

"but wanting that, a true friend, I have wanted everything." And again: "My heart, shut up in the prison-house of its rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to."

We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another. One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick! before love grows cold. Life is too short too quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. If I was wrong, I am sorry; if you, I am sorrier yet; for should I not grieve for my friend's misfortune?

The mending of your fault does not lie with me; but the forgiving it does, and that is the happier office. It is easy to lose a friend; but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one when he comes.

A Friend to Farmers' Wives.

To the Editor FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

"Please allow me space in your valuable paper for a few lines pertaining to the comforts and conveniences of farmers' wives and daughters. I was prompted to write by an article I saw in a previous number of the ADVOCATE written by an unfortunate sister. It is pretty hard that we should have to fight through the press for home comforts and things to make work easy, but housekeeping on the farm means so much more heavy work than in the city. I do not mean to complain of our dear husbands, but I will say that when they are well fed and kindly cared for they are very apt to become indifferent and heedless, neither thinking nor caring how hard the family has to work under many difficulties. I think the trouble is the farmer's brains are so absorbed with fine horses, fine barns, thoroughbred cattle, and every convenience on the farm to make work easy that he quite forgets how his family is struggling to make his home comfortable and attractive. A farmer must be very short-sighted if he fails to see that all this means not only hard work and skillful management but is a great strain on the nervous system. Of course they all love their families dearly, but that love should show itself in a thousand little ways. Let me enumerate some of them. First of all, a man should be a gentleman in his own home, always bringing sunshine there; a farmer's wife has so much to try her nerves, not like her city sisters who have everything brought to the door prepared for use. Farmers should appreciate everything their wives do, not look on them as if they were a machine or a football; they are human beings, and want to be treated as such.

"A smile and a kind word do not cost anything, yet how they brighten a home. I think housekeeping on a farm is complete drudgery, unless a husband does something towards elevating it. Men generally like their wives to meet them with a smile, but if the wife has been trying to cook over a smoky stove, with the rain coming down through the roof, a miserable doorstep, and many other annoyances, it is not easy for her to present a cheerful appearance under such adverse circumstances. I would like to see them keep their equilibrium. I do not expect the men to take up this subject; they will prefer reading the ADVOCATE to learn more of improved farms, I am afraid, and remain indifferent to improved housekeeping."

Some Greens.

SPINACH, DANDELIONS, AND BEETS.

All greens should be thoroughly washed in several waters. Delicate beet greens are in abundance, and, like spinach and many other greens, they are spoiled by being cooked in too much water. A cupful of water for half a peck of greens is sufficient. Many of these delicate greens are better if cooked in melted butter or the drippings from fried bacon. Put the butter into a saucepan and place it over the fire; put in the washed greens, cover them and cook from fifteen to twenty minutes, stirring frequently to keep them from scorching. Turn them into a hot dish and season with a little more butter and the salt and pepper necessary. Garnish the dish with slices of hard-boiled eggs.

Wilted greens are much nicer than the name would imply. Wash and cut the roots from half a peck of very young greens. Cut the leaves into pieces and put them in a large spider. Beat one egg until light and stir into it half a cupful of cream. Put over the fire and stir until it begins to thicken; then remove and add a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Pour the sauce over the prepared greens and stir over the fire until they are heated and tender. Serve with crisp bacon.

To cook and prepare spinach: wash half a peck through several waters to free it from grit, and remove the wilted and yellow leaves. Put in a saucepan, and if not drained there will be water enough to steam; but if drained add a small cupful and cook fifteen minutes. Season with salt and pepper and drain in a colander. Turn into a chopping bowl and chop very fine. Put the chopped greens into a spider with two tablespoonfuls of butter and more seasoning if required and stir over the fire until it is heated through. Have ready bread sliced, cut into squares, and fried in butter. Pile the hot spinach upon them and garnish each with a slice of hard-boiled egg. Mayonnaise dressing is frequently served with spinach cooked in this way.

Wanted It Longer.

Carlyle was wont to tell a good story about the anxiety of Scotchmen to build on ground which they owned rather than on that held on a lease, no matter how long the term of years.

Once a year an old tailor came to his parents' house for a shilling a day and his food, to "make down" the father's clothes into new suits for the boy. As the house was badly lighted, the tailor brought with him a round sod of turf as large as the top of a small table.

Placing it on the floor, he stuck into it a stick, with a split vice on the top, which held a candle like a vice, and sitting by it on the floor, worked from morning till night.

The tailor's ambition to purchase the house in which he lived made him industrious and saving. But the owner of the house wanted a high price for it, so the negotiations went on for four years. At length the two contracting parties held a meeting, at which each was represented by a lawyer. A draft deed was produced and the house-owner's lawyer began to read aloud:

"I, John—, hereby agree to let, lease, etc., for 999 years—"

"What's that you said about letting and leasing?" struck in the tailor. "I tell you that I'll have naething to do with the transaction ava, unless I can buy a house out-and-out to a' eternity!"

"Well, now," said the lawyer, winking at the tailor's lawyer, "suppose we add a nine figure to it and then see how it reads."

"I, John—, hereby let, lease, etc., for 9,999 years."

But even for that term it was only after much persuasion that they secured the tailor's acceptance of the deed.—*Scottish Nights.*

Disadvantages of the Farmer's Wife.

When I read the woes of that Manitoba farmer's wife it struck a responsive chord in my heart, as I had been wishing—yes, longing—for some one to speak out on their behalf. The farmer's wife is, really and truly, the hardest worked and the poorest used of any one in the country; I mean more particularly in the way of labor-saving appliances. She is so self-sacrificing that she waits till everyone else is supplied, then as there is nothing left for her needs she has to go without. Men get all the machinery they need (and some they don't need). Perhaps it is a binder which does good work, but has not all the up-to-date fixtures, so it is traded off as part payment for a new one. I know a farmer who has most of the labor-saving machinery going and his wife is glad that he has it; but that same wife has used her sewing machine nearly thirty years, though it is not at all up-to-date; she has baked and cooked on the same old stove over twenty years, and it was a second-hand one then, bought that the man might have the price of a new one for himself. Then every farmer's wife knows what a time she has in getting a little "fixing up" done around the house. In the first place she must feed her husband well to get him in good humor before she mentions the subject, then she must have saw, hammer and nails ready to use, and then wait to hold the boards in place or hand the tools as required. But I feel as if I could not do justice to this subject, so I will stop short, hoping others will take it up. MRS. EVERGREEN.

"She Noddit to Me."

The following poem, which recently appeared in the *Bon Accord*, a weekly comic journal published in Aberdeen, attracted the notice of the Queen, and Her Majesty wrote expressing a desire to be furnished with the name of the author:

I'm but an auld body
Livin' up in Deeside,
In a two-room'd bit hoosie
Wi' a toofa' beside,
Wi' my oco and my grumphy
I'm as happy 's a bee,
But I'm far prouder noo
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi'—
I'm gie trig and hail,
Can plant twa-three tawties,
An' look after my kail;
And when oor Queen passes
I'm oot to see,
Gin by luck she micht notice
And nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,
And the blinds were aye doon,
Till last week the time
O' her vesit cam' roon!
I waved my bit apron
As brisk's I could dae,
An' the Queen lauch'd fu' kindly
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—
It's nae eese to freit—
An' yet when I think o't
I'm sair like to greet.
She may feel for my sorrow—
She's a mither, ye see—
An' maybe she kent o't
When she noddit to me!

From a French journal comes this little anecdote of a tutor and his royal pupil: The lesson was in Roman history, and the prince was unprepared. "We come now to the Emperor Caligula. What do you know about him, prince?" The question was followed by a silence that was becoming awkward, when it was broken by the diplomatic tutor. "Your highness is right," he said; "perfectly right. The less said about this emperor the better."

Puzzles.

All work for this department should be addressed to Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.

1.—HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

- 1.—Early inhabitants of England.
- 2.—A general who won fame in India.
- 3.—A large bay in Canada.
- 4.—A noted French general.

The initials of these spell the Christian names of the following:

- 1.—An infamous English king.
- 2.—The author of a noted religious work of the 17th century.
- 3.—A great Canadian statesman.
- 4.—A British leader who died on the field of battle in Spain.
- 5.—The discoverer of Newfoundland.

F. W. ROLPH.

2.—LOGOGRAPH.

If you are whole you are "pleased."
Behead and 'twill all be "complete."
If you want a preposition released
Double behead
And then "I" am led
To the front to take my seat.

Just four letters still remain;
Curial and I'll cry "for shame";
Behead instead,
Then you'll be dead,
And we'll ne'er see you again.

A. P. HAMPTON.

3.—CHANGED HEADINGS.

An ointment = Part of the hand.
To speak = A fur-bearing quadruped.
To chew = A cluster.
Froth = To wander.
Suitable = New.

Part of the hand = A spice.

ADDA WHETSTONE.

4.—NUMERICAL WORD PUZZLE.

- (1) A hundred, five, one, nought and an E,
You often many hear, but never can see.
- (2) One thousand, two fives, joined, nought and A N
Is the choicest of blessings given 'mongst men.
- (3) Two hundreds, a fifty, a nought and a K
Is seen by most people at least once a day.

ADDA WHETSTONE.

5.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the longest word in the English language?
2. At what time of the day was Adam created?

JENNIE STEWART.

6.—CHARADE.

In glen and in ground
My head's to be found,
And my last is "to come on shore."
If these you combine
You'll surely find
The fleshy organs of plants.

ADDISON SNIDER.

7.—TRANSPPOSITION.

Oaw tthru, fi huot eht eurt lost'duw rape;
How woss eht eal's lashl arpe ni navi;
Eercet dan downs yth icencenoe ekep;
Ormf oolhw adnw adn ddees fainer.

ROABN.
J. S. CRERAR.

Answers to May 15th Puzzles.

- 1.—C R A M
- 2.—Nectar (Neck—tar).
- 3.—Bay—o-net.
- 4.—A cannon.
- 5.—Eve.
- 6.—Quebec.

7.—Count that day lost,
Whose low, descending sun,
Views from thy hand
No noble action done.

- | | | | |
|---------------|---|------------|-----------|
| 8.— | E | 9.—C h i n | |
| A L E | A | N e a r | |
| A B A S H | D | I s h | Canadian |
| E L A S T I C | A | n n a | Homes. |
| E S T O P | N | H e r | North |
| H I P | O | m a g | Carolina. |
| C | E | S o f | |

SOLVERS TO MAY 15TH PUZZLES.

Maggie Scott, D. W. Campbell. Also, Maggie Scott, Clara Robinson, A. P. Hampton, for May 1st.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Two eggs, half a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of flour, sifted, with one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, one cupful of powdered sugar. Stir sugar and butter to a light white cream, add the eggs, one at a time, stirring a few minutes between each addition, then the flour and milk. Do not stir any more than you can help after the flour is added. Butter two good sized jelly tins and dust them with flour, divide the cake mixture equally in the pans. When done dust a pastry board with powdered sugar, turn the cakes out of the pan on to the board, move them a little every few minutes, to keep them from sticking to the board. Clean one quart of nice ripe strawberries, put them in a dish, sprinkle over half a cupful of sugar. Let stand a half hour. Shortly before serving, lay half the strawberries between the two layers and cover the top of the cake with the other half, serve with cream.

To Make a Good Whitewash.

For a good whitewash for your bedroom ceiling put a piece of lime weighing about five pounds in a granite pan or bucket; pour on it a gallon of water, allow it to boil and slake until the steaming is over; take from this two quarts of the liquid lime, put it in a wooden or granite bucket, and add sufficient water to make it rather thin. Add a small amount of pure indigo, sufficient to give it the proper color; add a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of lampblack; stir well. This will give you a perfectly white ceiling; if you wish it colored add one of the colorings, which you may purchase at any drug store, stating that it is to be used with lime.—*June Home Journal.*