

down the number of each kind of trees, shrubs, or plants needed from the nursery to fill such spaces. Or, in your reading of *THE RURAL CANADIAN*, or other good agricultural papers, you meet with "Seasonable Hints" which suggest plans for the improvement of your property, or the better conduct of your business, then use your pencil, friend, and "dot it down."

TAKE THE PAPERS.

Money spent in subscribing for good reading matter is well invested. No other investment pays better in proportion. One article will often be worth to the reader the amount of his year's subscription, by warning him against humbugs, advising best varieties of fruits or vegetables for planting, or giving him information concerning best methods of cultivation.

The winter season is the time of leisure to read and plan for spring work. Every farmer should inform himself as to the best papers in his line of work, and subscribe for them.

Almost every farmer is more or less a fruit-grower, and therefore we write on Horticulture in *THE FARMER*. The writer having now had fourteen years' experience in this line, hopes to give occasionally, to our amateur friends at least, some useful hints worth pencilling down in the Note Book above referred to.

Take *THE RURAL CANADIAN* then; and if you are very much interested in fruits and flowers by all means add *The Canadian Horticulturist*, which is entirely devoted to them. It will contain, during 1885, some papers on Canadian Botany by Mr. Spotton, of Barrie, written in popular style, and well illustrated with cuts of Canadian wild flowers. *The Horticulturist* is published monthly by Mr. D. W. Beadle, of St. Catharines, at the same price as *THE RURAL CANADIAN*.

If you are specially interested in fruit growing, unite with the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, and so get the *Horticulturist* free, and a report of all their meetings.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE APPLE

will shortly be introduced to the public. It was introduced to the Fruit Growers' Association in the year 1879 by the writer, who has since placed its sale in other hands. The Committee on new apples suggested that it be called the "Princess Louise," from its beautiful clear appearance. Its great merit is as a dessert apple to take the place of the Fameuse, from which it is a chance seedling. It partakes largely of the excellence of its parent, but is free from the "spot," which so ruins the Fameuse. It is a yellowish apple, with a wonderfully bright crimson blush, and ripens in January.

The little one was the guest of her grandmother, and had been feasted with the usual prodigality of grandparents to a grandchild. When a second dish of pudding was placed before the child, the first having been dispatched with some difficulty, she looked first at the steaming dish and then at the grandmother, and with a sigh said, "Say, grandma, I wish I was twins."

"How do you braid your hair so nicely?" queried a gentleman who was visiting a lady friend. "Oh," broke in her *enfant terrible* sister, "she takes it off and ties the knot to the gas chandelier and fusses over two hours every morning."

"No, ma'am!" exclaimed the provoked young man to a lady friend, who, on the refusal of her favourite, had asked him to accompany her to a party: "I don't play second fiddle to any one!" "No one asked you to play second fiddle," replied the girl, with a smile; "I only asked you to be my beau."

HOME CIRCLE.

THE MINISTER'S PIE.

"Look here, Sally!"

Mrs. Deacon Farrell brushed the flour from her hands, casting meanwhile a complacent eye over the well-filled kitchen table, with its generous array of unbaked pies and cakes, the plump turkey stuffed and trussed ready for the morning's baking, and the big chicken pie to which her skilful fingers had just put the finishing touches, as she repeated rather more decidedly:

"Look here, Sally! There's enough chicken left, with the giblets—that I never put in my own pie, because the deacon don't relish 'em—ter make a Christmas pie for the minister's folks. 'Twon't need to be very large," she added in reply to Sally's doubtful look. "Only the minister and his wife—and you can bake it in that small-est yaller dish."

"Now, I'm goin' upstairs to look over them rug rags, an' you make it an' bake it right off, so't I can send it over by the deacon. He's got ter go out to the Corner this afternoon, an' can take it along as well as not."

She bustled out of the door, but the next moment, seized, perhaps, with a sudden pang of compunction, she put her head in again, to say warningly:

"Be sure that you put in a good parcel of gravy; that'll keep it from bein' dry, if 'tis half giblets."

"Yes'm," answered Sally, briskly, and catching up the rolling-pin she brought it down with an emphasis upon a lump of dough upon the mould board.

As the stairway door closed behind her mistress Sally dropped the rolling pin, and a look of perplexity crept over her dull face, making it ten times more stolid than usual, while she repeated, in ludicrous bewilderment—

"Giblets! What, in all creation, if anybody can tell me, does she mean by them?"

Involuntarily, she took a step forward, but checked herself quickly, while a cunning smile replaced the look of perplexity, and she muttered triumphantly:

"I guess I ain't a goin' ter confess my ignorance ter the deacon's wife, an' hear her say, as she always does, 'Two terms in 'cademy, Sally, an' not know that!' No, ma'am! not while there's a dictionary in the house."

So, softly creeping into the adjoining sitting-room, Sally hastily opened the big dictionary on the Deacon's writing desk and began her search for the mysterious word.

"G-i-b—here 'tis!" and she read aloud to herself, with an air of triumph, the following definition:

"Those parts of the fowl that are removed before cooking—the heart, gizzard, liver, etc."

"That's it!—heart, gizzard, liver, and so forth," she repeated, joyfully, as she retraced her steps to the kitchen, and began with great alacrity to fill, according to directions, the minister's pie; keeping up, meanwhile, a running fire of comment for her own special benefit.

"Six gizzards! Well, that is rather 'steep' as Dan Watson would say. But I guess the deacon's wife knows; if she don't 'taint none o' my business. Six hearts! Them's small, and tuck into the corners handy. Six livers! Seems ter me they don't fill up much!" and she glanced with a perplexed air at a pile of denuded chicken-bones that formed her only resource.

"Now, I wonder," with a sudden inspiration, "what that 'and so forth,' meant? Here's 'hearts, gizzards, and livers,' plenty of 'em, but no 'and so forth,' and the pie ain't more'n two-

thirds full yet. It must mean," and she cast a bewildered look at the half filled pie, "the chicken's legs. I never knew nobody ter put 'em in a pie, but that must be what it means, as they'll just fill it up."

No sooner thought than done. In went three pairs of stout yellow legs upon which the unfortunate owners had strutted so proudly only a day before; on went the well-rolled dough, covering them from sight and into the oven went the minister's pie, just as the mistress of the house re-entered her kitchen, and, with an approving glance at the snowy pastry, remarked encouragingly:

"That pie looks real neat, Sally. I shouldn't wonder if in time you came to be quite a cook."

It was Christmas morning, and Miss Patience Pringle stood at the minister's back door. To be sure it was rather early for callers, but Miss Patience was, as she often boasted, "one of the kind that never stood on ceremony." Indeed she didn't consider it necessary even to knock before she opened the door, although she was thoughtful enough in opening it to do so softly. The minister's wife was just taking from the oven a newly-warmed chicken pie, which she nearly dropped from her hands, so startled was she by the sharp, shrill voice that spoke so closely to her ear.

"Good mornin', Miss Graham. Haint been to breakfast yet, I see; we had ours half an hour ago. I know my mother used to say that if anybody lost an hour in the mornin', they might chase after it all day and not ketch up with it then."

"That's a good-looking pie; pretty rich pastry, though, for a chicken pie. I don't never put much shortenin' in anything of that kind; it's rich enough inside ter make up. But you're young, and have a good many things to learn yet. I run in to see if you could spare me a cup of yeast; mine soured, an' the last batch of bread I made I had ter throw to the hogs."

"Certainly," and a roguish smile flitted over the fair face of the minister's wife at this specimen of her meddlesome neighbour's own economy. But she had learned the rare lesson of a judicious silence, and taking the cup that Miss Patience produced from beneath her shawl, she bade her visitor be seated while she left the room to get the desired article.

As her steps died away Miss Patience noiselessly arose from her seat, and, approached the dresser upon which the pie stood, peered curiously into the apertures in the crust, her sharp face expressing eager curiosity.

"I'll bet a ninepence she didn't know enough ter put crackers in. I wish I could get one look, jest ter satisfy my own mind," she added. And, determined to accomplish her object at all hazards, she ran a knife deftly around a small portion of the edge, and inserting four inquisitive fingers, lifted the brown crust and took a glimpse of the contents.

A look of unmitigated disgust passed over her face. Dropping into a convenient chair, she actually groaned aloud:

"Well, I never! an' we payin' that man \$500 a year, besides a yearly donation party! Ough!"

Unsuspecting Mrs. Graham, as she returned with the yeast, was somewhat puzzled by the sudden frostiness of her guest, who hurried out of the house as if some dreadful contagion had haunted it; but when the minister, in carving the pie that the deacon's wife had sent, made two curious discoveries almost simultaneously, the reason for Patience's altered demeanour was made plain, and the young pair indulged in a hearty laugh that made the old parsonage ring like a peal of Christmas bells.

The Tuesday following was the regular day for