

should all try to make our personal appearance as pleasing as we possibly can to our friends and the community at large, but especially to the home circle. So many think: "O, any old things will do for home wear." They cannot realize what a depressing effect their appearance may have on those with whom they live. It is false economy to neglect the personal appearance. Dress has a great influence on most people—on both those who wear it and their spectators. Therefore, let us strive to dress economically and tastefully.

MINNIE MAY offers a prize of \$5.00 for the best original New Year's story, to appear in the January 15th ADVOCATE. All MSS. to be in our office January 2nd.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:—

The bleak November winds leaden the skies, and cold rains have come again; and the prospect out-of-doors is so uninviting that we welcome the evening, when we may gather around the cheerful fire, where all recollections of dreariness vanish beneath its gladdening rays.

One harvest is entirely over—that which supplies our bodily needs—but now the harvest of mental nourishment has just nicely opened, or, perhaps, I should call this the seeding-time, the harvest will come in the future. Put in as large a crop as possible, boys and girls—the yield will come sooner or later, and unlike the product of the other harvest, the demand for this never fluctuates. But one point I wish you to look after, is this: be very careful in selecting your seed, for this is even more important than the preparation of the soil.

Let us take an example of a farmer, who prepares his land with great care, makes a perfect seed-bed, but buys his seed from some unscrupulous person, and when it is grown he finds his fine farm ruined with noxious weeds that it will take him a long time to get rid of. In like manner, let the mental soil be ever so pure, evil seeds dropped into it will hastily disfigure it, so that it is even more necessary to use great care in this case, for very often the bad seeds are very hard to detect.

Of course I do not expect the little ones to settle down to heavy, dry reading—very far from it, for that would rob them of their greatest charm, childishness. In their case their reading is generally chosen by parents or elders, and will, of course, be suitable for them. But for those who are naturally fond of reading, there comes a time (say when they are from fourteen to eighteen years of age) when they think themselves quite capable of making their own choice, and, unfortunately, that choice is too often detective stories, sensational novels, etc. Nor is there much difference between boys and girls in this respect. Another style of book, not quite as injurious, but far from beneficial, is that in which is upheld as a hero one whose strongest traits are dishonesty and ability to get out of the scrapes he has gotten into. Now, do take the advice of one who is deeply interested in all the young readers of the ADVOCATE, whether puzzlers or not, and if you must read books of this sort, let them form but a very small part of your reading, for they are literary trash—nay, even worse, evil weeds—Russian thistles, and, like them, practically ineradicable once they have taken root.

Let such books alone, then, and read instead the deeds of real heroes, and books in which the principal characters possess noble qualities, and unconsciously you will feel yourselves impelled to emulate their examples—ennobled, as it were, by the mere reading of their beautiful lives; and, believe me, they will interest you quite as much and leave pleasanter memories than those I first described. Natural history, in a simple form, is very attractive reading to most young people, and it possesses the merit of being instructive as well.

There is another point on which I wish to speak while yet the glowing firelight throws its ruddy tints on your bright faces gathered around it, but really this applies rather to your parents than to you. And here I wonder if many of them bother reading Uncle Tom's letter, when there is so much that is better? I know of some who do; so, thinking there may be others like them, I will venture a few remarks on the too-often-ignored subject of "Small Courtesies." Who has not met those who are so unaccustomed to courtesy, or even common civility at home, that they are positively awkward and ashamed to use it when they are abroad? And perhaps some of you have even felt a touch of this sad malady. Not that I blame you, boys and girls, for it is not really your fault, but that of those who had the care of you in childhood! When parents are polite and courteous to one another and to their children, the habit forms itself unconsciously, and when those children are among strangers, they will not find it difficult to act and speak as ladies and gentlemen should. But when children never hear "Please," or "Thank you," at home, except when strangers are there, it is little wonder they use the words shamefacedly and as if they were to be "handled with care," like their Sunday clothes. In regard to the careful training of children in this respect, I think the English take the lead; and

certainly the best mannered children I ever met were a little boy and girl from London, England, and it was a pleasure to be in their company.

A sailor once helped one of the Royal Family off a boat and said, "There, my little lady!" The child said haughtily, "I'm not a little lady, I'm a princess;" whereupon Queen Victoria rebuked her, saying, "Tell the good sailor that you are not a little lady yet, but that you hope to be one some day."

Perhaps I have become rather "preachy" in this letter, but you understand the feeling that has prompted me, and so will excuse—

UNCLE TOM.

Watford Fair, Sept. 25th and 26th, 1894.

PRIZE WON BY NORA B. DRADER, WATFORD.

The Watford Park or Fair Ground is a field of between fifteen and twenty acres, situated north-east of Watford, the palace where the fine arts are exhibited being west and facing the High School, while the ground is north of both the palace and school grounds. The exhibits required the greater part of the first day for preparation, so Tuesday was the best day to see the sports. The races were very interesting, although some of the riders were so cruel as to whip their poor horses with all their might, simply because they could not keep up with the other horses. Once in a while a horse would take a notion to cut across the corner of the course, and this seemed to give great amusement.

The base ball match between the Watford Club and the Ojibway Indian Base Ball Club, of Kettle Point, was very exciting, as both teams were composed of excellent players, but the Watford boys left the Indians in the shade by 36 to 31.

On Wednesday such crowds came from all the country round to see the sights as Watford seldom sees.

At 1 o'clock the pupils of the educational institutions of the town (High and Public schools) were formed, near Taylor's Hotel, into a line of march. Each pupil was furnished with a badge showing which school he represented. There were about two hundred pupils, besides the Indian Band, the Watford Silver Band, and the Highlanders, with their bag-pipes, helped to furnish music during the march from the hotel to the Fair Ground.

At 2 o'clock fourteen little girls of the Public School gave an entertainment in the shape of calisthenics on a platform on the ground. After this the Highlanders danced, and then the prettiest baby was chosen from a group of competitors by a committee of ladies. Next the lightest married woman, who weighed eighty-one pounds, was presented with an eight-dollar clock by T. B. Taylor.

The palace was truly honored by its exhibits. The artificial flower wreaths, some of wax, some of feathers and others of Berlin wool, were beautiful. Other fancy work was plentiful. An odd but pretty ornament was a whisk-holder. It seemed to be made on a foundation of a shawl-strap, the handle, with a row of clothes-pins fastened on and gilded, turned out to hold the whisk. Another idea was a footstool. It was made of a box about one by one and a-half feet, and half a foot deep. The top was padded and covered with red velvet. The sides were covered with common spools split in half and glued flat side to the box and then gilded. Four clothes-hooks, gilded, served as feet.

The prize map of Lambton and the prize perspective drawing were both worthy of praise, as those which did not succeed in getting a prize were certainly not to be despised.

The centre aisle was devoted to eatables and the fruit, pies and cake, and especially the home-made bread and golden butter looked delicious.

In the third aisle, quilts, blankets, mats, etc., were shown, some of which were beautiful. The farmers' wives and daughters were well represented in this line.

The poultry and live stock exhibits were very good, although there were not a great many horses. The cattle, swine and sheep were well represented.

The candy and lemonade stalls had great attraction for the children, and—some others. But the merry-go-round was the attraction, for it gave as much pleasure to the older people watching as the children, riding those wonderful horses, could possibly have.

Altogether, even if there were not the wonderful sights of the Toronto or Western Fairs to see, the Watford Fair was a great success, and by night the sightseers felt a very wholesome tiredness, and were glad to reach home, a good supper and a comfortable bed once more.

She Might be Right.

A priest the other day, who was examining a confirmation class in the south of Ireland, asked the question: "What is the sacrament of matrimony?" A little girl at the head of the class answered: "'Tis a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world." "Good," said the priest, "the answer for purgatory." "Put her down," says the curate, "Put her down to the foot of the class." "Leave her alone," said the priest, "for anything you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

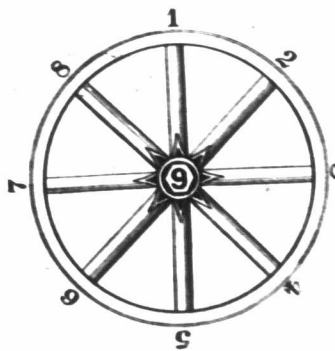
Did Not Know in Time.

An Irishman, finding his cash at a low ebb, resolved to adopt "the road" as a professional means of replenishing his exchequer; and having provided himself with a huge horse-pistol, proceeded forthwith to the conventional "lonely common," and lay in wait. The no less conventional "farmer returning from market with a bag of money" of course soon appeared, to whom enter Pat with the regulation highway-man offer of choice, "Your money or your life!" a remark fortified by the simultaneous exhibition of the firearm in the usual way. The farmer, who was a Quaker, essayed to temporize. "I would not have thee stain thy soul with sin, friend; and didst thou rob me of my gold, it would be theft; and didst thou kill me, it would be murder. But hold! A bargain is no sin, but a commerce between two honest men. I will give thee this bag of gold for the pistol which thou holdest at my ear." The unsuspecting amateur Macheath, yielding perhaps to the Quaker's logic and solicitude for his spiritual welfare, made the exchange, without a moment's hesitation. "Now, friend," cried the wily Ephraim, leveling the weapon, "Give me back my gold, or I'll blow thy brains out!" "Blaze away thin, darlint!" said Pat. "Sure, there's niver a drop of powther in it." The result was a sold Quaker.

Puzzles.

PRIZE PUZZLE.

1—WHEEL.



Rim—8 letters, name of well-known paper.
Hub—8 letters, to bring to peril.
Spokes—words 5 letters.
1 to 9—to humble.
2 to 9—to condescend.
3 to 9—good in law.
4 to 9—dramatic composition set to music.
5 to 9—part of a ship.
6 to 9—mingled with.
7 to 9—elegant.
8 to 9—to come in.

IRENE M. CRAIG.

2—BEHEADINGS.

I simply mean "developing."
And if you then behead,
You'll find me then "impelling."
Or "transporting" instead.
Behead again and I will be
"Imputable to" or "due."
Again, and the "side of a building
Or ship" comes to your view.

MORLEY SMITHSON.

Answers to Oct. 1st Puzzles.

1—Being somewhat of a naturalist myself, I shall endeavor to tell you about a tripp that we took last May, and how I became a champion and succeed in diverting a catastrophe alright, if you will have patience with me.

I was stopping with a nice French family at the time, and pleasant society they were, too, especially the three sisters, Charlotte, Florence and Isabel. One day Flo and I planned a lark, which promised to be a grand affair. I donned a black tuxed suit with a red rosette for a bouquet, a pair of gold eyeglasses, etc., while she put on a red jacket trimmed with white, a green cashmere dress and a pearl necklace with a silver cross in the middle.

We took a race horse apiece and had a ridout around the hayfield, then we went down a long, steep hill, past some pine woods and into a cedar swamp, after some evergreen boughs, when a thunder storm came up and we fell into the mud and mire; there being a den near by, where we could look out, we entered, and as we did not encounter any lions, bear or buffalo, and had no desire to try our fortune in a newport, we concluded to wait for fairer weather, and here I'll say fare well.

Master	Stream	Tamers	Remast
T	A	M	E
A	G	E	D
M	E	R	E
E	D	E	N
A	P	A	C
P	A	C	E
C	A	N	E
A	R	E	A
N	E	A	R
E	A	R	N

A Palpable Mistake.

"Beloved brethren," remarked a country minister at the close of his sermon, "among the pennies and two-cent pieces of last Sabbath's collection I was surprised to find a gold coin of considerable value. As there were no strangers in the congregation, it was evidently put there by mistake. By applying to the treasurer and proving property, the owner can recover his money. Let us unite in prayer."

A lawyer recently went into the surf to bathe, and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam off.