



New Year's Greeting.

A Happy New Year to all my young cousins in the East and West and in far-away England. There is one good resolution you ought all to take, and that is to make the Corner for 1906 a great success. Everybody can do something—write a letter, or look out for a good puzzle, or tell us a story. Everybody can help to make this a Happy New Year for "The Farmer's Advocate" children.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

"Cap."

"Cap" is a Newfoundland dog. His master got him when he was a little puppy, and trained him so well that he will do almost anything a dog can do.

"Cap" loves to go hunting. One day when he and his master were out, they came to a lake and saw two other hunters on the opposite shore. One of them had just raised his gun to shoot at a flock of ducks. A moment later the shot was fired, and "Cap" saw that one of the ducks had been hit. He swam out after it and brought it back to his master, so the hunter on the opposite shore lost his prize after all.

"Cap" also loves to go to the store shopping. He will carry a penny to the baker shop to get a biscuit. He puts his penny upon the counter, but he takes good care that the baker doesn't get it, except for value received, for he holds his paw on the penny until the baker gives him the biscuit.

One day the baker gave "Cap" a burnt biscuit. He took it home to his master, and his master told him to eat it. "Cap" did as he was told, but he didn't like it. Every time his master gives him a penny, he goes first to the baker who gave him the burnt biscuit and shows him the penny. Then he goes to another shop on the opposite side of the street and gets the biscuit.

"Cap" goes to the post office every night to get the mail, and he always carries it home safely, and never loiters on the way. If he sees any of his playfellows, he looks straight ahead, and trots along home with the mail to his master. Then he comes back to have a romp with his playfellows, or, perhaps, with some of the children who live on the street, and who are all fond of him.

"Cap" knows a great many other tricks. His master often tells him that he knows more than a good many men of his acquaintance, and "Cap" waves his bushy tail, and gives a little short, quick bark, as if he really thought it might be true.

Copied from the Globe by AMY JOHNSTON.

Big Lake, Manitoulin Island, Ont.

Table Manners.

In talking at the table, if the company is large, you will usually converse more with your neighbor than with the circle as a whole. But at home and in the family, or at the house of an intimate friend, you must do your share of the entertainment. Save up the bright little story and the witty speech, the funny sayings of a child, the scrap of news in your Aunt Mary's last letter, and when a good opportunity offers, add your mite to the general fund of amusement.

There are dear old gentlemen—and old ladies, too—who have favorite stories, which they are rather fond of telling. People in their own families, or among their very intimate acquaintances, hear these stories more than once; indeed, they sometimes hear them until they become very familiar. Good manners forbid any showing of this—any look of impatience or appearance of boredom on the part of the listener. The really well-bred woman or girl listens to the thrice-told tale, the well-worn anecdote, says a pleasant word, smiles, forgets that she has heard it before, and does not allow the raconteur to fancy that the story is being brought out too often. Good manners at the table are inflexible on this point. You must appear pleased. You

must give pleasure to others. You must make up your mind to receive gratification by imparting it.

Once in a while an accident happens at a meal—a cup is overturned; some unhappy person swallows "the wrong way"; somebody makes a mistake. Look at your plate at such a moment, and nowhere else, unless you can sufficiently control your face and appear entirely unconscious that anything has occurred out of the usual routine. Take no notice, and go on with the conversation, and in a second the incident will have been forgotten by every one.—Harper's Round Table.

Games for Holiday Parties.

Jerk-straws.—A number of small sticks,

about half as thick as a match, are thrown in a heap upon the table. The players in turn try to pull out a stick without moving any of the others. If one succeeds, he can try again, till he fails, when the next takes a turn. When all have been picked up, the one who has the most, wins.

A Laughable Game.—Place several cushions on the floor, a few feet apart. Then ask a boy, who has never played the game, if he could step over them, in succession, without touching one, with his eyes closed. You can let him practice with his eyes open. Then when he is blindfolded, quickly pick up all the cushions. It will make everybody laugh to see him lifting his feet high for nothing. This game can only be played once. Another like it is to light a candle, and ask somebody to try blow it out blindfolded. Then blow it out yourself.

Making Wills.—Give each one a sheet of paper and a pencil. Rule a line down the middle of the sheet. Then let everyone write down ten things that belong to him on one half, carefully folding it over so no one else can see, and handing it to his neighbor on the left. The latter

will write the names of ten people or institutions on the other half, with the word "to" before each. Now, take back your own paper, unfold it, and read aloud to whom you mean to leave your belongings. I know one girl who read out that she left "her parents to the poorhouse." Wasn't that cruel?

If any of our cousins knows of a good game, let him write it on a post card and address it to "Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto," and we will all get the benefit of it.

Lady Bulwer used to tell an amusing story of an ingorant but pretentious grande dame of the Victorian period. The conversation turned on literature one day, and this lady, who aimed at forming a salon, got rather out of her depth.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" she whispered at last to Lady Bulwer. "I should like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam," answered Lady Bulwer, "the Dean did something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! What was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago, he died."

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