

form in their children the habit of improving their time by imposing upon them stated tasks, and requiring their accomplishment within a certain period. For example in the matter of dressing in the morning, some children will be an hour in getting ready for breakfast, when 15 or 20 minutes is quite time enough. Or, they will dawdle over their lessons and be twice or thrice as long as need be in learning them, and thus have no time for play. Indulgence in this way of doing is very injurious to any child. Doubtless the habits of promptitude and regularity that are formed in children who attend large schools and are compelled to observe the rules which are laid down for their conduct are as intrinsically valuable as all they learn beside.

It is not easy for those who have no outward pressure that forces them to keep account with their moments to mark out a programme and work up to it, but a strong will can do even this, and when once the habit is formed life will possess new value. To professional and business men and women there is scarcely anything more annoying than the interruptions they often suffer during office and business hours from inconsiderate and idle friends and acquaintances. If a locomotive could, without slackening, or spending time in getting under headway again, stop at stations just long enough to discharge and receive passengers, the rate of speed would be indefinitely increased. But when, worse than stopping, it is entirely turned from its track and switched off upon another, the loss of time is irreparable. The least and the greatest courtesy those who set no value upon their own time can show to those who do, is to respect the privacy of the hours set apart to labor. Students, authors, ministers, editors, artists, appreciate no delicacy of friendship, no courtesy their friends and the public can bestow, of greater worth than that shown by leaving their hours of intellectual toil undisturbed.

Trades for Women.

All parents should bring up their children in such a way that they can maintain themselves. It is just as necessary for girls to learn some employment as it is for boys. Marriage is no longer the "chief end and aim" of sensible girls. It is not a haven of rest from labor, but a condition where every faculty of mind and energy of character are necessary to build up a happy home.

Every woman should be able to earn a support independent of her husband, should it become necessary. The avenues to work for women are widening, and the approach to the same wages for the same services rendered by men is slow but sure, and blamable are parents who do not give their girls the means of controlling their circumstances by a well-defined occupation. We have in mind a young woman, a graduate of a popular seminary, who was left, by the death of her husband, with a farm and but little money. With advice from her father she has carried on her farm, laying by a surplus every year, hiring a foreman to whom she gives wages and a share of the responsibility. She has pursued her musical studies, discontinued at her marriage, and is educating her children till they are old enough to leave home—an example of the superiority of intelligent power over the merely physical.

Flowers and Flower Gardens.

It has been said that few things tend to express the character and fortunes of individuals more than the appearance of the window-blinds, and the brightness and cleanliness of the windows of their dwellings. Nothing can be more true; and we cannot but feel, when this is admitted, that the same line of reasoning will be allowed with regard to flowers. If we pass by a house, even though it be in a narrow, confined thoroughfare, and see upon its window-sills bright rows of pots filled with gay geraniums, and well-formed fuchsias we suppose that surely in that house there must live some one whose mind is not wholly choked up and deadened with the dust and toil of the great city—one to whom the links are not yet entirely severed, which bind the heart to the loveliness of nature, and who still appreciates, with a tender care, the sweetest and most beautiful of her creations. Or, perhaps, our thoughts, taking a sadder turn, may imagine that some lone-hearted creature, who may have been fettered to his chamber for months, or years, by lingering maladies, flies from his own racking pains and thoughts, and seeks among those very flowers, which seem so gay, and indicative of youth and happy hearts to us, a solace and delight, which simple things like these

often render to the wretched-hearted and weary. Wherever flowers are seen, carefully tended, we may be sure there will be found people of a refined mind. No one who has not a gentle and a tender heart can truly love flowers; and any one who really does so, worships, it may be unconsciously, the Eternal One who formed them.

Treat Your Boys Well.

SOME mothers try to reach the soft side of their boy's nature with a kind word; some with a harsh word; and some with an old slipper. Some mothers try it in this manner:—"Now you great, big lubber, get right out of here and stop that outlandish noise, will you! Don't you know better than to whistle in the house? You are always in the road. Go way, and don't let me see you again to-day." Now Jim, John or Pete—whatever his name may be—will withdraw, and boy-like will say nothing; but boy-like again, will keep up a big thinking. If we could reach his thoughts it is more than likely they would run in this channel:—"Now why can't mother give a fellow a kind word once in a while! I know I ain't the worst boy in the world, but she appears to think so. If I am always in her way why does she always call for me when she wants a pail of water or an armful of wood? Why ain't I in her road then? It must be a disgrace to be a boy, for she and sisters are always snubbing me because I am a boy. I wish I was away from home, then I could have a few minutes' peace." If he goes down town with a view of finding a place where he is not in the road, it is very likely that he will not find the purest and best company in the world. The boys with whom he will have to associate have been through the same mill that he has, and being deprived of the home influence which they should have, they are not exactly model boys. They will swear, smoke, chew and play cards; and if J., the subject of our sketch, falls into the same ways, who is to blame? Mothers and sisters, for heaven's sake, make your home attractive for your boys. Don't find fault with them every time they stir, because boys are by nature a noisy set. Who would have them otherwise? Treat your boys well and give them good advice—in small pieces; don't feed them too much at once, or it will act in the wrong direction. Give them kind words, and you will never pass any sleepless nights on their account. A boy who has the right kind of a home will never turn out bad.

"I'll Pay You for That!"

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt much. But the duck said:—"I'll pay you for that!" So the duck flew at the hen; but, as she did so, her wing struck an old goose, who stood close by. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but, as she did so, her foot tore the fur of a cat, who was just then in the yard. "I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose! but as she did so, her tail brushed the eye of a sheep, who was near. "I'll pay you for that!" said the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but, as he did so, his foot hit the foot of a dog, who lay in the sun. "I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep; but, as he did so, his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate. "I'll pay you for that!" cried she, and she ran at the dog; but, as she did so, her horn grazed the skin of a horse, who stood by a tree. "I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the cow. What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow, and the cow at the dog, and the dog at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made, to be sure! Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them; "I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the barn, and the sheep to his fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall. "I'll pay you for that!" said the man.

They had been married five months, and she was turning the leaves of a book, when she espied a pressed flower, part of a bouquet he had given her previous to wedding, and said, "'Tis but a little faded flower, but oh! how fondly dear!"

"I should say so," he growled; "that's a representative of a five-dollar bouquet; and to buy it I walked in to town and deprived myself of luncheon for a week."

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—I need not ask if you have forgotten me this month, for the number of beautiful letters that I have received tells me different. It is indeed highly gratifying to receive so many complimentary, and apologetic letters from my pet nephews and nieces. Allow me to congratulate many of you upon the well written and composed letters which you write. Well, how did you all spend Queen's Birthday? I trust enjoyably; there are so many nice amusements for the young to join in, and for the old to admire. I have much pleasure in complying with a nephew's request, which is to offer a prize for the three best original puzzles, to be given in by the 20th. First, a handsome chromo; second, for the largest number of correct answers to June and July puzzles, a beautiful chromo. These are good premiums, and from the keen spirit usually displayed, I expect a lively competition; so those desirous of obtaining them will have to put in practice the ADVOCATE motto, "Persevere and Succeed," and "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

UNCLE TOM.

PUZZLES.

81—RIDDLE.

Three to stand and
Twelve to run,
A line to guard them one by one,
A wooden head and an iron nose,
I sent this riddle well composed,
From a farmer's daughter.

82—HIDDEN PLACES.

1. As he left the hut Royal exclaimed, There is a happy home!
2. The hat was trimmed with buff; a long plume extended around the crown.
3. Boys and girls ride swiftly on sleds.
4. After bowing low Ellen recited a poem.
5. Newell, I made a warm scarf. STELLA.

- 83—
My first is surrounded by water.
My second is the plural of an article used for cutting.
My third is a musical instrument.
My fourth is the plural of something that has four legs, a back, but can neither sit nor walk.
My fifth is a group of islands in Mediterranean sea.

My last is a common measure.
The words, when put one under the other, and read diagonally across from the top to the bottom, that is, commencing with the first letter of the first word, and so on down to the last letter of the last word, form the name of a nation of America.
From our nephew, H. PIER.

84—RIDDLE.

I to a maiden doth belong;
Deprive me of my head,
A noxious creature then you'll have
To man and beast instead.
Again behead, though odd it may seem,
And then you'll find me in a stream.

JOHN MACKAY.

85—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 7, 11, 20, is a personal pronoun.
My 3, 15, 8, 17, is a kind of grain.
My 14, 11, 5, 1, is a companion.
My 18, 10, 9, is a plaything.
My 1, 4, 16, 6, 7, is a hill.
My 18, 8, 2, is to attempt.
My 12, 13, 19, 8, 11, is a kind of incense.
My whole were the last words of a great statesman of England.

EDNA CLIFFORD.

86—ANAGRAM.

Amy hyt rafagencer eerv eb,
Kile eth sore-dub no het tere;
Dna hyt reevy trueiv niseh,
Hiwt a strule rome bulmise.

KITTY LOWE.