

would be sent, they would willingly take some. Well, just write to Miss Roberts, 21 Scarth Road, Toronto, and tell her what you will take, and she will be only too glad to send you the very ones you think you would like, whether it be worn-out mothers and young babies, shop girls or children, boys or girls; whether the miserable poor, who are dying for enough to eat and fresh air, or the hard-working, respectable people's children, who are doing their best to keep up a respectable appearance. There are many women and young girls who, so far as money and clothes go, are not in need of charity; but are worn out in mind and body for a change and rest; they cannot afford to pay their board, or are not in a position to go to the regular resorts, and so must stay in the city all summer. Last summer, I sent for a woman. My request was answered speedily by Miss Roberts, saying she would try and send me one who would suit.

I waited in fear and trembling, for I had no experience with grown people, and I can tell you I was delightfully surprised when she sent me as fine a woman as I ever knew, and when she went away I felt as though a true friend was gone. She was well educated, a thorough Christian lady, and the best of company, and was far from making any extra work. I am sure I was as much benefited by her visit as she was, although it was over ten years since she had a holiday, and she had never been on a farm since she was a young girl. Such women make farm life more agreeable, for we "stay at homes." It breaks the monotony of farm life, and makes our lives fuller and richer; and the knowledge of doing a little good in this world is by no means the least part of it. Who was it said (some very wise and good man, I know): "No life is useless which lightens the burden of another, be it ever so little"? I think here would be a good theme for Women's Institutes. I am sure Miss Roberts would be very much pleased to send reports and all information to any president or secretary who would send for them. It would be very interesting and profitable, and be something out of the old rut. What say you, Helpsonabits? (I am almost sure you must be a president, or perhaps a vice-president.)

This is such a lengthy letter, but there is so much more I would like to say. I have been reading a report of the "Nursing at Home Society," which works on the same principle as the Fresh-Air Mission, and I must just give you a few extracts from it: "To some, our work may not seem great, but I count it great to occupy in this way. Occupy means 'to do business,' and I count if we feed the hungry, nurse the sick, and do any humble work in the Master's name, we will be truly blest. 'Poor woman, what is that thou hast in thine hand?' 'Only two mites, Lord. It is very little, but it is all I have, and I put it into Thy treasury.' And so she did, and the story of her generous giving has ever since wrought like a charm. 'What is that thou hast in thy hand, Dorcas?' 'Only a needle, Lord.' 'Take it and use it for Me.' And so she did, and not only were the suffering poor of Joppa warmly clad, but inspired by her loving life. 'Dorcas Societies' even now continue their benign mission to the poor throughout the earth."

"Farmer of Ontario, what have you for Me?" "Not much, Lord; I am very busy making a living, and I am like Moses, rather slow of speech, and there are others to manage church affairs and missionary societies much better than I." "But, I say, what have you?" "I have a farm, Lord. I am getting along very well. I have lots to eat, and plenty of fresh air, and, come to think of it, I have a great many blessings I never thought of before." "Feed my lambs."

We cannot all be city Mission Workers, nor foreign missionaries, but we can be home missionaries, and use the talents the Lord has given us, and in that day, when He cometh to make up his jewels, we will not be forgotten.

DORA DEAN.

Dear Dame Durden,—We take "The Farmer's Advocate," and are well pleased with it, as it is very helpful in different things. I would like a recipe for a good layer cake. Perhaps you, or one of the

Chatterers, can give one through the columns of your paper, and also one for a chocolate layer cake. Should you cook the chocolate, and, if so, how long, and should the oven be very hot.

A READER.

Recipe for White Layer Cake.—Half cup of butter, one and one-half cups of granulated sugar, half cup milk, two cups pastry flour (measured before sifting), whites of six eggs, and one teaspoonful baking powder. Cream together sugar and butter; add the milk, and beat together. Then add flour sifted five times. Beat well, and add one-half teaspoonful each of lemon and vanilla, and six drops bitter almond. Then add stiffly-beaten whites of eggs and the baking powder. Bake in two layers. The oven should not be too hot when put in, to give cake time to rise. Hold hand in oven, and if cool enough to count forty, it is right. Fill and ice with plain boiled icing, made by boiling one and a half cups of granulated sugar and eight tablespoonfuls of hot water until it threads. Pour slowly over the beaten whites of two eggs, beating continually until smooth and shiny. Both cake and icing should be cool when used.

Chocolate Layer Cake.—One cup of sugar, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, two eggs, one-third of a cup of milk, two-thirds of a cup of chocolate and one-fourth of a cup of boiling water turned on the chocolate, one and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in three layers.

Filling.—Two-thirds of a cup of milk and two cups of sugar. Boil ten minutes; take from the stove, and stir until it creams.

Dear Dame Durden,—As I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column, I thought I would come and see you if you have room for me. Can you tell me how to kill out a fern bed? We have a small swampy piece of black loam which we want to clean and drain, but can not get rid of the ferns. We tried to plow it, but it is so tough the plow can't cut it. Can you tell me how to get rid of large black ants, as my dining-room pantry gets full of them in the summer months? I have tried washing it with alum water, Paris green and sugar, also a powder, from the druggist's; but as soon as I put any eatables in it the ants appear. The pantry is over the cellar, which has a cement floor, and is dry, but they do not appear in the kitchen pantry, which is over the same cellar. Hoping I have not stayed too long.

PUSSY WILLOW.

Halton Co., Ont.

The following treatment has been given to banish red ants, and would probably be as effective in the case of black ants. If you can find the nest, saturate it with coal oil, if not, moisten a sponge with water, and sprinkle fine sugar well into the cells, then leave on the pantry shelf. As soon as the sponge is full of ants, drop it into hot water, and repeat the process until the ants are finally disposed of.

The answer to your first question re clearing out fern roots, became separated, by some mischance, from your letter, and has appeared all by itself in the "Questions and Answers" columns, on page 995.

PRAYER FOR WOMEN.

Keep us from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretence, and meet each other face to face—without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we be never hasty in judgment and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

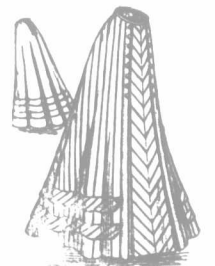
Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid. Grant that we may realize it: that the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch, and to know the great common woman's heart of us all, and let us not forget to be kind!

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The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten cents per pattern. Be careful to give Correct Number and Size of Patterns Wanted. When the Pattern is Bust Measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. When Waist Measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When Misses' or Child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. Allow from one to two weeks in which to fill order, and where two numbers appear, as for waist and skirt, enclose ten cents for each number. If only one number appears, ten cents will be sufficient.

Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

JUNE.

But June is full of invitations sweet,
Forth from the chimney's yawn, and
thrice-read tomes

To leisurely delights and sauntering
thoughts

That brook no ceiling narrower than the
blue. The bee,

All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
Of powdery gold and grumbles, "What a
day

To sun me and do nothing!" Nay, I
think

Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
The student's wiser business; the brain
Will not distill the juices it has sucked
To the sweet substance of pellucid
thought,

Except for him who hath the secret
learned

To mix his blood with sunshine and to
take

The wind into his pulses.

In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every
sense,

Steeps all the brain in rest and heats
the heart,

Brimming it o'er with sweetness un-
aware.

—James Russell Lowell.

With the Flowers.

A writer on gardening has said, "Have a space outdoors that stands for privacy, seclusion, quiet and intimate home life. The lack of seclusion is just the reason we do not live in our gardens. Some day we shall wonder how we ever tolerated folks peering into them, when we could not tolerate them peering into our windows."

God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection.—Bacon.

ROMANCE OF A SWEET PEA.

The parent of nearly all the most beautiful varieties of the American sweet pea is the Blanche Ferry, which has a pretty romance connected with its discovery. Some fifty years ago, the comely daughter of a well-to-do farmer ran away from home to marry a young quarryman, and her home thereafter was always in a cottage, often but a mere hut, on the very thin soil overlying the limestone ledges where her husband worked. When her baby died, she went back to her father's farm to bury it, and took with her on returning to her cottage some seed of a white sweet pea and seed of the old Painted Lady pink. Thereafter, however great her poverty, she never failed to grow near her cottage home some of these sweet peas, as a reminder of her happy girlhood and her dead baby. They were always grown on thin, poor soil, often so thin that they could only be kept alive by constant attention and watering. As a result of such environment for many plant generations the flowers acquired a dwarf-growth and a great abundance of bright colors. Some twenty-five years after the baby died, a seedsman, passing the little home of the mother, noticed the beauty of the sweet peas and obtained a teaspoonful of the seed. This he multiplied into thousands of pounds, and sold as seed of the Blanche Ferry variety, which is now famous throughout the world for its beauty and the many beautiful varieties it has produced.

Some French scientists who have been making some exact observations on prolonging the life of cut flowers, found that, as a matter of fact, all the commonly-advised substances, such as salt, charcoal, camphor, etc., are valueless because, while they may prevent putrefaction, the flowers fade more quickly than when placed in pure water. They found that weak solutions—a ten-thousandth or less—of these substances are better: Lime, potash, saltpetre, kainit, sulphate and phosphate of potash, phosphate of ammonia and potassium chloride; also chloral, sugar and glycerine from 1 to 10 per cent.—[Garden Magazine.

"Show the way, England!
Forward to justice,
Freedom and right,
Onward to glory and
Wisdom increase.
We will follow you,
Sons of the might of you,
Smokedward to battle
Or sunward to peace."

—W. W. Campbell.

Why He Didn't.—Two gentlemen shooting in Scotland, sat down to lunch. On taking a bottle of whisky out, one of them noticed that the cork had been tampered with, and knowing the character of their gillie at once accused him of having been at the lunch-basket.

"I fear that you have been drinking the whisky, Sandy."

"Na, na, sir, I have not, for the cork would na come out."