chill. Remove from mold and garnish with one or two lettuce leaves, pickles, celery tips, and rings of pimientos.

THIRST TAMES WILD BEASTS.

Savage Brutes Respect Each Other's Right to Drinking Water.

Just as one dog will respect another dog's bone so even the fiercest forest beasts have their unwritten laws and their little conventions.

One common idea which has found its way into scores of books of adventure is that the lion and tiger take advantage of the insistent call of thirst to get a supper—that is to say, they go down to the water pool, the only one for miles around, take a good drink themselves and then lie in wait for some gazelle or giraffe or ibex coming there for a like purpose in order to spring upon the poor creature while in the act of drinking and make a meal of it.

Yet this is a libelous estimate of wild beast character. The fact is that there is a sort of truce of the water hole in jungle and forest. As far as killing is concerned the drinking place is out of bounds. There is an invisible notice board on its banks which says, "Live and Let Live," and it is implicitly obeyed.

There is an order of precedence. The rhinoceros gets first drink. He is the Dreadnought of the forest jungle. Then comes that old ironclad elephant.

When he has lowered the tide mark and made the water more like coffee than anything else the big pussy cats stroll down to quench their ardent tongues—the lions, the leopards in Africa, the tigers in India, the jaguars and pumas in South America.

Meanwhile the shy animals—the giraffes, deer, springboks and even the buffaloes, although they are a match for a lion—stand in the background and wait till the carnivora have done. But the latter never prevent their approach to the water or waylay them on their retirement. And that is better manners—aye, and better morals—than many men show.—Pearson's.

INDIA'S FAMOUS ROAD.

It Was the World's Greatest Highway Before Rome Was Born.

Search where you will, you will find no highway in the whole world so romantic as the Grand Trunk road of India.

A stately avenue of three roads in one—the center of hard metal, the roads on each side ankle deep in silvery dust—fringed by double rows of trees, it runs for 1,400 miles through the vast northern plain which skirts the Himalayas, from Calcutta to far Peshawur, which keeps sentinel at the gate of Afghanistan.

From horizon to horizon it stretches like a broad white ribbon, as seemingly straight as if traced by a gigantic ruler. And dotted along its entire length are hundreds of serais (wayside rest houses), each with its arched and turreted gateway, its spacious inclosure, in which humans share shelter with oxen, camels and goats, and its central well of sparkling water.

For 3,000 years the Himalayas have looked down on this road and seen it as they see it today. It was the world's greatest highway before Rome was cradled, when the aboriginal Indians drove their cattle over the very spot where the motorcar dashes today.

Alexander the Great led his Greeks along it to the coasts of northern India, and Buddha himself took his daily walks along it centuries before Christ was cradled.

It has seen a hundred generations come and go, a score of dynasties rise and fall. And yet today it is to the eye exactly the same as in the long gone years when Nineveh was a proud city.—New York Journal.

Parrots of Mexico.

What the wild wigwag once was in point of numbers to the United States the parrot, of varying shades of color and all sizes, is to old Mexico. Flights of these birds frequently darken the midday sun in the hot country, and they become so tame around the camps of engineers that the birds are given individual names and soon become regular pets. Whenever the parrots desert the forest and alight on the ground in the open spaces of the jungle the natives recognize their actions as sure warning of an impending earthquake.

Second Sight.

An Irishman and his English friend were out rabbit shooting. They had been very unsuccessful and were returning, disheartened, when they saw a hare dart out of the hedge.

Mike, in amazement, failed to shoot, and the hare escaped.

"Why didn't you shoot it?" asked the Englishman.

"Shure," said Mike, "I didn't see it till it was out of sight."—London Telegraph.

Something Easier.

Neither the bride nor the bridegroom knew much about housekeeping. He was helping with the Sunday dinner and had split about a thousand peas with a carving knife. Then he spoke up:

"Darling!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Don't let's have split pea soup. Let's have mashed potatoes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gladstone's One Pun.

It is not generally known that Gladstone once in his life made a pun. When Blonfin appeared at the Crystal Palace he went to see the acrobat and remarked that the performance was very interesting to a chancellor of the exchequer as an example of balancing.—London Standard.

To give awkwardly is churlishness. The most difficult part is to give. Then why not add a smile?—La Bruyere.

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DATES OF AUTUMN FAIRS.

Almonte—Sept. 19, 20 and 21.
Alexandria—Sept. 12 and 13.
Avonmore—Sept. 20.
Beachburg—Oct. 4, 5 and 6.
Belleville—Sept. 14 and 15.
Carp—Oct. 4 and 5.
Casselman—Sept. 6.
Cobden—Sept. 26 and 27.
Delta—Sept. 18, 19 and 20.
Frankville—Sept. 28 and 29.
Kemptonville—Sept. 23 and 24.
Kingston—Sept. 26, 27 and 28.
Landdowne—Sept. 21 and 22.
Lombardy—Sept. 9.
Maberly—Sept. 26 and 27.
Merrickville—Sept. 14 and 15.
Metcalfe—Sept. 19 and 20.
Milledale—Oct. 6.
Napawee—Sept. 12 and 13.
Ottawa—Sept. 8 to 16.
Pakenham—Sept. 25 and 26.
Perth—Sept. 12, 13 and 14.
Renfrew—Sept. 20, 21 and 22.
Spencerville—Sept. 26 and 27.
Williamstown—Sept. 21 and 22.
Wolfe Island—Sept. 19 and 20.



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