

FARM AND GARDEN.

The stalks of the rhubarb plant are the parts used. They contain a very agreeable and healthful acid, and as they come in early in the Spring, when fruits are scarce they are largely used for making sauces, pies, &c., for the table. The stalks are pulled off from the roots, from which they part easily, and the leaves are cut off near the junction with the stalks, which are tied in bundles of six or eight stalks or three, even, when they are large.

Much confidence is not to be placed in the fixing of rations for cows unless some special kind of feeding is to be followed. If the ordinary hay or corn fodder and cornmeal or peameal, with bran or oats, are to be used, it would be sufficient to base the daily ration on twenty pounds of the best clover hay, with ten pounds of mixed meal and the grains mentioned, grown together in equal proportions. If any addition is made to this, it may be of buckwheat, added to such an extent as is found, on carefully weighing the milk at each milking, to make a profitable increase. When the increase of food costs more than the increased milk, the time to stop the food is reached. Every feeder of cows should test this for himself.

A cow that will continue to give milk for three years is one to be cherished. If treated rightly, such a continuous milk is a valuable animal. If she is about to come in again and is not yet dry, the milk should be drawn only once a day, and not all taken then. This probably will reduce the quantity, so that if she does not stop milking wholly, there will be no risk in doing this purposely. It is not advisable to keep on milking any cow until the fresh calf comes; it is apt to cause trouble when the calf is dropped. But by good care it may be quite possible to avoid risk by keeping the feed down, without any grain, and hay only. After the calf comes and the risk is passed, the feeding may be increased up to the usual quantity.

If one wants to succeed in some kinds of business he must make a sensation of some kind. Here is one that has worked successfully for an apple grower who hit upon a novel plan for branding his apples. He selected a fine tree bearing apples of the principal variety. Then he prepared slips of sized paper, and on these stenciled his name. A couple of weeks before picking time, he bound a slip of paper around each apple on the sunny side of the tree, having the part containing the name on the side toward the sun. When the apples were picked, the slips were removed, and the name of the grower was plainly shown on each apple. One of these apples was wrapped in tissue paper, and placed in the top of each barrel. On the head was stenciled the advice, "Look for the name." The novelty of the thing has attracted great attention to his apples.

There is nothing new in this but in the application of it. It is the sunlight which colors the fruit, and to shade any part of it in the way mentioned will print any device on it. It will be a good thing to do with everything to be sold. Let the consumer know who the producer of what he consumes is. It evokes a sort of companionship and acquaintance that is useful in business, and creates confidence between the two, which is not likely to be abused by any attempt to cheat or take undue advantage.

There is no farm animal that is fed for salable product but may be made to greatly enrich the soil by its feeding. Sowing cows, with the addition of the silo for winter feeding, the pasturing of sheep in the summer, and the feeding of them in pens in the winter, are both well-known methods of improving land. But the pig is equally as useful in this way as either of the two mentioned. The trouble with the pig and his degradations are due to the failure to give him a chance. Even the child left to himself brings his mother to shame, and this pig left to himself will infallibly bring his owner to shame and loss. In the feeding of a pig nothing is taken from the soil but what is returned to it, three or four fold. Hogging down green crops, or roots, or grains, cheaply grown, is a way to make the cheapest pork and to enrich the land at the same time.

This may be begun with Fall-sown rye, which will last until after midsummer, when oats and peas, early sown, will follow. Then comes the second growth of the clover, then a later crop of oats and peas, of which the straw is ripe and this will completely fatten them in the best way making the very finest meat and wholly free from any taint. Such meat fed this way with the waste milk would sell with the greatest ease in the form of home-cured bacon, hams, and fresh sausages at fully one half more than the ordinary highest prices obtainable otherwise. It is one of the ways for the producer to get close to the consumer, and save all the leaks that happen between the two when this close connection is not made.

Mr. Nathaniel Mortenson, a well-known citizen of Kalamazoo, Mich., and other Superior People, who for a long time, suffered from the most excruciating pains of rheumatism, was cured, three years ago, by taking Ayer's Serravallo's, having never felt a twinge of it since.

FIRESIDE FUN.

This world is full of queer people, as anyone can see by looking in the mirror.

The home-made shirt is hardly a work of art, but it is often "hung on the line."

Humanity may now be divided into those who ride bicycles and those who dodge them.

The client complained that his lawyer said "You can talk freely with me," and then sent him a bill.

"I think Nell's new photos must be exactly like her." "Why?" "She hasn't shown them to a living soul."

There is a man in Brixton who has such a hatred of anything like monarchy that he won't wear a crown to his hat.

What is the proper height for a real lady to raise her skirts when walking in muddy weather? Just a little over two feet.

"All well at your house?" "Yes, times are so hard that not a soul in the family has been sick for a year."

Jimmo: "Tommy Grogan is takin' of gittin' him a byssicle." Mickey: "Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tyres."

Mrs. Johnson: "Your husband has great ability." Mrs. Simson (who has discovered her husband): "Yes; irritability."

"George, dear, you go in and ask papa's consent, and—George—if anything should happen I'll go to see you every day till you're well again."

Hoax: "Does Silicious know anything about music?" Joak: "No; he doesn't know the difference between a string orchestra and a rubber band."

Little Girl: "Let's play we are married in a keepin' house." Little Boy: "Let's don't. My teacher say it is wrong to fight."

"Your wife seems anxious to be up to date, Tugby." "Up to date? She's way ahead. She's got a lot of trouble borrowed for year after next."

"Have I made myself plain?" asked the leopay girl. "Miss Bloomington," answered the coming man, shyly, "there are some things impossible even to you."

Little Peter (for the fortieth time): "Aunt, what do they call it when a king is crowned?" Mrs. Malaprop: "Don't be so importunious, Peter. He is said to be coronised."

Proprietor (to Editor): "Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like." "What?" "Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"

Bobby: "Say, mamma, was the baby sent down from Heaven?" Mamma: "Why, yes." Bobby: "Um! They like to have it quiet up there, doesn't they?"

Dink: "Yes, I thought of marrying Miss May at one time, but the affair was broken off owing to an impediment in her speech." Jinks: "How as that?" Dink: "She found it impossible to say 'Yes.'"

First Biologist: "Did you hear that fellow on the crossing kick when I ran him down?" Second Biologist: "Yes. Silly of him, wasn't it?" I remember I used to do the same thing myself before I got a wheel."

Mr. Newera: "I thought your wife was a New Woman?" Mr. Muchbleet: "Well, she was. But she has sort of given it up." Mr. Newera: "What made her give it up?" Mr. Muchbleet: "The new baby."

Museum Proprietor: "What's wrong with our old new midget? He doesn't seem to draw." Manager: "Of course not. See what a mess you've made of the advertisements. You've put his height as three feet. Make it thirty-six inches and the people will come with a rush."

Magistrate (to prisoner): "What are you?" Prisoner: "A dock labourer, yer washup." Constable: "Why, he's scarcely ever out of prison, your worship." Prisoner: "Well, I'm always been sentenced to hard labour in this 'ere dock, so if I ain't a dock labourer, wot am I? Yah!"

Miss Jellus (to Miss Mature, who is handsome, but not so young as she used to be): "I believe you paint your cheeks." Miss Mature: "No, I don't; nature paints them." Miss Jellus: "Then I must say I wonder at nature choosing such a worn out piece of canvas to work on!"

Mr. Bawker (distractedly): "My wife is out of her mind! She doesn't know what she's saying!" Mr. Henpeck: "My dear friend, I sympathise with you. At the same time, I cannot help remarking that I only wish my wife did not know what she was saying at times, for she says the most awful things."

Employee: "Sir, I would respectfully ask you for an increase of salary. I have got married lately." Manager of Works: "Very sorry, my friend, I can be of no assistance to you. The company is not responsible for any accidents that happen to our men when off duty."

THE BENT PILL.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Farmee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." FOR DELICATE AND RILATED CONSTITUTIONS these Pills not like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

DOMESTIC READING.

There is a higher law than the constitution.—Seward.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.—Boiste.

God has commanded time to con sole the unhappy.—Joubert.

Every day we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

Never fear to bring the sublimest comfort to the smallest trouble.

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.

The horse that is ever bounding makes a short journey long. The man that is ever vaunting performs little.

It is a sure evidence of the health and innocence of the beholder if the senses are alive to the beauties of nature.

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—Rochefoucauld.

The fruition of what is unlawful must be followed by remorse. The cock sticks in the throat after the apple is eaten, and the sated appetite loathes the interdicted pleasure for which innocence was bartered.—Jane Porter.

He who, when he has once knocked, is angry because he is not forthwith heard, is not an humble petitioner, but an impudic exactor. However long he may cause thee to wait, do thou patiently tarry the Lord's leisure.—St. Peter Chrysostom.

Beauty, truth and goodness are not absolute; they spring eternal in the breast of man. . . . And that Eternal Spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them for ever, for His mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.—Emerson.

Taste is that faculty by which we discover and enjoy the beautiful; the picturesque and the sublime in literature, art and nature; which recognises a noble thought as a virtuous mind welcomes a pure sentiment, by an involuntary glow of satisfaction.—Willmott.

Life and death are wrongly named, for what is this life but the mother of corruption? And therefore a constant dying is the true way to the life of the blessed. There is but one true life—that which leads to life eternal; but one real death—the loss of the soul.—St. Gregory Nazianzen.

If we wish rural walks to do our children any good, we must give them a love for rural sights, an object in every walk; we must teach them, and we can teach them—to find wonder in every insect, sublimity in every hedgerow, the records of past worlds in every pebble, and boundless fertility upon the barren shore.—Kingley.

The angel of little sacrifices has received from Heaven the mission of these angels of the desert, the prophet speaks who removed the stones from the road lest they should bring the feet of travellers. And that of the angels who, according to the simple legend of the first Christians, scattered rose-leaves beneath the feet of Jesus and Mary in their flight into Egypt.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every movement of my eyes dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every incoherent desire goes to sleep. I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; I hear the wail of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.—Thomas Hardy.

Culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule to which he fashions himself, but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful and becoming, and to get the raw persons to like that. . . . The ideal of human perfection is an ideal of spiritual activity, having for its character, increased sweetness, increased light, increased sympathy.—Matthew Arnold.

I have little belief of true vocations being destroyed by contact with the world. I don't mean the contact with sin and evil, but that contact with the world which consists of such intercourse as is natural and necessary. Many boys seem to have a vocation in whom it is but appearance. They go to school, and the appearance fades away, and then people say, "They have lost their vocation," when, in truth, they never had one.—Cardinal Manning.

They take very unprofitable pains to endeavor to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise the world and all that is in it, even what they themselves live in. God hath not taken all that pains in vain, and framing, and furnishing, and adorning the world, that they who were made by Him to live in it should despise it; it will be well enough if they do not love it so immoderately as to prefer it before Him who made it.—Clarendon.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pains, burns, bruises, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure, and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

Chats With the Children.

Where the engine thrills and the white steam fills
Our eyes as you hurry by,
With brow austere, the engineer
Sits testing quietly
His face is dark, but a glowing spark
Lights up his eye, so keen,
It has caught the light he has done his task,
And has done it well I ween.
Or, perhaps, before, "mill race and roar,"
Takes the hardest run in the land.
He must climb his foot, his lips beneath,
And take his life in his hand,
But his head is clear—he knows no fear,
And, clasping the throttle bar,
He cleaves the dark as "the soaring hawk"
Mounts up to the clouds afar.

But sleep in his thought he forgetteth
Naught
Of his over-riding care
The smile on his lip is the gay wave tip
That the solemn ocean bears
He would rather fail, at the throttle bar,
Quiver with death a alarm,
Than that any soul under his control
Should come to the slightest harm.

And so through the night and the sweet daylight
Our grimy heroes stand,
With a million men in their keeping, when
They dash across the land,
They have sped through flame, where no
succor came,
Save that their brave hands brought,
And they fell at their post counting life
well lost,
For the rescue they had wrought.

They may think us cold, those hearts of gold—
But lips may hide
A soul of flame, which faint would claim
A boat for the burning tried,
And whenever I pass the engine glass,
Through his praying pane I peer,
And breathe a prayer for the brave man
there—
God bless the engineer!

—KATE UPSHUR CLARK.

FROM TREE TO NEWSPAPER IN 116 MINUTES.

A trial was recently made in Australia to decide in how short a space of time living trees could be converted into newspapers. At Epsom, at 7.55 in the morning, three trees were sawn down; at 9.34 the wood, having been stripped of bark, cut up, and converted into pulp, became paper, and passed from the factory to the press, from when the first printed and folded copy was issued at ten o'clock. So that in 146 minutes the trees had become newspapers. The age of miracles is not passed.

A CANADIAN CARIBOU HUNT.

O. Grant La Farge in the August Atlantic describes a Canadian Caribou Hunt.

As we reached the open and turned northward along the western shore, Pierre Joseph, and I, who were somewhat ahead of the others, saw what brought us to a halt,—fresh tracks. They led across our path, straight for the nearest island. The caribou were not long gone, and we instinctively lowered our voices to a whisper as we discussed the probability of their being behind the island. But no; as I looked ahead again I saw another line across the snow. We advanced; these tracks led back from the island to the shore, and were so fresh that at the bottom of each deep hoof-print the water which overlies the ice under the heavy snow was not frozen,—a significant fact with the temperature still well below the zero point. There was no whispering now; we raised our eyes to the shore, which was in shade and fringed with a dense growth of cedars. Too bad—they had gone up into the woods; it was past mid-day and too late to follow them; if we had only got here a little sooner! But hold I! What's that? In the gloom of the dark cedars I saw a dim grey shape, motionless; then another. And now I realized that I had done a foolish thing, one that some years of experience should have taught me to avoid; I had let the cover on my rifle. Slowly and cautiously I drew it off, not daring to make a sudden movement, but breathless with the fear that the game might start, for one jump into the bush and the only chance was gone. My heart was beating so that I wondered if the caribou would not hear it, when just as I got the rifle free they started,—not two of them, but three, and not into the woods, but straight across the snow over the lake, about a hundred yards away. They were running, and with a swiftness that demanded quick shooting, and that was surprising in snow which, though less deep here than in the timber, still was such that a man would be practically helpless in it without snow shoes. They sank so deep that as they ploughed ahead the movement of their legs could hardly be seen, but was more than suggested by the flying lumps and clouds of snow that rose about them. Their thick set bodies looked large and dark against the dazzling surface beyond them, and contrasted sharply with their long hoary manes. I lighted on the leader and fired, and as I saw him stagger perceptibly I heard another shot. George had come up and was beside me, opening fire on the second. I kept on at the first one, shooting as long as he moved, until at the third shot he pitched forward and lay in

the snow. Then as I turned my head I saw George's boast sinking, and we both fired almost together at the third, now a good long shot, but after another volley, down he went, too. Luck, pure and simple, after all, but then we had expended considerable skill during the past week with little to show for it, and this we considered our fairly earned reward. Then we made the tour of our quarry,—three bulls. No coup de grace was needed; they were stone dead. They lay upon their sides, with heads outstretched, and the tumbled snow covering up their black, powerful legs and big round black hoofs which carry them abroad when all other deer are fast bound by impassable barriers of snow. Their sleek sides glistened in the sunshine and we saw the color of their bodies, a hue the exactest balance between brown and gray; an absolute neutral, which, with their white heads and long haired gray throats, makes them seem of the very essence of the northern forest and the winter time.

ICELAND.

The subject of the general intention for August The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart is Iceland. We read that: In 1561, Christian III, King of Denmark, after having vainly attempted to plant Protestantism in the island by the softer arts of persuasion, tried the sterner methods of sending men of war. The Bishop John Arason, put himself at the head of a small army and swore to meet death rather than abandon to the heretics the cause of God's Church. He was successful in several engagements but was finally handed over to the enemy by a traitor, and was beheaded on the seventh of November, 1560. He died a hero, and with him died the Catholic hierarchy in Iceland. The Lutheran form of religion was then proclaimed the only religion of the State.

But the people of that northern island, as if loath to yield up the old faith, retained much of the ancient Catholic ceremonial and Catholic spirit. The Lutheran morning service is still known after three hundred and fifty years as the Mass, and at various places may be seen crucifixes, trip tyche and pictures of saints, to recall bygone Catholic days. Devotion to the suffering Saviour is still retained in vigour amongst them. A Protestant minister, Hallgrum Pekkerson, a Sodal of remarkable genius, composed a magnificent poem of fifty books on the Passion of Our Lord. It is one of the most beautiful works ever written on the subject. Every Icelanders possesses a copy, and knows it almost by heart. During the season of Lent it is sung in every family, one book every day. Still more striking, perhaps, is the fact that the cold worship of Lutheranism could not extinguish among these poor people the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. One of the most celebrated Protestant Bishops of the island, Bjolfeldt Sveinsson, a poet of merit, composed in honor of Mary a noble book of poems. The book was never printed, but it still exists in Iceland and at Copenhagen. It was towards this unfortunate people, hidden in the Arctic seas, and separated from the true Church for three hundred years, that Leon XIII turned his eyes last year. From 1561 to 1864 no attempts had been made to convert this distant and lonely island. In 1864, two French priests undertook the difficult task. Only one family was converted, and this is still the only Catholic family on the island. In 1895, the Sovereign Pontiff gave orders to the Vicar Apostolic of Denmark, Mgr. Van Eucl, to establish a Catholic mission in Iceland, and last autumn two secular priests were sent thither to begin the work.

Private letters received since mention the cordial reception they met with at Reykjavik. They opened a small chapel for public worship, and at the first Mass the crowd was so great that many had to return home, being unable to find room. In the evening, at the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, which was followed by a sermon, the church was filled long before the appointed hour, and the crowd outside was four times as large as that within. A family presented itself at once for instruction, and the urgency of building a church became evident. For this purpose it would be necessary to collect alms.

There have been found, among the population of seventy five thousand, some three hundred lepers who are sorely in need of being cared for. Father Sveinsson, an Icelandic Jesuit, has undertaken the work of collecting from generous Catholics throughout the world the wherewithal to build a leper house. It is consoling to learn that heroic souls are not wanting to nurse those poor afflicted people; for besides the Sisters of Saint Joseph, who are preparing to open a school as well as to take care of the lepers, six secular ladies have already offered themselves for the charitable work. The Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart are earnestly requested to pray for the success of this mission, which our Holy Father has undertaken to maintain. There is every reason to believe that the generous, hospitable, religious nature of the Icelandic race will readily accept again the true faith which was wrested from it over three hundred years ago.

PRAYER.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the

prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Holy Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostolicity of Prayer, in particular for the return to Catholicism of Iceland, which has been so long a time separated from the true Church.

Home Rule and the Irish Party.

LONDON July 30.—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in an article in the Contemporary Review for August on "Home Rule and the Irish Party," reviews the prospects of Home Rule, and concludes as follows: "Finally a word as to the position of the Irish Party. The position is as yet far from good, but only those who are on the inside of the Party can see how much it has changed for the better in the last six months. Disunion is not yet dead, but it is dying; not so much of its own return to sound and loyal action, owing to the pressure of circumstances. The fear of disunion is, I believe, running towards its end, and a spirit is rising up which will compel even the most factious to return to the old party discipline. In about a month from the date when this article appears a great Convention of the Irish Party will assemble in the Irish capital. Boycotted by some, neglected and ignored by others for a time, this Convention has opened by attracting serious, and in some quarters, enthusiastic attention, and all the signs point to its being one of the most influential gatherings that ever met in Dublin to discuss the future of Ireland. It is my forecast that this assembly will not allow itself to be diverted by the discussion of personal ostentatious incidents, and attacks, but its duty and its inclination will be to lay down a broad and intelligible platform of National unity and party discipline, and to leave to the future the settlement of how far this man or that lives up to this platform. From the deliberations of this body, then, I expect to see a new movement and a new spirit arise. When the Irish Nationalists are united, the question of what Home Rule for Ireland is to take in Ministerial programmes will settle itself."

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

The Brand of the Orangeman.

WALTHAM, MASS., Aug. 18.—Frank A. Preble and Edward Arch, two carpenters, took the royal purple degree in a new lodge of the Order of Orangemen two weeks ago, and because of the severity of the initiation they swore out warrants for assault and battery and cruelty against John G. Graham, Daniel Tracy and O. O. Nickerson, officers of the lodge. Before Judge Luce in the District Court today the respondents were given a private hearing, and the testimony developed the facts that the two men were branded on the breast and legs with red-hot irons. With both men the same results followed, their wounds became running sores, and their sufferings were great. They protested against the branding, but were forced to submit to it. The iron was heated over a gas jet by one of the lodge officers, and its imprint left a blood red burn the size of a silver half dollar. The court reserved its decision, but in event of conviction civil suits are to be instituted. All sides seem impatient, and the testimony was taken behind closed doors. Preble, however, said to night: "I am an American citizen, and I don't propose to be branded like a jackass or a broncho without remonstrating. My protests proving of no avail, I have besought the aid of the law."

"Papa, what is a 'walk in life'?" "It's that profession, my boy, in which everybody has to run like mad, or get left."

Depravity distorts the moral vision, and causes it to be deceived on the subject of moral principles; so that it is clearly impossible for a person who is not good to be prudent in the best sense.

What a man does with his wealth depends upon his idea of happiness. Those who prize life are apt to spend tastelessly, if not viciously, not knowing that it requires as much talent to spend as to make.

The care of his own health and morals is the greatest trust which is committed to a young man; and often and often the loss of ability, the degeneracy of character, the want of self-control, is due to his neglect of them.

Grain that has been heated will not do for feed, nor will it make good bread. If grain is at all damp when thrashed, it should be thoroughly dried by spreading it on a floor in a dry, airy place and allowing it to over-heat a day until it is quite dry. Anyhow, even dry grain will heat, because, unless it has been kept in a stock or in a mow long enough to go through a fermentation or full ripening, which it will do when gathered in large bulk, this fermentation will cause the grain, and will be liable to injure the grain, destroying its value for seed or bread. Heated grain is sweeter than other grain, and may be used to advantage for feeding to animals. It is always best to crush or coarsely grind wheat or rye before feeding it, as it is better digested.