

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A prize will be given in January for the best short original fairy tale. The writer must not be more than sixteen years of age. Send the stories, with name, age, and address of writer, to Cousin Dorothy, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ont.

Dongola, June, 1895.

DEAR COUSIN DOROTHY,—

We live in the Northwest Territory, in Assiniboia, on the banks of the big Cutarm Creek. It is nice around here in the summer time—the birds are singing nearly all the time. We have a little grey pony, we call her Jennie; she is so quiet that I can get on her back in the stable, and I can go just as fast as she can go without holding on. I like riding very well. I go for the cows every night, and I go for the mail every other week; she is grey in color. I was ten years old the 6th of June. I never went to school, but I learn at home. Ma learns me. I am in the Third Book—more than half way through—and in reduction, ascending, and in the Fourth Copy Book.

We have an old cat; he is 12 or 13 years of age, and he is as cunning as anything; he knows the difference between milk and cream, and the difference between beef and pork; we call him Snooks. We have three more cats, two kittens and one other black cat, the mother of the kittens. Snooks brings in young gophers for the kittens. One day he brought four in, one after another. We call the other cat Teenie.

We have eleven young turkeys; two are white, and the other ones are all grey. Yours truly,
ADDIE MABEL SALKELD.

Pearl and Daisy.

"I wish I were a Princess," sighed little Margaret; "how nice it must be to wear fine clothes and jewels every day, and to ride in a carriage."

She was sitting in the garden as she thus spoke to herself, for she had placed her little stool in the arbor next to the great bush of Michaelmas daisies. Suddenly, out of the very middle of the bush, rose a stately lady, dressed in a fine chintz gown, sprinkled all over with daisies; wearing a superb tall turban on her head, frilled like a flower. "I have heard your wish, child," said she; "and as you are a little namesake of mine, I have half a mind to grant it. In me you behold Queen Marguerite, the Sovereign of all the Astor tribes of China." Margaret got up and made her best courtesy to the fine dame, who then daintily pulled up her gown, and put her hand in her large dimity pocket. After diving down so deeply in search of what she wanted, that Margaret thought she would snap off at the waist, she drew up again with a string of blue silk having four large pearls threaded on it, and a tuft of daisies in her hand.

"Here, child," said she, "is a necklet of pearls and a bunch of daisies, and you can use which you please first. When you wish to change yourself into somebody else, you must either drop a pearl off the string or shake one of your daisies. And now, good-bye, my dear, for I have a great deal to do, and little time to waste." And down she went in the middle of the bush, leaving Margaret, with the pearls and daisies in her hands, in a state of delighted astonishment. Of course she could not wait a moment without trying the truth of the old

lady's promise, so, untying the silken string, she dropped one of the pearls. It rolled away, farther and farther out of her sight, and Margaret winked hard to see where it could have gone, and when she opened her eyes again she found herself in a fine room that seemed panelled with mirrors, and was hung with splendid drapery. When Margaret found time to look away from the painted ceiling, the thickly-carpeted floor, and the gold and white couches, and chairs that were cushioned with green velvet, she cast her eyes on the mirror before her, which showed her a strange sight. There stood a little girl, dressed in an elegant morning dress of white muslin, trimmed with the richest lace and embroidery, and laced with bright blue ribbons. The finest silk open-work stockings, set off with trim kid slippers, covered her tiny feet; and small kid gloves were tightly fitted on her little hands. But the faithful glass, while showing all this graceful costume, gave back as truly the familiar face of little Margaret, who then saw the fulfillment of the old lady's promise.

"How charming," said she, as she viewed herself all round, and admired her exquisite dress, when she was interrupted by the entrance of several ladies, one of whom, the eldest, accosted her with:—

"A bright morning to you, Ma Belle! How is Your Highness?"

"Good morning, madam," answered the new little Princess, modestly.

Then four powdered lacqueys carried in a large table, which was evidently spread for dinner in a very grand fashion. Princess Belle, as Margaret was now called, was ushered to table with great ceremony by her *gouvernante*, La Marquise de Volauvent, and waited upon with a great deal of respect. A tall, powdered footman stood behind her chair, and bowed low whenever he handed her a plate, and every one, ladies-in-waiting and all, flattered and praised her, and called her *Madame Royale*. But Margaret did not see that she gained very substantial comfort by this finery, for when she asked for some roast pheasant, Madame de Volauvent replied: "My sweetest Princess, consider your complexion!—not for the world shall you have anything but a *cotelette de mouton*, some bread, and a glass of water! We could not have that exquisite face spoiled for all the pheasants in Normandy." So poor Princess Belle ate her dry mutton-chop off her grand silver plate, and drank her cold water from a carved silver goblet, while her governess and ladies-in-waiting feasted on pheasant and hare, fish, flesh and fowl, and finished by a hearty dessert and plenty of wine. "May I have some fruit, Madame?" asked the Princess meekly. "No, my sweetest Belle; it breaks my heart to refuse you, but I dare not; you must take care of your beauty, my child!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"ANCIENNE."—The seven wonders of the ancient ages may be easily remembered by the following lines:

The pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;
Next Babylon's garden, for Assyria made;
Then Mausolus' tomb of affection and guilt;
Fourth, the temple of Dian in Ephesus built;
The colossus of Rhodes cast in brass to the sun;
Sixth, Jupiter's statue by Phidias done;
The Pharos of Egypt last wonder of old,
Or the Palace of Cyprus cemented with gold.

M. M.

UNCLE TOM'S DEPARTMENT.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES,—

As very little interest has been taken in the puzzles during the last month, I think a change of competition would prove very acceptable. I will offer three nicely-bound books for the best letters descriptive of your holidays; or you may write in essay form if preferred. This competition is open to all our young readers, and those who have been unfortunate enough to have no holidays may describe imaginary ones if they wish. All competing must have their work in this office by the 5th of September. Hoping to hear from many of our old and many new friends, your loving—
UNCLE TOM.

Puzzles.

1—CONUNDRUMS.

- Why is a one-eyed lover like a swan?
- How can comfort be spelled with only two letters?
- Why cannot a girl named Polly use short words?

2—METAGRAM.

Little Katie caught a ONE,
And thought it would be lots of fun
If she could find a TWO or more,
And see them THREE the ONE so FOUR.
Her FIVE she found upon the SIX,
Laid there by SEVEN so full of tricks,
And it was filled with EIGHTS so fine,
Which he'd been giving to a NINE.
She TEN upon an ELEVEN and cried,
The ONE meanwhile escaped outside.

ADA ARMAND.

3—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 3, 4, 5, 6, 2, is part of a poem;
My 9, 12, 7, 8, is to beat;
My 1, 3, 7, is a negative;
My 4, 6, 6, 10, 8, is an effort;
My 8, 11, 3, 2, is a number.
Total is my advice to those who feel discouraged if they do not win a prize at their effort.

ADA ARMAND.

4—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

Every second letter is dropped. W-o-d-s-h-b-s-h-c-n-o-s-e-l,
c-s-o-l-a-g-l-c-u-d-o-o-r.

"EDYTHE."

5—CHARADE.

Dear Cousins,—

Back I've LAST to puzzle with you,
Long I've wandered from the "dom";
But I beg you will forgive me,
As I hope will Uncle Tom.
Cousins, I can ne'er forget you,
For the good time we have had,
And I long again to share the
Work that makes our hearts feel glad.
As last night I conned the puzzles
In the "Ads." of years gone past,
Deeply burned my heart within me
With a joy that age will last.
Then resolved I to re-enter
The first contested puzzle fray.
So, dear cousins, with your TOTAL
I am back again to stay.

CHARLIE S. EDWARDS.

NAMES OF SOLVERS.

Bertha Jackson, Lottie Doupe, Mary C. Clazie, Sadie McRae.
There has been a delay in your work reaching me, consequently the names did not appear as early as they should have.
UNCLE TOM.

"A LA MODE."—The haircloth petticoat worn to keep the skirts in position is at once heavy and warm, and consequently is ill-fitted for summer wear. In its stead a mohair skirt, made just as a dress skirt, and edged with a few rows of whalebone to give the desired stiffness, is recommended as being lighter, cooler and quite as useful.
M. M.

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