

to him, a great deal, because I didn't mind the odor of tobacco.

When he monologued, he used to slip down in the chair, till he almost sat on his shoulder blades, his knees were higher than his head, and his feet stuck out like sign-boards. And he never looked at the person to whom he was talking. No. He usually fixed his eyes on the ceiling as if the person addressed was up there. And he had the most extraordinary and confusing way of leaping from one subject to another. His mind seemed to work by hops.

On evening after ten minutes of absolute silence, during which time he was smoking furiously, he suddenly stopped puffing and asked me, via the ceiling, if I did not think dress-coats without tails were horribly inartistic.

My dear, I dropped three stitches—I was knitting socks at the time—and gazed at him with my mouth wide open. But he didn't see me; he didn't even wait for an answer. He said that in his opinion a man without tails looked absurd. He said that Edward VII was considered to be a man of exquisite taste in the matter of dress, but he thought he had made a great blunder when he introduced the Tuxedo. He had nursed a grudge against him ever since. He said he thought the Tuxedo was a sartorial sin; that he had never worn one, and he never would wear one. Once, he said, when he was in England, he had attended a very swell dinner where he was the only gentleman present without tails.

"Don't you think," he asked me suddenly, transferring his gaze from the ceiling to my face, "that a man looks better 'in tails'?"

My dear, I nearly choked to death on the spot trying to swallow a laugh, but I managed to mumble out something to the effect that I had never seriously considered the subject, but that I thought there was something to say in favor of the Tuxedo—one could at least tell a guest from a waiter, which was sometimes very difficult when they were all "in tails."

"Yes, yes," he said, "quite so—quite so."

Then he relapsed into silence, his eyes again on the ceiling.

But in a few minutes he became very agitated, fumbling in his front pockets one after the other, desparingly. Then he uncoiled his long legs, stood up, and began an exhaustive search in all his other pockets, finding at least what he was looking for—a match—in one of his tail pockets.

But he had nothing to strike it on, having lost the scratcher. He had the careless habit of filling his pocket with loose matches, and tearing off the scratch part of the box and putting it in his vest pocket.

For several minutes he stood there like a hesitating Hamlet, his face a study of despair.

And all the time there was a box of matches and an ash-tray on the table beside him, but he never observed them till I pointed them out to him.

"Ah! quite so, quite so," he said, sitting down and lighting a fresh cigarette. And then, what do you think he asked me?

He said: "Do you remember the name of Mahomet's first wife?"

His mind certainly took a big hop that time.

My dear, the more I think of that man, the more certain I am that he was the original owner of those trousers—that he was no less distinguished a person than Reginald Warrington-Barnes, B.A., Oxon.

But a bit touched in the upper story.

A bricklayer was laying bricks on the third story of an unfinished house, and unfortunately dropped a brick on the head of a colored man who was mixing mortar down below.

The bricklayer, his heart in his mouth, craned over the parapet. He thought he had killed the poor colored man. But the latter looked up at him with a good-natured and forgiving grin.

"Hey, what you doin', white man?" he shouted. "You made me bite mah tongue."

## Hope's Quite Hour.

### Sow in Hope.

Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.—Gal. 6:9.

The farmer planted a seed,  
A little, dry, black seed;  
And off he went to other work;  
For the farmer was never known to shirk,  
And cared for what had need.

The night came with its dew,  
The cool and silent dew;  
The dawn came, and the day,  
And the farmer worked away  
At labors not a few.

Home from his work one day,  
One glowing summer day,  
His children showed him a perfect flower;  
It had burst in bloom that very hour,  
How, I cannot say.

But I know if the smallest seed  
In the soil of love be cast,  
Both day and night will do their part,  
And the sower who works with a trusting heart  
Will find the flower at last.

MARY F. BUTTS.

I am spending a few days in the country—the air is chilly with April rain, but the hope and promise of new life is thrilling everywhere. How can anyone get discouraged when dry sticks and bare earth—like Aaron's rod, which he laid up before the Lord—are forgetting the sadness of their winter stagnation and beginning life over again with the enthusiastic gladness of childhood? "The farmer planted a seed"—yes, the farmers have planted millions and millions of seeds. They have sacrificed their seed-grain willingly and hopefully, knowing that each seed will decay in the damp earth (where it is covered out of sight) but that the sacrifice will not be wasted.

Those noble young lives, which flamed up to God from the fiery altar in Europe, have been sacrificed but not wasted. When our Lord—the Great Sower—was about to sacrifice His young life to save the world, He said: "The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified." Then He went on to explain that this glory must be won through sacrifice; for, if a grain of wheat does not lay down its life, it abides alone, but if it falls into the ground and dies it bringeth forth much fruit.

Many in these days are rejoicing as the troop-ships and troop-trains come racing home. Of course we rejoice with them!—just a few minutes ago I was greeting the brothers who are trying to drown the memory of past horrors in the present joy. But some, like Christ, have laid their bodies like seed-grain in the earth—have died to save their fellows. Not in heartbroken despair, but in sure and certain hope, we may think of them. The world has not lost the flower of young manhood. The family of God—here and in the upper rooms of His house—is one family still. The seed-grain is not mourned over as "lost" when it is out of sight. It is doing a greater work than it could ever do in the granary. So our Lord, when speaking of the corn of wheat which is glorified in the hour of its death, goes on to declare the great secret of real glory: "He that loveth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." And yet He was troubled—being a real Man—and pleaded: "Father, save me from this hour," then His soul triumphed over the pain and He exclaimed almost exultingly: "But for this cause came I unto this hour."

The Sacrifice was not made uselessly—that would have been a purposeless waste indeed!—but the great cause of Love uplifted death into sacrifice.

"God is not mocked," said St. Paul to the Galatian Christians, and He does not mock those who have laid their treasures trustfully in His hand. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

When a little child is given some magical little seeds, and told that if buried in the ground they will change into flowers and vegetables, he is in a great hurry to work

the miracle. The seeds are swiftly planted and thoroughly watered. Next morning the unexperienced gardener is eagerly looking for green plants. By the time a week has passed he has grown discouraged. Faith and hope so strong at first—have vanished. Perhaps he digs up the seeds, to see if they are growing—and so interferes with the great miracle which God is secretly working. Perhaps he forgets the seeds altogether, and the glory comes as a wonderful surprise.

We smile at his impatience and tell him he must wait to see the results of his sowing; but we are often just as impatient when the seeds we have tried to sow show no outward sign of life. We think our prayers have not been answered, when the answer is not instantly visible to our shortsighted vision. Often the seed has sprung up without our knowledge. Always we should be thanking God for giving the increase, instead of faithlessly thinking that He has failed to work with and through us.

Think of the way seeds of kindness have sprung up and grown into great organizations which benefit many thousands of people. Since I began to write this a splendid young fellow called to see me. He only got home this morning, after having been a prisoner in Germany for two years. When I asked about the food conditions he said simply: "Of course we should have starved to death except for the Red Cross supplies."

Many women have toiled faithfully and hopefully, sending off those supplies without seeing any result of their untiring zeal—the labor of love will bring in a harvest beyond their highest hopes.

There are numberless societies and churches working cheerily to help the poor, the sick and the handicapped. The nations are roused to the necessity of doing more than avoid war. They want to be actively helpful—as the members of a body are all working for the good of the whole body. How swiftly a great disaster—such as the explosion which wrecked Halifax—calls out the instant and practical expression of helpful comradeship from the ends of the earth, as well as from near neighbors.

Where did all this spirit of helpfulness spring from? The Great Sower planted it, and has patiently waited for blossom and fruit to spring from His sowing. Jesus lived and loved, and the beauty of that Life of perfect selflessness has captivated the hearts of men. We can't be satisfied to live for our own selfish interests when we see a life of shining beauty. God stoops tenderly to clasp hands with man, and men catch the inspiration of God's Idea of Love and reach out to clasp hands with their brothers.

Let us sow good seed of kind thoughts, words and deeds; planting them every day without a fear that we are wasting time and strength. God is pledged to bring a rich harvest out of such a generous sowing.

There is a story of a dear old lady who never travelled without a bag of flower seeds. She threw handfuls of seeds out of the car windows, without waiting to see the flowers that sprang up along her path. She knew God could work the miracle of reproduction, and so she left results to Him. We are all sowing seeds as we move swiftly through this stage of our journey. Let us be careful to sow faith instead of distrust, to sow kindness instead of selfish indifference, to sow smiles instead of gloomy frowns, gladness instead of grumbling discontent—the seeds of peace, so that "the next war" may be choked by wholesome fruits of brotherliness. We are all sowing seeds of Peace or War! Which do we want? If Peace, then let us sow seeds of fellowship and give up unkind fault finding.

"To be alive in such an age—  
To live to it,  
To give to it!  
What if thy lips have drunk the lies?  
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind—  
And link thy hope with human kind.  
The passion of a larger claim  
Will put thy petty grief to shame.  
Breathe the world thought, do the world deed,  
Hail loudly of thy brother's need.  
And what they want, and what they need?  
Look at the work the times reveal!  
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart—  
To God, but not to me in a part,  
For the seed and all its heritage—  
Is sown in such an age."

DORA FARNCOUGH.

## The Fashions.

### How to Order Patterns.

Order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state in which issue pattern appeared. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

When ordering, please use this form—Send the following pattern to:

Name.....  
Post Office.....  
County.....  
Province.....  
Number of Pattern.....  
Age (if child or misses' pattern).....  
Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....  
Date of issue in which pattern appeared.....

2772-2799—Ladies' Costume.  
Waist 2772 Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. Skirt 2799 Cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require about 5½ yards of 40 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yards. TWO separate patterns 10 cents FOR EACH pattern.

2797—Girls' Dress.  
Cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

