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CHILDREN'S CORNER

EASILY MADE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Dear Boys and Girls:—Have you started getting ready for Christmas yet? Some of you are thinking that it is pretty hard to give many Christmas presents when you have no money of your very own, and you are nearly right, but there must be some things that can be made by spending only a very tiny bit of money. If you are clever with your pen, as I know some of you are, and you have a brother or sister away from home, do a little pen and ink sketch of your home on heavy paper. Your friends in England or the States would like a card of that kind, and you can get a big sheet of paper and a good pen point for about five cents.

Are you good at braiding? Can you braid your own or your sister's hair nicely? Then get an ounce of bright red double Berlin wool and braid a pair of reins for the little brother, sister, or nephew to play horse with. Use two strands of wool for each of the three parts instead of one. Make each line about a yard and a half long, and if you can get them, put some tiny bells on, but if not two or three bright buttons will do.

Get some views on post cards of your own neighborhood, a five cent sheet of white blotting paper, and a cents worth of brass paper fasteners. Cut the blotting paper very very carefully into pieces a little bit smaller than the post card and fasten three of the pieces to the back of the post card with two of the fasteners putting them in at the upper and lower corners of the left hand end of the card. If you buy white tissue paper instead of blotting paper you can

make fine cases of shaving paper they had schools. We have school at home. The grass is brown now. I have a brother and sister. We lost my youngest little brother when he was four years old. I was twelve last summer. We have a pony whose name is Nelly and I ride her sometimes, but my brother rides her most. She is black with a white star in her forehead. We have taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE since July and I like it. I will close with a riddle: There is a green house; in the green house is a white house; in the white house is a red house; in the red house are lots of black darkies. Answer: water melon.

HAZEL HENTON.

THE COLONIAL IN ENGLAND.

A land that is a garden all rose-grown
Of muffled lawn and odorous lane;
A land of languid rivers and repose,
And ivied green and quiet rain!

An ordered land that broods on yesterday,
Of hearts content with other years,
Of haunted dusk and hills that harbor dreams—

A country old in time and tears!

But, oh! my heart goes, homesick, back to-day—

Back to the wide free prairie's sweep,
Back to the pines that brought the sunset near,

Back to where the great white Rockies sleep!

For I am tired of dusk and dream and rose,
Of ghost and glories dead and gone.



LIGHT AND POWER PLANT ON RED DEER RIVER. SOURCE OF LACOMBE'S LIGHT.

for father or big brother, but you will need to put twenty or thirty pieces instead of three, and it will take half a yard of baby ribbon to hang one up.

Brother and sister can work together to make the little one a cradle for her dolly. Choose a wooden box about a foot long and six or eight inches wide. While sister lines and covers it with a yard of pale blue glazed lining, Brother can make the rockers and fasten them on, or if he prefers, can make big spools do duty for wheels and turn it into a carriage.

A checkerboard is not very hard to make if you can get a square piece of smooth wood the right size. If there is no other coloring to be got use red ink for half the squares and black for the others. I saw a square of plate glass made into a checkerboard by smoothing off the edges and painting half the squares red, leaving the rest clear.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

HAZEL WANTS A SCHOOL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I thought I would like to join the Children's Corner. I have written two letters besides this one. We have our farm buildings done just about. We came to Canada last April. I would like the country if

I want the outland trail, the upward sweep,
The New World and the widening dawn!

—ARTHUR STRINGER, in *Munsey's*.

FIVE AT SCHOOL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my second letter to the Children's Corner. I enjoy reading the letters very much Pa has taken the Farmer's Advocate for about three years. I go to school and am in Grade IV. There are five of us go to school. Our teacher's name is Miss C— I missed nine days this year.

MAN.

ROSS LIVINGSTONE.

AN OLD PINTO PONY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—My father had a pinto pony away up in the mountains. He was a very nice old pony and could run faster than most all the other horses up there. One day my father's brother got on him with an English saddle and a pair of spurs. He said, "Watch me ride!" The pony bucked him and he fell over his head.

Father has come back to this country again and has the pinto too. Pinto is now twenty-five years old.