grease cups batter, th minutes.

fee cup of sugar s of flour, 1 to on of soda, espoon of clove nutmeg. two cups of sug thirds of a cup hree eggsand the

powder. Flav This is a very One cup each of , one-half cup

ponful each of soda nd three heaping wo cups flour, 2 baking powder, 2 if not desired

Beat the egg and add the flour and k or water. AD. -Two cups of m meal, one cup of

uls of yeast. Mir ver night. In the ul of soda and steam t in the oven for 15 ke a crust as for ch thick. First fill

s sliced fine. Then

ove. Put the crust

in the crust to let

eaten with sugar y remnant of boiled the same amount of milk ; also two eggs butter; season with d parsley. Bake in

e cup of molasses 1 cups of raisins chopcup of milk, 1 tea. easpoon of soda, one ves, I small teaspoon l egg. Boil or steam hree cups of sugar, 1

s of flour, 1 cup of of 7 eggs, 2 teaspoons poonful of soda. One ficient for both cake ting first and cocoa-

ty large tomatoes, 6 s, 8 green peppers, 12 10 tablespoonfuls of ar. Chop the onions boil all three together rly boiling put in the

AL PUDDING .- Two pint of Indian meal. salt, two-thirds of a on with cinnamon; 1 milk; then stir in the iling point; then add and bake. Nice with

in order has been isforbidding manufacto sell nickel-plated stated that vinegar inces dissolve nickel, ons of one-seventh of ng, and is even more

a Joke.

ull of mischief, is as t, as a French one is entiment. Years ago ce of public resort at nite Conduit House, vere after the style of entertainment being

were respectably frelast century they of Oliver Goldsmith, s of their existenceed in 1849-the com-About 1820, when ot so common as they onautic machines was from this place, and witness the feat was l. the noted sportsa party of male and

of people assembled, the ascent came, it whole thing was a balloon, and the prohad bolted with the

he mob knew not their wrath, until, aind of private box, ked that Sir George them "furriners," was "werry likely gang that's cheated

; hoots and howls, began to assail the Sir George expostuad been as much a is they. A cabbage by way of reply. nous vegetable, he "Perhaps the genwill chuck a bit of isn't good without f laughter followed as turned in a mo-

attempt to molest passed out, their asefore raised a cheer, attack slapped Sir d pronounced him

Them.

n is becoming quite d ?"

ng some very cred thought highly of ve more than once he would make his

seen any of his seen his name

o you think of

d any of them Good gracio

at I write poets

YOUNG FOLKS.

the Boy Who Set A Snare For The Bun. AN INDIAN PAIRY STORY.

At the time when the animals reigned in he earth, they had killed all the people but girl and her little brother, and these two vere living in fear, in an out-of-the-way

The boy was a perfect little pigmy, and ever gre w beyond the size of a mere infant; ut the girl increased with her years, so hat the task of providing food and shelter ell wholly upon her. She went out daily ing. get wood for the lodge-fire, and she took er little brother with her, that no mishap night befall him, for he was too little to eave alone. A big bird of mischievous isposition might have flown away with him. he made him a bow and arrows, and said

him one day : "My little brother, I will leave you beind where I have been gathering the wood; ou must hide yourself, and you will soon e the snow-birds come and pick the worms at of the logs which I have piled up. Shoot

he of them, and bring it home.' He obeyed her, and tried his best to kill ne, but he came home unsuccessful. His ister told him he must not despair, but try gain the next day.

She accordingly left him at the gatheringplace of the wood, and returned to the lodge. Toward nightfall she heard his ittle footsteps crackling through the snow, and he hurried in and threw down, with an air of triumph, one of the little birds he had killed.

"My sister," said he, "I wish you to skin it and stretch the skin, and when I have killed more I will have a coat made out of them." "But what shall we do with the body?"

she said, for they had always up to that ime lived upon greens and berries. "Cut it in two," he answered, "and season our pottage with one half of it at a

It was their first dish of game, and they relished it greatly. The boy kept on in his efforts, and in the course of time he killed ten birds, out of the skins of which his sister made him a little coat, and a bird-skin

to spare. "Sister," said he one day, as he paraded up and down before the lodge, enjoying his new coat, and fancying himself the greatest little fellow in the world—as he was, for there was no other beside him-" My sister, are we really alone in the world, or are we playing at it? Is there nobody else living? And, tell me, was all this great broad earth and this huge big sky made for a little boy and girl like you and me?"

She told him by no means, there were many folks very unlike a harmless girl and boy, such as they were, who lived in a certain other quarter of the earth, who had killed off all their kinsfolk, and that if he Canadian brave lads and fair lasses would live blameless and not endanger his life, he must never go where they were. This only served to inflame the boy's curiosity, and he soon after took his bow and arrows, and went in that direction. After walking a long time and meeting no one, he became tired, and stretched himself upon a When snowflakes silver the bare maple trees, high green knoll, where the day's warmth had melted off the snow.

It was a charming place to lie upon, and he fell asleep; and while sleeping the sun beat so hot upon him that it not only singed his bird-skin coat, but it so shrivelled and shrunk and tightened it upon the little boy's | Nay ! who will deny that winter is King? body as to wake him up.

When he felt how the run had seared and the mischief its fiery beams had played with the coat he felt so proud of, he flew into a great passion, and bebrated the sun in a terrible way for a little boy no higher than a man's knee, and he vowed fearful things against it.

"Do not think you are too high," said he ; "I shall revenge myselt. Oh, sun! I will have you for a plaything yet."

On coming home he gave an account of his misfortune to his sister, and bitterly bewailed the spoiling of his new coat. He would not eat-not so much as a single berry. He lay down as one that fasts; nor did he move, nor change his manner of lying for ten days, though his sister strove to prevail on him to rise. At the end of ten days he turned over, and then he lay full ten days

on the other side. When he got up he was very pale, but very resolute, too. He bade his sister make a snare, for he informed her that he meant to catch the sun. She said she had nothing; but after awhile she brought forward a deer's sinew which the father left, and which she soon made into a string suitable for a noose. The moment she showed it to him he was quite wroth, and told her that would not do, and directed her to find something else. She said she had nothing-nothing at all. At last she thought of the bird-skin that was left over when the coat was made, and this she wrought into a string. With this the little boy was more vexed than be-

fore. "The sun has had enough of my bird-

skins," he said; "find something else." She went out of the lodge, saying to her-She did not dare to answer this time that she Freer than all the wings of birds which fly, had nothing. Luckily, she thought of her own beautiful hair, and pulling some of it from among her locks, she quickly braided it into a cord, and, returning, she handed it to her brother. The moment his eye fell upon this jet-black braid he was delighted. | Cares come, and sorrows with their blighting breath

"This will do," he said, and he immediately began to run it back and forth through Strong men bear down before the reaper Death, his hands as swiftly as he could; and as he drew it forth he tried its strength. He said | But love sustains the heart and strengthens to endure again, "This will do," and, winding it in a glossy coil about his shoulders, he set out a little after midnight. His object was to catch the sun before he arose. He fixed his It dignifies the lowly heart and softens pride; snare firmly on a spot just where the sun must strike the land as it rose above the earth, and sure enough he caught the sun, so that it was held fast in the cord and did

not rise. The animals who ruled the earth were immediately put into great commotion. They had happened. They summoned a council to debate upon the matter, and an old dormouse, suspecting where the trouble lay, hing to undertake, as the rays of the sun could not fail to burn whoever should ven-

ture so near to them. At last the venerable dormouse himself hair's-breadth of actual good. undertook it, for the very good reason that no one else would. At this time the dormouse was the largest animal in the world. tain. It made haste to the place where the though. You're the chap ma says would be tained, to the top and back of the head. of their buisness is to prove to us that we are you a Christian?" Oh, no" was the reply, sun lay ensnared, and, as it came nearer and

with the heat, and the whole top of its huge bulk was furned in a very short time to en-ormous heaps of sahes. It succeeded, howver, in cutting the cord with its teeth and freeing the sun, which rolled up again, as round and beautiful as ever, into the wide blue sky. But the dormouse, or blind woman, as it is called, was shrunk away to a very small size, and that is the reason why it is now one of the tiniest creatures upon

The little boy returned home when he discovered that the sun had escaped his snare, and devoted himself entirely to hunt-

"If the beautiful hair of my sister would not hold the sun fast, nothing in the world could," he said. He was not born, a little fellow like himself, to look after the sun. It required one greater and wiser than he was to regulate that. And he went out and shot ten more snow-birds, for in this business he was very expert, and he had a new bird-skin coat made, which was prettier than the one he had worn before.

The Farmers' Song.

BY ARCHIE MACK. We are the jolly farmers, We till the teeming earth, We gather in our harvest With jollity and mirth. We feed the poor mechanic Who toils the whole day long. And, when the evening cometh, We sing the Farmers' song. OHORUS.—Ah, happy are we farmers, In winter and in spring, In summer and in autumn The self-same song we sing!

To us the city merchant Looks for his daily bread, The titled lord and lady By us are also fed. The lawyer and the statesman, And all the motley throng, Depend upon us wholly, Then raise the Farmers' song : CHORES.—Ah, happy are we, etc:

The doctors and their patients, The monarchs on their throne, All look to us for sustenance,— What power the farmer owns We feed the poor and needy, We feed the weak and strong, And while we toil and labor, We sing the Farmers' song.

CHORUS.—Ab, happy are we, etc: Who would not be a farmer, And cultivate the soil? How happy in our freedom Are we, despite our toil ! Tis we who guard the nation From tyranny and wrong,-Then join us in singing The sturdy Farmers' song.

CHORUS, — Ah, happy are we, etc:

Winter, the King of Fair Canada's Year.

BY NORA LAUGHER. TENE.—" Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses." Gaily welcome each season that passes; They're proud of the charms of their picturesque land Where nature has lavished with bountiful hand; But proudest of all, Spring, Summer or Fall, Are they of the drear Winter, the King of fair Canada's year.

Happy voices float on the icy breeze As merrily down the steep toboggan slide Many stalwart lads and pretty maidens glide; For foremost of all, Spring, Summer, or Fall, Stands winter the drear,

Winter, the King of fair Canada's year.

List to the sleigh-bells that merrily ring As they sweetly tinkle thro' the frosty air Seems each merry tinkle to firmly declare That foremost of all, Spring, Summer or Fall, Stands winter the drear, Winter the King of fair Canada's year.

The Sunny Side-

True it is that cloud and mist Blot the clear blue weather True that lips that once have kissed Come no more together.

True that I have lived alone With my pale dejections True that I have learned to moan Over crushed affections.

True I loved with right good will, Mourned my hopes departed, Dreamed my golden dream, and still Am not quite broken-hearted.

But it moves me never, For the good-the good it grows, Buds and blossoms ever. What has been can be again, Love to love returning,

Byil comes and evil goes,

Sunshine always follows rain! Bright my hopes keep burning. Vain regret to mourn the past!

Be hopeful, never falter. To-day your lot 'mid sorrow cast, To-morrow things may alter.

The sunny side of life should be Our first consideration, And if it is, our lot shall be Content's continuation.

> An Earthly Heaven. BY JACINTA JAQES.

Love is more boundless than the sea or sky, Than moon or stars more beautiful and fair.

Love sweetens labor. At the close of day The weary ploughman to his home retires, The laughing children meet him on the way, And cheery glow their humble hearthstone fires.

Sickness and famine spread their fearfull pall; And one by one home's cherished idols fall.

Bends o'er the couch of grief with words of cheer, Soothes with its tone the pain it cannot cure, And on its breast the dying feel no fear.

Brings comfort to the soul by sorrow riven. With love a daily dweller at the fireside, Your cottage walls bind in an earthly heaven.

Time Present.

Day after day our span is shortened and our powers are lessened; but those who dehad no light, and they ran to and fro, call- sire to do good have always time wherein ing out to each other and inquiring what to effect it, and love and virtue do not perish. Example and the good we do in life are our truest immortality. For one life that we have redeemed by our own, one improposed that some one should be appointed petus that we have given to the ball of proto go and cut the cord. This was a bold gress, we may well give years of personal sorrow; and no time is lost that shows a brave front to pain, that bears disappointment with equanimity, or that does one

such a good catch for our Mary.

A poulties rightly used, is a sovereign remedy for many ills, especially local inflan mations and awallings. Here are a few their appropriate uses :-

Always poultice a boil as soon as its character is detected. Change poultice often enough to keep hot until the boil is softened. Then have the boil opened, and continue the poulticing, changing less frequently unless discharge is free.

Poultice a felon in the same way, but do not wait for the swelling to soften. Open as soon as convinced of its character. Waiting often causes death of bone.

Apply a poultice to any angry looking, hard swelling, if grateful to the feelings of the patient. A joint swollen and painful from a sprain, is often wonderfully relieved sulphite of soda is a good remedy. by a poultice changed every hour or two. In pneumonia and pleurisy, after the

acute onset of the disease has passed, nothing gives the patient more relief than a hot poultice changed often. Other deep seated inflammations, as inflammation of the liver, chronic gastritis,

and inflammation of the bladder and other pelvic organs, are often relieved by poultices thoroughly applied. In some cases of chronic dyspepsia of long standing, relief is most speedily obtained by

the use of poultices applied over the stomach almost continuously for several days or weeks in succession. The efficacy of the poultice is due to its warmth, moisture, and emollient properties. There is little special virtue in the

particular article used. Bread, linseed, and slippery elm, are the most useful in the majority of cases. It is seldom necessary to apply the ma-

terial of the poultice, directly to the affected part. It is much cleaner and more convenient to put the poultice in a bag of thin muslin or cheese-cloth. Poultices should never be applied to the

How to Cure a Cough.

First of all, stop coughing. Threefourths of the coughing is from sheer force of habit. There are thousands of people who spend an hour every morning of their lives in unnecessary coughing. A little irritation is felt in the throat. A cough is set up, and habit keeps it going until the irritation provoked by the cough, produces a really serious disease. Coughs are sometimes contagious. Some old lady who has a pet cough which she has nursed for twenty years or more, sets the ball rolling in church just when the minister begins to read the hymn. Another auditor takes up the tune, another and another from al quarters of the house, until they fairly make the arches ring with chin music. The minister continually, raises his voice in his effort to drown the noise, but he is no match for a hundred people, hemming and hawking and interjecting chest coughs and throat is an act under control of the will in a very ed Bobby. large number of cases, and that a little application of the "mind-cure" is appropriate? The writer has cured many chronic coughs by simply ordering them stopped. Try it.

A Winter Tonic.

People who shut themselves up in a stove or furnace-heated houses during cold weather depriving themselves of the delicious, crisp, winter air, with its dense, pure, life giving oxygen, are preparing themselves for a not mysterious "dispensation of Providence in the spring in the form of a spring fever, or "biliousness," or some other well deserv ed punishment for their cowardly fear of

one of nature's most efficient tonics. Nothing is more really invigorating than a walk in a keen, frosty atmosphere: How the cold air makes the nose and the cheeks tingle! How sharply the air cuts as it is drawn into the lungs in panting breaths and how the cheeks glow, and the eyes sparkle ! and with what increased energy does the mind apply itself to its tasks! and how the clouds clear away from the mental horizon, under the exhibarating influence of pure, cold air, when one returns to his study or his desk after a half hour's vigorous tramp through the snow of a winter's morning with the temperature away down below nothing!

Artificial Digestion. The modern craze for predigested foods, has created a new and immense industry. Scores of firms are competing with each other in the production of novelties in the line of digested foods. By the delusive descriptions of the merits of these preparations, many people are deceived into the belief that the digestive process to which these foods are subjected, is a real substitute for the natural process of digestion within the body. That this is not true was shown by the experiments of Sir Wm. Roberts. This eminent physiologist made an experiment with two healthy kittens. One he tell me what you have learned?" fed by digested food, the other upon milk. The first named soon fell behind the other in weight, showing the superiority of food in a natural state as an ordinary diet.

Hardening Against Colds.

According to Dr. Brown Sequand's experiments, colds generally result from exposure of the soles of the feet or the back of the neck, which are the most sensitive parts of the body. He advises as a preventative, other." that the feet and neck be hardened by exposure to cold. The feet are daily placed in is blown upon the back of the neek with a bellows. The same effect may be obtained in the old fashioned way of bathing the neck with cold water every morning, on ris-

If you feel faint, get into a horizontal ro-Hot water is much to be preferred to cold. | can live without it.

rater over the heart as well, by means of a faintness occurs while taking a hot bath, immerse the head in the water for a few minutes, instead of getting out of the bath, as is usually directed. The latter method generally sends one headlong to the

Run-Rounds.

This disease of the finger nails, technically known as "paronychia," is now definitely shown to be a contagious disease. According to a recent report, an epidemic of the disease which broke out in a school in southern France, originated from a single case. Children suffering with this affection should be kept out of school, and not be allowed to mingle with other children until cured. Carbolic ointment or a solution of

For a Felon.

Don't waste time with plasters and poultices, dipping in lye and "smart-weed tea. If you have a felon, go at once to a good surgeon and have it lanced deep. The knife should go down to the bone, then healing will be prompt and much mischief may be averted.

He Always Lost His Load. Waggish Clerk-"I see you've hired Tim Dolan to drive one of the wagons."

Waggish Clerk-" Well, that's for you to find out. Where he was employed before he was all the time losing his load." Express Manager—" Why, he came well recommended. What did he haul?"

Do You See ?

"Is it not a pity that Watson's arms are so short?" said Walker to his friend. "He is so handsome, and well-formed in other

respects." "Oh, it does not make any difference," returned bis friend, "he always chooses a girl with a very slender waist, see ?" Walker saw.

Do You? Miss Chillingly: So, Mr. Robinson, you kept a diary for four whole years and then gave it up !

it's weally quite interwesting to look it ovah and see what a fool I was then. up. Only think! In ten years you might cian origin, and that its chief occupation read it over and see what a fool you are

The Good Things of Life. coughs, and chin coughs, and every variety marked Bobby as he leaned back in his chair shows conclusively that a large region in of this sort of vocal exercise; for the high- with an air of repletion. "Bobby," said inner Africa, now given up to savage men er he raises his voice, the louder grows the his mother, "I am ashamed of you." The and wild beasts, was subject many centuries din. Bye and bye, he gives up the contest minister of the chapel, who was dining with ago to the control of a people who were con. in sheer despair and stops reading. Now the family, laughed heartily. "Bobby ap- siderably advanced in the art of civilization. observe what a change, -a silence like the preciates the good things of life," he said, "stilly night" begins as soon as the last "like all the rest of us." "Don't you cougher has time to get breath and clear his think it was a good dinner?" Bobby asked throat. No sooner does the speaker open of the minister. "Yes, indeed," he said; his mouth again, than the coughers take up "I enjoyed it very much." "Ma said she their dismal refrain. Is not this fact as thought you would, because she didn't supgood evidence as one needs, that coughing pose you got very much at home," remark-

The Rule for Determining Time-

Mr. Skane-" Why compare your watch with that time, Miss Coco? One can never get an idea of the time from the clock's in a ticed that."

going through the calculation the watchmaker goes through to determine the joint in window and door, and through these

Miss Coco ?' Miss Coco-" Certainly. Add up the time of all the timepieces, and divide by

She Ought to Know. Don't deny it ; I saw you kiss her !" Mr. H. (stiffly): "You are mistaken. is characteristic of the genuine blizzard.

the numbe f clocks."

She kissed me." Mrs. H.: "But why did you let her?"

to know."

Classical Item.

"Have you got a copy of 'Milton's Paradise Lost?" asked Gilhooly of Hostteter McGinnis, one of our aristocrats. "What in the world is that?" replied McGinnis.

"It's a book," responded Gilhooly. "No, sir, I have not got such a book. Whenever I find anything that is lost I return it to the owner. When did Mr. Milton lose his book? What reward is he offering for its return ?"

He Knew Them All.

and letter go Gallagher !"

District School Examiner: "So, my little man, you are quite a student, eh? Well,

Young Canada: "Learned my letters." District School Examiner: "Very good, and now tell me what letters you have learned." Young Canada: "Letter "a," letter "b,"

Dr. Johnson once, speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said :- "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each past. The settlers upon the plains need not

A correspondent asks how to serve a dinner. If it is a good dinner, and you are cold water, for a few minutes, and cold air hungry, just eat it. That's the way we would serve a dinner. Edith-Ma, that new maid is dreadfully rather than blizzards." stupid. Mamma What is the matter?

> sent her to the music room for "The Lost Mamma—Well? brought me the clothes line. The fasting men are grumbling at the

The paper of his little when his little

party of adventurers passed in their boat from the sea into an East African river. they found on the bank a wall of stone that had evidently been a solidly constructed wharf in some remote period. In a foot note he justifies this conceit by alluding to the ruins of a very ancient city on the coast of Kilwa, south of Zanzibar. It happens that 500 miles nearer the region in which he has placed his story their are evidences of a past civilization that are incomparably greater than those he mentions.

Some way south of the Zambesi river there is a large region extending from the sea nearly 400 miles inland, and 300 to 400 miles toward the south, in which ruins are constantly being discovered, proving that in prehistoric times the country was inhabited by a civilized people. To day only the rudest black tribes inhabit this land, save in a few places where the Portuguese have established stations. The little beehive huts of the natives are seen among massive ruins betokening a degree of architectural skill which rivals that of the ancient Aztecs. Our knowledge of these ruins is still far from perfect. Our earliest records of travel and trade on the East African coast, extending back to the beginning of the Christian era, do not mention them. Only in recent years have the travels of Selous, Erskine, Mauch Baines, Mohr and O'Neil revealed to us the Express Manager-" Yes. Isn't he all monumental evidence this country contains.

The coast town Solals is shown on a'l maps of East Africa. Near that town Carl Mauch found extensive ruins, remarkable for their endurable nature and strange shapes. There are partly ruined walls, still 30 feet high and 12 feet wide at the Waggish Clerk-" He drove a sprinkling base, built of small hewn Blocks of granite. In these wal's sometimes 15 to 20 feet from the ground, are embedded one end of blocks of stone 18 to 20 feet long, which were evidently used to support galleries. Here and there, built in the walls or standing by themselves, are round stone towers which evidently rose to heights of 30 to 50 feet. Similar masses of masonry are found as far as 350 miles inland and a little north near the coast.

It is not positively known yet who built these ancient structures. No trained archæologist has visited them and no search has yet been made for inscriptions, though O'Neil says he has no doubt from what he has recently heard that there are numerous inscriptions on the ruins about Manica. All Mr. Featherstone Robinson : Ya-as. And the ruins are surrounded by surface gold mines. It is believed that all this country was occupied some time before the Christian Miss Chillingly: It's a pity you gave it era by a great Colony, probably of Phœni-

was gold mining. Mr. O'Neil says that these numerous ruins are nearly as well preserved as those of ancient Egypt, and better than those of Assyria. Some day, no doubt, they will be "That's what I call a good dinner," re- systematically studied. Their existence

Trees and Blizzards.

Prof. Chas. E. Bessey Writes as Follows: -The blizzard in its purity and perfection is a native of the plains of the North-West. The name is now applied to severe storms in the East, but the genuine blizzard never leaves the treeless region of the Far West. When a snow-storm sets in, with the wind from the northwest blowing at the rate of twenty, thirty, forty and even fifty miles an hour, with a lowering temperature which rapidly approaches zero, with the snowflakes watchmaker's window. You must have no. filling and driving horizontally through the nipping air—that is a blizzard. On the Miss Coco-"Oh, of course. I was only plains the blizzard demon finds every crack in the veather-noarding and every loose the snowflakes drive with a persistence Mr. Skane-" Indeed! Do you know it, which soon piles up great masses of snow within the house or barn. The cold blast drives along the surface of the earth and actually scours it as with a monstrous sandblast. I have seen plowed fields from which the snow and fine earth had been blown, until they were left as clean as if they had been swept by some giant's besom. The Mrs. H.: "Great heavens, Cranston! horizontal blast of freezing air filled with frosty flakes, sweeping the face of the earth,

I have been much interested in watching the effect of tree-planting upon the blizzards. Mr. H.: "I couldn't be rude to a lady." | The blizzard drives along the surface of the Mrs. H.: "But why did she want to kiss ground, and it has for ages upon ages found no tree to halt or veer it. The settlers on Mr. H.: "I can't imagine. You ought the plains planted trees, however, and these trees now stand as obstacles to the full sweep of the ice-laden wind. A few days ago, as a blizzard swept over the country, I passed through a loosely-planted grove of trees, cotton-woods, silver maples, green ashes, etc., and noted with pleasure that among the trees the violence of the wind was greatly reduced, and the flakes of snow dropped lazily to the ground, where they rested as contentedly as if they had fallen upon the tree-covered hills of Ontario. As soon as I passed out of the grove I had to face again the furious flakes, driving horimontally in their mad career over the earth. As often as I passed through a little grove of trees, I found that I left the blizzard; but as soon as I emerged from the sheltering trees, the blast struck me again in all its fury. This bit of experience is duplicated thousands of times every day upon the plains. The tree-planter has routed the blizzard wherever he has set his little army trees. Wherever a grove has come into existence there the blizzard's scepter has been broken. True, he rules as fiercely as ever outside of the groves, but as these enlarge his dominion contracts. When once the groves are approximately continuous, and when once they have grown to greater. heights, the blizzard will be a thing of the fear the blizzard for more than a half dozen years, if he calls to his aid the friendly cottoo wood, maple, ash, and elm. They alone can vanish this terror of the Western winter. Ler every prairie settler's motto be : "Trees

"Well, goodby, old friend, you will never Edith-I wanted to practice a little, so I see me again." "What! never?" "Ach, Edith—She then, Gustavus, would you mind lending me another sovereign ?"

It is not an unfair sarcasm that is em-Eligible young bachelor (making a call) - sition as soon as possible. If possible amount of money their exhibition bedied in the story of an organist who was Well, Master Fred, you don't know who the head lower than the rest of the body. brings them. We should like to know what asked: - "Are you not a regular attendant 1 am. Candid young hopeful—Oh! but I do, Apply hot water, if it can be at once ob- they want with money. The whole essence " he church?" "Oh yes," said he. "And