

Children's Corner

[All letters intended for the Children's Corner must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

THE GIRL WITH THE MADE-OVER DRESS.

"I don't want to ask Emily Brown to my birthday party this year," said Fanny Burns to her mother. "Her clothes are too shabby, and she's had the same party-dress for the last three years."

"Fanny, I'm surprised at you," answered Mrs. Burns, sharply, turning round from the baking board. "What ever put such an idea into your head? Emily's the oldest friend you have."

"Only because she lives across the road," said Fanny, pouting. "The girls at school don't go with her, and I'd rather not have her when they—"

Fanny cut her sentence short, and backed into the dining-room, as her mother, a person of few words, came towards her, with the evident intention of slapping her with her floury hands. It is not nice to be slapped, but it was a way Mrs. Burns had when she was really vexed. So Fanny was not surprised, though she was very sulky, at hearing from Emily next day that she had been invited to the party.

"And mother is going to put new frills on my party dress!" she said, in the full hearing of all Fanny's smartly-dressed friends.

But in spite of Fanny's fears to the contrary, they all arrived sharp at 3 o'clock on the day of the party, and sat round very stiffly and silently in the parlor, trying not to look at their new shoes and ribbons. At half-past three, in burst Emily, rather red in the face from hurrying, as her mother had not been able to finish the frills quite in time, and she had been holding the baby to keep him quiet. She was full of conversation, and though the other girls whispered behind their hands and raised their eyebrows at one another, they could not help joining in after a while, and in a quarter of an hour they had forgotten their clothes and were beginning to enjoy themselves. Emily had a new game to try. It had to be played outside, and there was a great deal of running in it, but they all played it except two, whose slippers hurt them, and the noise and excitement was wonderful. Then they went in to rest before tea, and Fanny asked some of her friends to play pieces on the piano, but they all said they couldn't, and looked very stiff and uncomfortable. Not a bit shy was Emily, and she cheerfully played two or three little jigs, and then she and Fanny played their old duet of "Chop-sticks," and set the girls laughing. Two others found they could play a little duet, and then one of them had the courage to play a piece, and I'm sure the rest were really sorry when it was time for tea, before they had a chance to play, too. Mrs. Burns sat at the table, and the girls were all too shy to speak. Even Fanny felt as if her tongue were tied up. They were all glad when Emily said:

"I think you make the loveliest biscuits, Mrs. Burns. When mother thinks I'm old enough, I am going to learn how to make them from you."

Mrs. Burns was pleased, and began to tell Emily how she made them, and then she asked the others if they could make cake. So some of them were very proud that they could, and began telling of their experiences, and before they knew what had happened all of them were chattering as fast as they could between the mouthfuls.

There was no doubt that the girls were as truthful as they were polite, when they very stiffly thanked Mrs. Burns for the pleasant time they had had, even if they did not hug their hostess as Emily did before she left.

"I'm glad we had Emily," said Fanny, blushing, when they were all gone. "She is so used to the house, and doesn't have to put on company manners."

"Old friends are generally better at a party than fine clothes," said Mrs. Burns, as she put the chairs straight. C. D.

A THOUGHTFUL BOY.

A gentleman crossing a street saw a boy of about ten years old, who had been walking just ahead of him, run out into the road, and pick up a broken pitcher. The gentleman, thinking he knew something about boys, expected it was to be used for throwing at the next convenient object, but to his surprise, the boy only tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner. As he passed him, whistling, the gentleman said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it would cut some horse's foot," replied the boy. And though he didn't say so, he probably thought the gentleman might have known it without asking.

A DREAM.

I dreamed I went into the Zoo,
And stole a Polar bear;
But I couldn't do a thing with him,
Or hide him anywhere.

So I sneaked him softly to my home,
And then, before I knew,
He grabbed me tight around the neck,
And down the street we flew.

I screamed for help and loudly cried,
But no one seemed to care
The people didn't even stop
To help me or to stare.

I grabbed at things as on we fled
In hopes of getting stopped—
But everything I touched at all
Fell over on my head.

At last, when I was almost dead,
He stopped and with a shake
He threw me down upon the ground,
And then I was awake.

At first I didn't dare to think
That I was still alive,
And then into my pillow
I made a happy dive.

And now I never seem to care,
When I go to the Zoo,
To see the Polar bears at all—
Does that seem strange to you?
—Maud Weatherly.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have been wanting to write this long time, and now I am staying up to do it. I like to go to school, and go regularly. We have a very large yard, but the school is full. I like my teacher very much.

You may put my name down, Cousin Dorothy, for the protection of dumb animals. I love them very much and do not like to see them hurt. I was reading the story in the "Corner" and would not like to be a Hindu. We have a dog named Jumbo. He barks and separates. We have a DeLaval separator and find it very good.

EVA GRAHAM.

Cassburn, Ont.

DON'T CROSS YOUR LEGS.

A most injurious habit, common alike to men and women, is that of sitting with one leg swung over the knee of the other. Headaches, cold feet, varicose veins, ulcers and many other discomforts attendant on imperfect circulation of the blood are directly traceable to this habit.

When the right leg is swung over the left knee the whole weight is sustained by this knee, placing all the pressure against the under part of the right leg, between the calf and the knee-cap. At this very place are a great number of large veins, arteries and nerves: the pressure on them crowds all the tissues together and materially interferes with the circulation of the blood, and the disturbance of nature's processes manifests itself in many bodily evils and inconveniences. Many who would not be guilty of crossing the legs in public often surrender to the temporary comfort of the position in the seclusion of their own rooms. It is wrong and injurious, because it defies nature, whose laws are more imperative than those of society.

Current Events.

An all-Canadian line, built by the C. P. R., to the Yukon, is in prospect.

The date for Thanksgiving Day has been officially announced as November 9th.

Statistical returns show that Ontario's population increased last year by 58,617.

A law giving greater freedom to Jews is to be submitted to the Russian Duma.

Sir Alphonse Pelletier was sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of Quebec Province last week.

Parliament has been dissolved. The general elections will take place on Monday, October 26th.

Postmaster-General Lemieux has announced that rural-mail delivery will be an institution in Canada in the near future.

Contracts for the construction of 350 miles of the National Transcontinental line, immediately east and west of Lake Abitibi, have been let.

Mr. Charles E. Hughes has been renominated as Governor for the State of New York. Lieut.-Governor Chanler is the nominee of the Democratic party.

The Wright aeroplane was dashed to pieces at Washington, D. C., on Saturday of last week, causing the death of Lieut. Selfridge, and the serious injury of the inventor, Orville Wright.

The Interparliamentary Union, composed of representatives of nineteen of the world's Parliaments, met last week in Berlin, Germany, to discuss anew the question of how to maintain the peace of the world through arbitration.

Mayor D'Arcy Scott, of Ottawa, has been appointed Assistant Chief Commissioner of the Railway Commission, and Hon. Thos. Greenway, and Prof. McLean, of Toronto, have been added to the Board. Mr. Charles Murphy, the new Secretary of State, was this week sworn in as Minister, in the place of Hon. R. W. Scott, who has resigned.

Much interest has been caused in London by the recent publication in the journal of the Society for Psychological Research of messages alleged to have been received from deceased members of the Society. The authenticity of these messages has the endorsement of Sir Oliver Lodge, who, apparently, has become an entire believer in the scientific possibility of yet establishing communication with the spirit-world.

"WE SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN."

We shall not pass this way again.
If there be aught of secret pain
'Tween you and me,
In the great sea
Of all men's pain let it be cast
This night, that only love may last.

We shall not pass this way again.
My heart, in pain shall we refrain
From tenderness,
And cease to bless
Each added hour that love may give
Us in this piteous space we live?

We shall not pass this way again.
Haply to-morrow comes in vain,
If we shall part
With heavy heart
This night. Ah, then, could love forget
The little griefs we cherish yet?
Let us be done with pain—
We shall not pass this way again.

—Emery Pottle.

POWER LOT

A Story of "Down East."

BY SARAH McLEAN GREENE.

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

"This is dreadful to contemplate," said the doctor. "The very thought of the relentlessness of it chills me." "You an' me's been through the drill once afore," said Caroline. "Stu Belcher's been through it, and it ain't likely, ef he done it, that even sech a clown as him done sech a piece o' work as that f'r a joke, he knows too well the meanin' of it; but anyways, havin' done it, it wouldn't be a joke no longer, but thar' it would have ter stand." "Are you sure of this?" "I be."

It is strange how, given a certain atmosphere, even the imaginings and superstitions of the simplest will cast a spell about a man. The expression of Caroline's face constituted with the gloves on her hand a symphony of decorous gloom. Doctor Margate, though knowing better, was afflicted for the moment with a sense of something uncanny, like the clanking of ghostly fetters, and moved restlessly in his chair to obtain a freer breath; when the situation was relieved by a scene, familiar to Power Lot, now portraying itself to the occupants of the porch, though they themselves remained unseen.

Old man Trawles' tall form, in silk hat and broadcloth, as usual, outlined a dignified progress toward that bourne of his heart's desire, the home of Caroline Treet. Almost simultaneously Nell and Gid approached, one on each side of him. A conversation of an obviously excited nature ensued, and the urbane form of the old man was led back to his own house, humiliated in bearing and baffled in purpose.

"Durn his old chicken-liver," exclaimed Caroline Treet impulsively, the light of action and a saving degree of affectionate ardor waking in her own eye; "why in dough-bat don't he stand up for himself."

"Why, indeed," said the doctor, gladly echoing the living realities embodied in the sudden alertness of Mrs. Treet's tone.

"I'm a-goin' ter make for home," she declared, rising, "and when he sees me makin' my passage over, ef he's got any grit in 'im at all, he'll peel out o' thar, an' make the kind o' tracks he wants ter make, straight to'ds whar' he wants ter make 'em."

Doctor Margate watched with an interest which he would not have confessed even to himself, for the re-appearance of Jacob Trawles. Within half an hour this took place, but was deflected by a course in the doctor's own direction.

"A baffling wind, sir, to-day," observed Jacob Trawles.

"Yes, sir," said the doctor promptly. "But we must not allow the wind to baffle us, sir. No."

"I'm makin' my far'well calls on my friends and neighbors, all 'round—my far'well calls. To-morrow's sun will probably see me in eternity." The steady brown eyes of Jacob Trawles contemplated the doctor without either expression or reserve.

"Ah, my good friend, so you thought yesterday when you came to bid us farewell, but, thank heaven, you are still here with us. Why, man, you ought to be all alive with hope."

"Car'line is friendly with all but me. All but me can get nigh her. My hour has come, sir," persisted Jacob. "I have no desire to live. I am making my far'well calls. Nell an' Gid have gone down to the River," he remarked incidentally, though in the same tone, and holding the doctor with the same unrelaxing eye.

"Well we may as well be glad of that. I have just had a little conversation, by the way, with Mrs. Treet—a charming woman. I envy