



A FEW WORDS FROM MR. GOOD-
GROWER ABOUT HIS GARDEN.

EDITOR, *The Farmer's Advocate*:—

Pears to me my garden *beets* all this year. Let me tell you what I have:—

"One Thousand to One".....*Beans*.
 "American Wonder".....*Peas*.
 "White Beauty".....*Potatoes*.
 "Everlasting".....*Cucumbers*.
 "World Beater".....*Cabbage*.
 "Matchless".....*Tomatoes*.
 "Perfection Heartwell".....*Celery*.
 "Early Giant".....*Corn*.

In the flower beds there is almost everything one could *cauliflower*.

You should see the *morning glory* of it before many people are *aster*.

Lettuce hope that nothing will *turnip* to *squash* the success of it.

JOHN GOODGROWER.

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AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION.

Interested young lady (to a captain returned from cruising in Alaskan waters): "I suppose, Captain, that in those northern countries the sun, at a part of the year, doesn't set until quite a while after dark.

WITH APOLOGIES TO "OMAR
KHAYYAM."

Before the phantom of false morning died,

Methought a voice within the grub hall cried:

"When all the breakfast is prepared within,

Why nods the drowsy sophomore outside?"

And, as the bell rang, those who stood before

Its portals shouted: "Open, then, the door!

You know what little while we have to stay,

Nor may return for full three hours or more."

Each morn a thousand eaters brings, you say;

Yes, but where leaves those filled up yesterday?

And this first hour of day goes all too soon,

And leaves us wending hungrily our way.

Ah, my beloved, fill the glass so clear
With water that is brown and thick as beer,

For dinner!—Why, for dinner we will have

Fish! and we will taste it for a year.