

conservative element of the country may not be aggressively aroused, but financial and administrative reforms are definitely foreshadowed, strenuous efforts are being made to promote learning after Western ideals, and an attempt is being made to introduce a Christian Sabbath.

The Traveled Bumble-bee.

A bumble-bee belted with brown and gold

On a purple clover sat;
His whiskers were shaggy, his clothes were old,

And he wore a shabby hat;
But his song was loud, and his merry eye

Was full of laughter and fun,
As he watched the bob-o'-links flutter by,
And spread his wings in the sun.

A butterfly spangled with yellow and red
Came flying along that way;

He had two little feathers on his head,
And his coat was Quaker gray;
He carried a parasol made of blue,
And wore a purple vest;

And seeing a bumble-bee, down he flew,
And lit on a daisy's crest.

Then from the grass by a mossy stone
A cricket and beetle came;

One with black garb, while the other shone

Like an opal's changing flame,
A swaying buttercup's golden bloom
Bent down with the beetle's weight,
And high on a timothy's rounded plume
The cricket chirruped elate.

The bumble-bee sang of distant lands
Where tropical rivers flow;

Of wide seas rolling up shining sands,
And mountains with crowns of snow;
Of great broad plains, with flower-gems bright,

Of forests, whose fragrant glooms
Showed crumbling ruins, ghostly and white,

Old forgotten nations' tombs.

Then wisely the beetle winked his eye,
The cricket grew staid and still,

The butterfly, in his great surprise,
Went sailing over the hill;

The beetle scrambled beneath his stone,
The cricket, he gave a hop,

And there the bumble-bee sat alone
On the purple clover top.

—Our Dumb Animals.

The Vine on the Spout.

Deep in the heart of the city,
She washes and irons all day;
Her tired old hands are shaky and thin,
And her hair, once yellow, is grey.
She stands near a window to labor,
And every few moments looks out
And murmurs, "You're mine," to the small, sickly vine
That's climbing the old water-spout.

She waters it well in the twilight,
And tenderly touches the leaves
As they nod in the zephyrs that sometimes get lost

So far from the grass and the trees.
She knows every tendril it carries,
Each bud is a care, without doubt,
For she loves—with a love that is sent from above—
That vine on the old water-spout.

She is wrinkled and ragged and tired,
Her children have left her, I know,
To fight the battle of life once again—
She fought it for them long ago.
Friendless, alone, uncherished,
Her mother-love will not die out,
So she croons an old tune, all the long afternoon,
To the vine on the old water-spout.

It may be the world doesn't care
For the old lonely soul whose eyes are so dim,

Whose voice is as thin as her hair.
It may be the world has forgotten—
And yet I haven't a doubt
God planted the seed—for He saw there was need
For the vine on the old water-spout.

Who knows what is best for us? All successful people will tell you that while they had definite ideas about what they wanted to do, slight and unimportant events have often completely changed the course of affairs to their great advantage.

Children's Corner.

Some Remarks from Cousin Dorothy.

I wonder if some little cousins, who have been so kind as to write to me during the summer, are thinking that their letters have gone into that basket of which they are so much afraid. But, luckily, all the letters have gone safely by that dangerous place, and are waiting at the office till there is room to print them. Perhaps if we told the



"Chums."

editor what we thought about this, and threatened not to take "The Farmer's Advocate" when we are grown up, then he might go to the printers and say, "You must leave out a lot of those uninteresting grown-up people's things, and make room for the children, or there is going to be trouble." But as we are afraid to do that, we must do as the lamb did—"wait patiently about, till our letter doth appear." Be sure it is a very good letter, for after this I am going to put the most interesting letter first every week. With cousins who live in British Columbia, and the West Indies, and Scotland, and down amongst the French-Canadians, we ought to hear of all sorts of things that we never knew before; and with so many cousins who



September Sunshine.

are bookworms, we should never be hard up for stories. Even quite ordinary Cornerites have funny little brothers and sisters whom we should all like to hear about; so, perhaps, all the letters will be so interesting that there won't be one to put first. Then I shall have to look very closely at the writing and spelling before I can find the best.

I hope all the post-card collectors are getting on well with their exchanges. Would anyone like to exchange stamps with "O. M. Cheeseman, The Philip Carey Co., Cincinnati, O."? If anybody is found not to be trusted to exchange fairly, please send the name to me, so that it may be struck off the list.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

52 Victor Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Post Card Collectors.

Neta Charters, Sackville, N. B., Can.
Eltha Raymer, Markham, Mountjoy, Ont.

Edith Bowles, Ealing P. O., London, Ont.

Janet Sanders, Ealing P. O., London, Ont.

Olive Drury, Dalston, Ont.

Anna Ross, Stratford, Ont.

N. B.—Mary Shipley, Falkirk, Ont., does not wish to exchange any more cards.

The Letter Box.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My name is Dorothy, too. I have a pony named Titans. I got it from Shetland Island. He will be at the Toronto Fair for first prize. My dog, Al, came from Scotland, near Titam's home, and is a good dog, and never bites one of the pretty Jersey cows or calves on Grandma's farm. Grandma has nearly 200 Jersey cows. Al likes the cows, for Grandma brought a lot of them from Jersey Island, near where Titams and Al came from. We have two canaries that came from Germany. One is mine, and one my little brother, Bartle's; they sing every day. One day last May, my papa brought me 15 eggs from New York, but I only got one chicken from them. Mr. Hames was moving from Malton, near us, to Bartle, in Cuba, and I bought seven little chickens and their mother from his little girl. They are nice ones; some of them died, and I have two now. Brampton, Ont. DOROTHY BULL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am sorry I do not live on a farm, where I could have a pony and cows and chickens like my playmate, Dorothy Bull, but I have a nice Scotch collie. Sometimes I go up to Brampton with Dorothy to see her Grandma Bull. Dorothy only has one sister and two brothers, and I have five brothers and three sisters. My papa and mamma have just come home from England, and we were very glad to see them back. It is holiday time, and we are having lots of fun. Dorothy and I will go to the Exhibition every day to drive Titams, and ride on his back all around the fair grounds, and to see the nice Jersey calves and cows from Brampton. My calf's name is Ethel, and Dorothy's calf's name is Nell, and we want them both to get first prize.

CONSTANCE MACPHERSON.

Toronto.

A Little Deed of Kindness.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am only two and a half years old, but can talk well, so mamma is writing this for me. I wish to make a request, that all the boys and girls who read this will give Nellie C. Nichols, Solon Springs, Wisconsin, U. S., a letter party, as she is always sick, not able to get out. She is eighteen years old. I like the pictures in "The Farmer's Advocate," and when I get to be big, I am going to take it always, and drive a big black horse, but as yet I am only—

MAMMA'S SUNBEAM.

D'Argenteuil, Que.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little girl, eight years old. My home is in Toronto, and I go to Shirley St. School. I am visiting my uncle; he lives on a farm. He has five horses and one colt, twelve cows and one calf. I go for the cows every night. I think it's fun to watch them being milked; and I hunt the eggs every night.

Here is a riddle: How much dirt would there be in a hole four feet long two feet wide and two feet high? Ans.—There wouldn't be any.

OLIVE BURKINSHAW (age 8).

Agincourt.

Dear Readers,—I thought I would write a letter to the merry corner, in which I see so many little letters that I enjoy reading. We have been reading "The Farmer's Advocate" for about 15 years, and think it is a very good paper. The Second Prize for the best letter is given to the writer of the best letter.

physiology, drawing and writing. I like arithmetic, reading and spelling the best. My sister, Bertha, is going to write next time. Well, I must close for this time.

CORA ALEXANDER (age 8).

Staples, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I think I am the first little boy that has written from Bruce. My brother takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I enjoy reading the Children's Corner.

I spent my holidays at my sister's, who lives near Owen Sound. We went up to Balmy Beach on the Canada boat, and I had a bathe in the bay. I have three pet bantams, two chickens, three pigeons, and a black dog called "Nero." Well, I guess I will leave room for somebody else to write. Wishing you and all the readers every success.

HAROLD FENTON (age 10).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am visiting our carpenter, Bill, who has a farm, and takes "The Farmer's Advocate." I was never on a farm before. I live in Toronto. We have 35 head of cattle, six horses, 29 pigs, 50 ducks, 35 turkeys, 43 geese, 100 hens and 4 roosters. The pigs are the nicest animals in the barnyard. I had one in my arms in the hay-loft. I am going to be a farmer, and take your paper when I'm a man.

ROBERT McKAY (age 11).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, but I have never written to the Corner before, so I must write now. I live on a farm of 100 acres, and we have cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, hens, ducks and geese. I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of books. Every week, when "The Farmer's Advocate" comes, I turn to the "Children's Corner," and read the letters, some of which are very interesting. I wrote on the examination for the Senior Third class, and was lucky enough to succeed. Well, I must close for this time, as I have nothing more to tell. Wishing the members every success.

TOMMY GRAHAM (age 11).

Banks.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate" nearly every year, and I enjoy reading the Children's Corner very much. I went to school nearly every day before the summer holidays, which started on the 1st of July. I study reading, spelling, writing, drawing, geography, arithmetic, physiology, history, and grammar, and I read in the Fourth Book. We have five horses, also twelve milking cows and six little calves. I and my youngest brother always feed them.

NOAH STEINMAN (age 11).

Wellesley, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am visiting my uncle and aunt at Maple Farm. They take "The Farmer's Advocate." I read the letters in the Children's Corner. I enjoy reading them very much, so I thought I would write one. This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate," and I wish it every success. My home is in Geraldine.

CECILIA J. BROOKS (age 10).

Hemmingford.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have written to your paper. I like to read the stories and letters. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" about twelve years. My grandfather and my great-grandfather took it too, when they were on the farm. We live about one mile from school. I go every day. My teacher is a lady. I will close, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

STANLEY CANFIELD (age 9).

Vandecar.

All letters for the Children's Corner must be addressed,

COUSIN DOROTHY,
52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

We struggle to have things go what we think is our way, and often find them going another, and what proves to be a better way. That is not luck or fate—it is the result of doing the best we can with the light at hand.