

spending their play-days in the outskirts of the grove in the center of which the Golden Fleece was hanging upon a tree. They promised to guide the Argonauts to Colchis, but spoke as if it were very doubtful whether Jason would succeed in getting the Golden Fleece. They said that it was guarded by a terrible dragon who never failed to devour at one mouthful every person who might venture within his reach. "There are other difficulties in the way," continued the young princes. "But is not this enough? Ah, brave Jason, turn back before it is too late. It would grieve us to the heart, if you and your nine and forty brave companions should be eaten up at fifty mouthfuls by this execrable dragon."

"My young friends," quietly replied Jason, "this dragon is only a large-sized serpent, and I am more likely to cut off its head than to be swallowed by it. At all events, turn back who may, I will never see Greece again unless I carry with me the Golden Fleece."

"We will none of us turn back!" cried his nine and forty brave comrades. "If the dragon is to make a breakfast of us, much good may it do him."

After this they quickly sailed to Colchis. King Aetes soon summoned Jason to court. He was very stern and cruel, but pretended to be most polite. When Jason said he had come to take away the Golden Fleece, which the king prized above all things else in the world, it put him into the worst possible humor. "Do you know," he asked sternly, "that there are conditions which you must fulfill before getting possession of the Golden Fleece. For example, you must first tame my two brazen-footed, brazen-lunged bulls, which Vulcan made for me. There is a furnace in each of their stomachs, and their breath burns any person who dares to approach them into a small black cinder."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

What quaint fancies lie concealed in a package of old letters! What a key to the character of the writer they furnish! When looking over those of a young friend recently I noticed with interest the gradual development from the childish efforts of the schoolgirl to the more mature productions of the young lady. Those babyish scrawls, badly written and ink-bespattered—what innocence and blissful ignorance they displayed! Here was unadulterated honesty, guileless of that unmeaning flattery to which "children of a larger growth" are so prone. With a half-breathed sigh for "the olden, golden glory of the days gone by," I laid them aside to glance with a smile over those written when our girlie was about fifteen or sixteen (the age when one thinks one knows almost everything and wishes to give every one else the benefit of that knowledge). The letters at this period assumed quite a grandiloquent tone; the writer "embraces" the opportunity, with inexpressible pleasure, and so on, throughout the chapter, the main object being apparently to use as many big words as possible, the whole having a stilted, unnatural sound, giving little pleasure and less information to the recipient.

But a few years later and our would-be-grown-up young lady has discovered that simplicity has a greater charm than obscure verbiage, and she gradually leaves old Noah Webster more and more at rest.

In our grandparents' time, when the exchange of greetings between absent friends cost considerable time and much money, letter-writing was considered an art worthy of cultivation; but in these days of rapid transit and low postal rates it has sadly degenerated—in fact, is almost ignored. Yet what a pleasure it is to receive a chatty, natural-toned letter that brings to our mental view our friend and his environments.

No "Complete Letter-Writer" ever published can supply one with material for such a letter; no cast-iron rules can be followed or the stilted tone will be perceptible at once. Taste is essential in all correspondence; brevity most desirable in that pertaining to business. Some people possess these naturally, but any one may cultivate them.

Write as you would speak, with perfect freedom. Say what you mean and mean what you say.

When you who live in the country write to the absent member of the family, after the more important messages have been given keep fresh his memory and warm his love of the old home by relating any little incidents that a stranger might consider foolish—the pleasant evening you spent at neighbor Brown's, the old school friends you met there, how blossom-laden are the honeysuckle and snowballs you both helped to plant ere the home circle was broken, and what a world of promise lies in the wealth of buds on mother's own rosebush.

A cheerful letter will brighten up a whole day; therefore, eschew as far as possible doleful news—a bright letter is always more welcome than a sombre one and has a more beneficial effect on the writer. "A light heart lives long." To-day I read a letter written to my father forty-two years ago, but so happily composed that it sounded just as fresh as one of yesterday. Practice and care are important aids in letter-writing, yet a few hints may prove useful to the less learned of my readers.

Write as legibly as possible, avoiding flourishes (which always savor of a business college adver-

tisement); be sure that your words are properly spelled and use only those you thoroughly understand; try to master at least the simpler rules of punctuation; and, finally, reply as promptly as possible to all letters, whether business or otherwise.

Make your letters characteristic of yourself and do not try to imitate others. "B natural" is the keynote most certain to awaken sympathetic chords in the hearts of others. Be careful what you write.

"The bird once at liberty, who can enthrall? And the word that's once spoken, oh! who can recall?"

When you feel (as we all sometimes do) like writing an angry letter—a masterpiece of sarcasm, perhaps—stop long enough to inquire these questions: "Is it kind?" "Is it necessary?" Afterwards, if you still feel disposed to carry out your original intentions, do so; but do not seal your letter till the morrow—sleep on the subject, then read it over, and if you do not round several corners, and omit some particularly cruel speech, my name must be "Jack Robinson," and not, as I supposed—

UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

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

1.—LOGOGRAPH.

I hope that the Cousins will all agree That but for my first no one here would be. Transpose, and to all 'twill be plain as day. We'll stay just as long as it sees fit to play. Now, make as the first, curtail and transpose, Find what follows grief, since the sun first rose; Transpose but once more as a "value you set," On one, two and three of the answers you get.

CLARA ROBINSON.

2.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in minute, but not in hour;
My second is in yard, but not in flower;
My third is in window, and also in door;
My fourth is in drive, but not in floor;
My fifth is in hide, but not in seek;
My sixth is in rode, but not in speak;
My whole is a city in Europe.

ETHEL MCCREA.

3.—RIDDLE.

Before a circle let appear,
Twice twenty-five and five in the rear,
The last of at subjoin you then.
And you will have what conquers men.

EDITH BROWN.

4.—SQUARE WORD.

First, please stop every one,
Second, reverse what you've done,
Third, think a thought,
It may help you to not
Meet four—worst reptile under the sun.

A. P. HAMPTON.

5.—PUZZLE.

In slow, but not in fast;
In hard, but not in soft;
In up, but not in down;
In black, but not in white;
In earth, but not in ground;
In near, but not in far;
In rain, but not in snow;
In school, but not in study;
In star, but not in sky;
In deed, but not in work;
In sick, but not in health;
In tree, but not in branch.
Total is a river in Nova Scotia.

HATTIE MACDONALD.

6.—SQUARE.

1. To wander.
2. Above.
3. To turn.
4. Mistakes.

F. W. ROLPH.

Answers to June 1st Puzzles.

- 1.—Darling.
- 2.—No matter how this old world goes
It's very hard to beat.
You get a thorn with every rose,
But aren't the roses sweet.
- 3.—Grace—race, laid—aid, still—till, fat—at, Spain—pain.
- 4.—Currant, apple, melon, peach, banana, orange.
- 5.—Rime, mire, Emir.
- 6.—Satisfaction.
- 7.—(1) Sir Richard Steele, (2) John Froisart, (3) Laurence Sterne, (4) Washington Irving, (5) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
- 8.—Scotland.

SOLVERS TO JUNE 1ST PUZZLES.

Hattie MacDonald, Ethel McCrea, Edith Brown, Maggie Scott, Annie McLennan, Chris McKenzie, J. S. Crerar, D. W. Campbell.

The following prizes will be given for puzzles during August, July, and September: For best original puzzles—1st, \$1; 2nd, 75c; 3rd, 50c; and similar amounts for most and best solutions.

The names of winners for last quarter will appear next issue, when I hope to announce a new competition. U. T.

"Mrs. Evergreen" Talks to the Men.

I read with pleasure "At the Sound of the Bell," and agree with all Mrs. Jones says about the independence and happiness of living on a well-managed farm. A "well-managed" farm in my opinion means one that is managed for the good of all concerned, with an equal division of its work, pleasures, and profits. My husband and I have spent the best years of our lives on the farm where our children have grown up around us. We have planted and watched the growth of every tree on the place, and tried to keep up with the times in better methods of agriculture; have worked hard to make both ends meet, but in spite of all the ups and downs I love the farm; and when I get too old to work, instead of moving into town I shall end my days amid the scenes and sounds I love so well. As Mrs. Jones speaks particularly about girls leaving the farm, I want to say a word on their behalf.

Very often it is the only course open to them. As long as their parents are living the farm is their home, but when they are gone that home is theirs no longer. The family may consist of two or three girls and a younger brother. The girls know that at the father's death the farm will go to the boy. The girls probably have milked the cows, fed the calves, churned and sold the butter, raised the poultry, planted, hoed and picked up potatoes, looked after the vegetable garden, and helped pick the fruit. All this work in addition to housekeeping with its hundred and one duties such as tailoring, dressmaking, and nursing. Then they have taken care of that precious young brother, who later on has a horse and rig of his own, goes and comes as he likes, and spends more money on cigars than they ever spent on luxuries in all their lives. I heard a girl say that she left home just because her brother was to have everything, while she got nothing but her victuals and clothes, though she worked as hard as he did. The eldest daughter on a farm is worth as much and often more than a son in money value, yet in many cases she gets little, while the son has plenty. I have known families where the sons got all the property, while the daughters not only supported themselves, but provided a home for their father and mother, and buried them when they died without any help from the boys. Unfortunately, the mother can't help the girls. The father owns everything, and does as he sees fit. She has worked hard, economized and saved in every way, and naturally would like her girls to get some benefit from it. But she closes her weary eyes in death, trusting in Providence and her husband's good sense, and if these should fail where would the girls be if they had not taken time by the forelock and got something to do to earn their bread and butter.

Huron Co., Ont.

MRS. EVERGREEN.

THE QUIET HOUR.

"God's Grain."

The page bears but a single line;
And yet the gentlest, truest friend
Who ever mingled tears with mine,
With her sweet hand the sentence penned
I scan in puzzle and in pain—
"Our Lord is gathering in His grain!"

Within my sight two graves were heaped,
But yesterday, with cruel clods;
The sharp and sudden scythe that reaped
In my home-meadow—was it God's?
The blast that swept my lilies plain,
His way of gathering in His grain!

Man's reckoning is not Thine, dear Lord!
From grapes unripe who wrings the wine?
With flowering corn whose barns are stored?
In summer's prime we strip the vine;
In autumn pile the mighty wain,
And garner fully-ripened grain.

"God's grain"—she wrote, and then—"His own;"
With tactful skill the truth is phrased,
His chosen seed, in weakness sown,
To be in strength immortal raised.
Who early sows, with later rain,
Knows when to gather in His grain.

From frosts that blight! from droughts that draw
The very life-blood from the roots;
From canker-worm; from tempests raw
That bruise, then harden, tender shoots;
From earthly hap; from earthly stain—
In loving haste He saves His grain.

Thrice-blessed sheaves! with them He fills
His stately chambers, strong and fair;
The white the everlasting hills,
And boundless reach of sun-steeped air,
Thrill with the Harvest-Horn refrain—
"Our Lord has gathered in His grain!"

—Marion H.

Death Only an Incident.

No one could ever bring himself to believe that he would ever possibly come to an end at death; in spite of all the daily, hourly news of death's doings over the whole earth, one's own death seems as inconceivable as ever. The preacher parades the overwhelming evidence, he reminds us that it is the one certain thing that happens to us: "You will be there carried out, over you the handful of dust will be thrown." Yes, we cannot deny it, but yet he does not persuade us; does any one of us believe it?—believe it not with the forced assent of the intellect only, but with the heart and imagination and conviction? It is in vain. Till it actually is there knocking at the door, till its first slow symptoms begin to give positive warning, we cannot take it, the imagination refuses it, the whole man repudiates it; we try to lay hold of it, we say over and over again to ourselves: "I must die, the end will come," but no, it eludes us, it is impossible. The preacher may complain of us, but ought he to complain? Is not this imaginative impossibility of accepting it just the clearest evidence of what we are? Being what we are, what we know ourselves to be, it is simply silly to suppose we come to an end at death; to suppose it is to be in direct collision with our reason and our imagination, not for selfish reasons, not because we desire some future happiness, not for that, but purely and simply because the idea is so radically inconsistent with our inward character, that it cannot adapt itself to it, cannot be harmonized with it; it is intolerable, nothing can conceivably make death look like a rational and consistent end of life. But death cannot be an end, it can only be an incident.

—Canon Scott Holland.