

The following, clipped from a contemporary publication, may also be interesting in connection with this subject:

"Canadian women will be interested in the success that is attending the work of the women gardeners of England in extending the knowledge of scientific methods of cultivating the soil.

"For the most part these English women gardeners are young women of good social position, who have taken up with their vocation because it is more attractive to them than other callings that are open to the Englishwoman, and because, also, it is fairly remunerative whether they work for others or operate on their own account.

"Many of them are employed on large estates, where they hold the important and responsible posts of head gardeners; others are specialists, having charge of certain branches of the agricultural work which their employers carry on. A great many of the women, however, are in business for themselves, operating on lands which they own or control under lease.

"But whether these women gardeners work for others or on their own account, they are able to apply to their operations the scientific methods with which they have become acquainted in some one of the schools and colleges of England which undertake to prepare women for the proper discharge of the duties of farmer and gardener. All over England they are showing by their works how to attain the best results from farming and gardening, and how to till land economically and profitably."

A Lullaby for Springtime.

Have you ever made a collection of lullabies? Here is a pretty one. We shall be pleased to receive copies of others.

Lullaby, Baby! the southern wind blows,
The sunset clouds are tinted with rose,
And one little star in the pale sky shows
His light far up above.

A distant bell on the hillside rings,
A robin up on a bare bough swings,
And clear and sweet are the words he sings:
"Good night, my dear little love."

Lullaby, Baby! the springtime is near,
We know it, because the gay bluebirds are here,
And the bright little dandelions appear,
Like stars in the grass they shine.

The frogs in the meadow sing such a strange song,
Now low and then high, and again loud and strong—
So they will sing to you all the night long,
While you sleep, little Love of mine.

Lullaby, Baby! the light in the West
Has faded and Robin has gone to his rest,
While silently, softly, around your warm nest
The evening shadows creep.

Hark! you may hear the south wind croon
A song of spring to a sleepy tune,
"The buds and the blossoms will be here soon,
So sleep, little loved one, sleep!"
—Edith Bardwell Clark.

To Make Oilcloth Last.

To make floor oilcloth or linoleum last almost indefinitely, lay a thick lining of carpet-matting or heavy paper under it. Cut the linoleum at least an inch larger than the floor all around, cover the floor thickly with the lining, and lay the linoleum, letting it turn up all around the room against the wall. Cut and lap the corners so as to make a tight fit, and then tack down a quarter-round wide enough to fit down to the floor and up over the edge of the oilcloth. This will prevent the water from settling down under the oilcloth and rotting it.

In covering a table or pantry shelves with oilcloth, pad them with paper first, and the oilcloth will both look and wear better.—"Country Life."

Gingham Hats.

Try the following for your little girls, to wear with their gingham dresses. Zephyr gingham, by the way, are to be very much worn this summer:

"Gingham hats may be made easily, and can be made entirely at home. Cut three thicknesses of the gingham, or chambray, or plain white material, if preferred, in a flat circle, from fourteen to sixteen inches in diameter. Stitch these together around the edge, then turn the raw seam and stitch carefully around and around, being careful to keep the stitching rows the same distance apart. Cut another piece of your material in a flat circle, from seventeen to nineteen inches in diameter, and around the edge sew carefully, so that it will not stretch, some narrow edging of embroidery or fancy, flat, wash braid. A little to one side of the rim-piece cut out a circle large enough to admit of the hair going through, or about five or six inches in diameter. Bind this opening carefully. Now launder both your top and rim, starching the rim-piece very stiff. If the material is of the texture of gingham or chambray, such a rim will need no wiring to hold it stiff. Iron both pieces very carefully and put the top on "Tam" fashion, sewing the little pleats to the binding of the opening in the rim. A strip of the same material from four to six inches wide is carefully hemmed and tied about the crown, leaving the ample bow at the front or a little to the side. Where this goes around the crown, it should be crushed down so that it is not more than two inches high. If it is desired, the same flat braid, or embroidery edging may be used around the rim as is used at the edge of the crown-piece."—Selected.

A Country Ride.

Let us be going, O let us be going
Off and away where the long road is showing

Like a brown ribbon unrolled, up and down.

Farther and farther away from the town—
Sweetheart of mine, come, let us be going.

Let us be going—the warm winds are blowing
Fresh from the forests. The sunrise is showing

Like a rose-garden just over the hill,
Everywhere glad-hearted bobolinks trill,
Everywhere sweetest of sweet things are growing.

By sunny pastures where cattle are lowing,
By the hay fields glad and green for the mowing,

Past the pine woods, wet and fragrant,
and then

Up hill and down hill, and up hill again,

On with a freedom and joy past all knowing.

Let us be going, O let us be going—
Weariness, dreariness, back of us throwing—

Out of the shadows away and away,
Into the daffodil depths of the day—
Sweetheart of mine, come let us be going.

—Alice E. Allen, in *Outing*.

Honor Satisfied.

A couple of good-natured Frenchmen got into a quarrel and challenged each other to fight. On the morning of the duel, they and their seconds tramped through the woods to the fatal spot, when one of the duelists, the challenging party, tripped and fell. His second helped him up.

"I hope you are not much hurt?" said the other duelist.

"I'm not much hurt; I only bumped my nose on the ground."

"Does it bleed?"

"Yes, a little."

"Heaven be praised! Blood flows, and my honor is vindicated. Give me your hand, old boy!"

With every exertion the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief. Washington Irving.

"The Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



6327 Misses' Over Dress with Gulppe, 14 and 16 years.

Suitable for chambray, gingham, etc. Yoke of tucked muslin, and scalloped edges, bound in white or plain color to match check in dress.



6309 Yoke Petticoat 22 to 32 waist.



6314 Child's One-Piece Apron, 2 to 8 years.

To be shipped over the head. Very easy to iron.

The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten cents per pattern. Be careful to give Correct Number and Size of Patterns Wanted. When the Pattern is Bust Measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. When Waist Measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When Misses' or Child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. Allow from one to two weeks in which to fill order, and where two numbers appear, as for waist and skirt, enclose ten cents for each number. If only one number appears, ten cents will be sufficient.

Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

"Well, Willie," said the minister, as he dined after church with Willie's family, "it was a pleasure to see you in church this morning."

"Pleasure to be there," said Willie.

"And what part of my sermon did you like best, my boy?" asked the divine.

"The last sentence," said Willie. "I thought that was bully."

"Indeed?" said the clergyman, scratching his head in his effort to recall just what it was in that last sentence that should so appeal to the youthful taste.

"Tell me why you liked that best of all."

"Because you went through," said Willie.

The Golden Dog

(Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I wish you to do it, right or wrong, proper or improper, although there is no impropriety in it. Improper becomes proper, if you do it, Mademoiselle!"

"Well, what is it, Chevalier—this fearful test to prove my loyalty to the Grand Company, and which makes you such a matchless flatterer?"

"Just this, Angelique!" replied he. "You have much influence with the Seigneur de Repentigny?"

Angelique colored up to the eyes. "With Le Gardeur! What of him? I can take no part against the Seigneur de Repentigny," said she, hastily.

"Against him? For him! We fear much that he is about to fall into the hands of the Honnetes Gens; you can prevent it if you will, Angelique?"

"I have an honest regard for the Seigneur de Repentigny!" said she, more in answer to her own feelings than to the Intendant's remark—her cheek flushed, her fingers twitched nervously at her fan, which she broke in her agitation, and threw the pieces vehemently upon the ground. "I have done harm enough to Le Gardeur, I fear," continued she. "I had better not interfere with him any more! Who knows what might result?" She looked up almost warningly at the Intendant.

"I am glad to find you so sincere a friend to Le Gardeur," remarked Bigot, craftily. "You will be glad to learn that our intention is to elevate him to a high and lucrative office in the administration of the Company, unless the Honnetes Gens are before us in gaining full possession of him."

"They shall not be before us if I can prevent it, Chevalier," replied she, warmly. She was indeed grateful for the implied compliment to Le Gardeur. "No one will be better pleased at his good fortune than myself."

"I thought so. It was partly my business to tell you of our intentions towards Le Gardeur."

"Indeed!" replied she, in a tone of pique. "I flattered myself your visit was all on my own account, Chevalier."

"So it was." Bigot felt himself on rather soft ground. "Your brother, the Chevalier des Meloises, has doubtless consulted you upon the plan of life he has sketched out for both of you?"

"My good brother sketches so many plans of life that I really am not certain I know the one you refer to." She guessed what was coming, and held her breath hard until she heard the reply.

"Well, you of course know that his plan of life depends mainly upon an alliance between yourself and the Chevalier de Repentigny."

She gave vent to her anger and disappointment. She rose up suddenly, and, grasping the Intendant's arm fiercely, turned him half round in her vehemence. "Chevalier Bigot! did you come here to propose for me on behalf of Le Gardeur de Repentigny?"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle; it is no proposal of mine—on behalf of Le Gardeur. I sanctioned his promotion. Your brother, and the Grand Company generally, would prefer the alliance. I don't!" He said this with a tone of meaning which Angelique was cute enough to see implied Bigot's unwillingness to her marrying any man—but himself, was the addendum she at once placed to his credit. "I regret I mentioned it," continued he, blandly, "if it be contrary to your wishes."