A BOY ON A FARM.

What would become of farms without boys? And what would become of boys without farms? The strongest boys are farmers' boys. The longest-lived boys are farmers' boys. The best and ablest merchants, statesmen, ministers, editors, and great men generally, are mostly farmers' boys. And if farmers' boys will read, study, learn, and improve, avoiding strong drink, tobacco, vice, and sin, they will have no reason to dread comparison with any class of boys on earth.

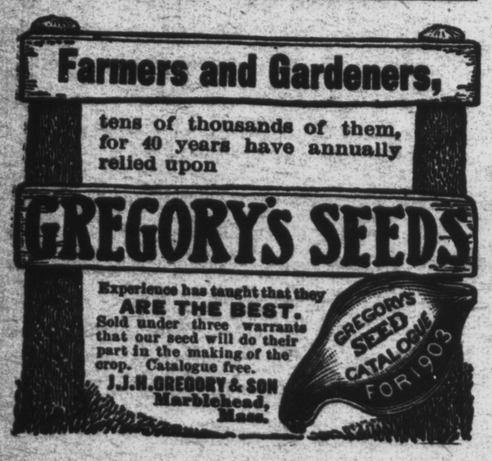
To be sure, a farmer's life has work in it, but how much better to live and work out in God's breezy world, so full of health and beauty, than to live, labor, and "loaf" penned up in a city, never setting foot on the soil, but spending the days in toil, and the nights in folly and dissipation!

It is true that boys are not always appreciated at first. But who is? If they keep toiling on, their turn will come by and by. One writer says the following good word for boys:

"It is my impression that a farm without a boy would soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do a thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through, he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everbody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterward.

"Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life actually would stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centipede, they would tire before night.

"He brings wood and water, he splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something to do. Just before school in winter, he shovels paths; and in the summer he turns a grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with except school and chores. He would gladly do all the *work,* if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet, I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education on the way of chores."—*Common People.*



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WHY GIRLS CAN'T SPIN TOPS.

Did you ever see a girl spin a top? Did you ever see her carefully and closely wind a string around the cone, and then, with a quick throw and jerk, give it the necessary rotary motion to send it whirling right side up? You never did, and probably you never will, because the ready possibility of doing such a thing does not lie in a woman's anatomy. A girl can twirl a rope and jump enough times to weary her watching brother, *The Chicago Record-Herald* explains, but a top in her hands is a useless thing, and the brother only laughs at her efforts to spin it, if she makes them, as he laughs at all her efforts in the direction of throwing.

Observe the children playing in the streets at top spinning seasons. You may watch all day and not see one girl with a top in her hand, while you will see hundreds with skipping ropes. If you see any playing with balls they will be simply bouncing them on the pavements, using a very short, cramped motion of the arm in doing so.

The simple fact is that a girl cannot throw, in the true sense of the term, because of the peculiar construction of her shoulder. When a boy throws a ball he bends his elbow, reaches back with his forearm and uses every joint from shoulder to wrist. His arm is relaxed. A girl throws with a rigid arm, because her collar bone is larger and is lower than a boy's. This prevents the free motion of the arm required for strength and accuracy in throwing; hence she cannot spin a top properly.

CROSS BABIES.

Some babies appear always ugly tempered. It can't be all original sin either, not in your baby anyway. Your baby is not a cross baby for nothing. He is cross because he is uncomfortable. A difference like magic is effected by Baby's Own Tablets. They do immediate and permanent good; they cannot possibly do any harm. No trouble; no spilling; no difficulty getting them into baby's mouth; for very young infants they can be crumbled to a powder or given in water. They are sweet and children like them. No mother has ever used Baby's Own Tablets without finding that they do good for children of all ages. Mrs. M. Watters, Sheenboro, Que., says:—"I have used many medicines for little ones but have never found anything equal to Baby's Own Tablets, I simply would not be without them in the house, and I strongly recommend them to all other mothers."

Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and you have a positive guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists or mailed post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

A little water sprinkled over the top of bread just before putting in the oven gives a more delicate crust than if this be not done.

A bit of pumice stone is to be found on the dressing table of most women these days, and is invaluable in removing all traces of grime on finger-tips or around the nails.

To clean decanters that are crusted inside, fill them with warm soda water and shake vigorously. If they are much encrusted, allow them to stand two or three hours after filling before shaking, but do not stand the decanters in water. In fact, it is best to keep the outside dry until the soaking process is over.

It pays to take care of a broom, not alone because it prolongs its period of usefulness, but because it is easier to manipulate when clean. A broom that is used every day should be washed once a week and always hung up by the handle, not stuck away in a corner. To clean the straws and toughen them give the broom a bath in a bucket of hot water, dipping up and down until the dirt has been removed; then rinse in clear warm water and hang up to dry.

HE REMEMBERED HIS PROMISE.

A twelve year old boy was invited on a camping trip, says an exchange. His timid mother gave permission on the condition that he would not get into a canoe while away, as she was afraid of its upsetting.

The boy promised, though reluctantly. At the end of ten days came the following letter:

Dear Mother,—I'm having the best kind of a time; and I don't mind a bit about the canoe. Yesterday was the only day I've really wanted to try one, for we were going across a little lake to another camp. But they've been teaching me how to swim and Ned said he and I could swim across, and let the other four take the two canoes; and so we did and swam back again, too. Wasn't that great? And I knew you'd be pleased to think I remembered my promise. Your affectionate son.

GEORGE.

ANTS MAKE THEIR TOILETS.

Naturalists who have been studying the habits of certain ants have discovered that each insect goes through a most careful operation of cleaning itself. Each ant performs this operation not for herself, but for another. She acts for the time as lady's maid. She stands by, washing the face of her companion, and then goes over the whole body. The actions of the ant who is being washed betoken the utmost satisfaction. She lies down with all her limbs stretched loosely out. She rolls over on her side, even on her back,—a perfect picture of ease. The pleasure the little insect shows in being thus combed and washed is really an object-lesson to many higher animals.

AN INTERESTING CAT.

Prof. R. L. Garner tells an interesting cat story: A certain cat was shut up in a room where there was a speaking-tube which he had frequently seen used in calling people.

Desiring to get out of the room and having no means of opening the door, he climbed upon a chair near the tube, erected himself upon his hind legs, steadied himself by placing his paws upon the back of the chair, placed his mouth to the tube, and began whining and mewing into it.

In this attitude he was found by his young mistress, who came into the room at that moment that he was trying to call some one to his aid.

Shun questionable company. Remember, whealth is no surety for character. Gilded sin is not holiness, and the world knows it. Keep good company or none.

HARD, RACKING COUGHS.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course, the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing or the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies thatthe cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of barks and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any Druggist's. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle

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