



The following pretty little story was written by one of our young Canadian readers.—C. D.

A Thanksgiving Burglar.

All day long the chill autumn winds had been whirling and drifting the dead leaves over the ground, shaking the ripe nuts down for busy hands to store away for the long winter months, and tugging at little girls' hats and wraps that weren't securely fastened on, and whispering, now soft and low, and now loud and shrill, "Go to sleep, little flowers," "Go to sleep, little leaves," "Go to sleep, everyone." The flowers that all summer long had coquettishly peeped from the garden, now lay drooped and withered, and ready for the soft white blanket Mother Nature would soon tuck around them, and they would sleep.

The next day was Thanksgiving, and so Nurse Watson had no trouble on this night to persuade her charges to be kissed and covered up in bed. For was not to-morrow Thanksgiving; and all the grandmas grandpas, uncles, aunts and cousins were coming! Oh! that would be a happy day for Bobbie and Bettie. Bobbie and Bettie were brother and sister, and although their names were almost the same, they weren't the least bit alike. Bobbie was six years old and big and strong, but Bettie was only three, and she was little and pale, and rather timid; but then, Bobbie took good care of her, and often, on cold nights, he would dispel the fear of witches and goblins, and creep over to Bettie's side to see that she was covered warm, for fear she might take cold. Bobbie and Bettie weren't their right names, and Uncle Will never called them that. He said he detested nicknames, and he persisted in calling them by their own names—Robert and Elizabeth—too long for such little folk.

But sleep was far from Bobbie's and Bettie's thoughts. "Oh, there will be ever so many here," said Bobbie. "And the turkey, too," says Bettie—who talks rather as a baby, so Bobbie says—"isn't it big?" "Oh, ever and ever so big," replies the boy, "and the pumpkin pies, and the doughnuts." Bobbie always said "doughnuts" a little louder, and with more emphasis than the rest. "Yes," broke in Bettie, "and the little cakes with currants in." Suddenly Bobbie sat up in bed; "but, Bettie, what if—what if—Bobbie is getting excited—" a robber or burglar should come in the night and carry away our big turkey and pies and doughnuts; for papa told me how, when he was a little boy, the Indians carried away their Thanksgiving dinner," and Bobbie nodded his head wisely. "Oh, Bobbie," and Betty almost cried in her dismay, "but they won't, will they?" "Oh, I don't think they will," assured Bobbie; "and if they do I'll—I'll go after them with my new gun." "Aren't you asleep yet, dears," broke in mamma from the doorway. "We were just going to start to go," answered Bobbie, and with their mamma's good-night kisses still on their baby faces they fell asleep.

"Ten—eleven—twelve—one," chimed the little clock on the mantelpiece in the sitting-room below. Bobbie stirred and looked up. He looked carefully around, and at last his gaze fell on the curtain. Was that a bear? It moved. No, I guess it didn't, either, mused Bobbie. So crawling out of his warm bed, his little bare feet making no noise on the soft carpet, he glided over to Bettie's bed. He quietly pulled the quilts over Bettie's little cold arms, and going back, he crept into his bed again. He was almost asleep

when, hark!—wasn't that a noise? Bobbie was awake in an instant. Yes, that was the sound of a foot-fall in the room below. For a moment Bobbie hesitated between pulling the quilts tight over his head or getting up. Maybe it was a real live burglar. At this thought Bobby almost pulled up the quilts, but then, suddenly remembering—maybe he was after the turkey and the doughnuts, and oh! how Bobbie liked doughnuts! Yes, there was the familiar creak of the pantry door.

First one foot and then the other and Bobby was out again. He would take Bettie; so going to her little bed he whispered: "Bettie, there's a burglar at the turkey. Come quick; he'll get the cakes with the currants in." At this Bettie awoke, and realizing her loss she soon stood beside her brother. "My gun's in the corner," whispered Bobbie. Like two little white ghosts they looked as they stole into the hall and crept down the stair. In one hand Bobbie clutched the gun, and firmly held Bettie's small arm in the other. At the bottom of the stair Bettie drew back. "Come on," whispered Bobbie. "We'll save it all, and they'll all be glad, and, oh! the cakes with the currants in!" Together they crept down the long hall and peeped into the sitting-room. They waited a moment. No one there. Then Bettie espied a light in the pantry, and pulling her hand from her brother's vise-like grasp, she whispered, "There!" They had seen it just in time; it was coming. Bobbie quickly pulled his sister behind a curtain. "He's coming with the turkey," whispered Bobbie.

The light came slowly down the hall. Nearer and nearer it came—it was right opposite. Two white-robed figures stepped out from behind the curtain, and holding his toy gun aloft, Bobbie sternly commanded, "Drop it!" "Dwop it!" echoed Bettie. Now seeing his burglar for the first time, Bobbie exclaimed, "Oh, papa!" and laughing long and loud, their papa gathered them in his arms and carried them back to bed. "We taught you was a robber after the turkey," said Bettie. "No," answered their papa, "it was mamma's toothache; but go to sleep now, dears, and tell us all about it in the morning."

When the next day came, and with it all the aunts, uncles, cousins, grandmas and grandpas, the exploit that Bobbie and Bettie had had with the burglar was talked and laughed over. "But," added grandpa, "you were real brave little folks," all the time piling Bobbie's plate high with doughnuts, and helping little Bettie to "little cakes with currants in."—[Written for the Children's Corner by Winnie V. Kincaid, Kerwood, Ont. (aged 17).]

A Terrific Wind Storm.

In the summer of 1903, along the northern shore of Lake Erie, one of the worst wind storms occurred that the people had seen for years.

The morning of the storm was bright and beautiful, with a few white clouds in the sky.

But about half-past ten it became very dark, and when we went out to play it was so dark that we had to come in and put down the windows. In a few minutes school was called, and as we took our seats we could hear the heavy rain drops falling on the roof, and also a terrific wind. We were just taking our books when suddenly we heard an awful crash over our heads. Without stopping to get our books or dinner-baskets, we ran to the house across the road for safety. When we reached the house we looked back and saw the limbs of

a large oak tree penetrating the roof and windows of the schoolhouse.

After the storm was over we went back and found that the windows had been smashed, and with them leaves and branches were scattered over the room.

Had it not been for one large limb hitting the ground the same time the others reached the roof, the schoolhouse would have been crushed. As it was, no one was hurt more than a few cuts from broken glass. Many other trees and fences were blown down.

HELEN ANDERSON,
Port Dover, Ont. (Aged 9 years).

In looking through the "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," I have been surprised not to see Salmon Arm written about. It is a lovely climate, and we have a fruit-growing valley where almost anything will grow, and a railway station, day schools and churches. The town is rapidly growing. There is a beautiful lake, with boats upon it. In looking over the "Farmer's Advocate" to-day I see the story of Glengarry School Days commenced, with which I am very pleased. Hoping you will accept a short letter of a boy of eleven years old,

DANIEL JONES.
B. C., Nov. 12, 1905.

Not the Same Kind of Nursery.

The anxious mother rings up by telephone what she thinks is the day nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. She asks the central for the nursery, and is given Mr. Gottfried Glubber, the florist and tree dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nursery?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"I am so worried about my little Rose."
"Vat seems to be der madder?"
"Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."
"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"
"No, sir."
"Vell, dell you vat you do. You dake der skissors and cud of apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und—"
"What-a-at?"
"I say, dake der skissors und cud of apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning—"
"What-a-at?"
"Turn der garten hose on for apoud four hours in der morning, and den pile a lot of plack dirt all around, and springle mit insegt powder all ofer der top—"
"Bir-r-r?"
"Shpringle mit insegt powter all ofer der top. You know usually id is noddings but pugs dot—"
"How dare you? What do you mean by such language?"
"Noddings but pugs dot chenerally causes des troubles; und den you vant to vash der rose mit a liquid breparations I haf for sale—"
"Who in the world are you anyway?"
"Gootfried Gluber, der florist."
"O-o-oh!" weakly. "Good-bye."

Recipes.

Plum Pudding.—One pound baker's bread dried and crumbled, 1 pound chopped suet, 1/4 pound citron, 1 pound seeded raisins, 1 pound cleaned and dried currants, 6 eggs, 1 large cup brown sugar, 1 grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 pint of "Five Roses" flour, 1/2 pint black coffee. Moisten the bread crumbs slightly with boiling water and cover tightly until soft. Then add the well-beaten eggs, the sugar, the flour, then the spices, salt, and the fruit, which has been dredged with flour. Last of all add the suet and coffee. Steam for two hours in a two-quart pan.

Cornflour Cake.—Put in a basin: 6 ounces butter and 6 ounces sugar, beat to a cream; drop in three eggs, one at a time, beat constantly. Mix together 1/2 pound "Five Roses" flour and 1/2 pound cornflour, into which 1 teaspoon baking powder has been sifted. Stir the flour in gradually. Mix well and pour into a greased tin to bake one hour.



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