



THE LITTLE STOWAWAY.

"Would you like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent, and the narrator folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail and commences as follows:

"Bout three years ago, before I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last moment, and we'd no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether, you may think, the cap'n wasn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool he came down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"Tom," says he, "what d'ye think? Bless if we ain't found a stowaway." (That's the name, you know, sir, as we give the chaps as hide themselves aboard outward-bound vessels and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

"The dickens you have!" says I. "Who is he, and where did you find him?"

"Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and then to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and began barkin'. Such a nice little mite as he is, too! I could ha' most put him in my baby-pouch, poor little beggar! But he looks to be a good plucky un for all that!

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight and no mistake. Every man Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in the ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle was the rust mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit of a lad not ten years old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face of his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But, bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a keyhole; but the young 'un wasn't a bit afeared—he stood straight up and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, and said to the world as if he was Prince Hal himself. Folks did say afterwards—

"lowering his voice to a whisper—'as how he comed o' better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I'm rather o' that way o' thinkin' myself, for I never yet seed a common street Arab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might a heered a pin drop as the mate spoke.

"Well, you young whelp," says he, in his grimmest voice, "what's brought you here?"

"It was my stepfather as done it," says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. "Father dead, and mother married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and giv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax, and here's her address."

And with that he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumbled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"We all believe every word on't, even without the paper, for his look and his voice and the way he spoke was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff,' and then he says to him, 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out o' 'em. Now, you just point out the men as stowed you away and fed you this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says quietly: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute, as if he'd see clear through him, and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. Reeve a rope to the yard, he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'Smart now!'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What on earth's a comin' now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Now, my lad," says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess, and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they could not believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em like a wild beast waking out of a nap.

"'Silence, there!' shouts the mate in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard, as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little fellow never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big, strong chaps, as could 'a' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly headed lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike and held it behind my back, all ready.

"Tom," whispers the chief engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

"I don't know, says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does he shall go first, if I sawing for it!'

"I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen, and the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces, and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance.

"Eight minutes," says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' upon the silence like the toll of a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time is nearly up.'

"I've told you the truth," answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. "May I say my prayers, please?"

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11. -A-O-S-C-: A Canadian summer resort.
12. E-A-G-L-N-: A noted poem, the scene of which is laid in Canada.
13. -A-U-A-A-: A valuable time saver.
14. L-U-I-R-: A prominent Canadian statesman.
15. -A-A-A-A-: Visited by all tourists to Canada.
16. L-R-A-E-D-E-: Commander-in-Chief of Canadian forces.
17. -E-H-A-E-: Found in most Canadian cities.
18. -man-makes--himself--eaten--: An old proverb.

HOW TO SECURE THE PRIZES.

Send a correct list of the above drop-letter words, enclosing \$1.00 for a year's subscription (new) to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, and you can secure the \$50.00 or other grand prizes as provided below. This puzzle may seem difficult at first, but you can do it, as there are no names or other words in the list which every school boy and girl do not see almost daily. To give EVERY ONE a chance to secure a handsome present, we promise to send a Gold-plated Pin, Roman Knot design, heavily chased, set with sparkling gem—garnet, opal, or emerald—suitable for either lady or gentleman, to EACH person who answers eight of the above questions, and encloses with his or her list \$1.00 for one new subscriber to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. The Pins will be forwarded as soon as list and money are received; but the grand prizes will not be awarded till June 1st, when winners' names will be published. Winners of the Gold-plated Pin prize will also have the chance of gaining the \$50.00 or one of the Watches. Owing to the wonderful popularity of the ADVOCATE with both old and young, by simply showing others a copy and calling their attention to its superior merits you will have no difficulty in obtaining their subscription, which must be sent in along with the answers to the puzzle. Give your own address and that of the subscriber. All answers must reach this office by May 20th, when the contest closes. Address THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ontario. This is a very easy way to secure a beautiful present. No doubt many will take advantage of our liberal offer. The first prize will be awarded the sender of correct answers to the full list, but if several correct answers to the puzzle should be received, the \$50.00 will be given to the one whose list is neatest and best written, and the Gold and Silver Watches to the second and third best. If no complete list is received the \$50.00 will not be awarded, but the Gold Watch will be forwarded to the sender of the best list, and the Silver Watch to the second best.

Mr. J. W. Westervelt, Principal of the Forest City Business College, London, Ont., has kindly consented to act as judge in deciding which lists of answers are neatest and best written. Lists will be submitted to him by us without the names attached.

ANSWERING THE PUZZLE.

Put letters in place of dashes: Thus, the first word is "Canada," which is made by supplying the dropped letters "C N D," the others are worked in the same way.

"God bless you, my boy," says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. "You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast you off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!"

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax he found out the little un's aunt, and gev her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as regular as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, axin' your pardon, it's time for me to be goin' below, so I'll just wish yer good-night.—The Sailor's Magazine.

Seasonable Recipes.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

We have been specially requested to print this early for those who intend to use it for Good Friday. Warm four cupfuls of the best bread flour until it is warm to the touch when the hand is stirred through it. Mix a third of a cupful of softened butter and three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a soft cream, add a cupful of milk that has been scalded and cooled until it is lukewarm. Add two eggs, first beaten very thoroughly together without separating the whites and yolks. Add also a large saltspoonful of salt, and finally the flour. Beat the batter till it blisters. A great deal of the success of this bread depends upon the thoroughness of the beating.

Let the buns rise for at least nine hours, or until they are about three times their original bulk. Turn the dough out on a floured board. Dredge it lightly with flour and do not add any more. Roll out the dough about two inches thick. Cut it into large biscuits with a coffee cup or a large tin cutter. Put about a teaspoonful of currants and one or two thin slices of citron in each bun. Lay them on a biscuit pan close together and let them rise for one hour in a warm place and closely covered so that the air cannot reach them and dry their surface. It is a good plan to rub a little melted butter over the top of each of the buns before they are put in

the pan to rise. Let the buns bake in an oven that is not hot enough to bake bread, for twenty-five minutes. Brush them over after they are baked with a little syrup made by mixing a tablespoonful of sugar with a tablespoonful of boiling water, and return them to the oven to become dry. If you wish a cross on them, slash the top of each of the buns with a very sharp knife just before they are put in the oven, making an even cross. This cross is sometimes colored with a little caramel or burned sugar, so that it will be a little darker than the rest of the bun when they are baked.

COLORING EASTER EGGS.

Easter eggs can be colored with aniline die. It should be diluted to the proper shade and the eggs boiled in it. Green, the color of hope and resurrection, is particularly appropriate, but a variety is pleasing—red, pink, blue, pale yellow and purple. Eggs can be boiled hard and painted in water-colors with a single spring flower, as a primrose, or a butterfly, also a symbol of the resurrection. They should be arranged in nests of moss. German children believe that the Easter eggs are laid by hares, so representations of this little animal are often placed on them, or near them. Painted butterflies, mounted on wire, can be made to hover over the nest.

TO MAKE CHOCOLATE ALMONDS.

Blanch the almond meats by pouring boiling water over them, and let them stand a few moments; then turn the hot water off and throw cold water over them. The skin may then be easily rubbed off. Break some sweet chocolate into small pieces, put them in a small dish, and stand this dish over a fire in a pan of boiling water. When the chocolate is melted put a blanched nut meat on the point of a hatpin and dip it into the melted chocolate; then lay it on oiled paper to cool. When the chocolate becomes set the meats may be again taken up with a pin; such a second coating of chocolate will please many that are very fond of chocolate.