

The cows got in and ate off all the beets. I was at a picnic the 15th of July. It was at Simcoe. There were such lots of races to be run. I ran after the lamb, but did not quite catch it.

LIZZIE PASKINS (Aged 10).

Rockford P. O.

What kind of a race is running after a lamb? You must write and tell me about it.

C. D.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to "The Farmer's Advocate." I like to go to school very much, but it is holidays now. I am in the junior third. I think there are some fine letters in the Children's Corner. I have a pet gosling, and I call it Lord Roberts. I have four little ducks, and they follow me all over. There is a little girl coming from Toronto to stay two or three weeks. I live near the river, and we call our place River View Farm. My brother and I have a raft, and we go away up the river and come down again. Such fun! MARY SMITH (Aged 10).

Jamestown.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I live on a farm of a hundred acres. My father has another hundred acres a mile and a half away, and it is my duty to take twelve cows to it every day, and go after them at night. We have about sixty chickens, and fifty little ones. I have a flower garden, and it keeps me busy keeping the weeds out of it. I take music lessons every week, and practice two hours a day if possible. I am eleven years old, and go to school nearly every day—only when I stay home for my music lesson. Over my bedroom window there is a grapevine, and a sparrow built its nest there and laid three eggs in it. My little brother James and I watched it until they hatched, and after a week or two mother told father about them, and he said he would kill them, but they all flew away before father could kill them, and I was very glad, for it is a shame to kill such darlings, I think. But they eat the grain. HESSIE FISHER.

South Middleton, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to the Children's Corner. I live on a farm. Perhaps you remember me. I said in my first letter that I would tell you the names of my dolls some other time. Now I will tell you. Tuckie and Nannie—these two are my favorites. Then I have Myrtle, Pauline, Gladys, Hazel, Margaret and Madeline. We have vacation now. I like to run about the fields and hunt wild berries. I have a pet kitty—her name is Marilda; her mother's name is Topsy. I love to watch the men making hay. I will close with a riddle. What gets its ears pulled like naughty children? Ans.—Corn.

A. MARIE McCORMICK (Aged 9).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would write a little letter to you, as I have only written twice before. I live on a farm of two hundred acres. We have a nice big woods, and it is just lovely in the summer-time. We have a nice school teacher. She is nice looking. She is nice in every way. Anybody cannot help but like her. When we play games at school we ask her to play, and I know she would just love to, but she won't.

HELENA DARLING.

L. Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am twelve years old. I have to walk two miles to school. We have six calves. It is nice to see them running about the stables. In the spring we make maple syrup. We have good fun boiling. The post office and church are about half a mile from here. We had a calf choke a little while ago.

LESLIE WRIGHT.

Nestleton, Ont.

A Pleasant Day at Port Stanley.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Here I am again. I am going to write an account of my trip to Port Stanley. I will try and make it as short as I can, because I have a lot to tell. On the morning of July 9th I got up very early. When I got down stairs I found lots of work waiting to be done. I first helped to set the table for breakfast, and my sister

and I got up our lunch. We all ate breakfast, and then we went and got ready. We left home at 7.15 a.m. When we arrived at Harrietsville Station there were only a few there. In about half an hour after we got there the platform was full. At 8.25 a.m. we saw the train approaching from the east. It was on time. When we got in the train the cars were pretty nearly all full, so we had to sit on slat seats, which wasn't very comfortable. When I looked at the lake I thought it was the sky, because it was so blue. My sister, some friends and myself went up on the hill and ate our dinner. It was only 10.30, but we didn't want to carry the basket around so much. After I had my dinner I went and found some of the scholars from our school. There was a fine big merry-go-round, boat-swings, and the other common swings. I went up and down the steps about a dozen times, although it did tire my legs. There were many tents down on the beach. We went to some and got ice cream, candy, peanuts, bananas and oranges. We heard that some boats were sailing on the water for the purpose of excursionists. The next time that one came in four of my friends and myself went out on it together. We were out for an hour. I and some of the Sunday School scholars were in paddling twice. It was swell. We played around from one place to the other until train time. At about 6 p.m. the train backed up to where we got on. The train was delayed in St. Thomas, on account of a Sunday School scholar from our neighborhood, who was pushed off the train by a drunken man. Another train brought her up to our train. It seemed about twenty minutes to me, because I walked all through the train while it was waiting at St. Thomas. When we got to Harrietsville it was about 8.30 p.m. When I got home I was glad to get into bed, and sleep until late next morning. This was the Union Sunday School picnic from Crampton, and about eight more schools.

Hoping this will interest the readers, because it is true, I will close for this time. MAY PARSONS (Aged 13).

Crampton, Ont.

EVENING SONG.

How many days with mute adieu
Have gone down yon untrodden sky;
And still it looks as clear and blue
As when it first was hung on high.
The rolling sun, the frowning cloud
That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder tramping deep and loud,
Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
Come softened by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
They never rung so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
And bowed as if in prayer.

And in this hushed and breathless close,
O'er earth and air and sky and sea,
A still low voice in silence goes,
Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee.
The whispering leaves, the far-off brook,
The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the building rook—
All these their Maker own.

Now Nature sinks in soft repose,
A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
The boughs have almost ceased to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
And cry, "Behold a God!"

—Thomas Miller.

A tall man, impatiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a red-haired boy of about twelve. "S-s-say," he said, "d-d-do y-you know ha-ha-how late this train is?" The boy grinned but made no reply. The man stuttered out something about red-headed kids in general, and passed into the station. A stranger, overhearing the one-sided conversation, asked the boy why he hadn't answered the big man. "D-d-dat big g-g-guy'd tink I was m-m-mocking him."

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The Ingle Nook.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

Dear Chatterers,—As I write, I am sitting "all by my lonesome" in a hotel in Toronto, trying to collect my impressions of the Exhibition. As the street happens to be one of the noisiest in the city, with street cars whizzing past every moment, and a steam piano somewhere in the near neighborhood religiously grinding out "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," the contract is proving none too easy, so I hope you will pardon any incoherence.

You find a great sameness in the Exhibition—that is, if you go to it every year of your life, as we paper people must—the same old crowds; the same old fakers; the same old exhibits for the most part—similar, perhaps one should say; and the same old booth-men calling out, "Lemonade! Lemonade! The biggest glass on the grounds to be had here!" or "Hot coffee—will cure your headache, or give you one if you haven't any!"—a joke at which you are supposed to smile. . . . But somehow you enjoy it all, too; there isn't anywhere else you would much rather be at the present moment, and then there is always the possibility of novelties.

In the Art Gallery you always find them, for this part of the Exhibition, of course, affords facilities, and the management is invariably in good hands.

It is interesting, too, to watch the crowds in this building. This year they congested, as they always do, about certain pictures—about "The Life Boat," a fine sea study by Napier Henry, A. R. A.; "The Jameson Raid," by Caton Woodville (Woodville's soldier-pictures always attract a gathering, chiefly of men); "The Equestrienne," an immense picture by John Lavery, R. S. A., which I didn't like at all; and "Scotland Forever," Lady Butler's famous painting of the Scots Greys at Waterloo. . . . This last picture is really wonderful. The horses are very realistic, quite as much so as Rosa Bonheur's best. Then, the life of it! The dash of it! The expression on the men's faces! And, with all, the delicacy of coloring—not a single crude or unfinished touch in the whole picture. I felt proud that a woman had painted it, and that made me turn to the work of other woman artists. Among them, watch particularly the career of Miss Mary E. Winch. She has some excellent bits here this year, and, by all indications, promises to make a name for herself.

The usual Canadian artists, whose names I need not enumerate, are all represented; Reid, with his soft, artistic coloring; Challenger, more daring, and more in mural decoration style; many others, for whom space leaves no mention. . . . Don't neglect visiting the Art Gallery, two or three times, at least, at the Exhibitions. And buy a catalogue. It will pay you in added interest and pleasure.

In the Women's Building, there is the usual work, with the usual quality. Pure white is still in favor for centerpieces, table-covers—for everything, in fact, in the embroidery line, although some very pretty samples of colored work, in conventional designs, on linen, colored scrim, and art canvas, are shown.

"Conventional," indeed, seems the watchword in all the prettiest decorative work—the hand-painted china, the burnt-wood work, the Mount Mellick and Bulgarian embroideries, the worked or stencilled cushion-tops. Indeed, attempts at realistic representation of flowers are seen in but few instances, and then seem hopelessly out-of-date and lacking in artistic quality.

Some of the most attractive work seen this year is that done on art canvas by wood blocking—a new system, which produces results much similar to stencilling, but is much more easily done.

Close to the Art China Department are some very interesting cases of woollens and linens made by the habitants of Quebec; and not far away is a department wholly given over to ornamental design. Here are many beautiful things, especially a stained-wood mirror frame, with conventionalized peacock feathers, design-