

the bung-hole covered with muslin, and let it work two or three days, then put in the bung and let stand four months, when it is ready to draw off and bottle.

LESSONS.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the young.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you can not see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have an earache, headache or rheumatism.

The man who works all day in the hot sun, with perspiration streaming from every pore, will, at night, be covered from head to foot with a thin coating of effete matter, which, if not removed, the absorbents will take right back again and carry back into the body, clogging its delicate machinery and acting as old gummy oil does on a mowing machine. If he sleeps at night in the same clothes worn during the day, still more of it will be absorbed. When a man comes in tired from the field, it is a temptation to sit down in the nearest chair, or lie on the nearest lounge, until he learns by experience that this is not the best way to rest. If a room cannot be spared for this purpose, a shed or lean-to near the kitchen door would make a good summer bath-room, where basins, tubs, towels and soap could always be handy; and a quick bath and rubbing, and clean evening clothes, will make a man much more agreeable to himself and others. Here the soiled working clothes can hang and air through the night, and the evening clothes through the daytime.—[Philadelphia Farm Journal.]

"For my part," said one, "I think Fred is very bright and capable. I am confident he will succeed." "Yes," replied the other, "he is certainly a worthy young man, but I doubt whether he had head enough to fill his father's shoes."—Exchange quoted in The Christian Register.

Children's Corner.

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

ALWAYS PUT ON A TWO-CENT STAMP.

My Dear Little Cousins,—You know you can never send a letter so far as Toronto without a two-cent stamp, even if it is only half a page long. The post-office people won't look in to see whether the letter is only worth one cent; they just notice the green stamp instead of the pink one, and they say to the postman, who takes the letters round: "You must make that Cousin Dorothy pay you two cents more before you give her that letter." And that uses up all my coppers so that I can never go all day and get two all-day suckers for a cent. Of course, you may not think your letter is worth two cents, but that shows you must try and make it more interesting before you send it. There are lots of nice things to write about nowadays—new lambs and little calves and chickens and picnics and fishing and gardens and heaps of things. So that anyone can write a letter worth quite two cents.

Your loving
COUSIN DOROTHY.

IN THE ZOO.

There was a hippopotamus
Once walking in the zoo,
And there he met an elephant,
And said, "Sir, how-de-do?"

The elephant, he raised his trunk,
And lifted up one leg;
He shook his head and crossly said,
"Don't speak to me, I beg."

Then grunted hippopotamus,
And with his little eyes
Looked at the cross old elephant
In anger and surprise.

"What fun, what fun!" the monkeys
said,
"These two are going to fight."

They climbed the trees that they might
have
Good places for the sight.

The camels shambled slowly up,
The polar bears came too;
And jumping in a hurry came
The oldest kangaroo.

Giraffe was in no hurry, for
His neck was nice and long,
And he could see above the heads
Of that much-varied throng.

The lion and the lioness
Lay still, and did not care,
The armadillo came to see
That everything was fair.

The tigers and the crocodiles,
Two wolves, and one gray fox
Came up together, pleased to think
That they should see some knocks.

The elephant then made a bow
To hippopotamus;
He said, "I really think these beasts
Have come to look at us;

"I'm sorry, sir, that I was rude,
And I apologize;
I have neuralgia in my trunk,
Which makes my temper rise."

Then off they sauntered, arm in arm,
As friendly as could be;
The beasts were disappointed, since
There was no fight to see.

REX AND RAGS.

Rex Crouse, he lives across the street;
He's rich as rich can be,
We're awful common, an' that's why
He dasset play with me.
His father is a millionaire,
Pa drives for Mister Crouse.
They call their place a residence,
But ours is just a house.

He's got a game of indoor golf,
A pratin' press for boys,
A steam engine, a phoneygraph—
I never seen such toys!
But he is tired of 'em all;
He'd rather come an' play
"I spy," or swing on our back gate,
When his ma goes away.

An' when she leaves him with his nurse,
He slips across the street,
An' takes his shoes and stockings off,
'Cause I'm in my bare feet.
An' asks for 'lasses on his bread
To eat the same as we,
His ma don't know what's good to eat,
That's what he says to me.

He likes my hat; so when we play
I always trade with him,
Though his is new an' mine is just
A crown an' half a brim.
He says he doesn't like his name,
He wishes he had one
Like me. That's Rags. An' so I call
Him "Peanuts," just for fun.

He says that I'm the very best
Of all the friends he knows,
An' that our house is lots more fun
Than anywhere he goes.
An' when we play "Pretend," an' each
Can choose what one we'd be,
I always play that I am him,
He always plays he's me.

Then when his nurse or mother calls,
He says to us, "Oh, dear!"
An' always waits a little while,
An' tends he didn't hear.
An' then he puts his shoes back on
To fix up like he was.
Because he dasset play with us,
He dasset, but he does.

—Youth's Companion.

A YOUNG DETECTIVE.

Bobby's mother had taken him to church to hear the evening sermon, and they occupied seats in the gallery, where there was more room than on the main floor. Bobby tried not to allow his attention to wander from the preacher, but it did. He seemed to be particularly interested in a family who sat in front of him, and when the sermon was about half over, he whispered to his mother:

"Mamma, I never saw these people before, but I know their name."

"Hush, dear."

"But I do," persisted Bobby. "Their name's Hill."

"How do you know?"

"Every time the preacher says his text, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,' those two big girls look at each other and smile."

Subsequent inquiry proved that Bobby was right in his guess.—[Youth's Companion.]

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to the Children's Corner. I am eleven years old, and go to school every day. I am in the Fourth Book, and expect to try for the Entrance in a year. I like everything but history and grammar. At school, we play baseball, and have lots of fun. We live on a farm, and have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" about five years. I hope this letter does not go in the waste-basket. I will close with a few riddles:

1. Two white horses went into a barn, but when they came out they were brown. Ans.—Bread.

2. If a mule is slow, how can you make him fast? Ans.—Tie him to a post.

3. Long legs, crooked thighs, little head, and no eyes. Ans.—A pair of tongs. BEATRICE CLARE.

Norwich, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have ever written to your Corner. We have only taken "The Farmer's Advocate" since Christmas, and we all think it splendid. I always look for the Children's Corner first. Is the debate still going on, "Which is the Nicest Season, Summer or Winter?" If so, I will join it. Well, I prefer summer, because then it is always nice and warm, and you don't have to bundle up; besides, everything is so beautiful in the summer when you see the green grass growing and all kinds of flowers blooming. Besides, every summer the band comes out on the street in Frankford and plays, and that is what they can't do in the winter, and then we don't have to stay in nearly all the time for fear of catching cold. EMMA HAWKINS.

Frankford, Ont.
P. S.—I would like some correspondents of my own age (13).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I am in the Second Reader, and like to go to school. I live on a farm, five miles from Napanee. We keep fourteen good Holstein cows. We grind our own grain for them with a windmill on our barn, and it pumps water for them and for the house. I have a lot of little tiny chickens to feed often, and I love to watch them eat. RAYMOND FRETTS (age 8).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little girl, six years old, and live on a farm. I have no sisters or brothers, but have two dogs and a cat; I call my dogs Frisk and Fido, and my cat, Polly. I do not go to school, but learn my lessons at home. I am at the thirty-eighth page in the First Book. BIRNBROOK. FLORENCE SMITH.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate." I read the Children's Corner, and like it very much. I live on a farm north of Beachville, and go to the Beachville School. In the summer, the boys go swimming at the river at noon hour. We eat our dinners, and then run for the river. When we get in, we have lots of fun on the wire that reaches across. After a time, we get ready for school, and if we are late, we have to stay in. MR. R. H. TONG.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I wrote a letter before, but it was not posted, so I

thought I would try it again. I like to read books. I will tell you some of the names of the books I have read: "The Black Lady of Range Castle," "The Babes in the Basket," "The Stolen Princess," "Carry's Rose," "The Seaside Story," and others. I would like some of the girls, my own age, to write to me. LIZZIE SHANTZ (age 9).

Waterloo, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to the Children's Corner before, so I will write a letter this afternoon. I live on a farm, and like it very much. There are ninety-five acres on this farm. My father and brother are working back in the clearing, and sometimes when I come home from school I go back and they give me a ride on one of the horses. We have three horses and two little colts; we call one of them O'Brino, the other Pet. I have one tiny kitten and two old cats. I have a fine little playhouse this spring; it is canvas on a wooden frame.

MYRTLE G. SIDER (age 8).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As the Corner is so very interesting, I cannot stay out any longer. We have been getting "The Farmer's Advocate" after our uncle read it for over three years. I will tell you about some of our pets we have. We have a yellow dog, and call her Floss. If you throw sticks in the water she will swim in and fetch them for you. We have some very tame pigeons. If you hold food in your hand, they will come down and eat it all off. The tamest one of all we call Hattie, because she has a little bunch of feathers on the top of her head.

Well, as this is my first attempt, I will close. A COUNTRY GIRL.
Oxford Centre.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to the Children's Corner. I read the letters every week, and enjoy it very much. The other time, I guess my letter fell into that dreadful waste-paper basket, which always stands nearby. To-day I saw the debate, "Which is the Nicest Place to Live in, a City or Country?" I prefer the country, because in the country there is more places to play, and we can raise our fruit and grain ourselves, and can keep hens, cows and horses. We can also have fresh eggs whenever we like, and make our own butter, so we needn't eat such bad stuff as some of the city people must. ELVINA R. MARTIN.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Corner, and if it don't reach the waste-basket, I may write another. I have a dog I call Collie, and am going to get a kitten very soon. I go to school, and I am in the Senior Second class. I have two dolls, one I call Edith and one Ethel. I have about two miles to go to school. I will close with a riddle: What goes round the kitchen, around the kitchen, and goes in every corner? Ans.—A broom. GREETA WILSON (age 10).

Hannon, Ontario.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I go to school, and am in the Senior Third class. I have no brothers or sisters, but I play with a neighbor girl, who lives just across the road, and with my dolls, of which I have a whole family—big and little. I have a little red coasting sleigh, with my name on it.

MABEL L. PARTRIDGE (age 9).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would write a short letter to the Children's Corner. I go to school every day. I am in the Second Book. I am a little girl, six years old. I have a sister, four years old, that sucks her thumb, and a brother, two years old, with pretty curls. I hope my letter will not stray into the W.-P. B. TROY, Ont. JESSIE ROBB.

"What town is that a few miles to the north?" shouted the aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the basket.

"Oshkosh!" yelled the agriculturist over whose farm the balloon was passing.

"What?"

"Oshkosh!"

"What did he say?" asked the aeronaut's companion.

"He didn't say anything. He swore at me!"