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were about, thinking the awful Crocodile was upon them (though really it was only Peter, with a clock in his hand). They all rushed off the deck, and Peter slipped out and cut the boys loose. So when the frightened Pirates came back, the boys attacked them, and beat them, and shut them up in the hold, all except the King, who had been hiding. Peter and all the other children were thinking of leaving the ship, when over the side crawled the Crocodile himself. Out rushed the Pirate King, and jumped overboard. There was a splash, and I suppose he was drowned, for he has never been seen since. The Crocodile was very much disappointed, and he went overboard too.

Now, Peter could not bear to think of being left all alone again, so he thought he would fly quickly to Wenda's home, and shut the window. He found it open, and went into the nursery. He could hear the mother playing very softly on the piano, and when he peeped through the door she was crying. He didn't know what to do then. If he opened the window, he would lose Wenda, and if he kept it shut, the poor mother's heart would break. Just as Wenda was near the house, he made up his mind, and lunged the window wide open. When the three children came in, he told them all to get into their beds, and he hid behind the curtain. At first, when the mother saw them all in bed, she thought it was a dream; but when they jumped up and hugged her, she knew she had her dear children back again, and I can't tell you how happy she was. She was talking to them when Peter flew out of the window into the dark. But the other lost boys came and lived with Wenda and Michael and John. And one day Peter came back to try and get Wenda to run away again. But her mother wanted to keep her, and as Peter wouldn't stay and be like other boys, Wenda's mother promised to let her go and clean house for him every spring.

So Peter and Tinka lived together in Fairyland, in a little red house in the tree-tops, and every night the fairies came out and danced for them. They looked like little white and blue lights—the white are the boy fairies, and the blue are girls. And every spring Wenda came for two weeks, and she and Peter were as happy as could be, till she flew home again, and Peter was left to his clean house and the fairies. And that is all I can tell you about Peter Pan.

C. D.

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" but one year. Father always spoke very highly of it, as his father, now deceased, took it; I asked him to let me take it, and now we all enjoy it as well as profit by it. Father has been on the farm for fifteen years, having come from the United States, where he was in school work; but I am Canadian born, and love my country and church home, which is on our farm. We have twenty head of Holstein cattle, some pure-bred. We keep a pure-bred sire always. I wish some of our little folks could see our new barns, just completed; no more mud for us; no lugging milk or water to cool same. Some time I will give you a description of our new buildings and cost.

SHIRLEY DAVIS (age 14).
 Pittserry, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a little girl, nine years old, and live in the country. I have no brothers or sisters, and sometimes I feel very lonely. It is then I take so much pleasure in turning to the Children's Corner and reading letters from little girls and boys, who live in other parts of our great Dominion. I go to school every day that the weather will permit, and often, when the snow is deep, my father drives me. The school is a mile and a quarter from my home. When I have vacation, I amuse myself with my pets, which consist of chickens, turkeys and three of the cutest little kittens you ever saw. They are black and white, and nobody but myself can tell them apart. I have named them Buster, Mary Jane, and Tige, and it is very funny to see them going up and down the ladder in my father's barn. We had a children's entertainment at our church, at which I gave a recitation; and our minister, Mr. Redmond, said it was the best he ever heard from a little girl.

My father and my Uncle John have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years, and think it is the greatest paper in Canada.

ERIC COULTER.
 St. Thomas, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I live on a farm of one hundred and twenty acres. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for twenty-eight years. I go to school every day, and I am in the Fifth Grade. I am eight years old. We have six horses, nine milk cows, and ten young cattle. Here is a riddle: What is the greatest surgical operation on record? Ans.—Lansing, Michigan.

BRUCE MCKAY.
 Hersey, Mich.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Perhaps you will think me selfish in wishing to take up so much space in the Corner, when I tell you that this is my third letter. However, I wish to write this time to tell you what an interesting correspondent I gained through the "Corner." I also received some pretty postals from some of the Cousins. I think I returned one for each that I received. I live beside a small river, which overflows its banks every spring, covering the road and part of our farm. It is over just at present, and the only means of getting to the other side of the river is by boat, as the water is too deep for fording.

ESTELLA McCUTCHEON.
 Croton P. O., Ont.

We are always glad to get a letter from you, Estella.
 C. D.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I wrote to the "Corner" once before; but, as it was not printed, I thought I would try again. I am going to write about twins; they were two boys, whose names were Jack and Jim. They looked so much alike their own mother could not tell them apart. Both of them went to school every day. Jack was a very bad boy during these hours. He used to play and talk, when he should have been at his lessons. One day, as the boys were at their work in school, and Jack was at some of his pranks, the teacher came down to Jim's seat, and, as he thought it was Jack's, he punished Jim instead of Jack, not knowing but what it was Jack. In the course of life these things often happened. When Jack died, they buried Jim instead. Wishing you every success in this New Year.

LILLIAN DAY (aged 10).
 Langford, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As my papa takes "The Farmer's Advocate," I read the letters every week. I go to school, and I am in the Junior Second Class. We had an entertainment this Christmas, and my piece was entitled "Christmas and the Old Year." We have a dog; his name is Collie. I will close with a few riddles:

1. What comes in the window on the stove and doesn't burn itself? Ans.—The sunshine.
 2. Chip, chip, cherry, all a man derry, couldn't climb chip, chip, cherry. Ans.—Smoke.

3. A man rode up a hill and yet walked. Ans.—His dog's name was Yet.
VERLIE E. COOK (age 8).
 Amulree, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I live on a farm, and my brother takes "The Farmer's Advocate," which we all enjoy reading very much. We live on a large hill, and can go fishing in the brook that runs through our farm. I passed the Entrance in June, and intend going ahead to school. We keep about thirty head of cattle, forty sheep and two team of horses. I have about half a mile to go to school, and attend regularly. We live one mile from the village. I think I will close, as this is my first letter, and hope it will not get acquainted with the waste-paper basket. I was thirteen on the twenty-second of June. I wonder if any other girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. I would like to correspond with some of the girls of my own age. Wishing your paper every success.

BERTHA SMILEY.
 Leonard, Ont.

A RIDDLE.

Which is the hardest kind of soap?

Do all the good you can, and make as little fuss as possible about it.