

SCHOOL DAYS.

By Joseph C. Lincoln.

It's lonesome in the stable-yard and
where the chickens "peep,"
It's dull and stupid 'round the house, the
kitten's fast asleep;
Old Towser, nosin' everywhere and
huntin' 'round the place,
Comes back to whine and paw my knee
and look up in my face;
And Mother, in the kitchen there,
amongst the pans and things,
Is busy, but I haven't heard the song she
always sings;
There's somethin' missin', somethin'
wrong, that spoils the work and
play—
And don't I know it? Well, I guess!
He's gone to school to-day.

I try to work and not to think, but,
tryin' all I can,
I stop and wonder why it's still—no
drummin' on a pan,
No rustlin' in the apple-tree, no splashin'
by the pump,
And no one hid behind the post to
"Boo!" and make me jump.
And in the house it's all so prim—no
scattered book or block,
No laugh or shout, no nothin' but the
tickin' of the clock,
I look at Ma and she at me: no need for
us to say
What ails us both: we know too well—
he's gone to school to-day.

He started out at half-past eight, all
rigged up in his best,
And with the slate beneath his arm, the
books and all the rest;
And Mother fixed his tie once more, and
did her best to smile,
And I stood by and praised him up and
laughed about his "style,"
But when he marched off down the road
and stopped to wave good-bye,
'Twas kind of choky in my throat and
misty in my eye.
Proud of him? Well, I rather guess!
And happy, too—but say!
It's mighty lonesome 'round the place—
he's gone to school to-day.

But 'tisn't jest the lonesomeness that
ails us, don't you know;
It isn't jest because he's gone till four
o'clock or so;
It's like the little worsted socks that's
in the bureau there,
It's like the little dresses, too, that
once he used to wear,
The thought that something's past and
gone, outgrown and put away—
That brings to Mother's heart and mine
the bitter-sweet to-day;
It's jest another forward step in Time's
unchangin' rule—
Our baby's left us now for good; our boy
has gone to school.

NOON DAY.

By Katherine Hale.

But yesterday the piper Spring
Sat blowing tunes that turned to green
And through the little naked boughs
The color of his song was seen.

As soft the tunes the piper played
So soft the green—like mists of night.
Then wound our love, a slender lane,
With dear, indefinite delight.

But now—before we knew—'tis June.
So deep, so dark the leaves have grown.
The pipe is lost: the lane has led
Down to the Gate of Life—My Own.

A DARWIN STORY.

Some boy friends of Darwin once
plotted a surprise for the great nat-
uralist. Capturing a centipede, they
sued on to it a beetle's head, the
wings of a butterfly, and the long
legs of a grasshopper. Then putting
the creature in a box, they took it to
Darwin and asked him what it could
be, explaining that they had caught
it in the fields. Darwin looked it
over carefully.

"Did it hum when you caught it?"
he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," they answered,
nudging one another. "it hummed
like everything."

"Then," said the philosopher, "it
is a humbug."

Children's Corner.



Who Says that Dogs Can't Laugh?

CAPTAIN.

Every boy will agree with us that no
farm is complete without a dog. To
our mind, a collie is the best farm dog,
but there are other good breeds as well.
In some parts of the country, the big
black, kind-hearted Newfoundland used to
be common, but we fear his kind is becom-
ing scarce. The picture of the dog, about
which this article is written, shows a
cross-bred, whose mother was a pure-
bred Newfoundland, while his sire was a
collie. The Newfoundland breeding is
shown in his curly jet-black coat with a
star on the breast, while in size, build,
shape of head and expression he is some-
thing between the collie and Newfound-
land types. His weight is 100 pounds.
This was found out by laying a plat-
form on a set of scales, weighing the
platform alone, then the platform with
dog on it, and subtracting. He is very
fat and solidly built, and his back is
broad and level as a table. From the
time he was a pup, he was fed on bread
made of corn meal and shorts. The
corn meal, no doubt, did much to make
him fat—for he has always been about as
he is now—but wheat bread and meat
would very likely have grown larger
frame.

Captain, for that is his name, helps to
drive the cows, and is a great watch
dog. When the folks go away, he will
stay all day long by the house, the
neighbors say; and woe to the tramp who
undertakes to go near! To children and
decent folks, he is very gentle, but to
tramps, ragged men, or sneaks, he is
sharp and savage, and so massive are his
jaws, and so sharp his shining teeth, that
they usually keep a respectful distance
away. Captain's home is along a public
road, and he sometimes used to fight
with passing dogs. Many a time he has
been cuffed for running out at them. He
never bothers people who are walking or
riding in rigs, but he cannot abide a
horseback rider, a bicyclist, or an auto-
mobile.

In summer, the rear part of his body
is shorn with the horse clippers, leaving
the front shaggy and rough. When
clipped this way, he looks more like a
lion, but when he runs, his lumbering
gait reminds one of a bear. The boys
used to nickname him "bear-lion-dog."

Captain is now ten years old, and is
getting pretty stiff. Some of the boys
he used to play with are now away from
home, and do not see him more than
once a year, but he still knows them
when they come, and is glad to answer
their whistle as of old for a run across
the fields.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

Bobbie and Dot were eating their
porridge in a great hurry. It was one
of those sunshiny spring mornings, when
you feel as if you must get out of
doors. Father was very busy reading
the paper, and Mother was thinking
about house-cleaning. Bobbie kept look-
ing anxiously at the back of the news-

paper, and Dot kept making little faces
at Bobbie, as if she thought he was too
slow.

"Wait a minute, Dot," whispered
Bobbie, "till he's just ready to go."

At last, Father laid down the paper,
and Mother went round the table to
kiss him good-bye. Then Bobbie spoke
out in a hurry.

"Father, can Dot and I put some of
those long boards against the back fence?
We want to make a playhouse."

"No!" said Father, quite sharply.
"You cannot. The yard is disgracefully
untidy now, with all your things lying
about. I don't know when I'm to find
time to clear it up."

Father went off down the road to
catch his car to town, and Mother stood
at the window to watch him out of
sight. Then she turned round, and saw
Dot's curly head laid on the table, and
Bobbie's face very red with trying not to
cry. She put her arm round Dot, and
smiled at Bobbie the kind of smile that
makes you feel better directly.

"We fought we—would have—have such
—fun," sobbed Dot. "It'd be—a boo-
boof—play—house, if Daddie would—
would let us have the boards."

"Well, my dear chicks, I'm as sorry
as can be," said Mother; "but you
mustn't be vexed with Daddie. He is so
fond of us, and works so hard to make
us happy. How would you like to have
to sit in an office all day, instead of go-
ing out to play? I feel sorry for
Daddie, don't you? Suppose you work
instead of playing to-day, and surprise
poor Daddie by tidying up the yard a
little."

When Mother went away to give Baby
his bath, Bobbie ran out into the back-
yard, and Dot went after him, drying
her eyes on her pinafore. It was a
very, very untidy yard indeed, now
that the snow had all gone, and left it
bare. The wood pile was all falling
down; there were chips, and bits of paper,
and dead leaves scattered all over, Bob-
bie's broken cart, and Dot's old doll's
carriage were lying on their sides, and
the wheelbarrow was half sticking out of
the shed. A poor old rocking-horse, with
only three legs, was propped against the
pump, and there was a seesaw in the
middle of the yard. (Anybody who didn't
know it was a seesaw would think it
was only the old sawhorse with a board
leaning against it.)

"How surprised Daddie will be when
he comes home from the nasty old office,"
said Bobbie, trying his new trick of
standing on his head against the wall,
and nearly tumbling into the rain-water
tub.

"Oh, Bobbie!" said Dot, "if you get
wet, you'll have to go in, and there
won't be any more fun. Let's start the
s'prise."

"I'll be captain," shouted Bobbie,
"and have the rake, and you can pick
up the paper."

He ran at full speed to the shed, and
Dot ran into the kitchen for a basket,
and then you should have seen them go
to work. By dinner-time there was a
great heap of rubbish in the middle of
the yard, and the wood was piled tidily
against the fence, and the cart, the
carriage and the rocking-horse were
hidden in the shed. Bobbie and Dot were
very hot and smudgy, and as hungry as
can be. After dinner, Mother and Baby
came out, and they had a grand bon-
fire.

When nothing was left but a few ashes,
they all sat on the rug, and played with
Baby till tea-time. Then they heard the
front gate click, and Bobbie and Dot
went into the shed to hide. They peeped
through a crack, and saw Daddie come
round the house, with ever such a tired
face. But when he saw the yard, he
stood still, and looked as if he didn't
know what to make of it.

"Well, well," he said, in such a
puzzled way, that Bobbie had to put his
hand on Dot's mouth to keep her from
calling out. Then Daddie walked quickly
over to the rug, and said to Mother,
who was trying not to notice, "Have
you seen any brownies about to-day,
Mollie?"

Mother just laughed and told him to
guess again. So he guessed old Grimes,
who comes to dig the flower-garden, and
Mary Ann, and Mother, and then he gave
up. But Bobbie and Dot burst out of
the shed, and gave him two such hugs,
that he said, "Why, Mollie, it was two
little brownies, I believe. This is the
most pleasant surprise I could have had."

Now, I can just lie down on the rug, and
be happy, instead of going to work."

So Father was as surprised as you
could have wished, but that is not the
end of this story. Even if I told you of
the great game of hide-and-seek they had
after tea, that would not be the end.
For Father made a surprise after Bobbie
and Dot had gone to bed. He took a
lantern into the back-yard, and the ham-
mer and nails, and against the high
fence he made the most delightful play-
house. It had walls all round, a real
door with leather hinges, and actually a
window. When Bobbie and Dot found it
in the morning, they did not waste any
time guessing who had made it, but
they both ran at Daddie, and hugged him
till he choked.

Mother gave them a piece of carpet to
cover up the ground, and Dot's little
table, with their little chairs on each
side, did nicely for furniture. Bobbie
tacked pictures on the walls, and a blind
on the window, and Dot hunted up bits
of broken china for dishes, and they
asked their friends to tea every day.
Bobbie thinks Father's surprise was much
better than theirs. I think so, too,
don't you?
C. D.

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little
boy, nine years old, and I thought I
would write to "The Farmer's Advoca-
te." My father is a farmer. We live
on a farm about three miles from Wood-
stock. I go to school every day, and I
am in the Second class. I have about
a mile and a half to go, and I like go-
ing very much. I am collecting picture
post cards. I have an album, and it is
nearly full. It will hold ninety-five
post cards. I will send you a riddle:
Why is "The Farmer's Advocate" like
an old carpet? Ans.—Because it is hard
to beat.

MAC NEILL CLARKSON (age 9).
Woodstock, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I live on a fruit
farm, about half a mile south of the
village of Grimsby. I have a little calf,
which I call Star. I go to school. I
haven't got very far to walk. I read
the Children's Corner nearly every week.
We have got some tame rabbits, and some
little chickens. My father has just
started to take "The Farmer's Advoca-
te." In summer holidays, I pick fruit.
Grimsby, Ont. J. ANNIE (age 12).

Like the gentlemen in his novels,
the Irish writer, Charles Lever, car-
ried his responsibilities with auda-
cious ease.

In 1869, when he was Consul at
Trieste, he paid a visit to England.
On his arrival, says his latest biog-
rapher, Edmund Downey, he called
on Lord Lytton. The two novelists
chatted for some time, and at length
Lord Lytton said:

"I am so glad for many reasons to
see you here. You will have an op-
portunity presently of meeting your
chief, Clarendon. I expect him
every moment."

Lever was aghast. He recollected
suddenly that he had left Trieste
without obtaining formal leave. He
endeavored to excuse himself to Lyt-
ton—he had to be off—he was very
sorry, but— While he was explain-
ing, the Minister of Foreign Affairs
was announced.

"Ah, Lever!" said Lord Clarendon,
in surprise. "I did not know
you had left Trieste."

"No, my Lord. The fact is," said
the ready Lever, "I thought it would
be more respectful if I came and
asked your Lordship personally for
leave."—[Youth's Companion.

RECIPES.

English-lunch Bread.—One quart warm
milk, 1 tablespoon lard, 2 beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$
cake yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, Five Roses
flour to make a dough. Knead well, and
let rise over night. Mould into loaves,
let rise again, and bake.

Breakfast Biscuit.—One quart Five
Roses flour, 2 heaped teaspoons baking
powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup
melted butter in a quart of sweet milk.
Add to the flour, beating well. Drop on
a buttered tin by spoonfuls, and bake in
a very hot oven.