

delightful under these circumstances. Another few hours ashore was allowed us at Victoria, and what a rush did we make for the fresh fruit, strawberries, cherries, etc. Some of the men said they just longed to lie down on the grass and have a regular good roll, so delightful did it look after the long voyage. This was, of course, our first footing on home soil, although only for a few hours. Soon now would most of us separate and be whirled away to the four winds. Our genial fellow-travellers were from all parts—England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, etc.—some going round the world, others simply bound for certain points. All were looking forward to a pleasant few days in Vancouver, but, alas! it rained all the time. We had the opportunity, though, of entertaining them, and sorry indeed were we all when the inevitable "good-byes" had to be said. To meet with clever, travelled and genial companions is truly an education which, added to the travel itself, makes one's mind feel of a very different size. It is a mystery how anyone who has travelled, and thus seen Nature's glories and met with cultivated, intelligent people, can be vain. However, we are not going to moralize now, for again are we on our own shores—far away yet, but still CANADA!

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land!'
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

Whew! But the Wind Blew.

A writer of thrilling sea-stories, who spends his leisure hours on Long Island, has contributed this tale of the dangers of the deep to the New York Sun:

James W. Eaton and a party of friends had a thrilling thirty-six hours' experience on the ice-cold waters of Long Island coast. The party left the wharf at Babylon at 7 a. m., in the new launch Clip, en route for New York. The boat worked well until after the little craft was well out on the ocean and headed due west for New York. Then the valves of one of the engines began to show signs of giving out.

Every effort was made at once to repair the delicate mechanism, but to no avail.

It was impossible to drive the craft faster than a snail's pace.

Born of a determination not to turn back, the brave crew refused to believe that they were in imminent danger, and remarked to each other that they would be in the harbor before night.

The tiny craft with her crippled engines continued to make slower and slower progress against the rapidly increasing wind, which was beginning to blow a gale.

Darkness soon came on and the boat had long ere this drifted out of sight of land.

By this time the gravity of the situation dawned at once upon the entire company, and instead of joking with each other, each one began to condole with the other.

The wind by this time was blowing almost a hurricane and the seas were running very high.

The thermometer was falling rapidly and the ice-cold blasts well-nigh froze the lost mariners.

The cabin windows were buttoned down and the company began to wait and watch for what they feared was the end.

The wind continued to blow and the Clip began to pitch and rock like a cork.

The seas broke over her constantly. Sleep was impossible, even had the cold not made dozing a dangerous pastime.

As the hours began to grow longer the spirits of the company sank lower and lower.

Finally day dawned and an observation was taken. It was found that they had spent the night on Romer Shoal, between Coney Island and Sandy Hook.

As soon as it was light the anchor was again hoisted and an effort made to start the craft on its journey into the port. The wind was seemingly blowing harder each moment and the seas continued running mountains high.

The engine for a time refused to work at all, but finally the break was temporarily repaired and the Clip once more began to make real, but slow, progress.

The trip into the harbor was very slow, but the point of destination was finally reached.

Tug men and heavy weather sailors to whom the incidents of the trip were related could scarcely believe the story, and when confronted with the facts regarded the escape of the party as nothing less than a miracle.

Birdies' Lullaby.

Rock a by robins, the dew-drops are falling,
The field mouse is tucking her babies in bed.
Up in the treetops, the katydids, calling,
Chide wakeful birdies. The west clouds gleam red!
Under the trees the shadows come creeping,
Out from the marshes the frogs croak "Good-night!"
All the wee babies in wee cradles are sleeping,
Rock a by robins! The moon is in sight!
Softly a breeze sets the cradle a-swinging,
A curious owl takes a peep in the nest.
Slyly, the bats, their moonlit way winging,
Watch the old bird hush the robins to rest.

"I know why little black boys is so happy,"
said five-year-old Willie.
"Why?" asked his mother.
"Cause their mothers can't tell when their
hands are dirty."

Recipes.

PEACH.

Use one part very sour apple juice to two parts peach juice, and make like other jellies. The skins of blood peaches makes a delicious jelly.

WILD BLACKBERRIES.

These make a nice jelly if taken when quite a proportion of the seeds are red. Heat, crush and strain, and use a pound of sugar to a pint of juice.

CURRENTS.

A very nice jelly is made by using half red and half white currant juice. Remove the defective fruit and leaves; heat slowly, crush and strain. If a small quantity is desired, the bag may be squeezed without detriment to the product, but should be washed often. Heat the sugar; use pint for pint, and treat as directed for rhubarb jelly, boiling twenty minutes before the sugar is added. Currant jelly should be made on a sunny day.

TUTTI-FRUTTI JELLY.

Mix together equal quantities of ripe fruit—currants, cherries, white, black and red raspberries; heat, squeeze well; add two pounds of sugar to each pint of juice, and finish like other jelly, but with a little less boiling.

CHERRY DAINTIES.

Stone a quart of ripe cherries. Wash a cupful of pearl tapioca, cover it with cold water, and let it stand over night in the top of a double boiler. In the morning add a pint of boiling water, and simmer until the tapioca is clear. Sweeten to taste, and add the quart of stoned cherries; turn into a mould to set, and when perfectly cold, remove and serve with whipped cream. Strawberries or other fruit may be used instead of cherries.

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING.

To one pound of stoned cherries add a table-spoonful of sugar and two of water. Cover with a crust as for a steamed pudding, pat into shape, and steam an hour. Serve on a deep platter with rich sauce. Whipped-egg sauce may be used.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.

To 4 qts. red raspberries, put enough vinegar to cover, and let stand 24 hours. Scald and strain it. Add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice, boil it 20 minutes and bottle.

SPICED CURRANT ROLLS.

Dissolve a yeast cake in a pint of scalded and cooled milk, add flour for a sponge; when light, add 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of sugar and butter, a tea-spoonful of salt, and flour to knead; when light, roll into a thin sheet, brush with butter, dredge with sugar and cinnamon, sprinkle with currants, roll, cut into rounds, and bake about 20 minutes.

CURRANT WINE.

Have the currants quite ripe, weigh and to each pound of fruit use half a pound of sugar. Mash and strain the juice, adding half a pint of water to one quart of currants. Put into a clean keg, and let ferment for six weeks (filling daily), then seal up.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

March, May and June, and even dull November, all win from the poets a passing song, but August rarely gains a word of praise. Yet she is fair as any of her sisters, and crowned by Mother Nature with many gifts—truly an *august* month. Then we may see the boundless fields of golden waving grain, joyously unconscious of the approach of the keen-bladed reaper; or the "shocks" already garnered, and again the bright green aftermath where so lately the mowers made merry. A blaze of golden-rod lights up every neglected corner of the old rail fence; the orchards already tempt us with Pomona's first fair gifts, and all about us rests a balmy haze. The calm river moves indolently along, as if unwilling to leave the peaceful scene; or perchance it but lingers to make love to the snowy lilies that nestle so confidently on its placid bosom. The boy of the house, free from the cares of school, leaves footprints, unmarred by shoe leather, along the dusty road as, armed with fishing-rod, he wends his way, for he knows (as all boys do) the place the finny beauties love to hide. If unsuccessful in the angler's art, he finds ample recompense by having a delightful plunge in the cool water.

He is somewhat of a philosopher, this tow-headed country urchin, a living sermon on the benefits of contentment, fittingly exemplifying Spenser's words:

"Some that hath abundance at his will
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise,
For wisdom is most riches."

There are no blessings that can be compared to contentment and cheerfulness. We may have health, wealth and talents, and, lacking those blessings, be miserable; while if we possess them, we may easily dispense with much the world considers essential to happiness. Some wise writer tells us that "Age without cheerfulness is like a Lapland winter without a sun," and exhorts us to encourage a cheerful spirit in youth, saying, "Time makes a generous wine more mellow, but it will turn that which is early on the fret to vinegar." For our own comfort then, if for no nobler reason, we should strive to be contented and cheerful, for the world is

constructed largely on the looking-glass principle, and reflects to each individual much of his own personality; if that be pleasant, the world greets pleasantly; if morose and unpleasant, it wears a similar aspect. Smiles are as cheap as frowns, and much lighter to carry, so we should keep a large stock on hand to brighten our own lots and be a blessing to those about us.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For this grand old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own."

Your loving—UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

[The following prizes are offered every quarter, beginning with months of April, July and October: For answers to puzzles during each quarter—1st prize, \$1.50; 2nd, \$1.00; 3rd, 75c. For original puzzles—1st, \$1.00; 2nd, 75c; 3rd, 50c.

This column is open to all who comply with the following rules: Puzzles must be original—that is, must not be copied from other papers; they must be written on one side only of paper, and sender's name signed to each puzzle; answers must accompany all original puzzles (preferably on separate paper). It is not necessary to write out puzzles to which you send answers—the number of puzzle and date of issue is sufficient. Partial answers will receive credit. Work intended for first issue of any month should reach Pakenham not later than the 15th of the month previous; that for second issue not later than the 5th of that month. Leave envelope open, mark "Printer's Copy" in one corner, and letter will come for one cent. Address all work to Miss Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.]

1—CONUNDRUM.

How does an engaged lady resemble a violin? IKE ICICLE.

2—ANAGRAM.

A marshy level, spreading wide,
Where plashy pools and sluices hide,
By rushes fringed on every side,
And cat-tails velvet brown,
There is no hill or forest nigh,
No need to lift an upward eye,
Unless you lift it to the sky;
The landscape is ALL DOWN.

To yonder pond—perhaps a rood—
The wild duck leads her fluffy brood,
As if in suicidal mood,
As they all intend to drown;
But every plump will float
As lightly as a fairy boat,
And like the scenery, you may note,
Those ducklings are ALL DOWN.

3—CONUNDRUM.

With what malady may a girl who is deeply in love with a fellow named William be said to be afflicted? IKE ICICLE.

4—DIAMOND.

1, a letter; 2, a color; 3, belonging to ships; 4, to catch; 5, a letter. FLO.

5—CENTRAL DELETION.

When the central letter is dropped.

- 1—From a hard substance it becomes a reposs.
- 2—From an animal it becomes stockings.
- 3—From royal it becomes actual.
- 4—From punishable it becomes a chime.
- 5—From a giver it becomes an entrance.
- 6—From pertaining to a duke it becomes double.
- 7—From bend it becomes stay.
- 8—From animal it becomes first-rate.
- 9—From lament it becomes early day.
- 10—From delay it becomes an animal.
- 11—From reefs it becomes a mineral.
- 12—From necessary to life it becomes a small bottle. F. L. S.

6—DELETION.

My whole is found on the wide blue sea
Where a rock or shoal may chance to be.
Its value never can be told,
For it has oft saved many a soul,
Guiding the captain on the deep
While the twinkling stars are fast asleep.
The whole is a simple word
That, if deleted, is ofttimes heard
When parents speak of a happy home
For their noble son to the war did roam. NOTA BENE.

7—SQUARE.

1, a novelist and poet; 2, a peninsular country of Asia; 3, a musical instrument; 4, effect and emblem of sorrow; 5, a plant. F. L. S.

Answers to July 2nd Puzzles.

1—Apple, wild cherry, maple, pine, oak, elm, sycamore, ash, beech, birch.
2—Deans talking—deer stalking.
3—Panderberg.
4—Dominique, anthobian, view, Irene, dross, hornet, astatic, rialto, undercroft, mat—David Harum, E. N. Westcott.

5—
f o e
a n n
c r a t e r s
o n t a r i o
w h e r e o n
t i n
d e o
6—Atheist, theist.
7—River.

8—Beal, deal, heal, peal, real, seal, veal, weal, zeal.

SOLVERS TO JULY 2ND PUZZLES.

"Sartor," "Diana," Mrs. Annie Rodd, Edna McKinnon, "Grace," Moses R. Martin, Minnie E. Sears.

ADDITIONAL SOLVERS TO JUNE 15TH PUZZLES.

"Sartor," Edna McKinnon.

COUSINLY CHAT.

"Rolly," "Diana" wishes to know if you use Collins' Globe Dictionary. You do not come to see us so often of late.
"Grace"—We welcome you as a clever solver. Why did you not start earlier in the race?
M. R. M.—Your work was all right, but we do not give prizes to everyone who answers, but only to those who send the most during a stated time.
M. E. S.—You are very welcome, American cousin. I have some real cousins living in your State. I hope you will come often.
"Ike Icicle."—Do not send large form puzzles. Conundrums, charades, etc., take up less room and are more acceptable. A. A.