

many have ever parings? It is on whole apples, and seeds. Put water and boil to every cup of sugar. Boil until...

day after day. There have been some prairie fires around here this fall, and I found it hard work fighting it. My brother and myself broke two calves to ride, so that when we go after the cattle at evenings we needn't walk. I can drive oxen, but they are pretty slow in my opinion. Your Cousin,

Alta. (a). CHIEF AKKOMI.

A SAD PEN NAME

Dear Western Wigwam.—This is the first letter I have written to the Western Wigwam, and I hope to see it in print. I would like to correspond with any boys and girls about my own age (12). I live two miles from school, and I am in the fourth grade. The crops did well around here. I am sending a stamp for a button. Wishing the club every success.

Sask. (a). HEART BROKEN.

THOUGHT-READING GAME

This is a very good game, which always causes considerable amusement, and, if skillfully carried out, will very successfully mystify the whole company.

It is necessary that the player who is to take the part of thought-reader should have a confederate, and the game is then played as follows:

The thought-reader, having arranged that the confederate should write a certain word, commences by asking that four members of the company write each a word upon a piece of paper, fold it up in such a manner that it cannot be seen, and then to pass it on to him. The confederate, of course, volunteers to make one of the four, and writes the word previously agreed upon, which is, we will suppose, "hastings."

The thought-reader places the slips of paper between his fingers, taking care to put the paper of his confederate between the third and little finger; he then takes the folded paper from between his thumb and first finger and then rubs it, folded as it is, over his forehead, at each rub mentioning a letter, as H rub, A rub, STINGS, after which he calls out that some lady or gentleman has written "hastings." "I did," replies the confederate.

The thought-reader then opens the paper, looks at it, and slips it into his pocket; he has, however, looked at one of the other papers.

Consequently he is now in a position to spell another word, which he proceeds to do in the same manner; and thus the game goes on until all the papers have been read.

THE ENDLESS CHAIN

By PRISCILLA LEONARD

"Such a little lie!" said Johnny, "and so white!"

So he told it without fear (Though he felt a little queer). And things seemed to go quite pleasantly and right.

But the next day came another Lie to call.

"You will need me very soon!" (So he did, that very noon.) And this second Lie was gray — not white at all.

After that they came in crowds to Johnny's door.

And he had to tell them all, While the first Lie, white and small, Sat and grinned — he'd worked the trick so oft before!

—Morning Star.

TAME COLTS

Dear Cousin Dorothy.—This is my first letter to your club. My pets are a pair of bantams, a kitty which I call Bunny, a dog and two colts which follow me to the water trough and eat oats out of my hand. I call them Marshall and Grant. I have a little calf. We have ten working horses and three cows. I have twelve little turkeys. I wish the club every success.

Sask. (b). SNOWFLAKE.

DRILLING A WELL

Dear Cousin Dorothy.—I thought I would like a button so am going to

write. I am twelve years old, and am in the fourth book. There is a well drilling outfit around this part of the country, and the last place they were at they went down three hundred feet and then didn't strike good water. They charge two dollars per foot. I live seventeen miles from town. If we start about nine o'clock in the morning we will get in about 12 o'clock.

Alta. (ab). JACK PETER.

A THRESHING INCIDENT

Dear Cousin Dorothy and Members.—I will be glad to take up my pen and write a letter. My brother was running a grain separator all fall. The men who owned the separator threshed for us. While they were threshing, the blower belt came off and the belt that drives the carrier that carries the grain from the sieves to the cylinder. We are picking our potatoes. We have dug about 85 bushels. Our potatoes turned out pretty good. On some of the rows I could get a pail full in about ten feet. We have some citrons, vegetable marrows, squashes, cucumbers, turnips, carrots, parsnips, potatoes, peas, beans, corn, onions, beets, radishes, tomatoes and rhubarb in our garden. We have a tent, and it blew down once. My father bought it to take to the meadow to sleep in all night.

Man. (a). PIED PIPER.

GROCER IS LIKE A FISH

Dear Cousin Dorothy.—I am writing a letter to you for a button. My brother wrote to you and got a button; I like it very well. We have finished



WILLIE IS WELL PROTECTED.

threshing. Messrs. Fraser & Warren's outfit threshed for us.

Why is a grocer like a fish? Ans.—Because they both have scales.

Elizabeth, Betsy, Bess and Bess Went over the river to find a bird's nest;

They found a nest with four eggs in it; They each took one, how many were left?

Ans.—Three. Man. (a). FALLING LEAVES (9).

TIRED BUT BRAVE

Dear Cousin Dorothy.—May I join your beautiful club? My brother is taking THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE, and likes it fine. I am twelve years old. Maybe I am too old to join your club, but hope not. I went to school till the last of May, and had to stop then, for there was too much to do at home. I help my mother to wash dishes, to sweep and wash the floors, make the beds and wash the separator. We have six cows, and I milk three of them. Some evenings I am very tired and I have not time to play very much. I am sending a stamp for a button, as I would like very much to have one. Well, it is now ten o'clock and time to go to bed. I hope my letter will escape the waste-paper basket, and that it is not too long. There are a lot of wolves round here now, and they awaken us at night.

Sask. (a). OLGA LETRUB.

(We are glad to have you for a member, and you can stay with us till you are sixteen, if you like. Write to us again soon. C. D.)

HARVEST CUSTOMS

In many places there are curious and quaint customs connected with the gathering in harvest which bear a certain resemblance to each other, but have different designations.

When the last shock of corn on the farm has been cut in Devonshire, a cry is heard from one of the reapers: "I've gotten it!" "What hast tha' gotten?" shout the others.

"I've gotten the neck!" As the reaping has been rapidly near its completion, the oldest laborer goes round the field picking the best ears of corn he sees in each sheaf. These he ties together, and intricately plaits into a sort of a broom, topped with the ears. This is called the "neck," or "knack," and when the cutting of the last corn is heralded with the shout, "I've gotten it!" the reapers gather together, and stand in a circle round the man holding the "neck." He stoops to the stubble with it, and the ring of reapers, holding their hats in both hands, likewise bend to the ground. Rising upright, and stretching their arms and hats above their heads, they slowly chant, in harmony, "The neck" three times. Then they burst into triumphant shouts, "We have 'un! We have 'un!" Round goes the cider-pitcher, and, with acclamations, the plaited neck of corn is escorted to the farmhouse.

There it is delivered to the farmer, with the chorus, "A neck, a neck, a neck! Well cut, well bound, well shocked!" The little bundle of corn is hung from the kitchen ceiling, and

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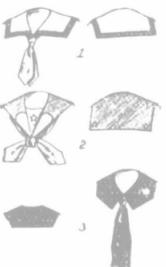
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