

Early Hours of Birds.

The thrush is audible about 4.50 in the morning. The quail's whistling is heard about 3 a. m. At four o'clock the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody.

Hair Pin Receiver.

A small basket, which may be purchased for a few pennies, is gilded or bronzed to form one of the daintiest of hair pin receivers. It is lightly filled with hair, and covered with a pretty top crotchetted or knitted in pretty colored wool. Stripes of ribbon are made into loops and fall over the edge of the basket, finishing each one with a disc or crescent. Ribbons started from opposite sides serve to suspend it.

Practical Hints.

To remove claret stains from table linen, rub on salt as soon as possible, and wash in the usual way. If not entirely removed apply lemon juice and dry in the sun.

What is more disagreeable to use than a rusty flat-iron? Rub them with fine emery dust and sweet oil, or wood ashes.

Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes dry them in an open oven and roll them fine with a rolling-pin; they are always ready for rolling cutlets or chops in, preparing oysters or crouquettes, etc.

Go to bed at night to sleep and not to think over the troubles of the day nor the trials of tomorrow.

When one is fatigued tea is an effective restorative. It forms an agreeable warm drink, which is not heating to the blood nor oppressive to the stomach, particularly if taken slowly when one is sitting quietly. Large quantities induce nervous disorders.

"Here is a paradox with which to grapple, 'Twas the first pair that tasted the first apple."

When furnishing a house do not neglect to purchase pictures; they recall pleasant scenes and have a freshening effect; but do not buy any but good ones.

The importance of letting the sunlight into all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Good health is dependent upon sunlight and pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded except it is too bright for the eyes.

When angels are entertained unawares the entertainment is nothing to brag of. It does not do to aim too high. If you make the zenith your mark the arrows will fall back on your own head.

A paragraph may have as much force as a treatise. If a man can be killed with a darning needle why hire trained elephants to roll over him?

"Style is the dress of thoughts," said Chesterfield. He would stare if he could see the dress of thoughts now-a-days.

Those who seek for perpetual novelty in ideas will soon have none worth keeping. Only as the old ones, that have proved their worth by long experience, are revered and cherished can new ones safely make their way.

The dog days are now over with their long, lazy afternoons, and the feminine heart feels an inclination to begin the fashioning of those dainty trifles that so delight the soul of the artistic needle woman. With the aid of her bag of odds and ends, basket of silk flosses and sharp scissors she will soon show a goodly array of pretty and useful trifles.

Uncle Tom's Department.**Life's Epitome.**

A burst of light and story.
Of hopes and dreams, and sometimes glory—
Day's begun!
A little praise, a little blame,
A little fleeting breath of fame,
A little sitting in the sun, a little sigh and—
Day is done.

MY DEAR NIECES AND NEPHEWS:—

So your vacation is over, and like a grand army you have marched toward the school-room armed with pencils, slates, books, grammars, geographies and many more, to storm the fortress of knowledge and carry away of her treasures things new and old. To call at will from by-gone ages the great and wise to show you the path which leads to wisdom, is your pleasure.

As does a poet, with whose writings you are already familiar, Uncle Tom would say:—

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers,
And I linger on the shore.
And the individual withers
And the man is more and more."

But my little nieces, who timidly clung so closely, as for the first time they entered the school-room, cannot understand that yet. Full of new companions and new surroundings this school life seems like a busy workshop. Not so far astray, little one; there little minds are to be trained and little lives moulded. To the older school girl, with neat apron and collar, earnest eyes and studious face, it has a meaning, though; as she, the teacher's help, the mother's pride,

"Peers into the future far as human eye can see," visions of the future come before her, and with patient endeavor the goal will yet be won. Before leaving school let me say a word for the teacher. One celebrated divine, whose name you would all recognize if I should mention it, has written of his feelings when, as a timid child, he first entered a school-room and was there met by the pretty young teacher, scarce eighteen, who took him by the hand so kindly and did so much to smooth the rough pathway of early life. Some of my nephews, I see, are drawing comparisons, and are thinking how only last night they were kept in and punished. You know you deserved it; and this brings me to a question, why will such nice boys, whom Uncle Tom loves so well and finds so pleasant, why will they, once in awhile, indulge in fun at the expense of making somebody else suffer? How much more enjoyable the fun when there are no bitter dregs of selfishness and unkindness below, and no stings are left behind.

Another harvest is added to the past, and another summer is ended. The heavy sheaves are pitched and the peas are pulled and the threshing is over, and fall ploughing and gathering of roots and fruits remain to be done, and the fall fairs are coming on, and the long evenings and the pleasant winter hours. O, my nieces and nephews—young men and women they call you now, but Uncle Tom looks through privileged spectacles—what are you going to do, how improve these days which come not back again, but once gone are gone forever? Won't you use some of your summer earnings to buy books to improve your minds as well as spend on that which gives you no return? You can have the best of good company this winter if you choose—George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Wordsworth, Bryant and a host of others. You grow like the company you keep, then choose the

best. Your literary, debating, temperance or endeavor society will be raised in tone by your researches, and others too may behold with you these hidden beauties and treasures. As in a dream Uncle Tom has been looking upon you and has seen bright eyes grow brighter, flush-mantled cheeks, as stalwart nephews, manly and true, came by, and a minor cherd of music, said or sung:—

"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale.
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale."

There are other pictures too of pained and troubled faces, and tears and burdened hearts and heavy, and cutting words and writhing anguish and jealousies which make hearts bleed; whence come they into all society, to mar and sting when life is so short and farewells soon must follow?

Be true friends, my nieces and nephews, let not the tempter rule you, be open and candid that your lives, pure as the brooks, may reflect the heavens above you and the God you worship. Do be friendly and lovely and of good report, and say and do only noble things. Miss Muloch wrote of Marston, the blind poet:—

"One day,
Philip, my king,
Thou, too, must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny and cruel and cold and gray.
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at the crown. But march on
glorious
Martyr, yet monarch, till angels shout.
As thou still 'st at the feet of God victorious,
Philip, the king."

And so to you says

UNCLE TOM

The Dessert.

He—"Can you keep a secret, Milly?" She—"Why, have you one you can't keep?"

"What are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another. "O, I write for a living." "On the daily press?" "No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."

Johnny—"I wonder why I can't make my kite fly?" Elder Sister—"Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superficial area." "I don't think that's it. I believe there isn't weight enough on the tail."

Mrs. Wickwire—"If woman was given the credit she deserves, I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history." Mr. Wickwire—"I guess you are right, If she could get all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the poor-house."

Customer—"You sell cracked eggs at half-price, do you not?" Clerk—"Yes'm, we always make a fifty per cent reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day?" Customer—"Yes, you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat and here's your fifty cents."

"Is marriage a failure?" asked De Trompy of a former flame, who had been a party to a May and December marriage. "No," she replied with a glance toward her husband in the next room. "Not a failure. Only a temporary embarrassment."

We want Good, Live AGENTS to Canvass for the "Farmer's Advocate" in every locality in the Dominion and United States. Sample copies and subscription blanks free to canvassers who mean business.