

cooking," his mother said. "I'd rather have his help than a dozen girls."

"It was even worse for Clarissa to pass off your work as hers," Miss Howe said severely.

"Clarissa didn't know it." Tom explained how he had been left to watch the baking. "I saw the moment I looked at it," he continued, "that Rissa's cake was no good. I knew she'd set her heart on having one to surprise you with, so I hustled around and stirred up another, chucking hers behind the wood-pile. Aunt Martha, your hens, are more knowing than I gave them credit for. I never supposed there'd be such a pow-wow raised. I meant to tell the joke the next time I was over; but when you came this morning and began to talk about Rissa telling an untruth I went straight after her."

"I'm glad you did," Miss Howe said heartily. "Clarissa, I'm sorry for what happened, but appearances were against you. There's one thing, you aren't a true Howe at cooking; you're one in a better way, you won't lie, even to get yourself out of trouble."

Grandma saw the wistful look on Clarissa's face as Tom helped her down.

"It's been pretty hard on you, dear," she said, drawing Clarissa to her.

"I'll leave her over here with you awhile, mother," Miss Howe said. "That'll make amends. Tom can come over for her things. Perhaps you'll teach her to make a cake equal to his."

Clarissa's face brightened. She nestled close to grandma. "Can you?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," grandma answered. And she did.

Humorous.

"What is bread chiefly used for, Tommy?" asked the teacher of a small pupil in the juvenile class.

"To spread butter on," was the logical but unexpected reply.

First Omahan—The doctor says my Jersey cow has the ague. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

Second Omahan—No; but the idea is a good one. You can have a milk-shake whenever you wish.

"Papa," said the fair girl, with a touch of sadness in her tones, "I have received a note from William saying you kicked him as he left the house last night."

"Yes," replied papa, "I have always paid your expenses, and I footed this Bill merely to be consistent."

"Dicky," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?" "No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."

A bishop of a northern diocese wrote to a publisher in New York for a book called "New and Contrite Hearts." In a short time he received a postal from the publisher, saying, "We have no 'New and Contrite Hearts'; neither are there any to be found in New York." The northern prelate, it is said, enjoyed sending the postal to the bishop of New York, calling his attention to the state of his diocese.

Dr. Thomas Hume, an Irish wit and friend of Thomas Moore, went into a newspaper office and silently placed on the counter the announcement of a friend's death, together with five shillings, the usual charge for the insertion of such advertisements.

The clerk looked at the paper, tossed it to one side, and said, in a surly manner:

"Seven and six!"

"I have frequently had occasion," replied Hume, "to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings."

"Simple!" repeated the clerk, grumpily, without looking up. "You say he is 'universally beloved and deeply regretted'!" "Seven and six!"

Hume laid the additional money on the counter, saying quietly:

"Congratulate yourself, sir, that this is an extra expense to which your executors will never be put."



Dear Friends,—Now that the warm weather is coming on apace, I think it would be a grand thing for each of us to make up her mind to see and appreciate more this summer than ever we did in our lives before. You know there are people in this world who go through life without really seeing very much, or appreciating very many of the wonderful variety of things which fill this grand old earth upon which we have been placed for a while. I think these people miss a very great deal, don't you? It is something to notice the sky, with its wonders of cloud-form and color; it is something to see beauty in the little shadows dappling the "bush road," when the sun shines through the trees, or in the waves of light and shade that chase one another over the hay lands or grain fields. It is something to be able to recognize the different flowers along the brooks, over the prairies, or up in the woodlands as old friends, to be able to name this one or that, and to tell the peculiarities which mark out one as different from another. All these things add interest to life, and help to develop in us those "extra eyes" which Burroughs so loves to talk about. And, really, I don't think the half of us realize how blind we are. We just jog along, day after day, missing thousands of things all about us, which are sources of endless interest and wonder to others.

Not long ago I had the privilege of hearing a very dear old gentleman give a talk on "moths." I had never dreamed before that there could be so much to learn about the little creatures. He showed us possibly 300 or 400 specimens, and as he described them we could but sit like Goldsmith's rustics, in mute wonder, "that one small head could carry all he knew." The particularly large and handsome specimen he exhibited with especial pride; also the big cocoon from which it had emerged. This cocoon he had noticed upon some lilac bushes, close to the sidewalk, one Sunday when going to church, and had determined to secure it. For several weeks, however, he forgot about it, then fearing lest someone else had captured the prize, he went to the lilac bushes. The cocoon was there still; not one of the thousands of people who had passed along that city street having noticed it, save this one old gentleman, whose sight had been keener than theirs. Burroughs says, "If you want to find the bird in the bush you must have him in your heart," and I suppose this was partly the secret of the discovery.

I think it is well to have some such hobby or hobbies as this. We may not all care about the same things, but there are very, very many "birds." Our "bird" may be the study of rocks, soils, plants, animals, music, art, or literature; little matter which, provided we are genuinely interested in it, and it provides for us a side-line out of the ordinary routine of our lives. I have noticed that people who have such hobbies are enthusiasts even to old age, and that in the evening of life, when all the children are married and gone, and the waters are very still just inside the bar, life still bears for them the perpetual interest and wonder of youth. Just one more thought, in regard to this "seeing" of things. I will give it you in the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and leave it to you to think out

for yourselves. Never were truer words spoken:

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

May we of the Ingle Circle all be numbered with those who "see."

DAME DURDEN.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

I am so glad that Mrs. A. S. has come to us again—the Mrs. A. S. who wrote to us last summer about her babies, and the little oilcloth slips she used to help keep the little tots clean—you remember, do you not? Sorrow has come to her since then, and I am sure the sympathy of our Circle will go out to her. Her "Sensitive Plant" tells the story. It is very hard to understand why such things should be, especially at first when the wound is freshest, and when one can only look forward to the "eventide," when "it shall be light." Do you know Tennyson's "In Memoriam," Mrs. A. S.—that beautiful poem written at the time of his trouble. Here are a few verses taken from it at random. I am sure you will feel the hand-grasp in them:

"I hold it true whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forever more,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

"Nor blame I Death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere."

"And doubtless unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

(An Allegory.)

The Lord of our vineyard, who has always been so kind to us, and who knows that we often professed our attachment for Him and His, sent us a little sensitive plant that we might rear up for Him. It was a slip of that kind called everlasting, and yet was in a vessel of common earth; a vessel, base in its material, frail in its texture, yet, curious in its construction and beautiful in appearance. There was nothing remarkable in this little plant, but it began to excite attention by the sprightliness of its growth, the verdure of its leaves, and the lovely little blossoms it here and there put forth; so that both the plant and pot were admired, not only by us who considered it the principal ornament of our cottage, but by those of our friends who felt interested in our happiness. Some, indeed, told us that a plant so beautiful would soon be claimed by its owner, and that the vessel in which it was set would soon be too small to contain it. We acknowledged the truth. We contemplated the probability of a removal; yet, while we were engaged in directing its shoots upwards, and in setting in view the flower, we could scarcely help thinking it was our own.

Whether it was to assert His own right; whether to add to His choicest collection; whether to provide a safer situation, or whether He has preferred some other employment for us, we are not yet informed; but He has sent a messenger to us who has broken the pot, and taken away the plant. We know

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