

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## Maggie's Ride.

Our darling pet, wee Maggie,  
Came down from the city one day—  
Shall I tell you, in rhyme,  
What a jolly good time  
She had with the dogs and old Tray?

For Tray was a fine old donkey,  
Sweet tempered and gentle and good;  
And Maggie would ride,  
With the dogs at her side,  
For hours through the fields and the wood.

Aunt Annie was ready to catch her,  
If ever she happened to fall;  
And sometimes, you see,  
Gyp rode on her knee—  
Which he didn't enjoy at all.

Poor Maggie cried sadly at parting,  
"I want to stay here!" she declared.  
But mother said "No,  
We really must go!"  
So back to the city they fared.

C. D.

## Between Ourselves.

Very few papers have come in for our competition about interesting animals. What is the matter? I should think it would be a very easy subject to write about. Even creepy-crawly creatures, like snails, are very surprising when we come to study their habits. I don't want you to experiment on them, though, as some clever men have done, without considering their feelings. One man kept a snail without food for a year and a half. Another put some snails in a closed box, without light or food, and almost without air, and kept them there more than three years. Some of the unfortunate creatures lived through the experiment, but I am sure they didn't enjoy it very much. Snails are wonderfully strong, too.

No wonder they are able to drag their houses after them; for one dragged for ten minutes a stone that weighed sixty-seven times as much as itself. If you could do that you would be able to drag several thousand pounds after you. Multiply your weight by sixty-seven and see if I am not right. A snail goes into his house in the winter and fastens up the entrance with a sort of plaster. How would you like to have nothing to eat for months. Mr. Snail makes up for his long fast when the spring comes, for then he eats like an ogre.

Trapdoor spiders are very interesting, too. They make their houses in the ground, and cover the top with a round lid—just like a trapdoor with a hinge. I once saw one that had been dug up and dried. When the lid was shut down it fitted perfectly. There were no badly-fitting joints, and no one could see that there was a door there. A man in Australia once found one of these spider houses with a door made of a sixpence. The coin was covered on top with silk thread, and underneath it was coated with mud and silk. It must have been swept out of the tent with rubbish, and then found by the spider, who probably thought it was just the thing he wanted. Was that instinct or common sense, do you think? A house made of silver and silk must have been very grand; but I don't think it would be very comfortable to live in a house made entirely of hairpins, as did a Paris pigeon of which I once read, but they must have made rather a hard bed.

As this has been a chat about animals, perhaps I had better close with a description of some waterproof folk:

"I looked from my window,  
And, dancing together,  
I spied three queer people  
Who love the wet weather.  
The turtle, the frog, and the duck all joined hands  
To caper so gayly upon the wet sands.

"The turtle was coated  
In shell, to defy  
The pattering rain-drops,  
And keep him quite dry.  
The frog in green jacket as gay as could be—  
'My coat will shed water—just see it!' said he.

"The duck shook his web feet  
And ruffled his feathers;  
Cried he, 'Rain won't hurt me!  
I'm dressed for all weathers.  
And when I can see the clouds frown in the sky,  
I oil my gray feathers and keep very dry!"

COUSIN DOROTHY.

A dentist may be a jolly good fellow, but he has a way of looking down in the mouth that is not nice.  
A photographer has a way of taking things that would not be tolerated in any other line of business.

## Travelling Notes.

I am afraid that I have seemed sadly to neglect my readers in the ADVOCATE, not having sent them any notes of travel for some time. The fact is, as my little message of the 22nd of May will already have told them, we two Canadians have been seeing and doing so much for the past two months that we have reached our temporary quarters at night too late and too utterly tired out to write two consecutive lines. The simple enumeration of the places we have visited since the date of my last notes will be our best plea for forgiveness: All galleries, and, of course, the Royal Academy; all sorts of museums and art collections, Hampton Court, Kew Gardens, Richmond on the River, churches, cathedrals, castles, general post office, Royal Mint and Royal Mews, Zoological and Royal Botanic Gardens, Hyde Park, Rotten Row, Madame Tussaud's Wax Works, Tattersall's Stables, the Crystal Palace, Royal Military Exhibition, Grand Opera, etc., etc., etc.

London is certainly the most wonderful city in the whole world, or so it seems to a simple Canadian whose pen cannot half express the impression it leaves upon her mind, and whose powers of description fail her when she desires to share with her friends in Canada the admiration with which she is inspired. Perhaps at first the strongest impression is that of a personal sense of one's own insignificance, one's incompleteness, one's educational shortcomings, one's sense of loss in that in earlier days one let opportunity after opportunity slip by of laying a good foundation for maturer years to build upon when chances of travel should come. Well, my chances have come, and instead of planting my feet, as it were, on familiar ground, on ground which early study had made my own, I feel as one who gropes, and who is glad of a stray twinkle of light here or a flash there to enable me to recognize the

on the Moor's Bank, and noted others evidently on pleasure bent, we wondered what threads they were weaving into the fabric of their lives, and how much the world would be the better or the worse for the glorious opportunities with which happy circumstances had endowed them.

After Oxford, my friend and I found ourselves once more numbered amongst the six millions or more of the inhabitants of England's metropolis, more people than we have all over Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Like the now famous microbes (the healthy species, of course), no one appeared to "mark us"; we were free to come and go to any part of the vast city, at any hour, or by any means of locomotion. The masses, the crowds, are so quietly disposed, so imperceptibly and wisely restrained, that we might have been walking through the streets of our own dear little Ontario city, so far as our sense of safety was concerned. We soon became familiar with the different modes of transportation, and after sampling every kind, including steam underground, electric underground and overground, automobiles, hansom cabs and 'busses, we are now generally content to sit on the top of a penny 'bus and take in the scene, in common with the swaying mass of humanity which shares with us the accommodation of that elevated position. A wonderful electric railroad, called the "tuppenny tube," is new since my last visit to London. It is 85 feet below the surface, and runs a distance of six miles through the heart of the city, from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush. You are carried up and down by lifts, and of course this is the fastest way of getting over the distance. It is called "two penny" (four cents), as that is the fare charged whether you go by it only a part or the whole or the way.

The last trip I will record is a run into Kent, where we spent a week pleasantly in Dickens' Land,

Rochester, Gravesend and Cobham. Rochester, a quaint little town, stands almost exactly where it did in the old Pickwickian time of 1827. Few, perhaps, know how much the place is bound up with the great writer and his works. Here is the old castle described by Jingle; Fort Pitt, where Winkle's duel took place; the old Bull Inn, scene of the ball; the Cathedral, Eastgate House, Minor Canon Row, all described in Edwin Drood; the terrace at Chatham, close by, where the Dickens family lived; the Seven Poor Travellers' hostelry; Gadshill, Cobham Hall, with its almshouses, gallery of pictures, Dickens' Chalet, and the old Leather-bottle Inn to which Mr. Tupham retired from the world,—a cluster of memorials of intense interest to all true Boz-zians.

The whole of England is one great park and flower-garden. The May is out and in full bloom, and so are white and pink horse-chestnut trees. The weather is perfect, although we are told that the farmers need rain badly, and they probably will have it long before you get my letter. Do not expect us home just yet. I am now at Eastbourne, within sound of the glorious sea, and I hope to get to the Glasgow Exhibition in August. With engagements three deep, I do not know how soon to promise that you shall have another letter from—

MOLLIE.

## How Long Do You Sleep?

Natural sleep is something that can't be regulated by any formula. The body takes what it needs, be it much or little, and the necessary amount varies with the individual. In a general way, four hours is the minimum and ten hours the maximum for people in fair health. Either more or less is a pretty sure sign that something is out of gear—usually something in the brain.

Says a physician, "I have two patients who sleep only four hours and keep in tolerably good condition. Both are middle-aged men, and neither of them works very hard. Nature can repair its losses in four hours of unconsciousness. In many other people nearly three times as long is required. The nerve cells work more slowly; why, nobody knows."

"The queerest case that ever came under my personal observation was that of a bookkeeper who used to sleep two or three hours a night through the week, and on Sunday would catch up in a twenty-four hour nap. That is no exaggeration, but an actual fact well known to all his intimates. He seemed to be able to store away nervous energy as a camel stores water. His general health during the twelve or fifteen years I knew him was excellent."



MAGGIE'S RIDE.