

that day they are not permitted to hurt each other. Lucky it was for you, my boy, that you came here to-day. On any other day I should have devoured you long ago."

"Is the King bound by the same law?" asked Sampo, anxiously.

"Of course he is," answered the wolf. "From one hour before sunrise until one hour after sunset he will not dare to harm you. If, however, you are on the mountain when the time expires you will be in great danger, for the King will then seize whoever comes first, and a thousand bears and a hundred thousand wolves will also be ready to put an end to Sampo Lappelill."

"But, perhaps, sir," said Sampo, timidly, "you would be so kind as to help me again before the danger begins."

The wolf laughed. "Don't count on any such thing, my dear Sampo; on the contrary, I mean to seize you first myself. You are such a nice, plump little boy! I see that you have been fattened on reindeer milk and cheese. You will be splendid for breakfast to-morrow morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The French Apple Harvest.

The hardy and delicious fruit which thrives in those cold climates where grapes and olives fail has never lost its place in popular demand, though other fruits, at one time rare and expensive, have become widely accessible at as cheap a rate as the old-time favorites. In Canada the apple crop has become an important element in the wealth of the country. In England it has more than held its own, and is receiving incredible attention. In Normandy, which grows no wine and where cider is the popular beverage, the apples are of a fine sort, largely exported, while the yield is amazing in its abundance.

The French cider is, for the most part, rougher and more acid than the English; indeed, some of the Devonshire cider is exquisitely soft and full of body, and the whole produce of some of the orchards in that county is bought up by London dealers, to sell, it is more than suspected, under a much more sounding name than cider; in fact, large quantities are treated and sold as a fine brand of champagne. The usual method of picking the fruit is by striking the branches with poles, and then gathering the fallen apples; but it is considered better to send boys into the trees gently to shake the branches. The fallen apples are next collected into heaps, each sort by itself, and allowed to remain till they become sufficiently mellow

for the mill. This mill is a great circular stone trough, round which a wheel is drawn by one or two horses. The fruit is ground until even rind and core are reduced to a small pulp. Horsehair cloths or layers of unthreshed straw are then placed beneath a press and some of the mash poured upon them, ten or twelve layers being piled one upon another and surmounted by a timber frame. The press squeezes out a thickish brown juice, which is received by a channel into a large flat tub, and thence raked into casks. These casks are placed where there is a free current of air, and in three or four days fermentation takes place, the thick portion of the fluid sinking to the bottom and leaving the rest bright and clean.

In Normandy, where the apple orchards stand among the wheat fields and oak forests, through which the white chalk roads are seen to pierce in a straight line, cider of all qualities is the universal drink.

At Caen there is an immense cider vat, which gives an idea of the extent to which this favorite drink is used. It does not stand alone; there is another of the same description in an ancient hospital. Mr. Musgrave, in his "Rambles in Normandy," describes the Caen monster as follows: "On my arrival," he says, "the vast retort from the extremity of the robinet, or tap, had been removed from the extremity where it opened into the hall of entrance or vestibule, together with the ponderous, massive iron panel and its ten huge rivets, in which the said tap was inserted. The orifice thus left was large enough to enable me to creep through, which, after taking off my coat and giving it into the hands of my conductress and a servant who had come to draw the cider from the second reservoir, I immediately did, to the great astonishment and

delight of the two beholders. I thought of Belzoni in the Pyramids. I found myself in an apartment 32 ft. long, 18 ft. wide and 18 ft. in height, paved with granite, and exhibiting all the strength and solidity of a casement rather than of a tank for liquor. Each of the two mighty reservoirs contain 190,000 French litres, which amount to somewhat more than 878 hogsheads; and a dozen youths might be taught to swim in this 'Peerless Pool' of apple juice."

Let the Babies Sleep.

There are many who will agree with Miss Banfield, of the Babies' Hospital, New York City, who declares that half of the ailments of children in the metropolis arise from insufficient sleep. She recognizes that the same difficulty exists in the case of adults, and in a recent conversation upon the subject says: "It is not only the children, but the adults in New York, that are falling into nervous insanity from this cause. They live too fast, and it affects people of all ages. St. Vitus' dance, which is one of the most wearing of diseases, is the consequence of lack of sleep, although it is often wrongly ascribed to a lack of proper nourishment. Children live in such a rush in New York City that they are worn out before they arrive at maturity." "What would you do to remedy this state of things?" "I would keep them in bed and give them plenty of sleep and tonics. I would make the youngsters go to bed with the chickens and get up with them. In addition, I would see that they got a two hours' nap in the afternoon. Plenty of sleep is the panacea for most of the ills of childhood, particularly those of a nervous nature."—*Good Housekeeping.*



THE FRENCH APPLE HARVEST.

Rock Glen.

[A crystallized rock sixty-five feet high, on the banks of a branch of the Sauble River, near Arkona, Ont.]

Since I had the pleasure to visit "Rock Glen," I now will describe it to you with my pen; And if by good fortune you ever go there You will then remember these lines of "Adare."

It is here the Big Sauble whose crystalline stream Has for banks a high rock that with crystals doth gleam. Now this is the reason I told my guide then That the Arkona people have named it "Rock Glen."

Was a place like this found upon some distant shore Our Canadian people would prize it the more; But alas for the tastes and the whims of the men, Is there no one but me to sing of "Rock Glen!"

Have you time, gentle reader, to read this report, Or have you the time for to take a day's sport; Then let me induce you to-day with my pen To come to Arkona and visit "Rock Glen."

Arkona itself is a nice little town, And one that is worthy of winning renown; It stands in the midst of a fine farming land And all the environs are certainly grand.

Here the dense forest trees with their evergreen shade Hang over the river that flows though the glade, And here from a distance the women and men Can call at Arkona and visit "Rock Glen."

What is there in Nature that's great or that's grand That Canadians have not in our own native land, And where is a landscape now over the seas That can be compared to our own forest trees?

I have sailed the St. Lawrence that flows to the sea, And its Thousand Islands have charms for me; But I can say now what I couldn't say then— It is no finer view than there is at "Rock Glen."

"ADARE."

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

So quickly has old Time winged his flight that the third quarter of that which we so recently called the "New Year" has come to a close, and I remember that it is again time to perform the very pleasant duty of awarding the prizes to the faithful adherents of our Corner.

It is easy to guess who the winners shall be. The winners in every game of life are the persevering ones, not the fitful workers who accomplish, perchance, much in a short while, then wearily throw that work aside and turn into another channel, making a success of neither. I do not advocate knowing how to do only one particular sort of work, but I do advise learning to do one well before attempting another; and then I advise learning everything useful that you conveniently can, for in this strange up-and-down world useful knowledge, instead of being a burden, is a very desirable possession.

While you have been exhibiting the fruits of your labor at the large and small fairs, or perhaps just amusing yourselves admiring that exhibited by others, Jack Frost has been getting in his work, and the woodland on every side shows the touch of his hand; for even in October this busy and clever little man makes ready for his winter work. When speaking to an old lady one day recently, she said, with a half sigh, "The Fall is upon us and Winter will soon be here." "Very true," I responded, "but, sure, then it will soon be Spring again." Then the sigh was lost in a laugh, and doubtless she thought this foolish old uncle of yours would

never get beyond being boyish; and, indeed, if becoming "sensible" means losing optimism, I prefer to remain, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, "a gray-haired boy."

What if autumn is here, is not the Thanksgiving festival all the nearer to us? And if winter is coming, does it not bring Christmas? Perhaps he is foolish and childish, but at all events Uncle Tom is a very rich man, for someone has truly said: "A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty." Jean Ingelow, in her own quaint style, says: "It is a comely fashion to be glad. Joy is the grace we say to God."

For the remaining three months of the year I will offer the same prizes as before, viz.: For original puzzles—1st, 75 cents; 2nd, 50 cents; 3rd, 25 cents. For solutions I will give similar prizes. I will also offer a special prize of one dollar for the best Christmas story or best essay on the

Christmas holidays, received up to December 1st. The winners of prizes for original puzzles for July, August and September are: (1st) Charlie S. Edwards, Vankleek Hill, Ont.; (2nd) Clara Robinson, Markham, Ont.; (3rd) John S. Crerar, Brussels, Ont. The solutions not being all in, their result will be given in a later issue.

With a parting advice, culled from some of the poets, I will say "Good-bye":—

"Rest not! Life is sweeping by;
Go and dare before you die;
Something noble and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time.
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away."

Ever your loving—

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

All matter for this department should be addressed to Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.

1—SQUARE WORD.

My first, I find, is to bestow;
My second's very keen;
My third, the heavens oft doth show;
My fourth a people, warlike, oh!
And from the North they hail, you know;
My fifth is sometimes green.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

2—ENIGMA.

The cry of a hound;
A kind of a tree;
The shade of a horse;
An arm of the sea.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

3—TRANSPOSITION.

"For an apparent good," wrote the First of old,
"Is the spring of all human actions."
It is evident, then, why all thirst for gold,
And divide into diverse factions.