



[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of the department is anxious to come in touch with the young people from Victoria to Halifax. She would like them to write her brief accounts of their home life, on the prairie or in the big cities, among the mountains or down by the sea. Their letters will be published, and their questions answered in so far as possible.]

"Is there a cross word that tries to be said?
Don't let it, my dear, don't let it!
Just speak two pleasant ones, quick, instead,
And that will make you forget it."

* * *

OUR STORY.

One lovely summer evening, just after sundown, Fairy Silversheen sat in her bower, lightly swaying on the branch of a rose tree and fanning herself with a white lily petal. It was rather early for evening callers, so she was somewhat surprised to see a brown caterpillar coming towards her. "Good evening, Fuzzywig, I'm glad to see you; where have you been this long time? How are you?"

"I'm well enough, Silversheen, thank you," answered her visitor with a half-drawn sigh.

"Why, what is the trouble? You seem terribly downcast, Fuzzywig; is there anything I can do for you?"

"O, Silversheen, why am I so ugly?"

"For shame, old boy! You are getting vain. Why should you sigh for beauty? 'Handsome is as handsome does,' they say."

"Yes, yes, I know all that, and I try to do my best, but it is like this: Since I was here to see you last time I moved to the garden of the great stone house yonder. A day or two after I had settled in a big rose tree, a lady came to live at the house. It had been her home before she married, so, as her husband died lately, she has come back and brought her little girl with her.

"All this I heard John, the gardener, tell a friend the other day.

"The child's name is Elsie, and she is the sweetest thing I ever saw; long, golden hair and blue eyes; she is prettier than the flowers, Silversheen. The garden is so much brighter since she came. Everybody loves her. She is so gentle that even the birds trust her, and go every day to eat the crumbs she spreads for them. I love her, too, Silversheen, but she is afraid of me.

"I had been contented to watch her at a distance until to-day.

"She sat in the grass playing with the kitten, and I just ventured to crawl up on the edge of her dress. She jumped up with affright and ran screaming to John, who said, 'Don't cry, Miss Elsie, that is only a caterpillar,' and he picked me off and tossed me away into the shrubbery. Oh, why did he not kill me?" finished poor Fuzzywig.

"If that is all your trouble, my friend, I am glad to be able to comfort you. Have patience and you will yet be more beautiful than you ever dreamed."

Then the fairy told him how that next year he would be changed to a butterfly; how all

winter he would sleep a long dreamless sleep, and awake in the spring a new creature.

Fuzzywig went home with such a light heart that he felt he could almost fly, even without the beautiful wings promised by Silversheen.

For the rest of the summer he was satisfied to watch Elsie at a distance, and was more than happy when he heard her claim his rose tree as hers.

He now had a new mission in life. It was a 'bad year' for roses, as some little worm ate the buds before they opened; but on Elsie's bush the flowers were perfect. Poor Fuzzywig chased away all other worms, and, for himself, he was content to dine in the apple tree. No one knew the reason that particular bush escaped the pest. Elsie said it was because the worms would not eat *her* roses.

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In the early autumn, Fuzzywig spun himself into a cozy white nest, which looked smooth and white as an egg, and in some mysterious way fastened it to a leaf in the topmost branch of his rose tree home. Here he slept all winter, quite unconscious of the cold winds that tressed him about, or the snow that lay piled white and high over everything.

One day Elsie spied the clump of withered leaves and wanted them taken off her bush, but her mamma pointed out to her the tiny white chrysalis, and told her of the little life within waiting for the wonderful change. She told her thus was papa sleeping, and thus would they both sleep a long, dreamless sleep, waiting for the call to a new existence.

* * *

Summer came at last, and one fine day, after a warm rain, Fuzzywig burst his prison walls and flew out, an ugly caterpillar no longer. Elsie clapped her hands with joy when she first saw him, and said he was her butterfly because he came to his new life in her rose-bush.

They soon became playmates, and many a gay chase he led her along the old garden paths.

Fuzzywig seldom went far from the house, and not for a long while did he spare time to visit his old friend Silversheen. She congratulated him on his beautiful wings, and told him she was glad he spent his time giving pleasure to another.

* * *

A day came when they no longer played together in the garden, and Fuzzywig was lost without his little playmate.

After passing two or three lonely days he ventured up to the house to seek her, and finding a window open, flew in. On a bed, white and still, lay little Elsie, and her mamma knelt at her side quietly weeping. Fuzzywig fluttered a moment or two around the child and then flew out of the window. As the mother watched the butterfly a look of bright hope shone through her tears, and she smiled, for she remembered her talk with Elsie about the chrysalis, and realised her little one had made the 'wonderful change.'

I shall give my other little friends the pleasure of reading another letter from the 'far West,' and wish each one could have a whiff of the sweet grass and flowers enclosed:—

QU'APPELLE STATION,
May 17th, 1896.

DEAR COUSIN MAUD,—

I thought you would like to hear about my trip to the Fort Qu'Appelle Lakes; they are twenty-four miles from Qu'Appelle, and are in the valley. We go from here almost every spring and fall duck shooting. There were six of our party,—three of the older members of the family and my niece and nephew and myself. We started on the 27th of April and came back the 9th of May. We have a small house there and also a boat, and right across to the other point are the Indians' tents. We went over in the boat one evening, and we saw one old squaw baking bread for supper; she was baking it in a frying-pan, and the pan had ashes in. In the same tent there was a boy about eighteen years of age. He had had consumption, but he said he was getting better. He could talk English very well. He had a brother in Regina who had written him a letter, but he could not read it, so I read it for him. His brother's name is Samuel Moore. He was going to school in Regina. There was an old Indian who brought some maple sugar over to exchange for tea (his name was Jim LaMack.) In the valley there are some very steep hills, but we had great fun climbing them, and we would play house on the large stones, and pretend other ladies were on some of the other stones. The first week or part of the second week we did not get a duck, but the three last days we got sixty-four. The dog we had would not go in for a duck, so we had to get them with the boat. In the evenings we would have nice, long boat rides. Cousin Maud, I pressed a few violets and buttercups I found here and will send them to you, because you love flowers so much.

Yours truly, EDNA TALBOT.

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DAME DOT'S SCHOOL.

One of Dame Dot's little ones is going to "say" this piece at the closing exercises, which the Dame found in *St. Nicholas*:—

I studied my tables over and over and backward and forward too,

But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do,

Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head;

"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for awhile you'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favourite Mary Ann (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame

To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),

And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew

The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,

Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud,

But I wish I hadn't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"

For I thought of my doll, and—sakes alive!—I answered "Mary Ann!"

COUSIN MAUD.