

Children's Corner.

What a Mistake!

It is told of a certain Queen of Denmark, who was visiting Iceland, that she asked the good Bishop, who had been showing her all that was to be seen, how many children he had. The Danish word for children sounds very much like the Icelandic word for "sheep," and the Bishop, confusing the two, answered, "Two hundred." "Two hundred!" cried the Queen. "How can you possibly keep so many?" "Easily enough, please your Majesty," said the Bishop. "In the summer I turn them out to graze upon the hills, and when winter comes, I kill and eat them!"

What curious things carpets are! They are bought by the "yard," but worn out by the "feet."

A Black Woman's Courage.

A party of children, with their mother, and their black nurse, Ann, went on an excursion to Greenwich. While they were looking at the pretty things in the shop windows, suddenly there was a great shouting, and a mad bull came dashing down the street. In a moment the mother and Ann had the children safe inside a shop door, and looked out to see what the bull was doing. "Here he comes!" said one of the children, hiding her face in her mother's dress, to shut out the sight of the angry beast, with its blazing eyes and foaming mouth. All at once, Ann opened the door and rushed into the street. She had seen a little child quietly trotting across the street, almost in front of the bull. Ann's mistress screamed for her to come back, but no! she was going to save the baby first. She was just in time to pick it up and run back to the shop. The bull rushed on, and the baby was saved.

Some Riddles.

This is the first time I have written to the "Corner." I always turn to the Children's Corner first and read the letters. I have some riddles, as follows—

1. When was Peter a pastry-baker? When he went to Philippi (fill a pie).
2. Father, mother, sister, brother running all day and can't catch one another? The wheels of a car.
3. If a locomotive run over a dog, what would stop a waggon? The dog's tail.

With the Flowers.

Plants: Their Training and Influence.

[A paper read by Miss Tilly Bell at the July meeting of the East Northumberland Women's Institute.]

As the season is too far advanced to speak of the culture of plants or flowers for this summer, we might talk for a few minutes on the growing of bulbs indoors, in anticipation of the coming winter.

No better investment can be made than in a collection of well-chosen winter-blooming bulbs. In no other line of floriculture can so much beauty and fragrance be secured with so little expense. The embryo flowers are stored in the bulb, ready to respond to very simple culture, and success seems assured to those careful to observe the few simple rules of treatment.

In buying bulbs, as with everything else, it is true economy to buy the best. All bulbs deteriorate rapidly when exposed to air, light and heat. When buying, either for indoor or outdoor planting, always reserve the strongest bulbs for the house.

(1). Hyacinths. These bulbs, with their extremely simple culture and certainty to bloom, are especially recommended for house culture. Their beauty of form and coloring, added to their fragrance, render them most popular, especially for beginners. A

4. What goes up and down hill and yet never moves? A road.

5. Humpty-Dumpty sat on the wall; Humpty-Dumpty got a great fall; All the king's horses and all the king's men Couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty together again?

An egg.

6. Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is no good until it is broken.

7. King Morock, he built a ship, an' in that ship his daughter sits, an' I'll be blamed for telling her name, an' there's three times I named her name. What's her name? An.

ATHOL CALDWELL (age 13).
Malakoff, Ont.

Ada Flintoft, Waterdown P. O., Ont.
Gladys Osborn, Dalston, Ont.

Send a picture post card, bearing your name and address, to any of these collectors, and you will receive one in exchange. Here is a chance to get a Scotch post card!

C. D.

The Letter Box.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—We have been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for about thirty years, and would not do without it. I enjoy reading the Children's Corner. For pets I have one black Newfoundland dog, three cats and six kittens. We have five horses; their names are Dolly, Vic, Charlie, Barny and Dawn. We have ten good cows, three



What is it?

Post Card Collectors.

Edna Humphrey, Palmyra P. O., Ont.
Mary Robertson, Milton P. O., Ont.
Maggie Thomas, Bendale P. O., Ont.
Mary Shipley, Falkirk P. O., Ont.
May Thomson, Maple Farm, Martin-town, Ont.

Lillian Mott, Box 39, Mt. Vernon.
Mary Robertson, Milton P. O., Ont.
Maggie Thomas, Bendale P. O., Ont.
Fannie Quirrie, Little Meldrum, Tarves, Aberdeen S., Scotland.
Madelena Emerson, Nestleton, Ont.
Henrietta McMillan, McCrimmon's P. O., Ont.
Clinton Bennett, Bennett, Que.

little calves, nine sheep and ten lambs, about thirty hens, eighty little chickens. I can walk to school in five minutes. I take up arithmetic, spelling, grammar, writing, geography, drawing and composition. I think I like geography and composition best. My father keeps a lot of bees. I live only a few miles from the lake, and often go down to it. I guess I will close, as I do not want to take too much of this "precious Corner." Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.
SUNSHINE (age 10).
Lidden Farm, St. Thomas, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have written to your paper, and I hope to see this in print.

The Butterfly Ball.

One day a lot of butterflies gathered together and decided to have a ball. So on the day appointed for the ball, they began to come early with the sunrise. Their ball-room was a lovely garden that belonged to an old lame gentleman. First of all came Miss Flutter with her parents. Then came Miss Fleetwing, with her beau, Mr. Ruby Nose. Then came Sir Dandy Brown-spots, the "king of butterflies." Then came some colored blue, white, red, brown, purple, and different hues.

Next came Mr. Grasshopper, with his fiddle; Mr. Locust, with his drums; Mr. Bee, with his buzz; the Mosquito family of five players, and last of all the bird generation, who volunteered to join the orchestra. After they had danced a while, they were called to dine at a sumptuous feast, which was furnished by the Misses Flowers.

Then they all danced again until the last rays of the sun had gone below the horizon, when all the young lady butterflies were escorted home by gentleman glow-worms or fireflies. They all said that they had spent a most enjoyable day.

EDWARD H. LADUE (age 12).
Bridgetown, N. S.

Do not write on both sides of your paper.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to the Children's Corner, although I have often thought of it. I always take great interest in reading the stories and letters. I have not many pets, as my cats and dog both died. My dog got Paris green when papa was putting it on the potatoes. I have a little colt about three months old, and a little pig. I go to school all the time. I am in the Fifth Book, and am twelve years old. My teacher's name is Miss Schieffelt. Is any little girl's birthday the same as mine? Mine is on the eighteenth of December. I live on a farm, and like it much better than living in town or in a city. Wishing you every success.
EDNA HUMPHREY.
Palmyra, Ont.

Recipes.

Cocoa-nut Cake.—Two eggs, 2 table-spoons butter, 2 cups grated cocoa-nut, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, "Five Roses" flour to make a batter.

Pop-overs.—Three cups milk, 3 eggs (beaten), 3 cups "Five Roses" flour, pinch of salt. Put in buttered gem pans, and bake in a hot oven.

flowers leads to a grand and noble way of doing good. It gives access to the sick room, and acts where perhaps all other influence might fail.

Flowers in our home beautify it, and our labor is repaid with ten-fold interest. Why? you ask. They serve as an influence to keep our young men on the farm, instead of drawing them to the city. What is fairer or with less guile than the beautiful flower, fashioned after God's own mind and by His bountiful hand? Then, let us each and all strive to make our lives like the flowers—beautiful and pure—and may our influence be as guileless as the flower. You have all read in the Good Book of Solomon's wealth, of the grandeur of his court and surroundings, and yet our Lord says, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

So be thou content, if thou know, at the dusk of the day,
Whate'er it has witnessed of duty mis-done or abhorred,
Thou still art the stronger at moonrise, aware that the way
Of thy feet was, for even a moment, the way of the Lord.

—W. K. Fleming.

One genuine smile is worth a whole day of moping.