

Cuticura or Castile. Always rinse the face after using soap. In the morning, cool, clear water will be sufficient to wash with. Squeeze out any blackheads with a watch-key, and apply to the spots, night and morning, the following lotion: Boracic acid $\frac{1}{4}$ dram, spirits of rosemary 1 ounce, water 3 ounces.

A few drops of benzoin used in the rinsing water will help to make the skin fine-grained, also the use every day, when washing, of bran tied in a muslin bag. The following lotion is also good: Pure brandy 2 ounces, cologne 1 ounce, liquor of potassa 1 ounce. Apply at night after washing well.

Pimples are sometimes caused by neglect in taking frequent baths, sometimes from trouble in the system. When the latter is the cause, consult a physician.

Fruit is not, to the majority of people, at all harmful. On the contrary, it is usually beneficial.

A Helpful Letter.

Dame Durden and Chatterers.—I shall not take up space to tell you how much we enjoy "Ingle Nook," but shall just start my say at once. How many of you tried the tooth-wash in June 1st issue, given by Leezibess? It is splendid. Here is a good layer cake:

Two eggs beaten in a cup, fill the cup up with sweet milk, 1 cup sugar, 5 even teaspoons melted butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cream tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda. Bake in square or round layers. I don't put any flavoring in mine.

Like Lankshire Lass, I know how hard it is to wait and be patient. I am sending some verses called "Some Time," which have helped me so much.

Some time when all life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars for evermore have set,

The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we fret and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;

How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because His Wisdom to the end could see;

And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweets to craving babyhood,

So God perhaps is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our life to drink;

And if some friend we love is lying low
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,

Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend;

And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send,

If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day! So be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.

We must not tear the close-out leaves apart;

Time will reveal their calyxes of gold. And if, through patient toil, we reach the land

Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,

Where we may clearly know and understand,

I think that we shall say God knew the best.

These lines are by May Riley Smith, and, I think, beautiful. If you find my letter is too long, do not publish it all.

DARK EYES.

Lambton Co., Ont.

Leather Cushion Top.

"Margaret" wishes to know what will clean a leather cushion top, but does not state whether the leather is finished, or suede-surfaced,—buckskin, for instance, nor how decorated. If she will forward these particulars we shall try to answer her question.

Our Scrap Bag.

RHUBARB.

Work up beds for rhubarb this fall, putting in plenty of manure. Also get your asparagus beds ready, making a deep root-bed of loam and compost.

CLEANING STOVES.

A correspondent of Winnipeg "Farmer's Advocate" says she knows an easy, "lazy" way for cleaning stoves: "Be



Playing Grandpa and Grandma.

sure your fire is out, then take newspapers for equipment. Dip a piece of the paper into coal oil, wipe the stove over with it, and then rub off with another piece of paper. This is for the kitchen range, and it shines beautifully when done."

CURTAINS.

Liberty silk is recommended among the new materials for living-room or drawing-room curtains. Many, however, will prefer materials with more "body," e. g., pongee, scrim or cotton voile.

WINTER BULBS.

Plant bulbs for winter blooming now, using a soil of two parts loam, one of leaf-mould, and old cow manure mixed, with a handful of sand under each bulb. When planted, set the pots in a cool cellar, or, still better, dig a trench, put a layer of coal ashes, if you have it, in the bottom, set the pots on this, and cover with earth to a depth of six or eight inches. If the weather is very dry, pour water so that it will soak down to the pots at intervals, but this will not likely be necessary. After six or eight weeks, take as many of the pots as you wish to force first out, put them in a rather cool and not too bright room for a week or so, then bring to a warmer, brighter place. Bulbs should never be put in a very warm place, else the flowers are more than likely to "choke in the bud." By taking up the

pots at intervals, bulbs may be kept blooming in the house the most of the winter, that is, daffodils, tulips and hyacinths. Paper-white narcissus and freesia bulbs do not need to be set away long to root—not more than a few days. The Chinese lily, which is really a species of narcissus, may be placed in the light from the beginning, but should be kept in a rather cool place. Usually they are grown in water, the bulbs being held in position by pebbles.

The Beaver Circle.

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

His Recommendation.

A story is told of a man who advertised for a boy, and more than fifty applicants came to secure the position. The gentleman saw nearly all of them. Some had excellent letters of recommendation and were very alert-looking lads, but the gentleman finally chose a modest boy who did not have any written testimonials as to his character or ability.

"On what ground did you choose him?" asked a friend who chanced to be present and witnessed the gentleman's interview with the boy, and his final choice. "He did not have any recommendation."

"I think he did," was the reply. "In

Honor Roll.—Rosella Madden, Lydia McCullough, Odessa Walter, Fern Sternaman, Harry Stephenson, Clara Kilbride, Frank Norton, Edna Kirk, Ethelbert Reive, Ruby Wright, Jean Ferguson, Alice Cooper, Vera Gregory, Mabel Haskett, Alice Bull.

"Cuba," "A Blanchard Girl," and "Verna," forgot the rule that none but letters signed by the names of the writers can appear in Beaver Circle. Our "Beavers" are so numerous that pen-names would cause endless confusion.

A Trip to Niagara Falls.

(Prize essay.)

Dear Puck,—You have given us a hard subject to write on this time. It is very difficult for one to choose the very best time from among so many he has had. However, I believe that the very nicest, at least the most interesting day I ever spent, was when I went to Niagara Falls on the Hamilton grocers' picnic day.

Of course, we started "bright and early," and then only caught the second train. My! what a jam there was to get on! My lunch got pretty well crushed, but I managed to find a good seat. When we were well out of the city, climbing the mountain, we could see a very beautiful scene spread out before us. One can look away over to the lake across one of the richest fruit districts in Canada, and, of course, the view becomes broader and broader as one reaches the summit. Even the ride on the train was a treat for me, and I enjoyed every bit of it until we arrived at "The Falls."

What a craning of necks there was then to get the first glimpse, and the chorus of delighted "Ohs," when we did see the "really, truly," falls! I shall never forget that first view of Niagara. I must confess, though, to having been slightly disappointed at their size, having heard such wonderful tales about them, but after we had made our way through Queen Victoria Park and out on Table Rock, then did they look truly beautiful. It is most fascinating to watch the tumbling waters as they plunge into the mighty gulf below. The spray and mist which come rising up seem very refreshing, and on sunny days form a beautiful rainbow arching over the falls.

After eating our lunch we took the car down to Queenston Heights, that old historic spot, dear to the heart of every Canadian. We saw the memorial at the foot of the hill where General Brock fell, but I was more interested in the huge monument erected to his memory, on the summit. We climbed this later, but as there was a slight mist, we could not see very far. It was very interesting to recollect that here was where one of the most important battles of the war of 1812 was fought.

After returning to Niagara, father proposed that we visit the American side. I can well remember the feeling I had when I first set foot on soil that was not Canadian, that was not under the rule of good King Edward. I almost expected to see a body of soldiers drawn up to keep us back, but my fears soon vanished. The American park seemed very like the Canadian after all. We walked over to Goat Island and out on the rock at the extremity of it. This projects a considerable distance into the river, and one seems really closer to the cataract here than any other place.

We did not venture on the "Maid of the Mist," or "take in" any of the other attractions, reserving them for another trip, but we nevertheless put in a "jolly" day. I have but a very dim recollection of the ride home, as I was so sleepy, but altogether it was the nicest and happiest day I have ever spent.

Well, Puck, this is a rather long letter, but I hope you'll forgive me this time, as I rarely visit our Circle.

FAWCETT EATON (age 15).

Carlisle, Ont.

"The Happiest Day of My Life."

(Prize essay.)

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—

My father's brother, Uncle Ben, with auntie, and Jim, their only child, used to live across the road from our place, and it is almost needless to say that we

Results of the Competition.

The prizewinners in our last essay competition, subject, "The Best Time I Ever Had in My Life," are: Mary Wills, Joe Thompson, Fawcett Eaton, Margery Fraser, Jane Peters.