Children's Corner

TRANSPLANTED PRAIRIE FLOW-

not writing too often; if I am, please tell me.

We have young chickens out, and are expecting some more soon. A gopher got in the barn and ate the food we put down for the hen. We have such a dear little colt; it is about two weeks' old. It will come to the door and neigh, when we go out it looks for sugar. My sister and I have two tame crows. They are only young ones, but they are as tame as can be. They will call to us every time we pass them. We have no cultivated flowers except some mignonette and nasturtiums, so we have to get wild flowers. We transplanted some big red Tiger Lilies from the prairie, also some pink and white daisies. I found a bird's nest not far from the house with five young ones in it. I Where the old grey snag of the popwent home and got bread crumbs which I crumbled up in front of the nest. The next time I went they had eaten it all, And the buzzard "raised" in the so I fed them every day till the young ones flew away.

Hoping you and all the cousins are well, I remain,

Your little reader, Sask. (a) NORAH T. F. COCKRANE.

Victoria, Alberni,

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LEASING OF LANDS

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Piano is so constructed that it will An' so, I think, I'd ruther of A little boy like me, Than live to be as horrid as The grown folks have to be

OLD AUNT MARY'S.

Wasn't it pleasant, oh brother mine, Dear Cousin Dorothy:-I hope I am In those old days of the lost sunshine

youth—when the Saturday's chores were through And the Sunday wood in the kitchen too.

And we went visiting, "me and you," Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back clear to-day! Though I am bald as you are grey-Out by the barn lot and down the

We patter along in the dust again, As light as the tip of the drops of rain, Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We cross the pasture, and through the wood. lar stood. Where the hammering "red-heads"

clearing sky And lolled and circled as he went by, Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again, And the teams we met and the countrymen;

the long highway, with sunshine spread As thick as butter on country bread, Our cares behind, our hearts ahead, Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door, Where the little gourds grow by the sides and o'er The clapboard roof! And her face-

ah me

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The jelly, the jam and the marma-

And the cherry and quince preserves she made With cinnamon in 'em, and all things

rare-And the more we ate was the more to spare, Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the old springhouse in the cool, gréen gloom Of the willow trees-and the cooler

Where the swinging shelves and the crocks were kept-

Where the cream in a golden languor slept. Where the waters gurgled and laughed I get all tired out an' cross and wept-

Out to Old Aunt Mary's. And oh, my brother, so far away, This is to tell you she waits to-day To welcome us-Aunt Mary fell Asleep this morning, whispering—

The boys to come?" And all is well, Out to Old Aunt Mary's. James Whitcomb Riley.

Speak gently to the octopus, And beat him when he sneezes; He only does it to annoy, And 'cause he knows it teases. —Lewis Carroll.

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DON'T SHOOT

Don't shoot! Consider this one fact, The lack of manhood in the act; How could a creature of your size Take aim at any bird that flies? We are so helpless, and so small! The very tiniest boy is tall
Compared with us. Put down your gun And seek some manlier kind of fun.

Don't shoot! Out there in tree and glade,

In pretty nests that we have made, Our hungry little birdlings wait. Ah, think of their unhappy fate If we came not at set of sun! Put down your gun, put down your gun.

Don't shoot! But leave us free of wing To build, and nest, and soar and sing. We ask so little, just to live— And for that privilege we give Our souls in song, till life is done, Put down your gun, put down your gun.

Wasn't it good for a boy to see— Don't shoot! Earth has enough of joy And wasn't it good for a boy to be Of space, and food, for bird and boy; Don't shoot! Earth has enough of joy, Enough for both of light and sun, Put down your gun, put down your gun. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A BOY'S LAMENT.

I don't like grown folks very much; 'Pears like they don't like me; In nearly ev'rything I do Some fault they're sure to see.

If I'm playin' in my play-room, As quiet as can be, They think I'm up to mischief an' Come runnin' up to see.

An' if I run an laugh an' shout They send me off to bed, 'Cause it almost drives 'em crazy, An' nearly splits their head.

Atryin' to be good, An' hate to hear of children who Do just the things they should.

I've got er dandy sled, er course, An' heaps er other toys, But don't have no fun using 'em Like all the other boys.

'Cause ma's so feared that I'll get cold, I don't get out till spring.

An' then the snow's all mushy like-An' marbles is the thing. In summertime it's 'bout as bad;

The things I want to do Are mostly al'ays just the ones She doesn't want me to.

Yer see, my ma, she never was A little boy like me, An' so, er course, she doesn't know What a boy 'ud like to be.

He dassn't say a word-"Whatever mother says must go" Is all I've ever heard.

It's dretful queer how he's forgot Bout things boys like to do ! But p'rhaps when I'm so awful old, I'll have forgotten, too.

An' so, I think, I'd ruther die The grown folks have to be.

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