

very easily, leaving no spots. If sprinkled it will be spotted.

If you are to be away from home for a few days, says Pictorial Review, place your houseplants on common bricks in a tub with some water in the bottom of it. The bricks, being porous, will draw up moisture enough to keep the plants in good condition.

A friend says that an excellent way to even a skirt round the bottom, if you are alone, is to chalk the edge of a table thickly, then stand against it, with the skirt on, and turn slowly around. From the vestiges of chalk left on the material, measure down the required distance with a tape-line. The skirt will be even, as all inequalities are above the chalk line. If a friend is about who will help you, you may get her to even the skirt perfectly by measuring up from the floor, all round, with a ruler, and putting in pins at the required distance.

July.

What is that moving down there by the brook?

Merely an urchin baiting his hook.

Fish dreams are surging thro' his small brain,

Exciting, alluring, again, and again.

White clouds are floating, soft as a dream,

While the sound of the mower rings over the stream.

July days are full of pleasure and gain,

Boating and bathing, thunder and rain.

Orange lilies flaunt their gay colors abroad,

Down by the schoolhouse, o'er thistle and sod.

Silence and calmness reign over the place,

Only butterflies romp there, with riot and race.

An eve in July is fit time for mirth,

When cool dews are gently refreshing the earth.

While the cuckoo is calling, calling his mate,

And the moonbeams are dancing down by the gate.

The cares of the day seem to flee far away,

And slumber is wooed by the scent of the hay.

JUANITA.

Quebec.

Cradle Song.

Hush thee baby, night is near,
One bright star is shining clear,
Now the moon a silver bow
Hangs above our cottage low;
Hush thee baby, close thine eyes,
Darker grow the evening skies.

Hush thee baby, mother knows
Way to land of sweet repose,
She will guide thee safely there,
Over poppy blossoms fair;
Hush thee baby, sleep and dream
While the stars above thee gleam.

Hush thee baby, wondrous sweet
Are thy dimpled hands and feet,
Wondrous dear thy sunny face,
Pure and perfect in its grace;
Sleep, O sleep, the whole night long,
Shining angels round thee throng.

A Little Boy's Lullaby.

(Brian Hooker, in McClure's.)

Little groping hands that must learn the weight of labor,

Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep—

Mother is thy life now; that shall be to-morrow.

Time enough for trouble—time enough for sorrow.

Now—sleep!

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a woman,

Little blind heart that shall know the worst and best—

Mother is thy love now; that shall be hereafter.

Time enough for joy, and time enough for laughter.

Now—rest!

Little rosy body, new-born of pain and beauty,

Little lonely soul, new-risen from the deep,

Mother is thy world now, whole and satisfying,

Time enough for living—time enough for dying.

Now—sleep!

Young Fools and Old.

When I meet a young man who has something to say

Upon everything under the sun.

Who could give the Creator some points on the way

That the universe ought to be run,

I pause and I ponder!

I gaze and I wonder

In silent amazement; ah, me!

If that lad had a chance

His schemes to advance

What a wonderful world this would be!

When I meet an old man who is wondrous wise,

Possessing the whole of the truth,

Whose experience all later knowledge defies

That flows from the lips of a youth,

I feel that no wiser

More sage-like adviser

Ever grew on the face of this earth;

But his lack of success

Makes me humbly confess

That I don't know what wisdom is worth.

When I see a young lad who has got the swelled head

Because of inherited gain—

A rank or a fortune from somebody dead

Who failed to bequeath him a brain,—

I stop and I stagger

At sight of his swagger,

While, ignoring poor creatures like me,

He struts on his way

As I sigh and I say

"What a fool a young fellow can be!"

When I see an old widower, cocky and gay,

Spruce up like a valentine fop

And flirt with young girls in the silliest way,

Knowing less than a kid when to stop,

I gaze and I wonder

And I just say "O thunder!"

What we can't help we're bound to endure;

Though young men take shapes

Like monkeys or apes,

"There's no fool like an old fool,"

that's sure."

FRANK LAWSON.

News of the Week.

Serious riots, incited by Monarchists, have been taking place in Lisbon.

The monument to Laura Secord was unveiled at Queenston Heights on July 5th.

The British House of Lords has passed the amended veto bill through the committee stage.

The famous Keeley Mine is at last promising to make good, and will be developed to its fullest extent.

John B. Sleman, originator of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, died at Clifton Springs, N.Y., last week.

Upwards of 1,000 people died in Canada and the United States from the effects of the intense heat during last week.

Sir Eldon Gorst, British Consul-General to Egypt, has resigned because of ill-health. Lord Kitchener will probably be appointed to the position.

Miss L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," and "Kilnsey of the Orchard," was married last week at Charlottetown, P.E.I., to Rev. Ewen McDonald, of Leaskdale, Ont.

The young husband walked into the kitchen where his bride was attempting her first cake. He stooped short, and stared wonderingly at five pans, each containing an egg.

"What's the meaning of that?" he inquired, pointing to the pans.

"I'm doing just what the cook-book says, dear," explained the young wife. "It says to take five eggs and beat separately."

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



7064 Semi-Princess Slip in Empire Style, 34 to 42 bust. 7043 Negligee or House Gown, 34 to 42 bust.



7035 Girl's Dress, 10, 12 and 14 years. 7049 Peasant Yoke Waist, 34 to 42 bust.

Please order by number, giving age or measurement, as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Price, ten cents per pattern. Address, Fashion Dept., "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

The Beaver Circle.

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

The Deepwoods School Fall Fair.

It had been settled that the day of the Fair should be September 25th, and as the eventful time approached great was the excitement in Deepwoods School. Miss May, the teacher, entered into the plan with all her heart, and, that the Fair might be well advertised, proposed that the writing lesson for the higher classes, during the preceding week, should be quite given over to the preparation of invitations to be sent to each family in the section, and to anyone else who might be interested.

Never, you may be sure, was writing so carefully done. It had been decided that all invitations should be worded in the Third Person, and so they read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
are cordially invited to attend
the
Deepwoods School Fall Fair
to be held in
The Deepwoods Schoolhouse
on
September the Twenty-fifth.
Admission, Five Cents.

"It looks rather queer to send out cordial invitations ended up with an admission fee!" Nettie Sills had demurred, but it was necessary to get money somehow to pay for the prizes.

"We'll give them a good five-cents' worth, anyhow," Will Baker declared, and, indeed, there was every prospect that his words would prove true. A football match had been arranged with the next section, and prizes were to be given for all sorts of races, as well as for the fruits, vegetables, best collection of pressed weeds with names, best collection of insects with names, and so forth.

On the evening before the eventful day, Deepwoods school presented a busy scene. "The Ten" had planned that everything should be made as clean as a new pin, and so, no sooner had the school been dismissed, at four o'clock, than brooms were busy, and damp dust-cloths made ready to rub every speck of dust away. Finally a big pennon with "Welcome from the True Blue Society of the Deepwoods School," made by pasting white paper letters on a blue ground, was stretched across the front above the blackboard, and, as Tom Haynes said, "the field was ready for action." By this time, you see, every pupil at the Deepwoods school had signed the "True Blue" pledge, and so the greeting was quite appropriate.

Next morning everybody was ready to help, but, to prevent confusion, committees were formed to carry out the arrangement of the various parts of the hall, with Miss May as general supervisor. Boards were placed all around close to the wall to form tables for the vegetables, and others extended from desk to desk for the flowers; here and there inverted boxes were placed to form stands for the exhibits, and boxes and tables were all neatly covered with white paper from a roll that Miss May had brought.

About ten o'clock the flowers and vegetables began to come in, Tom Haynes, Will Baker, and others of the older boys having volunteered to gather them all up at the various places and bring them in with a couple of light wagons.

You would not believe what a fine show they made. All of the things grown by the older pupils were arranged on the north side of the schoolhouse; those from the little ones' gardens were put on the south side, the vegetables all being neatly arranged on pyramids made of boxes, to show everything well, while the flowers were chiefly arranged in pickle bottles, one kind, often but one flower, in each bottle, while one table was reserved for bouquets, and another for pot-plants.

Never had the school looked so beautiful! There were great masses of fluffy asters, prim rows of zinnias in all colors, graceful bouquets of nasturtiums, low dishes filled with verbenas and pansies, great banks of phlox—nearly all of the fall flowers were there, and, indeed, many fine bouquets of sweet peas, which had been kept steadily blooming by not permitting them to go to seed.

The vegetable tables, too, were almost as beautiful as the flower tables. Here was a splash of golden-yellow, as though the beams of the sun itself had been imprisoned, where the squashes, pumpkins and vegetable marrows were placed, a most interesting group. Next to them was a stretch of vivid green, curly kale, cool green cucumbers, yellow-green lettuce heads, with, farther on, the cool sagey tints of cabbage and cauliflower. Beyond the green was a "red corner," with the coloring carried out with red cabbage, beets and radishes; while farther on came the silvery white of parsnips, festoons of pickling onions, and the flame-colored tints of carrots and tomatoes.

By one o'clock everything was in order. An hour was taken for resting and for eating luncheons, then Miss May called school.

After giving a little talk, in which she told the boys and girls that she depended upon them to be "little ladies and gentlemen," and reminded them that they must show every courtesy in their power to the visitors who would soon be arriving, she walked slowly to the blackboard and wrote on it:

"The Work of My Dear Pupils."

As she finished the pupils began to clap, and when she turned around, with a proud smile on her face, even though a tear was slowly trickling down her cheek, the clapping became furious. The boys and girls well understood that tear, for, as Nettie had once said, "Miss May is queer; she always cries when she loves us harder than usual."

The school was then marched into the