

rate averaged about 33 miles an hour. A later despatch states that the airship, while preparing for a subsequent flight, was struck by lightning and destroyed. All the cities of Germany are subscribing funds for the construction of a new one.

Children's Corner.

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

WHAT MONEY COULD NOT BUY.

"How long do we stop here, conductor?"

"About an hour, I am afraid, sir; the freight ahead is pretty badly wrecked, and it will take some time to clear the track."

The passengers grumbled, and talked about "double tracks," as delayed passengers mostly do, but John Pendleton thought it was fun to stop out in the deep woods for an hour. John, being a city boy, thought the woods a fine place.

"Please let me go out, father?" said John; "I want to play wild Indian a while."

"Don't get out of the sound of my war-whoop, then," said his father; "mind now; keep close to the car."

It was more fun because it was getting dark rapidly, and it was easier to pretend that Indians were hidden behind the trees, and panthers and wolves lurking in the shadows. But in a few minutes John was back at the car window.

"Father," he said, "I can see a little cabin through the trees; they have just lighted a lamp in it; may I run over to it? I want to see who lives there."

His father consulted his watch. "I can give you thirty minutes," he said; "here, take my watch along, and don't be a minute later than half an hour in getting back."

John dropped the watch in his pocket and sped away through the trees. When he reached the door of the log cabin, he stopped for a minute. What excuse had he for knocking at the door?

"I'm real, sure enough thirsty," said the breathless runner. "I'll ask for a drink of water." He rapped loudly.

"Come in," said a voice in tones of surprise, and he opened the door. There was only one person in the cabin, a black boy about John's size, and he was laid up in bed.

It did not take our young traveller long to get his drink, nor to find out that the boy's name was "Jake," that his father was a wood chopper, and that he himself had had his leg broken by a falling tree some weeks before.

"Daddy generally gits home by this time," said Jake, "but I reckon he's gone to de sto' to git some victuals. Mammy she cooks for de Harrisons, 'bout mile from here, and she ain't git home till arter supper."

"You must be awfully lonely," said John.

"I ain't mind it so much in day time," said Jake, "but that one hour arter it gits dark is wus 'an all de res'."

John felt his heart swell with pity for the poor, bedridden boy. What could he do for him? He had only a few minutes to spend; he had no money in his pocket, but he took out a handsome knife, and his silk pocket handkerchief.

"Here, Jake," he said, "keep these to remember me by."

As he passed them over to the bed, the shadow from the little lamp Jake had lighted threw a great picture of his hand on the wall.

"Oh, look here!" cried John, "do you know how to make a wolf's head? Put your two hands together, so, thumbs up; now curl the three first fingers of your left hand a little (only a little), and stretch your fourth finger wide; now, move it up and down—see?"

The lame boy burst into a merry laugh, as the shadow of a wolf's head, with moving jaw, fell upon the white wall.

"Here's another," said John, eagerly, "but it is harder to do. Put your right hand over the left, leaving the first and fourth finger tips up for ears, second and third fingers bent this way for a snout; two fingers of left hand for lower jaw, thumb and other fingers for legs—there!"

Another peal of laughter greeted the shadow of a pig sitting upright.

"Now I must run," said John; "I wish I had some money to give you—"

"Lord love you, young master," said a voice at the door, "you is done give po' Jake what money couldn't buy, an' dat is a good, hearty laugh."

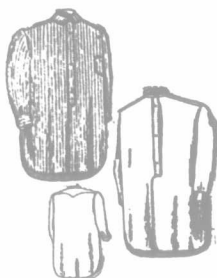
Jake's father looked ready to cry with pleasure, and as John bounded away, he left the lame boy eagerly showing him his new amusement.

"I envy you that chance, my boy," said John's father, as the train moved on, "of lightening that poor creature's weary load."

"Father," said John, softly, "maybe that is what God stopped the train for."

"It would be just like Him," answered his father in the same tone.—[Parish Visitor.]

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Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

COLD COMFORT.

"And so the gripe has settled in yer head, Mrs. Mulvaney?"

"O'm afraid it has, Mrs. O'Sheen, O'm afraid it has."

"Shure that gripe is a terrible thing, Mrs. Mulvaney. It's a terrible thing; an' it does always settle in the wakest spot, so it does."

The Ingle Nook.

Dear Chatterers,—There are two subjects which, it seems to me, might be very advisably taken up by the Women's Institutes. The first is the regulation of the automobile traffic, a subject which has been harped upon and harped upon, but, so far as I can see, at least, with but little abatement of the real nuisance. This question was brought before me in a very lively manner on my recent visit home. Our country is emphatically a hill country, with roads running up and down at sharp angles, and occasionally, in the more backward parts, stretches of "stony places" which do not afford the most agreeable travelling. But there is one main road, which, like a great artery, runs directly to the chief marketing and shopping town of the vicinity. It has avoided the hills, and upon it a great deal of money and labor have been expended, so that now it presents a hard, smooth, uniform surface, excellent for driving upon. To it, all the roads from the surrounding country, like so many smaller arteries, run, and to it naturally the traffic from the hills proceeds by the most direct routes possible, thence on to the county town.

This is all as it should be. The farmers have gladly given both time and money to secure so good a highway, and have until recently been direct recipients of the benefits accruing therefrom. Of late, however, the automobilists have also discovered, with glee, this fine road. They have discovered, also, that it runs to a town and vicinity not easily matched for natural beauty, of blue waters, beetling cliffs, cool woods and dripping waterfalls. As a result the road has become a favorite resort of the horseless vehicles, and as a corresponding result, after numerous threatened and not a few actual accidents, it has been almost abandoned by the women and children and old folk who used to jog along it in their "buggies" enjoying the scenery, and serene in the consciousness of safety.

While at home I had some shopping to do in the town, so early one morning my mother and I started out—not to go on this road—oh, no! Such a trip was henceforth to hold place in memory only—but to follow a parallel road, part of which we were well aware afforded an abominable bit of travelling. After creeping along up hill and down, over ruts and stones for a while, we determined to make a bold dash for the main road, and did so, but in mortal terror, every foot of the way, of meeting an automobile. There was little pleasure in the trip, as you may imagine; but we escaped, probably because the day was too cold and lowering to tempt mere pleasure-seekers into the open. Upon the same road, a short time before, my mother had narrowly escaped being upset, and possibly worse, by reason of one of these nuisances.

Of course, city and town folk pooh-pooh the danger. They say that horses have become used to automobiles in the town, and will presently in the country also. Upon the very face of it this argument is absurd—at least so far as the hill districts are concerned. In the first place, automobiles do not frequent back roads that lead over difficult hills; in the second, the folk from these districts may not be on the main roads nor in town more than 3 or 4 times in a summer. It is ridiculous to suppose that horses can ever become used to the automobiles with two glimpses in a year, experiences too, carrying abject terror to the poor animals to whose comprehension this great machine with glaring eyes seems a fearsome thing.

Upon the other hand it is perfectly ridiculous that women or old folk can no longer drive to town in safety over their own roads, for the sake of a few pleasure-seekers who have done nothing towards the making or maintenance of the roads.

I do not argue that we should suppress the automobile; manifestly that cannot be done. But I do most certainly think that upon at least three days in the week the roads should be reserved for the farmers, and I believe the Women's Institute could do much towards obtaining such a reservation, if they would only band together and "do something." I know there are difficulties in the way. Parliament can be expected to do little,

for it is almost entirely made up of town and city men, who either own automobiles or who ride frequently in them; but surely municipalities might be induced to do something, and a chain of municipalities agreed upon reservation of the same days might be a solution of the problem. What think you of a monster petition, signed by nine or ten thousand of the Women's Institute?

I am no longer a member of the Institute, because I am so situated that I cannot be, so, perhaps, have no right to say a word. But I have thrown out a suggestion. Someone, I hope, will take it up and set the ball rolling.

Before long I shall speak of the other subject to which I have referred. Sincerely yours, D. D.

P. S.—I forgot to say that the number of deaths due to automobile accidents, amounted last year, in the little State of Massachusetts alone, to 68.

Mr. Backwoods had called for the first time to escort Miss Bumpkin to a concert. An excess of timidity and self-consciousness reduced both to the point of absolute silence, until at last, and without visible effort, as the "meeting house" is named, the gallant summons all his courage.

"Do you like stewed rabbits?" he hazards.

"Yes," returns the maiden coyly.

Again silence, until on the return journey the home lights are sighted, when, with another mighty effort, the resourceful swain asks feelingly:

"Ain't the gravy nice?"

And yet there are those that maintain that country folk sometimes seem at a loss for conversational topics.

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