

"Oh, of course," said Mary. "If you wish." But there was a suggestion of pique in her voice. She really didn't want this dowdy, shock-headed Maggie Weir, who stared out at her so queerly from under her shaggy brows, at this picnic of very dainty girls.

"That Maggie Weir—she'll just spoil it all!" she said, as she put up the receiver with a click, "but what can we do? You see Nettie really got up the picnic."



Indian Turnip.
(Or Jack-in-the-Pulpit.)

But Annie, pretty little Annie, with a face as pure and sweet as an apple-blossom, and eyes like violets, was thinking. "Do you know," she said presently, "I think it was just lovely of Nettie to invite Maggie. The Weirs are so very poor, and Maggie has no pleasure at all."

Mary stood for a moment, pondering. She was really a kind-hearted girl, just a little thoughtless, and now she was thinking things out.

In a moment she caught Annie impulsively by the hand. "You are right," she said. "It was just like Nettie! I'm a mean, selfish thing!"

Next morning, then, Mary and Annie went to the poor little Weir home, bearing, not only their invitation, but a fat little bundle. "It's just an apron of mine that's too small for me," said Mary. "Mother thought it was a pity to waste it, if it would fit you."

Maggie's eyes sparkled. It was seldom that she had anything as nice as this crisp, white pinafore, with lace around the neck. When Annie and Mary had gone, too, she found, right in the heart of the bundle, a pretty collar and a blue ribbon.



Dutchman's Breeches.
(A cousin of the Bleeding Heart of the garden.)

"Why, you'll be able to go as tidy as any of the girls," said poor Mrs. Weir, with tears in her eyes.

The Deepwoods were nearly a mile away, lovely dark woods, with green shadows, and a brawling stream running right through the middle of them. Saturday afternoon proved to be as bright and warm as anyone could wish, and the girls were very happy as they met at the

schoolhouse, Nettie, Mary and Annie, proudly armed with baskets and boxes, and several of the rest bringing something also.

All started off, Nettie leading the way with Maggie Weir, in all her new finery, with her face shining with soap, and her hair so nicely combed and tied with the blue ribbon that she really looked as sweet and happy as a little brown bird.

At the edge of the woods, Nettie called a halt.

"Girls," she said, "will you do something for me?"

"Of course," they all said.

"Will you promise me that to-day you will only gather a few flowers?—You know we usually gather them by the thousand. But will you promise me not to to-day?"

"Why, how funny!" said Jean Adams. "Why, Nettie?"

"I'll tell you about that after a while," laughed Nettie.

"What notion have you about flowers?" said Mary. "You talked like that last night. However, I'm with you Nettie." And all the girls promised likewise.

What an afternoon they had, running, paddling in the brook, and playing games! And how very interesting it was when it came time to get tea, laying the cloth, setting the plates and cups in order, and arranging the cake and sandwiches on mats of fern. As Nettie had asked them to pluck only a few flowers, there were just two pretty little bouquets on the table. The time for marsh-marigolds, hepaticas, spring beauty, and dog's-tooth violet was past, but there were still white trilliums, dicentra (Dutchman's breeches), and Jack-in-the-pulpits, with plenty of feathery foam flower and bishop's cap; and very beautiful the two little bouquets looked.

When tea was over, Nettie said: "Now,



Dog's-tooth Violet.
(Sometimes called "Yellow Adder's Tongue.")

girls, I suppose you wonder why I asked you not to pick many flowers to-day? Well, I'll tell you. The other day I met a whole party of people carrying baskets full of wild flowers. The poor little things didn't look so pretty either; they were wilted and crushed together—you know wild flowers never look the same when you take them home—and I thought of what a poet said about the song-sparrow:

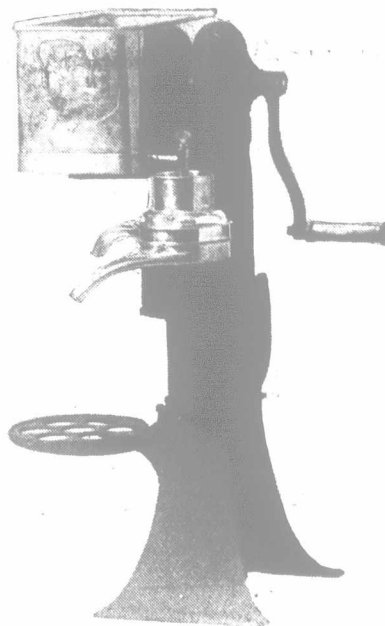
"I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on an alder bough;
I brought him home in his nest at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye."

"Uncle John happened to be with me, and he was quite vexed to see so many wild-flowers wasted. He said that for miles around the city where he lives, very few are to be found, just because so many troops of thoughtless people have gone out and gathered them, so that now very few grow."

"Well, girls, you know how few woods we have, anyway, and it just came into my head that we ought to protect the wild-flowers in them. It would be dread-

Standard

World's Greatest Separator



The nearest approach to perfection ever accomplished in a Cream Separator.

NO high lifting of the milk into the supply can. The top of the "STANDARD'S" supply can is only 38 inches from the floor.

NO aching backs stooping over to turn the "STANDARD." The crank is a comfortable height (crank shaft is 35 inches from the floor.)

NO long waits and high prices for supplies. The "STANDARD" is made in Canada.

NO time and oil wasted every skimming; five minutes once in four months and the "STANDARD" is always oiled.

NO dust gets into the oil and gear. The gearing of the "STANDARD" is all enclosed.

NO chance of children getting caught in the gearing.

NO oil gets onto the floor or into the milk.

NO cream left in the milk or milk in the cream.

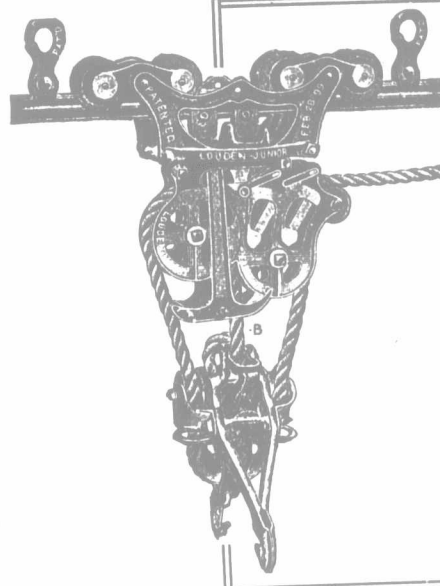
NO adjusting of cords, binding of drags, bending of spindles, adjusting of ball bearings, leaking of bowls or the many and expensive annoyances so common in Cream Separators.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

The Renfrew Machinery Co'y, Ltd.

RENFREW, ONTARIO.

Eastern Branch: Sussex, N.B.



How much hay and grain do you expect to have this summer? Much time could be saved if you had your barn properly equipped. Install a

Loudon Junior Sling Car

And see how quickly and easily your work is done. One extra load of hay or grain saved would pay cost of car. For information, free catalogue, prices, etc., write:

LOUDEN MACHINERY CO.,
Guelph, Ontario.

Manufacturers of perfect Stable Equipments, Feed and Litter Carriers, Stalls and Stanchions, etc.



MAKE YOUR OWN TILE

One man can make 300 to 600 perfect tile a day with our

Farmers' Cement Tile Machine

At a cost of \$4 to \$6 per 1,000. CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT? The only farm tile machine that does not require hand tamping; the only farmers' machine operated by either hand or power. Machine makes 3, 4, 5 and 6 inch tile. Our Waterproof FLEXIBLE CASING holds tile in perfect shape till set. NO PALLET.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. If after 10 days' trial it does not meet with entire satisfaction, return at our expense. Write to-day for illustrated catalogue.

Farmers' Cement Tile Machine Co.,
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.

When Writing Advertisers, Please Mention "The Farmer's Advocate."