

Out another piece four inches wide and five inches long and cover it also. Make incisions half an inch deep in one end and roll it up lengthways to imitate a candle. Flatten out the small cut pieces and either sew or paste firmly in the middle of the circle. Then cut a piece of paper twelve inches long and two wide, gather into a frill, and fasten round the middle of the candle, making it stand out stiff. Fill the hollow candle with curled hair, which forms the cushion for the hair-pins. The handle of the candlestick is made by cutting a piece of cardboard five inches long and one and one-half inches wide, covering it with paper, rolling it with a hollow in the centre, and fastening to one side of the candlestick.

A veil-case is made by cutting two pieces of paper twelve inches square and placing between two or three layers of sheet batting. Sew four sides to keep in place, make a full frill with heading and sew all round, and then fold together like a book. The tissue-paper is sold in rolls, each roll a distinct shade, three yards in length. I have forwarded to you four shades as being most suitable for the articles you want. I hope you will find the directions easy to follow and the results satisfactory.

M. M.

"WORRIED HOUSEKEEPER."—For the destruction of moths, saturate your stuffed furniture, etc., with naphtha, which should be done in the open air, and repeated after a few days. For the carpet, apply to the affected parts several plies of wet cotton, and press with very hot irons, after which pour on them the naphtha.

"NINA V."—The "silence cloth" is one made of white felt, or double-faced white cotton-flannel, which is placed under the linen tablecloth to deaden the sound, but it also serves the purpose of preserving the polish of the table.

"LAUREL."—The initials A. L. O. E. stand for "A Lady of England," but the authoress' real name was Miss Tucker. She went to India as a missionary some years ago. L. E. L. stand for Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who was, I think, also an English-woman.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the writer of so many charming poems, lives in the United States, and is still writing. Most of her poems have a hopeful, cheering tone that makes one feel fresh courage after their perusal.

"DOREEN."—A sure and simple cure for hiccoughs is to drink half a teaspoonful of vinegar, and keep your arms in an upright position for a minute or so afterwards, or until you feel it no longer necessary to keep them in that position. M. M.

"PANSY."—Scars can be removed or effaced by rubbing them with olive oil every night. The oil should be applied with the hand and thoroughly rubbed into the skin to be efficacious. This treatment, if persisted in, will remove scars of very long standing.

M. M.

"WEARY ONE."—Bathe your face and eyes freely with warm water and you will feel better able to "bear the burden and heat of the day."

To remove ink from linen try a mixture of a teaspoonful and a-half of salt to a gill of milk. If the stain is an old one the article should be left in this mixture for an hour or two.

M. M.

The Interrupted Lesson.

[FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY G. COSTA.]

Long ago the wisest of men said that "much study is a weariness of the flesh." Mankind have very generally concurred in this sentiment, and especially has it received the hearty adoption of the juvenile members of the race. Shakespeare's picture of

the whining school-boy, with his satchel, And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school,

is true to the life. Why, the very thought of "much study" wearies the poor boy: hence his snail-like, unwilling pace. If it were a matter of ball-playing, or top-spinning, or kite-flying, or tree-climbing, or swimming, or skating, it would be quite different: these things do not weary the flesh of a boy any more than jumping rope, rolling hoop, or playing tennis fatigues the young feminine body. Still, there is great diversity in the matter and in the manner of study. Some studies are much more inviting than others: they seem to tell the very things that young minds desire to know: they simply answer interesting questions, they do not

perplex the mind and make the head ache. With what stirring, romantic stories does history abound, for example, if only these stories are told in simple, graphic words to the young listener! And then, the many curious things, both beautiful and otherwise, in plant and insect life; the marvellous habits of birds and of animals; the wonders of the sea, and a thousand things on every hand that pique the curiosity of active minds,—these things surely might be studied without weariness. True; and so they are; but, don't you know, there can be too much even of a good thing? The little vessels are soon filled to the brim at the fountain of knowledge; and "the full soul loatheth the honey-comb." The little girl in our picture quite enjoyed the lesson taught her out of the pretty book that lies open in the teacher's lap, but presently she was satisfied, then surfeited, then restless. The teacher carefully sought to re-engage the lost attention, but in vain. Presently the little maid impulsively springs up and clasps the patient elder sister round the neck. Perhaps she does not say a word; surely she doesn't need to; the language of signs is not exclusively the possession of deaf mutes. The



THE INTERRUPTED LESSON.

pleading eyes, the lips pursed for a kiss—every motion says: "Don't let's study any more; it was a very nice lesson, but you are lovelier than the book; let us talk about something else, let us play, sing—anything—only, no more study." The motherly sister looks into the child's eyes and smiles understandingly. She hasn't closed the book yet, but we are very sure there will be no present resumption of the lesson. The expressions are rendered by the artist with a fine insight, and the picture altogether is graceful and winning.

An Allegory.

A humming-bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with its beauty, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," said the butterfly, "as you once insulted me, and called me a 'crawling dolt.'" "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird; "I have always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superior."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

All communications to be accompanied by the name, age and address of the writer. A prize will be given in July for the best short story or letter. The writer must be under age. All communications should be accompanied by the name, age and address of the writer, and addressed to "Cousin Dorothy," FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

To-day Jean Dunn, aged fourteen, has taken possession of the "Corner." Again it has been necessary to cut down the story a little. Correspondents will please remember that only short communications will be printed in full. What are the boys doing? Are there no young rivals of Dickens, Thackeray, or Scott, who want a chance to exercise their budding genius?—COUSIN DOROTHY.

Bonny—The Story of a Visit.

Once upon a time I had the pleasure of spending a month with a dear friend of mine. The place where she lives is in the country, and a very pretty place it is. As I arrived at night-fall, I could not see the sights of the farm that night. After breakfast next morning my friend and I went out to the barn to feed the fowls. They had a great many of them, especially chickens. I could have picked up the little downy balls and kissed them. We then went back to the house, and my friend showed me their photograph album, in which I saw many faces I knew. After dinner, when the dishes were washed, the floor swept, and such small duties done, Bonny brought out some cloth and etching-thread, with which she began to work. At last they were done—a pair of pillow-shams—and on one was: "I slept and found that life was beauty"; and on the other: "I woke and found that life was duty." I felt that it was an impressive lesson for me. After tea was over, the cows milked, and the calves fed, Bonny and I went for a walk beside the river, which ran along at the bottom of their farm. There was quite a large orchard near the river, and two beautiful basswood and willow trees, which Bonny's father said he "would not have cut down for quite a bit," as they were such splendid shade for the sheep, cattle, and such things. After a time we returned to the house, got an ADVOCATE, and tried to think out a puzzle in it, which took up all our time till it was time to go to bed. About a week after I arrived there was great excitement at the river. It was the 24th of May. A very large crowd had gathered at the river, and as Bonny and I watched load after load of people come down the hill opposite ours, we wished we were among the merry crowd. After dinner, Bonny, a large number of her friends (most of whom I knew), and I, went down to the river. Such a crowd—between three and four hundred. Nearly all kinds of games were being played—football, croquet, baseball, etc. There were two or three swings put up on the bridge which spanned this beautiful river. In the mill, and on a platform outside, people were dancing, and so wore on this beautiful day. My visit passed all too quickly. The last week came. There was, of course, a round of visiting to be done among the neighbors before I went home, so that Bonny and I were away most of the time. The last evening we spent at home, but a large number of neighbors came, so we had an enjoyable time. They all wished I would come back some time, and so I shall if I possibly can.

Next morning I gave my friend Bonny an affectionate embrace, and thanked her for helping to be the means of my spending such an enjoyable time there. I bade them good-bye, and Bonny's father drove me home, where I was warmly welcomed by all. I hope you may some time come to this beautiful valley for a visit to some friend of yours, and have just as enjoyable a time as I had.

JEAN DUNN, Plover Mills, Ont.

Stretch It a Little.

Trudging along the slippery street,
Two childish figures, with aching feet,
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying homeward at close of day
Over the city's broad highway.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks, and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold.
"Fain't very big, but I think 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry!"

The garment was small, and tattered, and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth, and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.