



WATERING TIME.

In the long spell of dry weather which we had in this Province last fall, that never-failing well, and the pump, and the big tub, and the young lady that has hold of the pump-handle, were worth much. How much? Well, it would be very difficult to express the value of the whole arrangement in figures. Money cannot buy everything. Old tubs and patent cast-iron pumps don't cost very much; but

what is the price of a well that never goes dry, or of a real, true, genuine young woman, whose heart overflows with kindness to man and beast, whose remembrance of the wants of others is as unfailing as the well itself, and who may possibly, in a press of business, neglect to take her own breakfast, but will never allow the poor dumb animals to go without their usual drink for a single minute after the clock has struck the accustomed hour? Here, as ever, the giver is a gainer. The exercise

undergone in doing such "little deeds of kindness" deepens the tinge on the dimpled cheek and brightens the smile on the ruby lips. Oh, ye daughters of the farm, do not give away your birthright of health and happiness! Did you ever see a drug shop with the shelves on one side occupied by sensational novels? The druggist knew his business. Eschew the "too utterly" aesthetic. Pick up a broom, grasp a rolling-pin, take hold of a pump-handle, shake, and be happy.