

Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

This week, I should like to say a few words to my young friends about cruelty to dumb creatures—not that I think any of my round-table friends would willfully injure any of God's creatures, but when I remember how often:

Error is wrought by want of thought.
As well as want of heart.

—I am moved to make an appeal on behalf of beasts and birds for greater consideration and thoughtfulness towards them. It will not take long to set out a little food to a starving cat, or give a drink of good cold water to a thirsty dog, yet I am sure if they could speak, their gratitude of these services you would feel amply repaid for your trouble by the comfort you have given them.

It is just as easy to drive the cow home quietly from the pasture, as to lash the poor thing into a fury, by running her over ditch and drain, heating up her milk and really injuring her in every way, because you happen to feel in a hurry or because you think it fun to see her run.

I have read that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow, poisons to a greater or less degree its milk, and this is a very serious thought for us. If told you were doing wrong, your excuse would probably be, (and very truly too) "I didn't think it would hurt her," and it is this want of thought towards the living creatures around us, who cannot speak a word in their own defence, that I would kindly warn you against. But alas! there is such a thing as wanton cruelty and hardness of heart, even among boys and girls I am sorry to say. A young man convicted of murder and sentenced to life long imprisonment in our Dominion, not a great many years ago, began his downward way, by hard cruel deeds to the animal creation when a little boy. He used to delight in torturing frogs, cutting off the wings of living birds and leaving them to perish in agony, and the last dreadful thing I heard of his doing, before he helped to kill a fellow-creature was to fasten a poor kitten to a board by nailing it down through its tender paws—is it any wonder that he was ready even for the hateful crime of murder, when he had so hardened his heart against innocents and harmless dumb creatures?

I know of a boy who willfully beats and even kicks his little Shetland pony most unmercifully if he happens to handle poor "Billy" when he himself is in a temper about anything, and as the poor creature does not understand the meaning of these ugly blows, when he is trying to do his best, his temper also is getting very bad, and his once good and kind disposition spoiled, while his young master gets more hardened in his cruelty.

I know a girl who lets her bird hang out in the hot sun till the little creature is weak from exhaustion, and too often indeed she forgets to give it water, and I have heard the poor bird's weak pitiful chirping, the only protest it could utter, till my heart ached with pity for it and indignation at that girl's cruel neglect—when I remonstrated with her, she said very indifferently "oh, I forgot." Well, we have no right to own pets of any kind if we cannot remember to take care of them.

Every boy likes to drive a horse and few there are who would not like to own one, but would they be willing to feed, water and tend the faithful animal who gives them so much pleasure in riding or driving, will they see that the dust is brushed from his coat, and his bed made up clean and comfortable? Will they remember to act upon the old-fashioned lines called "Dobbins request" I wonder?

"Up the hill hurry me not
Down the hill worry me not
On the level spare me not
But in the barn forget me not."

And always remember this boys, that a check rein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to, when going up a hill, is a cruel torture to him, and that cutting off a horse's tail, compels him to suffer torture from flies and insects every summer as long as he lives.

And now a word for the wild birds and the butterflies. God has made nothing in

nature prettier or more blithesome as, I am sure you will agree. Think how silent and dark the woods must seem without the merry song birds, and do not I beg of you, disturb, much less rob their nests, for mere idleness and thoughtlessness, pray do not snare, shoot or stone the pretty timid little things. God has made them for our pleasure as well as for their usefulness. Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects? that without the birds we could not live on the earth and that every little insect-eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects.

And the butterflies—do let them enjoy their brief summer day, not chase them wildly from flower to flower, and dash your hat over the bright, happy thing, crushing its frail body, brushing the brightness from its brilliant wings, and leaving in your grasp, a quivering dying bit of God's creation, over which he has watched with care. And all for what? Mere y the pleasure of chasing something weaker than yourself, which is unmanly. Cultivate kindness of heart to every living thing and depend upon it, my dear boys and girls that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only that creature but yourself happier, and make you not only happier but better.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The fashion of wearing a whole fox around the neck is in form again. In black, white and grey it is one of the season's fads and the head, the feet, and tails enough for a dozen are all there. This sort of a box in white fox is worn with evening cloaks, and one of the new and very striking combinations is a caracul jacket worn with a white fox boa and muff.

Women wear a number of pretty trills at the theatre. Their muffs are not usually fur ones, but baggy things of Liberty silk. A gray chiffon muff, perhaps edged with a narrow line of chinchilla, will have a wide circle of violets, while a lilac silk affair will be belted with pink velvet roses set on quite flat and close together. Such muffs are made and sold by the milliners, who have showed their customers the trick of wearing them slung about the neck by a chain of small crystal beads.

The most economical evening cloak, which is at the same time elegant, is made of black satin lined with white, finished with a hood of white lace, fastened at either side with a rosette of colored velvet, and a high collar of any fur which may be at hand.

Marabout tufts tipped with jet, pearls and rhinestones are pretty ornaments for the hair.

Among the new blouse waists for evening is one of white chiffon over yellow silk. A stiff rever of shirred chiffon adorns one side of the front, and three lovers knots in yellow velvet are at intervals on the other.

Incongruous combination of textures seem to be one of the leading features of millinery this season. Tulle and fur, felt and chiffon, velvet and lace, work out some very wonderful creations in millinery art. Diaphanous material are decidedly the thing, in whatever form or variation they chance to appear. Large velvet hats have a shirred facing of white or colored chiffon. Chiffon ruffles almost entirely cover another velvet hat matching the velvet in color of course, and a white felt hat has a facing of gathered violet chiffon, three ruffles around the brim, with a trimming of violet panne sable tails and violets. Pompadour bonnets of tulle and lace, finished with jet aigrettes and turned from the face, are the fashionable evening headgear when any bonnet is worn at all. It is a variation of the marquise toque so commonly worn, showing numerous wings in front.

For some reason or other women cling to and wear chains of gold or gum metal, silver or beads, and now that the novelty value of locket hearts, lozenges, &c., has been exhausted, the jewellers have kept up the traffic in neck chains by introducing tiny smelling bottles of precious metals. These bear no relation to the familiar vinaigrette. They are no larger and scarce ly thicker than fifty-cent pieces: they are round and have short necks, with perforated silver stoppers. Attached to one's chain, such a smelling bottle can be thrust into the belt or front of a bodice or left to hang free, and its exterior can be as simple for as richly ornate as one's taste and purse command. Neither salts or liquid perfume is used, but deliciously perfumed little seeds that come by the way of Russia from the East. By turning the stopper of the bottle a theatregoer can either shut off or let flow the fragrance from the contents of the toy, and only twice or thrice

a season does she need to have the bottle refilled.

Heavy gilt buckles are used for millinery. Clasp the colored velvet of the soft draped toques they are very effective.

The winter shirt waist, whether of silk or flannel, have their usual place in fashion's favor. Some of the prettiest ones are made of soft French flannel, in light colors, and worn with a taffeta ribbon necktie eight inches wide, matching the flannel in color, and spotted with white. This ties in a short bow with long ends hanging straight down to the belt.

Cyano, the new shade of ruby red with a tinge of pink in it, has much to recommend it as it is said to be one of the few shades of red equally becoming to blondes and brunettes.

One of the latest novelties in millinery is colored grebe. Pretty toques are made of pale blue or pink grebe, and said to be wonderfully becoming. Toques of white caracul are another fancy.

For those who do not carry muffs gauntlets of fur are worn to match the boa or coat trimmings. This is a London fashion which will no doubt materialize here later on.

Scallops so much used as a finish and trimming for dresses, are illustrated again in a cloth gown with a skirt in three circular divisions, each one edged with a band of velvet covered with rows of stitching.

The fashionable color among the new cloth gowns is brown, with mauve silk linings and a touch of mauve velvet with and cream lace in the trimming.

FORTY SQUARE MILES OF WHEAT A Field That Would Take One Man Thirty Years to Plough and Plant.

What is said to be the largest single wheat field in California is now being planted to the grain that makes the staff of life. It covers over 25,000 acres, or forty square miles.

This enormous field of grain is located on the banks of the San Joaquin River, near the town of Clovis, in Madera country. The field is part in Fresno country and part in Madera country.

Clovis Cole is the man who is putting in this vast acreage, and he has undertaken one of the largest jobs that any man has yet done in California.

While it is true that larger acreages of wheat have been planted by certain ranchers in this State, there seems to be no record of an exact parallel to the present case. On the Miller & Lux ranch, in Kern country, 50,000 acres were planted one year, but the fields were scattered about in different places. They were really a service of fields, located wherever there was a fertile spot. Few of the fields were 2,000 acres, and in many instances, there would be half a mile of bare land between them. The acreage planted could not be called a wheat field of 50,000 acres any more than all the wheat fields in the State could be classed under one head.

The Clovis field, however, is an ideal wheat field. It is almost as flat as the floor, with a gentle slope toward the river. The outer lines of the field make it almost a perfect square. Each side is a little over six miles, and if the day is clear every part of the field can be seen from any other part. It will be a beautiful sight worth seeing when all the grain is up and waves gently in the breezes of springtime. There are no roads through the Clovis wheat field. It is to be one solid stretch of grain, and every square foot of land is to be utilized.

Ploughing and planting began in the big wheat field about the middle of last July and will hardly be completed before the next two months at least. But the grain will all mature at about the same time. Then will come the herculean task of harvesting it.

With the big improved machinery it does not look as though there was much work spent on planting and harvesting the field. But suppose one man had to handle the crop, if such were possible, how long would it take him?

Suppose the field was one mile wide and forty miles long, and the one man had a double gang plough cutting a furrow twenty-four inches wide. He would start at a corner of the field and plough a distance of forty miles. Then he would come back and cut another furrow, making eighty miles for the round trip.

This amount of work would only be a tiny scratch four feet wide along one side of the forty-mile field, and the process would have to be repeated at least 1,300 times, making a total distance of about 105,000 miles.

Suppose that the ploughman worked at the rate of twenty miles a day. To get over the 105,000 miles would take 5,250 days. To plant would take about the same time, making a total of 10,500 days, or nearly thirty years. It would be like spending a lifetime, and the distance travelled would be equivalent to going

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around the world four times. And all in one California wheat field.

To accomplish the necessary amount of work within the time at his disposal the owner of the Clovis wheat field has to employ over 200 men, over 1,000 horses and several tons of big machinery. The men are working early and late now, and if the whole acreage is planted by January and a sufficient quantity of rain falls there will be such a crop of wheat as has never been heard of, for the land is good land and the seed is good seed. Then will the bread eaters of the world give thanks for the existence of the largest field in California.

AN AGED ROYAL PARROT.

Ducky of the Princess of Wales's Household Was More Than 125 Years Old.

One of the longest-lived birds on record died recently in London. It was a parrot named Ducky, the property of the Prince of Wales, and its age was put at more than 125 years. Ducky was a native of the United States of Columbia whence he was transported to England in 1783, and bought by Prime Minister Pitt, who, in 1800, presented him to his master, George III. From this date on the bird was recognized as part of the royal household, with quarters at St. James. Ducky, however, developed amazing conversational powers, unaccompanied with the proper leaven of discretion, and in 1850 he was sentenced to banishment from St. James on the charge, it is said, of divulging family secrets. In his new dwelling place, Windsor Castle, Ducky acquired even worse habits. Windsor accommodates a small garrison, and the parrot was quick to acquire the vernacular of Tommy Atkins. The result was considered unsuitable to the wellknown decorum of the British Court, and sentences of banishment to Australia was passed on the offender. The amiable Princess of Wales, however, came to the rescue, and Ducky was removed to Sandringham where he remained until the day of his death. Great age though it be, 125 years is not considered by scientific men as the absolute age limit of a parrot. So reliable an observer as Humboldt, whose statement in this matter is accepted without question by Darwin, tells of a parrot that must of lived 200 years. The naturalist came across the bird in South America, and his reasons for crediting it with such extraordinary longevity were that he heard it use some words of a language spoken only by a tribe of Indians which had been extinct more than 200 years.

A Dog Worth Having.

"I expect they had some fine pups at the dog show," remarked a passenger from a country station; "but I have a dog at home that I wouldn't give for the best of 'em."

"What breed is he?"

"Don't know exactly, but I call him a coaly."

"Collie, you mean?"

"No, I mean just what I say—coaly. Money wouldn't buy that dog. He's a cur but we couldn't keep house without him. You see, several years ago I trained him to bark at the railway trains as they passed our house. That's his sole business—barking at trains. He does give mouth to them, and no mistake. Well, he annoys the railway men, so that every driver and stoker on the line has vowed to kill him. Oh, but he is a valuable dog."

"I can't see where the value comes in."

"You can't? Well, you would if you was in my place and had all the coal you could burn and some to sell thrown off at your back door, free of cost."

An Unique Bible.

The most costly book in the Royal Library at Stockholm is a Bible. It is no wonder that it is considered precious, for there is not another just like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 160 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. There are 309 pages of writing, and each page falls but one inch short of being a yard in length. The width of the leaves is twenty inches. A Bible, the leaves of which are considerably longer than the largest newspaper at present issued, would be a big thing to handle, and when to this is added the fact that the covers are solid planks, four inches thick, it will be understood that his costly Stockholm treasure is not exactly a pocket Bible.

A Costly Dinner Service.

Probably the most expensive dinner services in the world is the Sevres service at Windsor Castle. It is said to be worth

£30,000. This sum appears a fabulous one at first sight, but if we consider that at the Bernal and other similar sales sums amounting to thousands were paid for a pair of peices of Sevres ware, it is not so marvelous after all.

In Chicago,—"Oh, mamma," the beautiful girl exclaimed, "he adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome, and—"

"Yes, my child?"

"And he brings such lovely references from his last wife."

Mother and daughter mingled their tears of joy. Presently they grew somewhat calmer, and were able to speak of trouseaus and things.

White: (slightly confused): "Miss Shirley, allow me to present my dear friend Mr. Black."

Miss Shirley: "But, Mr. White, this is Mr. Green."

White: "Why, to be sure! How stupid of me. This confounded color blindness of mine is always getting me into trouble."

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