

Please God, I will do as May said; I will be good. The thought of our lost darling will help me on. Her pure, innocent little life shall not be in vain. And he kept his word.

K. J. WEBSTER, Lansdowne, Ont.

I have only received five letters during the last fortnight. Two were from sisters. These two letters were almost exactly alike; in fact, one is copied nearly word for word from the other. I do not expect anything very clever from children; but please try to be original. There is a letter from Portage la Prairie, Man., and a story from a little girl of nine years old living in Illinois—the first I have received from the States. Here is a story by Florence Carr, aged twelve. She also lives in Portage la Prairie.

Honesty Is the Best Policy.

A Quaker in England kept a grocery store, and among the articles for sale was bacon. Very soon he missed a large portion of the bacon and wondered where it went to. He guessed that it was being stolen, so he set himself to watch one night by the door of the cellar where the bacon was kept. After awhile he saw two men creeping silently along on the ground towards the cellar window; they opened it noiselessly, and one got in. Meanwhile the Quaker had come up behind the man who expected to take up the bacon. Turning around, the man caught sight of him and ran away, leaving the Quaker to take up the bacon as it was handed him. When he had brought up four hams the Quaker said, "Have you enough?" "Oh, no," was the answer, "let me have two or three more." "All right." But when the man got out of the cellar who should it be but John, the Quaker's servant. Imagine his consternation when he was confronted by his master. John refused to take the bacon, saying in a shamefaced way, "I—I don't deserve it." "But you shall take it," answered the Quaker, "because if you hadn't needed it you would not, I'm sure, have attempted to steal it."

One more letter, from A. M. Salkeld, is worth printing; but it will have to be kept over until next issue. I am always glad to get your letters, so please write again to your old friend—

COUSIN DOROTHY.

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered.

MINNIE MAY.

"MADGE."—To start clematis, bend down a young shoot and bury a piece of it in the earth without cutting it. It will generally strike root at the covered part and start an independent growth, when it may be severed from the parent stem. Roses root rapidly if treated in the same manner, which process is termed by gardeners, "layering."

M. M.

"HESTER B."—To make a very nice variety of mustard pickle, take two quarts of young cucumbers, two quarts of small round onions, a large cauliflower divided into proper-sized pieces, and a few chopped green peppers. Soak all together in a brine made of one cupful of salt in one gallon of water; scald slightly in this and drain thoroughly. Mix a cup of flour, a half-cupful of ground mustard and a tablespoonful of tumeric into a paste with a little vinegar; add a cupful of sugar and vinegar, enough to make two quarts. Boil and stir constantly until the mixture thickens, then add the prepared vegetables, and just allow them to come to a boil, then bottle for use.

M. M.

"PHLOX."—Table cloths and napkins are in much better taste hand-hemmed than machine-sewed; pure white damask is the prettiest.

M. M.

"AMATEUR GARDENER."—I learn from a floral journal that the best time to start cuttings of fuchsia is just when the wood is beginning to ripen. If taken earlier they are liable to damp off; if later they grow but slowly and do not make a good growth. They will start at any season, provided the wood is of the proper hardness, but spring and fall are most favorable. Garden loam, sand and compost, in equal proportions, make a suitable soil, but unless you have perfect drainage you will not be successful with them. Fuchsias require a partially-shaded situation during the summer.

M. M.

"MADCAP VIOLET."—You are early thinking about your supply of autumn leaves. The following is a very effective method of preserving them: Warm a flatiron moderately hot, and rub over with spermaceti and apply lightly to each leaf. A little practice will enable you to determine the right amount to use and also the proper heat.

Ferns may also be treated in this way, but should be gathered early, as they are not so pretty when they become older.

M. M.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

That mischievous cousin of yours told you last month that if Uncle Tom had been around he'd have been preaching a sermon on the danger of making a mis-step in anything in life, and that remark has set me thinking. Not that I wish to "preach" at any time, but just to have a pleasant chat with you all, and if we can introduce a moral into our conversation, why so much the better.

One of our great poets has said that there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones." Who ever heard the trees speaking, you ask? Or read a story in the water of the brook; or a sermon off a stone? But pause awhile and think. Did you never, when looking at the sparkling, purling water of the brooklet, wonder where it came from, whose hearts its soft murmurs had already cheered, what fair flowers it had kissed on its way to your farm, and whither it was speeding so tirelessly as it sang this merry song:

"I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever!"

And did not wonderful fancies crowd around you, casting about you, as it were, a sweet enchantment, and telling you of other barefooted lads and lassies who waded the shallow depths; of the soft-eyed cattle that nibbled the luscious grasses by the margin, or gratefully stood knee-deep in the cooling waters of this self-same stream? Oh, yes, quite often, you say, but we only imagined all that—we did not read it in the brook. Ah! there you mistake; true, there are no printed words, but the brook suggested all those thoughts, and that was its manner of speaking to you. As for trees having tongues, do we not all hear them whispering when the soft zephyrs play in their branches; we may interpret them if we will.

Early one spring I sowed some flower-seeds in boxes in the house, and, after giving them water for a few days, I noticed very minute specks of green peeping through the earth, and in some cases lifting lumps of clay several times larger than themselves. Such tiny, frail things they were, I marvelled how they could force their way upward, and in answer came this thought: It is not mere strength, but resolute will and increasing effort that accomplishes great deeds. Then, when the little seedlings increased in size, I noticed that they all leaned towards the window, and I turned the boxes, but the next day the same sight met my view—every tiny plant had its face turned resolutely to the sunlight, and I could not help thinking that from those helpless-looking leaves we might learn a wholesome lesson, namely this, that although we may be turned by adverse circumstances from the path we desire to travel, although obstacles may arise before us, we can surmount them all by determined effort, or at least, like the seedlings, we can always turn our eyes to the light.

Such is the tale the beauties of nature tell my dear nephews and nieces, for their tenderest whispers are reserved for the ears of youth.

Truly—

"It is better to weave in the web of life
A bright and a golden filling,
And to do God's will with ready hearts
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to tear the beautiful slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder."

And thus I hope you all will do, looking ever at the bright side meanwhile.

Your loving old— UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

1—ACROSTIC.

A city on the Danube; an Italian river; a great metropolis; a city in Bavaria; a city in Portugal; the ancient capital of the world; a forest celebrated by Shakespeare; a French city famed for silks. The initials form the name of a favorite residence of Her Majesty the Queen.

2—ANIMALS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1. What a story-teller continually does.
2. A Hindoo gentleman, and the beginning of a negative.
3. A participle signifying the reverse of went, and a consonant.
4. To endure.

3—RIDDLE.

I went to the barn and got it; after I got it I looked for it, and the more I looked for it the less I liked it; so I brought it home in my hand because I could not find it.

Answers to Puzzles in July 1st Advocate.

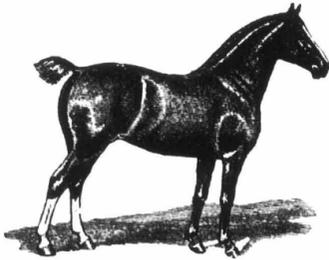
- 1. Horse-man. 2. Court-ship. 3. Corn-sack. 4. How-do you-do.

Good Reason.

Teasing friend: "What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?" Tommy, indignantly: "It don't cry so much; and, any way, if all your teeth was out, and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't even stand on them, I fancy you'd feel like crying yourself!"

A lady, passing along a narrow alley, meets a tipsy man reeling from side to side. She does her best to avoid him, crossing rapidly from one side of the alley to the other, but in vain. "Ah, my lady," he hiccups, "so you have been taking a little drop too much, have you?"

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