

Edward Jenner Testing Vaccination Upon His Son.

FROM THE ORIGINAL STATUE BY GIULIO MONTEVERDE.

Like many other benefactors of the race, Jenner labored long and encountered fierce opposition before he succeeded in introducing his inestimable discovery. His attention was forcibly directed to the nature of cow-pox while he was pursuing his professional studies with Mr. Ludlow, a surgeon at Sodbury, England. A countrywoman had called for advice, and the subject of small-pox being mentioned in her presence, she observed: "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This was in 1770, when Jenner was twenty-one years old. A few years later he began seriously to investigate the subject. Its deep, practical interest can only be appreciated by those who know what a dreadful scourge small-pox was at that time, and had been for ages,—not only sweeping off a large percentage of the population by its loathsome infection, but in many cases leaving upon its surviving victims hideous traces of its action. By 1780 Jenner had made such progress in his investigations that in a conversation with his friend, Edward Gardner, in which he detailed the results already reached, he assured him, with deep emotion, of the hope he cherished of being able to propagate a certain variety of cow-pox "from one human being to another, till he had disseminated the practice all over the globe, to the total extinction of small-pox." But long years of labor and of waiting were yet to be endured before this humane hope was in due course of fulfillment. By 1796 the value of his gift to the world, of vaccination, was virtually demonstrated. Before the close of the century, seventy of the principal physicians and surgeons of London signed a declaration of their entire confidence in it. And yet a widespread opposition to its practice was continued for more than a quarter of a century. Happily for Jenner, he lived to enjoy the honor and the rewards of his beneficent discovery. In 1802 Parliament gave him a grant of £10,000, and in 1807 a second grant of £20,000, while honors were conferred on him by foreign courts and he was elected a member of nearly all the learned societies of Europe. "We look back," says Charles Knight, "upon the time when many who had escaped with life from the terrible disease that killed ninety-two in every thousand of the population, bore into our public places the indelible marks of the scourge, and we rejoice now to behold the unscarred faces of the young as the best tribute to the memory of Edward Jenner."

Signor Monteverde's fine group worthily commemorates the act by which the eminent discoverer exhibited to the world his own perfect confidence in the virtues of that operation which he commended to others. In attitude, expression, drapery, the group proclaims a master's hand. When first exhibited, (in plaster) at the Vienna Exhibition, 1867, it procured for the sculptor a gold medal and the badge of the Order of Francis Joseph. He was born in 1836, and is Professor in the Academy at Rome.



EDWARD JENNER TESTING VACCINATION UPON HIS SON.

in a pulp and the mass is so thick that it is difficult to stir any longer. After scrubbing the floor, force it into the cracks with an old knife, smoothing it off even with the surface. Leave it till thoroughly dried, when it will take the paint the same as the rest of the floor, without showing the treatment which it has received.

M. M.

"AMBITIOUS ONE."—The fact of holding a humble position should not worry you,—if you have true talent you will be sure to attain a loftier one through time. Many prominent men have begun their lives in very lowly occupations: tending sheep, shoe-making, etc. John Greenleaf Whittier was once a shoemaker, and James Whitcomb Riley an itinerant sign-painter. You are too young to give up yet, so just keep this little quotation before you as an incentive:

"Aim high, even though your point you miss,
Some higher mark you gain by this
Than if, lest failure should befall,
You took no lofty aim at all."

M. M.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A prize will be given in January for the best short original fairy tale. The writer must not be more than sixteen years of age. Send the stories, with name, age, and address of writer, to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—

I have been both surprised and delighted with the number of nice, interesting letters and stories which you have written. Within the last month letters have arrived from Ida Dougherty, Clara Martin, John Drummond, Jennie Tilson, Jessie Holmes, and Hattie Reide; stories from Florence Stewart, Kathleen Webster, and Grace Webster. I am sorry to disappoint so many, but it is impossible to print them all. Those coming earlier had more chance of a place in the "Corner." As two stories were nearly equal in merit, two prizes will be given: one to Florence A. Stewart, Fleming, N. W. T. (aged 16); the other to Kathleen J. Webster, Lansdowne, Ont. (aged 13);—these stories will be published as soon as there is room for them. The prize for the best letter is awarded Nellie Ferguson, Moorefield, Ont. (aged 10). Three books will be given as prizes.

Honorable mention—Irene Rand, Upper Canard, N. S.; Grace Webster, Lansdowne, Ont.; Pearl Walker, Canfield, Ont.; Ella M. Carson, Pavilion, B. C., and little Laura Wallace, Newdale, Man., who, though only eight years old, was the first to venture into our literary competition.

I have received 24 letters and stories, and hope to hear from my old friends again. You can use an assumed name if you like, but send your real one too.

Hoping you will spend some of your leisure time this summer in writing fairy tales, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
COUSIN DOROTHY.

Carrie Carroll's Dream.

BY FLORENCE A. STEWART, FLEMING, N. W. T.

It was a hot, sultry day in mid-summer. Not a breath stirred among the leaves; a few clouds hung drowsily in the hazy sky; and the sun, like a great ball of fire, as he looked down on the dreamy landscape, seemed to say, "I'll scorch you up."

A day when the very thought of work is repulsive, and when one loves to seek some cool, shady nook, and while away the hours reading or dreaming.

Early in the afternoon, Carrie Carroll, with a book in one hand and her hat in the other, sauntered slowly down the path from the cottage towards a group of shade trees in the neat little garden. She was about fifteen, and as she strolled along there seemed something like a frown on her rather pretty face. Reaching the trees, she flung herself down on the green grass, and burst out impetuously, "Well, what is a person to do? Mother says I would be such a help, if I would only try. What at? Washing dishes, scrubbing floors, darning socks, and minding that cross baby? Oh dear! If father had only lived—I might have had money and education like other girls, and been somebody." Lapsing back into silence, she knew not how long she had been dreaming when she became aware that she was not alone.

Looking up, she beheld an angel clothed in white; on his brow was a circlet of gold; the tips of his snowy wings were also edged with gold; and in his hand he held a scroll. But his fair face wore a half stern, half pitying look, as he said: "Maiden, life is short—why idle time away like this? Is there ought to be done?" "Yes, there's lots to be done," said Carrie, "but nothing worth while, that I can do." "Why, what do you want to do?" asked the angel. "Oh, if I had lots of money, like Barbara Hall, or Lila Lindsay, I could do a great deal of good to the poor. Lila's sister is going away as a missionary. Everybody is doing good only me, and all because I'm poor, and so cannot help anybody!" The old story, said the angel, with a sigh. "Fame—longing to be great. Would you learn the way to fame?" "Oh, yes!" cried Carrie, and springing up, she followed the angel over the fields, until they reached a little frame house by the roadside. In front of the house sat a little boy busily nailing small boards together. "What are you making?" asked Carrie. "A ladder," replied the boy. "Where will you climb with that tiny ladder?" "Up there!" pointing towards the sky. Looking up, Carrie saw in large flaming letters, high up in the sky, the word "FAME." "But you can never build a ladder to reach that height, surely?"

"MILLI NER."—White leghorn or straw hats may be made quite new-looking by the following treatment: First free from all dust and dirt by a thorough brushing with soap and water; rinse well and while still damp hang over the fumes of burning sulphur, as close as you can without touching the blaze. Leave them there for about four or five hours, and they will be beautifully bleached, and may be pressed into proper shape. Put the vessel with the sulphur in a barrel, suspend the hats carefully, and cover with a heavy cloth or rug.

M. M.

"ANNETTE."—Do not use hot tongs to curl your hair, as the unnatural heat destroys the vitality and causes the hair to become prematurely gray. Several sorts of pins for the purpose are now in use, and kid-covered wires are also obtainable for a few cents a dozen and are much less injurious than the tongs. If you cannot procure them, go back to the old-fashioned papers or cotton rags, but do not destroy your hair for the sake of getting through a little more quickly.

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered.

MINNIE MAY.

"A COUNTRY READER."—Grass stains can be removed from prints, linen, etc., by rubbing well with molasses before they are washed.

Lamp burners can be cleaned easily and thoroughly by boiling them in strong soda water and scouring them with Sapolio afterwards. Always keep on hand one or two of the tins in which you get canned tomatoes or peaches—they will be found most useful for this and similar purposes. M. M.

"MARIE."—If you are so anxious to paint the floor of your room, the cracks in it can easily be filled up. Boil one pound of flour and a tablespoonful of alum in three quarts of water. After removing from the stove stir into it a lot of paper, torn in small pieces, and let it soak, stirring as much as possible. The paper should be stirred until it is all