



My dear Guests,—

Contest XXI. is over, and judging from the small number who contributed, it must have been, as some said, rather hard. By way of compensation, we shall have something more amusing next time. The winners in this contest are: Miss Beattie McCaig, Collingwood, Ont.; Miss Annie L. McDiarmid, Ormond, Ont.; and Harry S. Stayner, Windermere, Muskoka.

Robt. B. Forsythe and Jane Mackay were close followers. Other replies were received from Phyllis M. Reyecraft and Mrs. John Banks.

The following are the answers:

Author.	Work.
1.—Pope—	"Essay on Man."
2.—Edmund Burke—	On "The French Revolution."
3.—Adelaide Proctor—	"Expectation."
4.—Coleridge—	"The Ancient Mariner."
5.—Alice Cary—	"Nobility."
6.—Burns—	"Tam o' Shanter."
7.—Laurence Sterne—	"Sentimental Journey."
8.—John Keats—	"Endymion."
9.—Owen Meredith—	"Lucille."
10.—Mrs. E. B. Browning—	"Work."
11.—Oliver W. Holmes—	"The Two Armies."
12.—Jerome K. Jerome—	"On Being in the Blues."
13.—Goldsmith—	"Vicar of Wakefield."
14.—H. W. Longfellow—	"Evangeline."
15.—Alfred Tennyson—	"In Memoriam."

We may have another contest of this nature, but will take more familiar quotations.

My thanks are due to several of my Guests for kindly comments and good wishes, which I heartily reciprocate. By the way, does not our column look quite improved since the "Ingle" itself appears at its head? How cosy it looks! If you doubt it, come right in and see for yourselves.

Mrs. B.—I am pleased with the interest you take in the "Advocate." I have no doubt "Hope," in her loving-heartedness, prays for us all, and she will be pleased to know that you remember her in a similar way. May not the Hostess hope for a similar memento?

"Daisy."—I shall send the words of the little poem you ask for, and hope there may be room for it. It has been set to music and is quite pretty.

Mrs. J. H. Taylor.—"Once upon a time," as the fairy tales say, I used to try to make poetry (perhaps it would be more appropriate to call it rhyme), and I assure you that, like yours, most of such work was done while attending to the ordinary duties of farm life. One thing we may feel satisfied about, is the fact that even if our efforts possessed but little intrinsic worth, our minds were more pleasantly occupied than in worrying over the petty trials of life, or our neighbor's ingratitude; don't you think so? I am glad your prize pleased you.

Miss A. L. McDiarmid also acknowledges receipt of prize in Wild Flower Contest. As you are again a winner, I begin to think we shall soon be obliged to debar you from the lists, but we will not take such extreme measures yet, so come again.

Harry S. S.—You are an old contributor, are you not? I have never visited your beautiful Muskoka, but would like to do so. I agree with you that too much civilization detracts from the beauty of such a place. I wonder if there will be any natural beauty left in the world a hundred years from now? This is a touch of "trade's impeding train" which Goldsmith dreaded. People theorize about "lowly living and lofty thinking," and yet they make living so complex that one has scarcely time for "thinking in his heart."

A. D. C. H.—Your poem is very sweet, and I shall use it if possible. I was in the city during the fair, and thought of you, but had not time to look you up. You are not losing your love of the country while there, I trust.

Look out for a Conundrum Contest next issue. Have your wits at work ahead of time, so you may all be ready for the brain-catchers.

THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

### There! Little Girl, Don't Cry.

BY J. WHITCOMB RILEY.

There! little girl, don't cry;  
They have broken your doll, I know;  
And your tea-set blue,  
And your play-house too,  
Are things of the long ago;  
But childish troubles will soon pass by,  
There! little girl, don't cry.

There! little girl, don't cry;  
They have broken your slate, I know;  
And the glad, wild ways  
Of your school-girl days  
Are things of the long ago;  
But life and love will soon pass by,  
There! little girl, don't cry.

There! little girl, don't cry;  
They have broken your heart, I know;  
And the rainbow gleams  
Of your youthful dreams  
Are things of the long ago;  
But heaven holds all for which you sigh,  
There! little girl, don't cry.

[For "Daisy."]

### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

#### "Kiss Me!"

Our Patty's a bright little lassie,  
She's busy as busy can be;  
And all day long she is dancing,  
Her heart is so full of glee.

I took a snap-shot with my kodak  
One day when I happened to peep  
At the prettiest little love-scene—  
It was really too good to keep.



Then I to the "Advocate" sent it,  
And asked them to print it here,  
So that all in the "Children's Corner"  
Might have a look at the dear.

"Kiss me!" she said to the puppy,  
Then she kissed his black little nose,  
While he squirmed and twisted and wriggled—  
Did he like it, do you suppose?

COUSIN DOROTHY.

#### In a Minute.

I have heard of a boy who every day had to saw the wood needed for the kitchen stove. He disliked this job so much that he got into the habit of rising early and finishing it before breakfast. "Then there ain't nothin' to worry about the rest of the day," he explained. Don't you think that is a more sensible plan than putting off disagreeable work to the last possible minute, and feeling bothered all the time because it is impossible to help thinking about it? To do a thing a dozen times in imagination is far harder than doing it once in reality. The "Put-it-offs" don't have a very pleasant time, for this is how they live:

"Did you ever go to Put-off Town,  
Where the houses are old and tumbledown,  
And everything tarries and everything drags,  
With dirty streets and people in rags.

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait,  
And his two little boys, named Linger and Late,  
With unclean hands and tousled hair,  
With a naughty little sister named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town,  
With her two little daughters, called Fret and Frown;  
And Old Man Lazy lives all alone  
Around the corner at Street Postpone.

To play all day in Tarry Street,  
Leaving your errands for other feet;  
To stop, or shrink, or linger, or frown,  
Is the nearest way to this old town."

Peter Caldwell was one of the boys living in "Put-off Town," and when he was asked to do anything he always said: "Ye-es—in a minute."

One day his mother asked him to go down town and get her a book from the Library. "Ye-es—in a minute," said Peter, who was whittling a stick; then he at once forgot all about it.

Suddenly a tall man in an ulster and fur cap stood before him and said: "Come, Peter."

A horse and sleigh stood in front of the door, and they jumped in. "You may drive," said the man. Peter had never driven before, for he was only ten years old, and his father didn't keep a horse, so he thought it fine fun to hold the reins. As soon as they started the stranger took a book out of his pocket and began to read. Suddenly the horse took fright and ran away. Peter cried out, "Quick, take the reins, I can't hold him!"

"Wait till I finish this chapter," said the man. The horse tore like lightning along the road, pelting them with lumps of snow and nearly tipping the sleigh over more than once. Peter was nearly frightened out of his wits before the strange man had finished the chapter. Then he took the reins, and the next minute they reached a fine hotel. While they waited for dinner the stranger lighted a cigar and opened his book. He threw away the blazing match, which struck a lace curtain and flamed up in a moment.

"Quick, put out the fire!" shouted Peter, but the man only said, lazily, "Ye-es—in a minute," as he turned over a leaf of his book. Peter emptied a pitcher of water on the fire, but that did no good. "Help! help!" he screamed, but the stranger only said: "Wait till I reach the end of this page." At last he got up, took a hand grenade from one of his pockets and threw it at the fire, putting it out in a trantly.

After dinner they got into a boat and Peter was told that he might row, "for," as his strange companion said, "I want to finish this book before it is too dark to read. It's immense!"

They floated down stream for awhile and then Peter heard the roaring sound of a waterfall. "Quick, take the oars! I hear the falls!" he exclaimed.

"Just one page more," said the stranger.

"But I can't stop the boat, and we'll go over the falls," screamed Peter, frantically.

"Didn't I tell you not to interrupt?" said the stranger, sharply. "It's getting dark, and I want to finish this book. It's awfully exciting."

"Oh, take me home to my mother," sobbed the poor boy.

"Ye-es—in a minute," said his queer companion, as he lighted a lantern and went on reading by its light.

Peter must have fainted from fright, for when he recovered his senses he was opening the door of his own house. "Where have you been?" said his mother. "Did you get the book?"

"No," said Peter, opening the door to go out again. "but I will, this minute!"

I tell this story of Peter's troubles as it was told to me, thinking that perhaps some of the children in our "Corner" had better be warned about the dangers of that lazy Put-off Town—

"On the banks of the River Slow,

Where blooms the Walt-awhile flower fair,  
Where the Some-time-or-other scents the air,  
And the soft Go-easys grow,  
It lies in the valley of What's-the-use,  
In the province of Let-er-slide;  
That tired feeling is native there,  
It's the home of the listless I-don't-care,  
Where the Put-it-offs abide."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

#### Sanitation in Hot Weather.

Among the prevailing erroneous ideas regarding the use of disinfectants one may be mentioned with reference to the employment of these substances in hot weather. Many people think that by sprinkling a disinfecting powder over a heap of rubbish or refuse that the heap becomes robbed of all its offensive properties. Nothing can be further from the truth. No effect whatever can be produced in this way, and the refuse remains unaffected, to cause, it may be, serious illness in the vicinity.

The only way to preserve our surroundings sweet and clean is the removal of all rubbish at once. It is the same with sinks, drains and closets. Defects in these places can never be remedied by pouring disinfectants down. What is accomplished is a temporary substitution of one smell for another, and from this result no safety can possibly be expected. Flushing drains is a sensible enough proceeding in its way, if a plentiful water supply is at hand. It is the use of disinfectants in an unjustifiable fashion which confers a false sense of safety upon us.