

asked were anxiously awaiting the eventful night. It was one of the finest, clearest nights in August when we assembled at the home of our host at about eight o'clock, each equipped with a long fork made of stiff wire, on which to hold the corn. There was a fine plot of corn in the field to which we made our way, and nearby was a huge pile of brush from a large tree recently felled in the field.

It was about half-past eight when our party of about twenty sat around the blazing bonfire waiting for the wood to turn to a mass of glowing coals. We had each secured an abundance of corn, according to our desires. We had our forks ready with a cob of corn fastened to each one waiting for the fire to die down, and, in the meantime, we sang some songs, among which were "My Old Kentucky Home," and "We're Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground."

This gave animation to the outing, and we entered gaily upon the work of roasting the corn, and our hands, also, before the hot fire. We entered just as happily upon the pleasure of eating the corn when roasted, with the addition of homemade candy, made by the girls of our party.

We sat round the fire eating corn and candy, telling stories, and singing songs, until we were tired and in danger of going home the next day, then we retraced our steps, and, after thanking our host, we each went to our respective homes, and I am sure we were all of one mind when we thought that there could never be so much fun at a corn-roast as at that particular one. CHARLES FLATT

(Age 13, Continuation Class).

Millgrove, Ont.

Prize Essay.

Dear Puck and Beavers—I am writing this letter to tell you about a corn-roast which was at a beautiful little place called Rock Glen, on August 13th.

On the afternoon before the roast, my sister and I got one hundred and seven cobs of corn in one of our fields. That night I got my chores done early so I could go to bed and get up early next morning. About seven o'clock I got my chores done early and got my breakfast. Then I got ready and went to the stable to get our pony, Dixie.

Then my sister Bertie and I got in the buggy and started. When we were going there we saw an old tramp in a schoolhouse. We also met a large automobile.

When we got there, I tied my horse up to a post and went down to the river. I then saw a number of my friends boat-riding. My friend and I hired a boat and went off with it. We had a good race with another boat, but we won. When we got back, we built a bonfire while some of the other people husked the corn. After that, we procured twigs and stuck them into the corn, then we put them over the fire which we had built, and some had the misfortune to lose their cobs, because the corn easily slipped into the fire. We roasted the cobs and put butter and salt on them, and ate the corn with relish. I then got another boat-ride which was very pleasant. After that I got my horse and we started home, after spending a very enjoyable day.

CHARLES PATTERSON
(Age 12, Book IV.)

Arkona P. O., Ont.

Prize Essay.

Dear Puck and Beavers—I read about your competition and thought I would like to try it.

A corn-roast was held by the villagers around here on every Monday evening. One night my father took me. I had wished to go for some time. They were nearly all there then. Soon after we got there they put on the corn to roast. One man burned his finger, but he did not care. We then told of adventures we had. I had none, so I did not have to tell a story. When the corn was roasted, we each were given a tin saucer on which there was some corn all ready to eat. Most people ate it at once. When the rest were nearly through, I started mine, and I finished in half the time they took.

This is my first letter, so I do not expect a prize.

CECIL MILLER (Age 10, Book IV.)
Lawrence Station, Ont.

"The Farmer's Advocate" The Garden of a Commuter's Wife.

(By Mabel Osgood Wright.)

CHAPTER III. Concerning Gardeners. (In Particular.)

October 27.—To return to the procession of gardeners who have crossed my path either directly or indirectly, by pouring their woes into father's sympathetic ear, he being a sort of confessor, labor-bureau, and first aid to the mentally and financially, as well as to the physically, injured of a fifteen-mile circuit, comprising open country villages and a factory town—my knowledge of them is based upon stern fact.

The most usual and really least offensive of the group may be found abundantly in England also. They are the old men who have drifted through feebleness to drink, and think that gardening is merely a gentle disturbing of the soil and a tying up of vines in the opposite direction to which they desire to go, like the usual unqualified curate's idea of the ministry.

Second to these are the young men with weak lungs, for whom outdoor work has been advised, who are naturally depressed, and must not be expected to turn over the soil more than half a spade's depth. These we also pity. But we wholly fail to appreciate the services of the next grade—the natural fools, whose relatives steer them into gardening as a fitting occupation. These three classes may be excused as unfortunately not wholly responsible for the disappointments they cause.

The most trying type of all, however, is the one that I found here on my return—the know-it-all individual who, after spending a few months in potting cuttings for a florist, and mowing dooryards, advertises, "Wanted, a position by a graduate gardener, to take charge of a gentleman's place. Can milk." He doesn't say "will milk," mind you! Oh, if unsophisticated folk only realized the tragedy concentrated in those two words, Can milk!

Once arrived, he assumes the dignity of a professional, and considers himself as far above the mere laborer who cheerfully spits on his hands and wields the spade, as our present housemaid—a young Irish-American whom father has with difficulty coaxed from the factory work that was killing her "to accommodate," and who is betrothed to a factory youth, whom she marries at Christmas, and whose mother owns "rale" estate—feels above the usual rank and file of "livin'-out girls."

The caste spirit among the American working classes? Most assuredly, quite as absurd and strictly drawn as among their employers. Neither are we as a family quite what we should be in this housemaid's eyes, I gathered from a conversation that took place between her and Martha Corkle, as we belong to the working class, for do not both father and Evan work for a living?

One learns much in two years of absence from home and country, much that is not realized until the return. Theoretically, we are free and equal. In reality we are often bondsmen, and not to our real or fancied superiors, but to our servants. Perhaps, however, when we are better educated to command, the fetters will be broken.

One thing we must always lack, now that slave days are past, and that is one of the great benefits of ancestry—the hereditary servitor. In the old countries, especially England, that is the inspiration, as well as the despair, of those who have lived in one of its home gardens and hope ever to equal it here on a similar financial basis—hereditary outdoor labor is as honorable as any profession that descends from father to son. The gardener has probably potted about the place from the time he was a chubby-cheeked boy,

earning his first thri'penny bit by washing flower-pots, served an apprenticeship of experience, until in old age his trembling fingers can hardly hold the sprays of apricots that he strives to fasten against the wall which alone draws the heat necessary to ripen them. Unconsciously, he knows the soil, he knows the spots that the sun warms earliest in spring; he knows the borders that catch the drip of winter rains; in what corner mildew flourishes, and which is the chief resort of the pervasive earwig, and all the other capabilities and shortcomings of the ground intrusted to him, be it large or small, as the physician knows the constitution of a patient that he has tended from birth. But, to have this type of servitor, he must be inherited with the garden, and this implies the law of entail. What will you have? My previous decision about gardeners in general, and our present incumbent especially, was confirmed by the dumping of that great load of sand in the wrong place at a time when a day's delay in planting the bulbs might have brought frost to lock the ground until spring. You may argue that a few days' delay is a small thing, but that proves that you were not born to the soil.

I had said to Chris, the gardener, "Go over to the river for the sand, and when you return, call me, and I will show you where to spread it." Instead, the man, a Swedish youth, a hospital protege of father's, who was of the class that had once potted endless cuttings in a mechanical way, while he thought of everything else than his work, drove in by the lower gate and scattered the sand over two strips that are to be shrub-beries, simply because, as he said, in grudging explanation, he "thought nice beds of tulips in stripes would look good dere, and be more best dan vere you dink to put them." The bugle call of revolt has sounded, but in a novel and unusual way; the commuter's wife arises mentally against the "gardener," instead of vice versa, and his downfall will be swift.

It took the rest of the day to sweep up the sand and get another load. Meanwhile, Chris worked in a huff, as if a deep affront had been put upon him.

I could see by the hard, caked condition of the soil in the old flower-beds, by the long walk, and in the vegetable garden generally, that it had not been deeply and properly stirred all summer. But when I asked him to fork up the ground thoroughly between the roots of some of mother's hardy plants, he replied:

"It is not best. In my country we do not so. Stiff ground on top, he keep out both heat and cold."

A similar request to rake a mass of chickweed off a bed, instead of digging it in, brought the rejoinder: "It is time wasted. The winter, he will kill it," while everyone knows that in most places this weed blooms at intervals in all months but perhaps two, and flourishes mightily.

In despair, I went to father and asked him who had given the man directions the eighteen months of his stay, where he came from, who recommended him, and whether he understood that I was to be obeyed?

Father appeared rather embarrassed for a man with surgical nerve, to retain which, perhaps, he has always been an avoicer of domestic furries. Then the end of his nose twitched as it does when he is cornered and wants to laugh, which he finally did as he said:

"Chris was employed by a florist over in town, cut his hand, got blood poisoning, and turned up at the hospital. He seemed intelligent and a great reader. Why, really, Barbara, the first morning he worked here in spring, he stopped me when he was weeding radishes, and asked me if I like Ibsen, saying he did not, 'because he takes the hope from man.' I'm sure, Bab, that showed discernment. And then, he really prefers well-printed books to cheap affairs with paper covers, and



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With the Flowers.

Storing Dahlias.

Editor "Home Department":

In answer to your inquiry of the 1st inst., regarding the storing of dahlia roots, I may say that we have never found any difficulty in storing them if put away in a cellar where they are not reached by frost. They require much the same conditions for storage as potatoes, and do not need to be packed in sand except in a very dry cellar to prevent them from drying out too much. We usually store ours in a frost-proof cellar, on an earth floor, where the atmosphere is moist enough to prevent them drying out too much. H. L. HUTT.

O. A. C., Guelph.

PRECISELY STATED.

Teacher—"Tommy, what is the feminine corresponding to the masculine 'stag'?"

Tommy (whose mother is a society leader)—"Afternoon tea, ma'am"—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.