

outside, while Christ is taken closest in, the riches will not hurt their owner while they remain, nor tear him asunder when they depart. When your "life is hid with Christ in God," you will live there, whatever amount of the world's possessions may be attached outside; and though, in some social concussion, all the world's thick clay should drop off, you will scarcely be sensible of a change. If you have "put on Christ," great riches may come and go;—you will not be clogged while you have them; you will not be naked when they leave. But if the wealth be the first and inner wrapping of the soul, how shall that soul ever get into contact with the Saviour, that life from its fountain may flow into the dead? Many disciples of Jesus prosper in the world; few who have courted and won the world in their youth become disciples in their old age. It is easy for a Christian to be rich, but hard for a rich man to become a Christian. REV. WM. ARNOT.

THE SOCIAL CORNER.

Under this heading, communications relating to the home or any subject of interest will be published and questions answered.

MINNIE MAY.

DEAR MINNIE MAY,—A welcome addition to your well-filled pages is the Social Corner! I have not yet noticed any cooking recipes in it, and as they are generally welcome, I will give one that I have tested and know to be reliable; I hope we may often hear from our sisters skilled in the culinary art, as I have more faith in well-tried recipes than in those from many of the cook books:

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

One-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup butter, two eggs, one cup black molasses, one-half cup sweet milk, one tablespoon ginger and two of cinnamon, one teaspoon soda and two of cream of tartar, two heaping cups of flour. Beat well and bake moderately quick in a buttered breadpan.

MRS. R. B.

DEAR SOCIAL CORNER,—May I come in and offer my little quota to the general fund of information? Yes. Thank you; here I am, then. Welcome to every house-keeper will be the knowledge that oyster juice will remove fruit and wine stains from linen. A mixture of one and a-half ozs. of water, one ounce of alcohol and a drachm of sweet oil, applied plentifully with a small sponge, will cleanse

bronze ornaments from dust and mildew. They should not be rubbed hard.

Vaseline is an excellent thing to rub on fine boots, keeping them more pliable than any other dressing; but equal parts of ink (black) and sweet oil, well mixed, is also said to be beneficial.

Ivory knife-handles, which have become discolored, may be whitened by rubbing with fine sandpaper.

Yours sincerely, ELSIE IRWIN.

DEAR MINNIE MAY, Springtime, with its bleaching and the use of colored calicoes, is fast approaching, and the following item, which I got several years ago, may not be unseasonable:

CHEMISTRY OF THE LAUNDRY.

Thirty yards of cotton cloth may be bleached in fifteen minutes by one large spoonful of sal soda and one pound of chloride of lime, dissolved in soft water. After taking out the cloth, rinse thoroughly in cold, soft water, so that it may not rot. The color of French linen may be preserved by a bath in a strong tea of common hay. Calicoes with pink or green colors will be brightened if vinegar is put in the rinsing water, while soda is used for purple and blue. If it is desired to set colors previous to washing, put a spoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water, and soak the articles therein. Colored napkins are wet in weak lye before washing, to set the color. The color of black cloth is freshened if it is put in a pail of water containing a spoonful of lye.

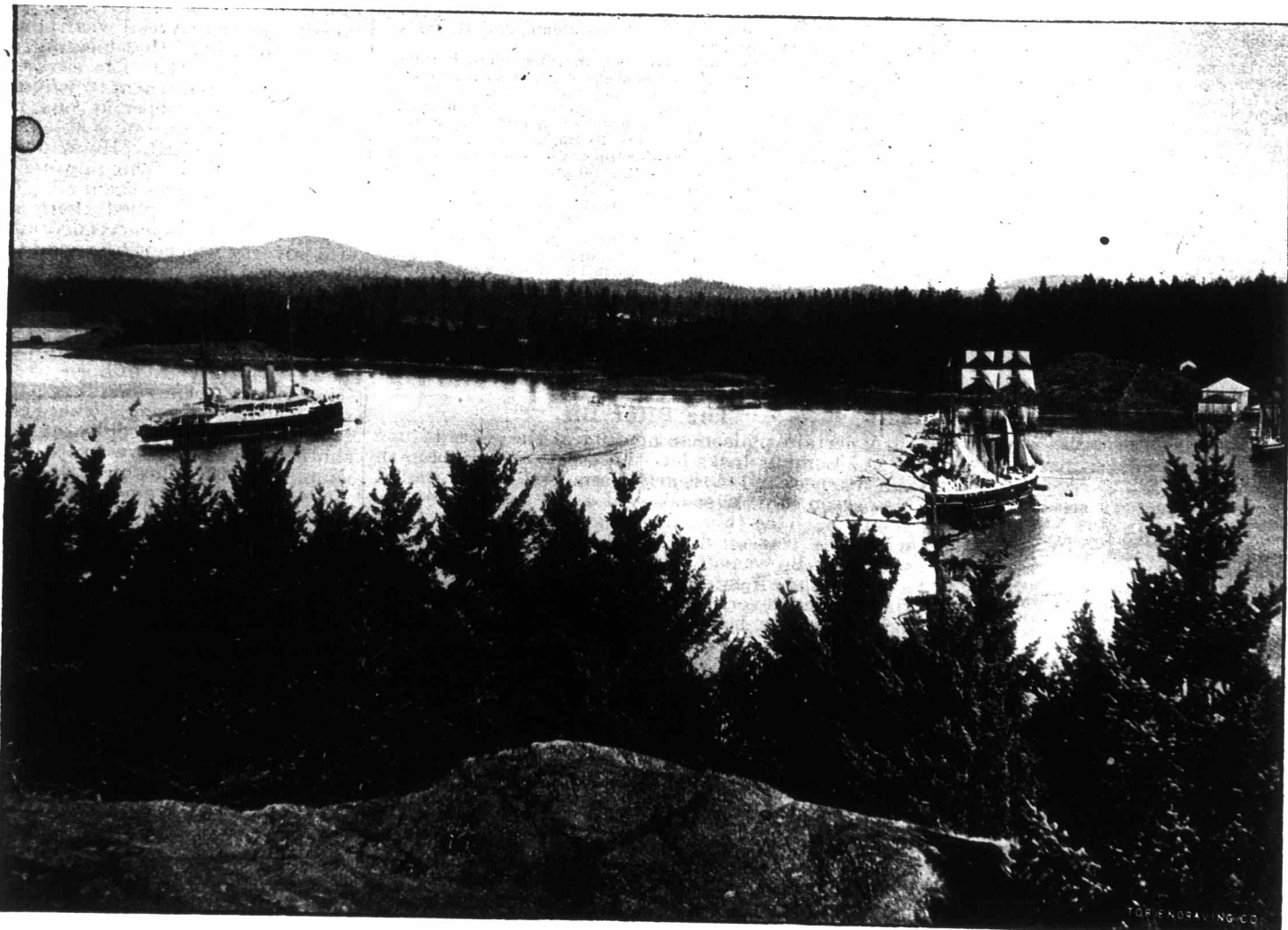
Hoping some of these hints may be of service to your readers, I remain, Yours truly,

EMILY WARE, Glenholme.

Esquimalt Harbor.

If you are an admirer of the picturesque, and have leisure and means to travel, it is not necessary to go to Europe to gratify your tastes. British Columbia, a part of our own grand Dominion,—with its giant, snow-clad mountains and great glaciers, fertile valleys and peaceful rivers, foaming canyons and pretty harbors,—if not as historic, can boast of as much grandeur as can the Old World. Here, it is true, there are no famous churches, nor ancient castles,—everything done by the hand of man bears the stamp of modern times; but so little has been done that the works of nature may be surveyed fresh from the hand of that Master-artist, proving that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most."

At times you pass along, clinging, as it were, to the mountain sides, and the majestic sight of glaciers several hundreds of feet thick, glistening in the sunlight, and the calm river valley, form a view at once peaceful and terrible. But to describe all the beauties and wonders that here await you would require a whole volume, and I have involuntarily digressed from my original intention of giving a short sketch of Esquimalt Harbor, the illustration of which is here presented to you. The little town of Esquimalt, the North Pacific Naval Station, is only three miles distant from the capital, Victoria, with which it is connected by an electric car service. It contains several Government buildings, as a naval hospital, an arsenal and dock-yard, a public school, two churches, some hotels, business buildings, and residences. But the principal feature is the harbor, which is three miles long and almost two broad, the average depth being from six to



ESQUIMALT HARBOR.

eight fathoms. The Canadian Government has here constructed the finest dry-dock on the Pacific Coast; it is 450 ft. long and 90 ft. wide at the entrance.

Our illustration forms a pretty picture, with the distant mountains looming up, the luxuriant forests, and the calm water on whose peaceful bosom the great ships lie at rest.

THE DUCHESS'S WATCH.—In the earlier years of her reign Queen Victoria was inclined to be very exact as regarded matters of business, more especially in respect of punctuality as to appointed times and places. At the time the Duchess of Sutherland held the office of Mistress of the Robes, and on public occasions her position was very near the royal person and deemed of great importance. A day and an hour had been appointed for a certain public ceremony in which the Queen was to take part. The hour had arrived, and, of all the Court, the Duchess alone was absent, and her absence retarded the departure. The Queen gave vent more than once to her impatience, and at length, just as she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady of honor, the Duchess, in breathless haste, made her appearance, stammering some faint words of excuse. "My dear Duchess," said the Queen, smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch;" and, as she spoke, she unloosened from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch which she herself wore, and placed it round the neck of Lady Sutherland. Though it was given as a present, the lesson conveyed made a deep and lively impression. The proud Duchess changed color, and a tear, which she could not repress, fell upon her cheek. On the next day she tendered her resignation, but it was not accepted.

eyes were of the darkest and most sparkling blue, and her complexion like newly-gathered roses in a ground-glass vase. But the Princess Brilliantine, if the most beautiful, was also the most vain woman in the world. All she thought about from morning to night was how to preserve and increase her charms. She had a perfect army of milliners and jewelers, and a factory for her own use, where every costly material was manufactured for her sole wearing. Twenty perfumers were busied alone in preparing essences for her handkerchief, while more than a hundred laborers were employed each morning in collecting the dew-drops for her bath, and acres of ground were planted with flowers to furnish scent for various purposes. One lovely afternoon the Princess was languidly reclining on her embroidered cushions, while her attendants combed and arranged her golden tresses, when she was startled by a loud report which shook the palace to its foundations, and sent her maids shrieking and flying from the room. When she looked up she beheld, standing before her, a tall, severe-looking woman.

"Is this," said she, sarcastically, "the famous Princess Brilliantine, of whom every one talks? Is this the heiress and future queen of this fair island, this vain creature, who cares only to gaze into her mirror;—is this the pretty, innocent, royal infant who was once my godchild?"

"I don't know who you may be," replied the Princess Brilliantine, fretfully fanning herself for the first time in her life, "and I am not at all anxious to know, but any one can tell you who I am without my giving myself the trouble."

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

All communications to be accompanied by the name, age and address of the writer.

This is the Children's Corner,
Where little ones may sit,
And, like young "Jacky Horner,"
May exercise their wit.
He thought himself quite clever
Because he found a plum,
And yet, I'm sure, he never
Was half as bright as some
Of our own young Canadians
Who read the *Advocate*.
You little boys and maidens
Like writing on a slate;
Could you not write a letter,
Amusing, short, and true?
Or, if you think it better,
Some little tale will do.
Each month we'll print the best one,
And someday you may be
The winner, then you'll cry—"What fun!"
I'm in the Corner! See!
A kind of "Puss in Corner" game
I'll be, without a doubt;
And yet it is not quite the same,
For all but one are "out."
If you should feel too tired to play,
Don't think the game will stop,
For plenty more will wish to stay,
And in the "Corner" pop.
In six month's time we'll give a prize—
All under age may try—
For, though we do not judge by size,
No "old folks" need apply.
The tales that please the children best
Most suitable will be.
Be sure your letters are addressed
To
COUSIN DOROTHY,
"Farmer's Advocate,"
London, Ont.

The Jewel Princess.

Once upon a time there was an island called the "Isle of Perpetual Pleasures." The climate was perfect, birds of beautiful colors sang sweetly among the flowers all the year through. The king who governed this little paradise was very old. He had long ago lost his beloved queen, who left him with one only child, a daughter, the sole heiress of her father's kingdom. As may be imagined, her father idolized his little daughter, and did not educate her quite so judiciously as he might have done. She was remarkably beautiful; her hair rolled in ringlets of the purest golden hue, almost down to her little feet; her