

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A Very Odd Girl.

In school she ranks above her mates,
And wins the highest prizes;
She bounds correctly all the States,
And tells what each one's size is;
In class she will not prompt a friend,
For she doesn't believe in telling;
She heeds the rules from end to end,
And never fails in spelling.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all the school of Esther Lee.

She keeps her room as neat as wax,
And laughs at Peter's mockings;
She mends Priscilla's gloves and sacques,
And darns the family stockings;
She dusts the sitting-room for Kate,
She cares for baby brother,
She fashions balls and kites for Nate,
And runs for tired mother.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all at home of Esther Lee.

For little crippled Mary Betts
She saves her brightest pennies;
She never, never sulks or frets;
If she doesn't beat at tennis;
With happy words she's sure to greet
Children in lowly by-ways;
She guides unsteady, aged feet
Across the bustling highways.
"She's just as odd as odd can be!"
Say all the town of Esther Lee.

Katie's Saturday.

"Dear me!" sighed Kate, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a big piece of paper and pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of these things that trouble you. One thousand will do."

"Oh, mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie, "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma, "put down ten." So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained so we can't play croquet."

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid Jean Bascom on Monday."

"3. —"

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing.

"That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all first, but she's just a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad; aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mamma said, but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday trouble, and the paper.

"I think I'll tear up that paper now, mamma, dear," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mamma, "why not let troubles come before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant if you'll only wait to see."

A Question.

If you will kindly tell me, please,
What animal I am,
I shall be very thankful
I'm grandma's "blessed lamb."

My brother Archie says "that kid"
Upsets our whole big house;
And when I tease my grandpa,
I'm just his "little mouse."

I give Aunt Bess a letter, and
She says, "Thank you, my dear."
And then I'm papa's "monkey,"
Which certainly is queer.

And Uncle Charlie says I'm stubborn
As a "good-sized mule,"
My mamma calls me her "sweet heart,"
When I've been good at school.

Now, this is all confusing
To a man who is so wee,
Call myself just "Teddy";
Pray, what would you call me?

Humorous.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"It appears that you have given Murphy a black eye." Prisoner—"Yes, your honor, but I am willing to give him a sovereign as compensation." Magistrate (to prosecutor)—"You hear what the prisoner says. Are you willing to accept the sovereign?" Prosecutor (excitedly)—"Rayther, sor! (To prisoner)—Come outside and black the other oye at the same price, me bhoy!"

Pat—"Begorra, Mike, honesty's the best policy, arter all." Mike—"How?" Pat—"Remember the ole dog I stole?" Mike—"Yes." Pat—"Well, I'd tried to sell him, but could only get five shillings for 'im, so I took 'im to the ole lady that owned 'im, and she gave me 'a' a sov."

Teacher—"Willie give me a sentence in which the verbs 'to set' and 'to sit' are used correctly. Willie (after a brief deliberation)—"The British Empire is a country on which the sun never sets and on which no other country ever sits."

"You look very contented," said a charitable old lady to an Irish laborer. "I don't believe that you consider your work beneath you."

"Faix, an' Oi do, ma'am," was the witty reply. "It's a well Oi'm diggin'."

"Liz," said Miss Kijordan's youngest brother, "do you say 'woods is' or 'woods are'?"

"'Woods are,' of course," she answered. "Why?"

"Cause Mr. Woods are down in the parlor waitin' to see you."

A friend of ours, who was recently stopping at Bourne-mouth, was greatly amused by overhearing the following conversation of a young couple:

"Arry—" I don't like this place; it's too relaxing."

"Arriet—" Neither do I. Give me an embracing place for choice."

A sportsman had with him a boy to carry his game-bag. Having missed five pheasants in succession, the sportsman cried as he shot at the sixth: "There! I hit him! I saw the feathers fly—didn't they?"

"Yes," replied the boy, drily. "Yes—they flew off with the bird."

Little Girl (who has been lately undergoing a dental operation), reading an account of a big cricket match, exclaims:

"Oh, father, the poor cricketers! If I were a man I would not be a cricketer."

"Why, dear? What is the matter?"

"Why, father, the paper says that at half-past six, stumps were drawn."

An old gentleman when passing a little boy selling newspapers at a street corner remarked—"Are you not afraid you will catch cold on such a wet night, my little man?" "Oh, no," replied the boy, "selling newspapers keeps up the circulation, sir."



"THE GLEANERS."

"The Gleaners."

Our picture almost needs the artist's coloring to do it justice—to show the sunset tints which warn the gleaners that it is nearly time to hie them homewards. It matters not whether it is intended to be representative of a harvest field in the East or West, it is an autumn scene familiar to us all.

It recalls many a memory of a country evening stroll in the dear homeland, where the high hedges were strewn over with the long, unshredded corn-stalks from the loaded wagons, and the mothers of the village, surrounded by their tribe of youngsters, were hastening through the narrow lanes to their quaintly-thatched and rose-garlanded cottage homes, with arms and aprons laden with treasures from the harvest field. And who can look upon any such scene, either in reality or by representation, without a thought of that lovely Scripture idyl of Ruth, the Moabitess? Whilst to the farmer in any land, who almost as a matter of course welcomes into his fields the gleaners who may ask an entry therein, it must be a happiness to realize that he has obeyed a direct command of the Giver of All: "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleanings of thy harvest: thou shalt leave them unto the poor, and to the stranger: I am the Lord your God."—Leviticus xxiii. : 22. H. A. B.

An old farmer, feeling his end to be near, called in his lawyer to make the will.

"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of one hundred pounds a year. Is that down, maester?"

"Yes; but she may marry again. Won't you make a change in that case?"

"Well, write again an' say: 'And if my wife marries again, two hundred pounds a year. That'll do, won't it, maester?'"

"Why, that's doubling the sum she would have if she remained unmarried. It is generally the other way: the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Ay; but him as gets her 'll deserve it!"

Ingle Nook Chats.

MY DEAR GUESTS:

"Already the cricket is busy
With hints of soberer days,
And the golden-rod lights slowly
Its torch for the autumn blaze."

Yes, the neglected corners in the old rail fence are now aglow with the bright plumes of the stately golden-rod, the royal blossom of our later summer; soon we shall see its companion, "little purple aster," unfolding its azure petals; and while we revel in the beauty of the sight, we remember, with almost a sigh, that the beautiful summer is indeed fast slipping away. What then? Shall we, while yet all about us is gladness, grieve because the future may hold a possibility of gloomy days? Ah, no! We live to the full in the glory of the present, storing up bright scenes and pleasant memories to gladden the future (a well-filled mind is a good preventive of "blues"), and when the summer bids us adieu, we shall "speed the parting guest," and remember that

"Still we find, when summer days have flown,
Each season hath some beauty of its own."

I am indebted to "An Onlooker" for a very kind letter referring to the Ingle Nook and "Hope's" column, from which the following is an extract: "With regard to country and city life you voiced my sentiments just to the point. Barren is the mind and heart that cannot find something to elevate the soul in the country; if art be far, feel God and nature near. I like the ADVOCATE; it was a familiar friend when a girl at home years ago, and I do enjoy The Quiet Hour. God bless you, 'Hope.' That subject, 'The Presence of God,' is one of those refreshing bits we can drink in amid the everyday worries of common things."

With all good-will I repeat "Onlooker's" words, "God bless you, Hope," for, like your fair namesake, you are every day bringing thoughts of peace and words of comfort to busy hearts near and afar; bright drops of goodness and gladness that invigorate the zeal that oftentimes flags beneath the myriad cares of our busy lives.

Another of our "guests" writes of the Memory Gem contest: "To me the competition seems a most praiseworthy one, for we know that nothing will better refine and purify our sympathies than the reading of poetry. If we let these gems of thought be imbedded in the memory, they will arise to give us nobler ideals of life and higher conceptions of duty. It is for this reason that this competition is essentially one of helpfulness and pleasure to those participating in it."

Such letters as the above are very encouraging to those who contribute to the different columns. It is gratifying to know that one's efforts are meeting with some measure of success, and I thank the writers for their kind appreciation.

"Nancie"—The matter of your address has been satisfactorily settled; the mistake was mine.

"McGinty"—Glad to hear from you and to know you are persevering in your studies. "A learned profession?" Certainly.

S. A. R.—Your contributions duly received, but not examined, except casually; result next issue.

K. C.—You are almost a neighbor, are you not? I often pass through your village. Come again.

Do any of you belong to the class commonly known as camera fiends? If so, it will please you to know that we mean to have a

CAMERA COMPETITION.

As a new departure, we announce a "Camera Competition," which will surely give pleasure to the many lovers of amateur photography.

We offer six prizes, as follows:—1st, \$3; 2nd, \$2; 3rd, \$1; 4th, \$1; 5th, 50c; and 6th, 50c; for the best photographs of country homes, groups of animals, gardens, pretty bits of scenery, or anything of that nature, subject to the subjoined rules:

All photographs must not be less than 4x5 inches in size, and mounted, and must be the work of amateurs.

All photographs must be clear and distinct in detail, and well finished. They must reach the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, London, Ontario, not later than October 1st, 1901.

The photographer's name and post-office address, and the name and location of scene, must be written on back of photograph.

Any person is at liberty to send more than one photograph if desired. We reserve the right to use any photograph entered in competition.

All the prizewinning photographs will become the property of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for the purpose of illustration. We also reserve the right to purchase at a fair valuation any photographs that do not win a prize.

Postage stamps must be enclosed if competitors wish photographs that do not win a prize returned.

Do not make any mistake in the address, as such delay might debar you from the competition.

THE HOSTESS.

Ingle Nook Chats, Pakenham, Ont.

A pretty, artistic parlor and a clean and orderly kitchen, do not necessarily imply a peaceful home or a clear conscience.