

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NIECES,

Now for another free and easy little chat. Draw in your chairs close to the fire and let us all be cosy together. And what shall be the subject of our conversation this time? I have been thinking very much lately about what our parents have done for us and how much we owe them. What a great deal they sacrificed for us when we were babies! How many pleasures and enjoyments did they relinquish for their children! And we never thought of it, or if we did think of it as we grew older, we took all their love and care as a matter of course. How many nice things could mother have had if little Mary had not required a new coat, or a dress, or a schoolbook! And father could have subscribed for a new paper perhaps if wee Jennie had not been in want of new boots. What pinching and scraping there was to have "the bairns" all right!

And now look at the other side. Can we repay all this? Is any sacrifice too great to make for those who cared for us during all these years of childhood and helplessness? I think not. Though we were to give up ever so much for our dear parents we could not overdo it. It is our duty and our privilege to cheer our dear ones in every way that we can. No one can do for father and mother what their own children can do, so let us see that we do all the loving things we can think of, especially when they become old and not able to do for themselves. I read somewhere recently a nice little article urging girls to be kind to their fathers. It is said that very often the father was looked upon merely as the bread-winner—the one to supply the needful—and his likes and dislikes were never thought of for a moment. It went on to say that when father comes home at night, tired after a hard day's work, and asks for his paper, sometimes it is refused, as one of the family has it, or it is tossed to him with a frown and a grudge. Or if he asks for some soft, soothing music, he may be entertained to a noisy, rattling performance which will only irritate the tired-out nerves. Surely none of my nieces do these ungrateful things. Think of what you can do to make home a pleasant resting-place for father in the evenings—to let him have every comfort possible. Give him the cosiest chair, his paper, and his pipe, and all the little attentions you can think of. Girls, be good to your father.

And be equally good to your mother, for she is just as deserving. Take as many of the daily cares and worries off her shoulders as you can. As you grow up she will fail in strength, and there is your chance of showing yourself a loving daughter. Some mothers are not patient in sickness, but it is a daughter's duty nevertheless to be just as kind and loving as possible. Overlook or make excuses for any little unpleasantnesses which may arise—she may be in pain, or be weary, or thinking of other days. Try on your part not to give way to impatience, by remembering her self-sacrificing love and care for you.

Besides, you do not know for how short a time you may have the chance of showing your love. Sooner or later both father and mother will be called away, and if you have been dutiful what a comfort for you to know that their declining years were rendered happier and easier by your attention, that you have nothing to regret. Can you fancy what it would be to cry from an aching heart, "Oh! if only they were back again what would I not do for them. I might have acted far differently towards mother and studied to please her more, and I might many and many a time have cheered father's heart by a little consideration, and now my opportunity is gone forever!" Girls, it would be a life-long regret, and I earnestly trust that each and all may be delivered from such a sorrow. Now is the time; if you have not already begun, begin to-day, and you will never regret it.

Long, long ago, when I was a little girl at school, there was a poem in one of my schoolbooks entitled "Be Kind." I have never seen the verses since, and have forgotten nearly them all. However, I have ransacked my memory, and at last found a little bit of the poem. It was very hard work indeed trying to recollect. (When you come to be as old as I am and have to think so far back you will know just how hard it is.) Perhaps some of you know the piece, and if so perhaps

somebody will be good enough to send me a copy of the verses, and I shall be very glad. Here is all I can remember, and isn't it beautiful?

Be kind to thy father, for when thou wast young
Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue
And joined in thine innocent glee.

Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
His looks intermingled with gray.
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold—
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen.
Oh! hasten to cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.

Well, I suppose we shall have to break up our cosy little circle for the present, and hope soon to meet again for another little talk. Good-bye, my dear nieces all, and don't forget the words of—
Your loving old auntie,
MINNIE MAY.

"A Sure Catch."

A picture with which the majority of our readers are familiar, and which is certain to be a favorite with most sportsmen, is "A Sure Catch." A long way has that relentless hound pursued the timid deer, and now the steps of the latter are beginning to falter, his eyes have become suffused with blood as he strains every nerve to outrun his cruel enemy. But his supremest efforts are all in vain, for from the moment when the dog first got scent of the young deer, it was a foregone conclusion that he would not give up the chase until he had succeeded in making "A Sure Catch."



A SURE CATCH.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

It is a long time since we had a competition. Shall we have a nice, easy one now? We want a new heading for the Home Department, and will give two cloth-bound books to the person sending in the most suitable design. The pictures need not be original, you understand, any suitable clipping will do. Send as many as you like, being careful to write your name, age and address on each. They must be in this office by the end of May. Address: Home Department, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

This competition is open to any reader of the ADVOCATE who is under sixteen years of age.

I hope you are all working at the Great Canadian Puzzle. You can surely make out eight questions at least and win the pin, even if you fail to get the larger prizes; and it cannot be difficult to get one new subscriber. Many farmers are needing the help of the ADVOCATE and do not know it. Let them read a few numbers and see if they are not delighted with it. Now, keep your eyes open, and you may soon discover, smiling down upon her little paper friends, a picture of

Cousin DOROTHY.

Tommy, the Beach Cat.

Tommy, the beach cat, sat watching a rat, and Barbara sat watching Tommy.

Barbara had named Tommy "the beach cat," because he had been found wandering on the beach.

Suddenly the rat vanished through a hole. Tommy bolted after, but Barbara made a rush and caught him by the tail just as he reached the hole. To her surprise this hole opened wide enough to let

her through, and she found herself in a neat but curious little room.

"My dear friend," said Tommy, politely, "I wish you to stay with me for a time and lead a cat and dog life."

"But," said Barbara, "I have always heard that a cat and dog life was very unpleasant."

"No, indeed," Tommy replied, smiling, "but you shall see for yourself. Say no more."

Barbara said no more, but sank on a soft rug that lay near, to try and decide how it was that so sudden a change had come over Tommy, and why it was that he was able to talk—a thing which he had never done before.

"I have long wanted to tell you that I am a cat of high descent," went on Tommy, stroking his whiskers in an elegant manner. "On one side I am descended from Puss in Boots, who was a friend of the Marquis of Carrabas; on the other side was the cat of old Dame Trot—one of the most famous cats of history. That cat which helped Whittington, lord-mayor of London, was also an ancestor of mine."

"Dear, dear," cried Barbara, "I hope you'll excuse me for taking hold of your tail in that rude way."

"Don't mention it," said Tommy with a wave of his paw. "I wouldn't think of laying anything like that up against a friend."

"Did you ever know the cat o' nine tails?" asked Barbara.

Tommy rubbed his paws in great amusement. "That, my dear Barbara, is quite a different breed of cats," he said loftily.

Just then the door was flung open and a host of cats and dogs rushed in.

"What is the matter?" said Tommy. "Don't you see there is a lady present? You should be polite."

"Haven't you heard?" shouted all his friends together. "Why, a new law has been passed forbidding cats to look at kings."

A yowl of rage went up from all the cats. Tommy tore a pawful of fur from above his ear.

"What a catastrophe!" he cried.

Barbara ran up to him and threw her arms around his neck.

"It is a right we have never before been denied," sighed he.

"Yes," remarked a dirty little spitz, "even a cat could look at a king."

"But now," added a stylish black-and-tan, "they are to be blindfolded whenever a king passes."

"And the king passes to-morrow," chorused the cats.

There was perfect silence for some minutes; then Tommy said: "Barbara, do you happen to have a black ribbon in your pocket?"

Barbara found one, which, at a sad motion from Tommy, she tied around his neck in the place of the pink one he was wearing.

"But come," said the beach cat, drying his eyes on the corner of her apron, "let us be as merry as we can. Shall we take a walk in the graveyard?"

Soon all the cats and dogs were ready and Barbara and Tommy led the company. Barbara was very large for a girl and Tommy was very large for a cat, so they were nearly the same height.

"I always take a walk in the cemetery when I can," remarked Tommy, "it soothes me so."

"Rubs your fur the right way, so to speak," said a black cat.

The cemetery was very well filled. The headstones stretched in long rows down the yard.

"All killed by care," said Tommy, pensively.

"Care is fatal to cats," said Tommy.

"And have none died from anything else?" the little girl asked sadly.

"Well," said Tommy, "I hope you won't feel hurt if I tell you that boys and girls are responsible for a good many of their deaths."

"You don't mean that the tin cans we tie on their tails kill them, do you?" Barbara asked, blushing very red.

"No; not that. Worse than that. They never take a swing on a summer afternoon that they don't let the old cat die. I have seen six or eight little children do it one after another, and I have sat by weeping to think how many of my dear friends were perishing."

"But," said Barbara, getting closer to the beach cat, "I don't see how that could hurt your friends. We don't mean anything, you know."

"The only thing about it is that it is necessary to kill each of us nine times before we really stay dead. Otherwise this graveyard would be overflowing."

"What do you killed?" inquired
"We fall into on a catafalque for time we feel as w waul and commit first or second sta Barbara yawned her.

"I think I have home," she said, "I should like catamaran," said

"I should like there is hardly time So she said go and invited them and girl land. Ju the head. She s and then she hear

"Why, this p her chair on the mamma rock you

THE

Fain would I be ge And meek, unres In haste or in ange Who may grieve Bestow on Thy chi And mildness disti He laid at Thy feet In There is my help

Fain would I be fa To those whom I Abundant in beau And that close to Fain would I be fa Fain would I shid My Master, my Sa In There is my help

Fain would I be ch Uplifting Thy pr Fain wear a white And joyously, b O bid me to trium O crown me a vict My Master, my M In There is my help

The morning glass window, a pulpit platform and hard, and d beautiful colore light of the mo prismatic hues t

There were n with their back could not help light that came help knowing v the oaken panel

Is it not sadl stand with their see, for they wil nor turn toward know of its exist

It is possible fo back its bright beholders, who association, tha Is not this infin

It is not esse and rare materi hard; but it me light and give i the glorious Sur need for an add

His beams. Th love, gentleness kindness and c Light is shinin never originate

"If no We If our Do If to l We Tho' Yet

If we Fro If we Of If we Fro Tho' Yet

Beware of word may be a gatherings of Christians; str come there. C ing sins of th rooms" (placed disciples who l the chief place there. Vanity manners, and not to give pl been lost in so