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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,

JULY 1, 1899

Hip, hip, hurrah! Don't you hear the merry shout? The hot, dusty school-rooms are all closed, and for include the set of the ed to he in short stray-time. The rosy June hours the freedom of holiday-time. The rosy June hours dragged on but slowly to those eager hearts whose anticipations not even the dread of approaching examinations could mar. Now that the much-desired time has really come, I hope all will find their fairest flights of fancy fully realized. Oh, that the joyous hopefulness of youth might never leave those merry hearts—that care might never leave its traces on those fair young brows! And yet I pause ere giving free utterance to such a wish, for a cloudless sky sates the sight, and one must have gale enough to ruffle the sails, would he ever reach his desti-nation; for it is truly said that "No one ever worked

his way in a dead calm.' Many things we are wont to call "misfortunes" prove stepping-stones to success, the gale that fills our sails and bears us on our long life voyage. We must, however, look to our rigging and keep the sails trimmed and in proper shape, not only that we may catch the breeze, but that we may make it serve our purpose instead of being buffeted by it or driven upon the rocks.

We are often inclined to envy those fortunate beings whose wealth or social position appears to give them greater advantages than we can hope to enjoy, and yet if we take the trouble to look into the matter, we find that very many of the world's cleverest men have climbed from obscurity and comparative poverty to eminence and wealth. Homer was once a beggar; Cardinal Wolsey a butcher's son; the father of the great poet Virgil a potter; Robert Burns a simple plowman; while Shake-speare, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln were Garfield worked his way "from log cabin to White House." Again, Mr. Schurman, who receives a large salary as secretary to the present President, was thirty years ago working in Prince Edward Island for a salary of thirty dollars a year. By dint of hard studying he won a scholarship worth sixty dollars a year; then he went to college and paid the remaining fees by acting as accountant for different merchants every moment of his spare time

The accident that deprived Prof. Mills of his hand was instrumental in advancing him in his after career, for by incapacitating him for farm work it caused him to turn his attention to study. I might quote many similiar instances to show that so-called adversity is often a blessing in disguise, but I know you are anxious to be off to play, so I will say good-bye for this time.

Your loving-UNCLE TOM.

The Meadow Lark (Sturnella magna).

This pretty, plump little bird is familiar As we walk through the to many of us. fields we often hear the sweet, plaintive call, to which some song-bird lovers have fitted these words: "Betsy-de-ah — Betsy-de-ah"—"Spring o' ye-ah—Spring o' ye-ah." The plumage is brown and yellow, speckled with black. It has a curious habit of seldom perching upon trees, but generally preferring fences or telegraph poles. This propensity, however, is of the greatest service to farmers, for when the cutworm begins its dreaded work our little meadow lark comes nobly to the rescue, as the tree-loving birds do not see these horrid ground caterpillars ; but our friend does see them-and a fine meal is made! It walks with a dainty step (as the picture would indicate), and, every now and then, stops to give its tail a little nervous twitch, which is very funny. It eats various weeds, but the chief food is insects :-favorite of all, the grasshopper, which, we suppose, is a very dainty dish to set before the king—if the king happens to be a grasshopper epicure! It has been proved that the meadow lark's food consisted of a large parcentage of insects even when the ground was covered with snow, which speaks much for the bird's skill in finding what it preferred. As a rule, meadow larks are not looked upon as enemies to agriculture, and are usually left in peace. Sometimes, however, they fall victims to the cruel gun. for they are considered to be a great table delicacy. The writer—alas!—has eaten roast lark—about a hundred years ago—but now feels quite ashamed of it. This plump little lark looks so innocentbut, still, what horrid things he eats !

Puzzles.

[The following prizes are offered every quarter, beginning with months of April, July and October: For answers to puzzles during each quarter-1st prize, \$1.50; 2nd, \$1.00; 3rd, 75c. For original puzzles-1st, \$1.00: 2nd, 75c.; 3rd, 50c.

This column is open to all who comply with the following rules: Puzzles must be original-that is, must not be copied from other papers; they must be written on one side only of paper, and sender's name signed to each puzzle; answers must accompany all original puzzles (preferably on separate paper). It is not necessary to write out puzzles to which you send answers-the number of puzzle and date of issue is sufficient. Partial answers will receive credit. Work intended for first issue of any month should reach Pakenham not later than the 15th of the month previous; that for second issue not later than the 5th of that month. Leave envelope open, mark "Printer's Copy" in one corner, and letter will come for one cent. Address all work to Miss Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.]

	1									
1.	What	tree is	s call	ed the	dancing tree !					
2.	**	**		**	housemaid's tree ?					
3.		is the	tree	that is	s nearest the sea ?					
4.		**	44		orbids you to die ?					

4.	 **		 forbids you to die ?
5.	 	**	 where ships may be !
-	 A		 1 1)

tree is warmly clad ? " the schoolboy's restraint?

BUTTERCUP.

2-RIDDLE.

We are five little creatures, all of different voice and features. One of us in glass is set, one of us you may find in *jet*, another you may see in *tin*, and if the others you wish to find, we never fly from *you*. What are our names? BUTTERCUP.

	3-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.
n	"friends" we like,
	"soldiers" with pikes,
n	"rambler" who bikes,

n "painters" on strike Led by the renowned Mike.

In "printers" fond of pie, In "sailors"^ddrinking rye, In "buffoons" who dye, In "juveniles" that cry And really don't know why.

In "Cupids" with arrows, In "animals" that burrow, In "farm boys" that will harrow The wheat field to-morrow



THE MEADOW LARK.

9-ACROSTIC.

(Words of the same number of letters.)

1, Fencing material; 2, a bay; 3, a Mohammedan pilgrim to Mecca; 4, a harbor; 5, remains of burnt bodies; 6, propor-tion; 7, a ditch. Primals and finals spell one of our "Cousins" who has made a very satisfactory standing during the past year. "DICKENS."

10-ANAGRAM. When difficulties block our way, And pause we must in dire dismay, Shall we retreat and shun the fight, Deny the truth, betray the right? NO EVER DARE. F. L. S. 11--CHARADE-RIDDLE.

Every married SECOND is a FIRST, but not every FIRST is a WHOLE. Every WHOLE, though, is a SECOND and a farmer F. L. S.

Answers to June 1st Puzzles.

1 - Sinai, Anna, nothing, two—Santiago. 2- Shark - hark ; table - able ; maid - aid ; gate - ate. 3- Pestilent

estover nacre era t

ma r extra

neglect

transfuse

4 Simple Simon, Una, Buttercup, Toledo, Jessie Hyde, A.
 E. T., Barney, Ogma, Dickens, 5–Elephant, gorilla, weasel, giraffe, antelope, bearer.

SOLVERS TO JUNE 1ST PUZZLES. Emma H. Humble, M. R. G.

Additional Solvers to May 15th Puzzles.

M. N.

COUSINLY CHAT.

Rupert Neptune.—We are very glad to have you for our cousin, and hope you will long be one of our number. K. K.—You are very welcome also. We have several cousins from your country. F. L. S.—I thought you had deserted us altogether, and am pleased to find myself mistaken.

I notice a considerable falling off in our list of solvers, while contributors of original puzzles continue to come in. Why do not all send answers as well, and kill both birds with the one stone? We commence a new quarter with this issue, so all begin anew, and let us have a larger circle than ever. A. A.

Recipes.

JELLIED CHICKEN.

Boil a chicken in as little water as possible until the meat falls from the bones, chop all fine and season with pepper and salt. Now put in a mold a layer of hard-boiled eggs cut in slices, and then the meat in yers with the eggs until the mold is full. Boil down the liquor left in the pot and add a tablespoonful of gelatine, and when dis-solved pour into the mold with the meat. Set in a cool place over night and then turn out when wanted.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.

To four quarts of red raspberries put enough vinegar to cover, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Scald and strain it, and add a pound of sugar to every pint of juice. Boil for twenty minutes, and bottle.

Kitty Knew About Sheep.

- "Seven sheep were standing By the pasture wall. Tell me," said the teacher To her scholars small— "One poor sheep was frightened, Jumped and ran away, One from seven—how many Woolly sheep would stay?"
- Up went Kitty's fingers A farmer's daughter she, Not so bright at figures As she ought to be. Please, ma'am!" "Well, then, Kitty, Tell us if you know," Please, if one jumped over, All the rest would go."

Twice you have to read me down Ere the answer correct is found ; Days of celebrations then you'll get, That loyal Canadians never forget. "'ARRY 'AWKINS." 4-NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

4-NUMERICAL ENIGMA. My 2, 10, 3, 6 is to avoid. My 12, 2, 1, 7 is labor. My 4, 11, 3, 1, 8 is bold. My 9, 11, 6 is a vessel. Whole, one of the most enjoyable parts of our "Dom." "ARRY 'AWKINS."

5-SUBTRACTION.

5—SUBTRACTION. Take thousand from a sum of money and leave to expire. Take one from to hasten and leave a pronoun. Take 500 from grub and leave charge. Take 500 from beverage and leave a place of enjoyment. Take 50 from a support and leave reposed. Take § of one from a vein of metal and leave a boy's name. Take § of one from a vessel and leave to plunder. Take 1000 from to stop and leave a pen. Take part of three from flow and leave to mind. Take 100 from a play and leave charge. Take 1-5 of eight from to acknowledge and leave a large sin.

sin. Subtractions added will give the name of a popular novel. "'ARRY AWKINS."

6-We belong to a school of twenty-six; Our captain, who leads us, is called No. 8. We're a part of the body that sometimes doth ache. The next in command is called No. 5. After five comes another, and he's No. 1. I'll make this a vowel that him you can't shun. Now we have three, but there's one to come yet. That man, on the list, is named No. 4. Those make the whole, and you want no more. You can't work without it or leave it at home. With your wits about you you can see it, I'm sure. There's only four needed, and you want no more. RUPERT NEITUNE. 6---

 Work around the field, and practice with the swords.
 The small boy's and the stone cutter's favorite.
 To drop from a high place, and just before winter.
 What the coppers carry, and a person's name.
 What the coppers carry, and to a girl's dress.
 What belongs to a window and to a girl's dress.
 He plays in the Band, and to sell his goods he must RUPERT NEPTUNE. travel.

8-CHARADE. My first takes an almost princely rank (Pronunciation not the best): My second is found in "of "-how frank ! My third soon make one sigh for rest. My whole now find in our fair, free land, A refuge from a despot's hand. ^{...}К.К.

RASPBERRY ICE.

One quart berries. Extract the juice, and strain. Add one pint of sugar, let dissolve in the juice, half a pint of water and the juice of one lemon. Freeze like ice cream.

DELICATE PUDDING,

One cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup of raisins, and butter the size of an egg; 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour to make a stiff batter. Steam one hour. As this makes a large pudding, allow plenty of room for rising.

A Reader's Lament.

I cannot read the old books I read long years ago— Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and Scott, and Poe; Marryatt's yarns of sailor life, And Hugo's tales of crime— I cannot read the old books, Because I haven't time.

Plove the dear old stories,
My thoughts to them will stray;
But still one must keep posted on
The writers of to-day.
My desk is piled with latest books
I'm striving to dispatch;
But ere I've finished all of them
There'll be another batch.

Hope's new one isn't opened yet, I've not read James' last, And Howell's is so prolific now, And Crawford writes so fast; " Evelyn Innes" I must skim, O'er " Helbeck" I must pore, " The Day's Work" I'll enjoy, although I've read the tales before.

And then there is "The King's Jackal," "The Gadfly," "Caleb West," "Silence," "The Forest Lovers," and I can't name all the rest, I'll try to keep up with the times, But oh ! I hope that I May read my "David Copperfield" Once more before I die.

Cayolyn Wells, in the "Bookman.