

A STUDY IN FORESTRY.

The following makes a very interesting form of entertainment for a small party. The prize for the largest number of correct answers may be a pretty forest scene or a paper weight of some handsome polished wood; the "booby" prize may be a small lock of wood with a tiny toy axe or hatchet:

1. Which tree a kissing game could play?
2. And which its father's name could say?
3. Which shall we wear to keep us warm?
4. And which do ships prefer in storm?
5. Which shows what love-lorn maidens do?
6. And in your hand which carry you?
7. And which is't that the fruitmen fear,
That makes a call each seven-teenth year?
8. And from their pipes men shake which tree?
9. Which is't bad boys dislike to see?
10. Which is a girl both young and sweet?
11. Which like a man bright, dapper, neat?
12. And on which do the children play,
With pail and shovel all the day?
13. And to which tree shall we now turn
For goods to wear and stuff to burn?
14. And now divide you one tree more
You've part of a dress and part of a door.
15. Which tree is never seen alone?
16. And which one is a bright, warm tone?
17. And which in church doth office hold?
18. Which is a town in Ireland old?
19. For this one do not look so far—
Which tells what charming people are?
20. And which one will allay the pain,
If promptly rubbed in bruise or sprain?
21. The carpenter doth use which tree
To make his wall straight as can be?
22. And to which tree do urchins call
To show you should have looked at all?
23. Which tree on calendars find you?
24. Which is a joke, told times not few?
25. And which call we an Ohio man?
26. And which for soup we sometimes plan?
27. Which tells "where at," on land or sea,
An Englishman likes best to be?
28. And on our feet we'll wear which tree?
29. And which our hero's crown shall be?
30. Another tree to find just try,
For fish and fuel for a "fry."

SUMMER HOUSEKEEPING WITHOUT ICE.

Partly fill with water a shallow granite-ware pan. Place it in an open, shady window where there is a good draft of air. In this put bottles of water, milk and cream (sealed), wrapped with wet cloths reaching into the water. Put butter in an earthen dish deep enough to prevent water getting in. Over this turn an earthen flower pot wrapped with a wet cloth reaching into the water. The pan should be fixed every morning and evening. With several of these pans one can keep house very comfortably without ice.

DANDELION WINE

To make dandelion wine take four quarts of dandelion blossoms, four quarts boiling water. Let stand three days; then add rind of four oranges, rind of two lemons; boil well for fifteen minutes, then strain. When lukewarm add pulp of the oranges and lemons, taking out seeds. Add four lbs. granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls yeast (or half a compressed yeast cake); stand in warm place for a week; strain again; let stand three weeks, then bottle.

Salmon Sandwiches.—Pick the contents of a can of salmon into small bits. Beat an egg light, add to it a half teaspoonful of mustard, a half cup of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of flour; then

add a cup of boiling sweet milk, and cook all together until as thick as molasses, stirring constantly. Put in the flaked salmon and beat well. Take from the fire, butter thin slices of bread with the preparation and set in the oven until a delicate brown. Serve hot.

BOOKLESS HOMES.

College teachers report almost incredible ignorance of standard literature among people of the higher education. An examination of the minds of many freshmen brings to light cavities of appalling magnitude; young men from well-to-do homes arrive at the college gates without any of the passwords which admit men to educated society. They have

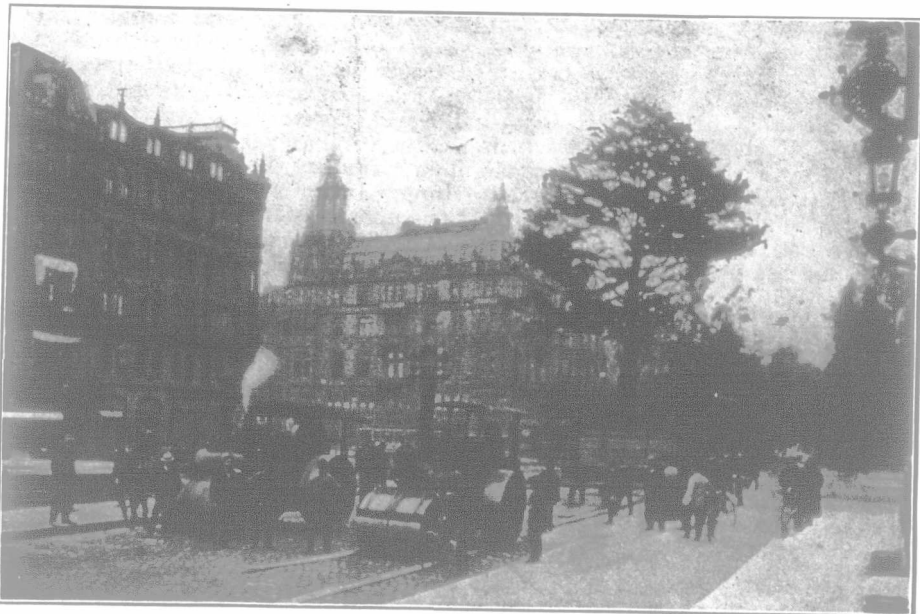


Photo sent by O. King. MOVING THE FAMOUS YEW AT FRANKFORT.

a hazy idea that the Bible is an old book which belongs with "The New England Primer" on the dusty shelves where obsolete publications are put out of the way. They have heard of Shakespeare, but are under the impression that he was a popular novelist. They have no knowledge of Col. Esmond, Mr. Pickwick, Sir Roger de Coverley, Miles Coverdale or Evangelina. They know something about Rip Van Winkle because they have been to the theatre, and for the same reason they are not without impressions of Hamlet, though they fail to associate his tragic career with Shakespeare. The examination papers in English are sometimes far more amusing than the journals which make joking a profession. If it were not for the entrance requirements, some students who knock at college doors would be as innocent of knowledge of the literature which is supposed to be the common possession of educated men as if they had just arrived from Mars.

For this lamentable ignorance concerning things that every youth ought to know from his childhood up it is idle to hold students responsible; they are the victims of parents who have abdicated their authority and neglected their duty. Many of the faults chargeable against the American school should be laid at the door of the American home; there are too many fathers and mothers in this country who act as if the whole duty of a parent were met when house, food and clothes are provided. They exercise no authority over their children, and have no knowledge of or concern with their reading, their friends, their amusements. They never go near the schools in which these children are spending five or six hours a day, and their only relation with the teachers who are trying to give their children those rudimentary lessons in conduct, manners and speech which they ought to have learned without effort at home is the writing of excuses that ought not to be granted. So far as any real education for life is concerned, there are many luxurious homes in America that are worse than tenement houses.

It is just as much the duty of the home to feed the mind of a child as to feed its body; to select what is to be read as to select what is to be eaten; to provide good books as good clothing. In the most straitened home there ought to be a few good books, and as children grow older these books ought to increase in number.—*The Outlook.*

MOVING A TREE 300 YEARS OLD.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

In your issue of June 19th, page 931, you have an article on transplanting large trees. The tree that is mentioned there as being transplanted is a famous yew tree, and weighed boxed for transport, 90,000 lbs. It was moved by means of rollers and heavy chains, and pulled by a steam roller. The cost was 10,000 marks or \$2,500, and the venture is expected to be successful. I am enclosing a picture post card taken when the tree was in the road. As Frankfort is my native town, I was pleased to see this notice in your excellent paper.

OLIVER KING.

"Mother," said Jack in his most persuasive voice, "let's have a picnic. Jill 'n I know a dandy place under the willows by the pond, and we'll carry the basket and everything."

Mother looked almost persuaded and the twins' hopes rose high, only to fall rapidly when she said, "Not to-day, son, for all the ladies are coming to tea, and—"

"Bother!" said Jack.

"Oh Dear!" said Jill.

"Come and peep into the dining-room at the pretty table, far nicer, isn't it, than having to sit on a log and eat cold hard boiled eggs, and pick the ants and spiders out of your lemonade?"

But the only answer was a wail from Jill quite out of proportion to the apparent cause, but which was soon explained by that young lady when Jack whispered "cry-baby."

She turned on him quite fiercely, "You'll cry too before you're all washed and brushed and get your 'brodery blouse on. And I'll have to put on a white dress and have horrid curls, and let every body kiss me. And I hate lady-parties!"

This view of the question reduced Jack to a humble frame of mind, and he was almost prepared to wail with Jill, but judged it safer to carry his emotions to the old apple-tree in the back-yard before the dreaded cleaning process should begin. Jill, of course, came "tumbling after," just in time to receive Jack's idea as it came hot from his brain.

"Why, yes, children," said mother, when they came back to her, "you can stay in the garden instead of coming in if you would like that better, and I'll send you out some lunch if I'm not too busy. Only you must not let any of the ladies see you." The twins took solemn oath with their eyes. "I don't blame you, chicks; I'd rather be out with you this lovely day, than take tea by candlelight in the daytime."

That sigh of mother's settled it. At half-past four mother and cousin Louise sat in that solemn state of expectancy which precedes the coming of the invited guest. At five they assured one another with great earnestness that it was "too soon to expect anyone yet." The next half hour was spent in wondering who else was entertaining on that particular afternoon, and the next was given over to the invention of probable and improbable reasons for the non-appearance of the ladies. The dainty tea-table was an eye-sore, and the drawn blinds were gloomily irritating.

When at last Aunt Nan presented herself with a rush by way of the back door mother was too indignant for speech just for a moment and so lost her opportunity, for the visitor began at once and declined to be interrupted. "Tell me, Helen, tell me what is wrong? Why didn't you send for me? Surely someone could have been found to carry a message. Is it brother Frank, or Jack, or my dear little Jill." (Jill had not been so dear when she had slipped off to a picnic wearing Aunt Nan's best hat, which had gone into the pond with her when the log slipped.)

As mother could only gasp, her sister-in-law's anxiety was not lessened. "You poor creature, the shock has been too much for you! Louise, you must explain. Was it an accident? I was coming to your tea—a little late indeed—when I noticed a carriage stop before the house, and then drive on. Two or three people whom I knew you had invited did the same. I wondered, but when I came nearer I saw the blinds pulled down and crape on the door. Tell me, Helen, don't sit there and stare! You will drive me mad!"

"Jack and Jill!" ejaculated their fond parent and collapsed on the sofa in apparent hysterics; and aunt had sudden visions of drownings or broken necks, and of two little bodies laid out in the next room. She was rising in desperation to investigate when two bodies, anything but dead, burst into the room and fell upon their mother with a shout.

"We fixed it for you, Mother," said Jill.

"I guess if you don't like lady-parties you don't have to have them," said Jack.

And Aunt Nan went home speechless.

ONE REASON WHY.

A gentleman from the continent of Europe who is in charge of certain works in Canada was asked why workingmen earning in Europe thirty-five cents a day, do not come to Canada where they could earn two dollars and a half. His reply was immediate. "If I was offered five thousand dollars here and two thousand in my own country I would live there, for there I get something for my money. I can get a good meal, which is hard to get here—as good a meal for a franc as I get here for a dollar and a half at the best hotel. Why, I have to import my own coffee. I also import my butter from Scandinavia. Then look at the roads! It is a delight to use any road in my country, but what have we here for roads? What have you in Montreal? Look at Craig street, as it is—and they are going to lay it with granite! Everything is in the same condition. You spend money on your streets and they are no better. The people do not care how things are managed. In my country if it should be found that a public man had done anything to favor a friend, his career would be at an end. Here, you convince a voter that a man is misusing public funds, and he sympathizes with him and votes for him again. Those who think otherwise are too busy to mind him and vote for him again. Those who think otherwise are too busy to mind how public affairs are managed. Now, I try to get my countrymen to come out here. I offer them two dollars a day and a free house. They answer that they are earning fifty cents and they know what they get for it, and they have heard that in Canada you can get nothing for your money. That is what hinders most of them. You have made everything dear by duties and unions and you think you are so well off, but it is largely an illusion. You want honest and efficient public administration, you want more civilized conditions, if you wish to tempt any but the most oppressed and distressed peoples to come to this country."—*The Witness.*

TWO HEADS.

As their mother said, Christian names were quite inappropriate where the twins were concerned. Jack and Jill they are and will ever be, and only the family Bible and their mother recognize them as Howard and Kathleen.