



### In the Holidays.

"O, aren't you glad that July has come,  
And school-books are packed away?  
Let us camp by the creek just over the  
hill,  
And live out-of-doors all day!"

So the children prepared a playhouse  
fine,  
Beneath a big willow tree,  
With rugs and old carpets they made the  
walls—  
It was snug as snug could be.

The stove was built of stones and old  
bricks,  
With an iron tray for the top,  
'Twas furnished with plenty of pots and  
pans—  
(Old cans from the grocery shop).

"O, auntie, do come and have tea with  
us!"  
Cried Harry and Tom and Ned,  
"Bring a frying-pan out to cook the  
fish!  
Or shall we boil them instead?"

"We've new potatoes, and green peas  
too,  
And plenty of bread and cake,  
For mother says she won't let us starve—  
But we've no fine dishes to break;

"For 'fingers were made before forks,'  
they say,  
And shingles make splendid plates,  
We've berries and sugar and hard-boiled  
eggs,  
And a pound of splendid dates.

"You can sit in state on our three-  
legged stool—  
It's shaky, but won't break down—  
So auntie, do come! Never mind your  
hat,  
For campers are always brown.

"Now isn't that fine?" they all ex-  
claim,  
As the camp appears in sight,  
And like a queen I am waited on  
By my boys so gay and bright.

The chub were small, but beautifully  
fresh,  
And Tom proved a famous cook,  
They were crisp and brown, and as nice  
as trout—  
Don't ask me how many I took.

That meal was the nicest I've had for  
years—  
I'm sure you'll agree with me,  
If you follow our lead and cook your fish  
Out under a willow-tree.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

### The Best Time I Ever Had.

It is sometimes very difficult to tell  
the best time we ever had, but I think  
the best time I ever had was on the  
twenty-fifth of June last year, when my  
cousin Dora and I were invited to a pic-  
nic.

Dora had just come from the city, and  
such an invitation as this made her very  
excited. Neither she nor I could be  
patient till the day arrived.

The day of the picnic came, and we  
were up early in the morning, congrat-  
ulating ourselves with the beautiful morn-  
ing and the lovely drive we were to  
have. We prepared two baskets of food,  
after which we started on our journey to  
the woods in which the picnic was to  
be held.

When we got there the tables had al-  
ready been set on the grass, swings were  
up, and boats were ready to row in by  
the time the crowd began to come. Dora  
and I were together all day; we had a  
number of swings, and we also went for  
a boat-ride across the lake.

When meal-time came, everyone seemed  
hungry, and all partook of a good feast,  
which had been prepared by the ladies of  
the neighborhood.

After dinner the big boys played a  
game of lacrosse, which was very inter-  
esting to watch; afterwards they played  
football, but this game soon came to a

sad end, as the football rolled into the  
lake, at which everyone was amused.

When tea-time came, all sat down to  
another hearty meal, which had been  
prepared in the afternoon by the older  
ones.

After tea it was time to go home.  
Dora and I went home with Mr. McKay  
in the livery rig. When we arrived  
home we were very tired, but also very  
happy, and could not go to bed until  
we had told all the happenings of the  
day to those who stayed at home.

MAGGIE E. BICKELL (age 13).

Walmer, Ont.

Your "good time" was certainly  
worth telling about, Maggie, and I hope  
some other children may follow your ex-  
ample and tell about their good times  
too. The 25th of June is always an  
important day in the eyes of our children,  
as it is the dear grandmother's birthday.  
This year one of my nephews rushed in  
excitedly to tell us that a little baby  
colt was celebrating its birthday too. Of  
course, the choice of a name was a very  
serious matter, but we finally decided to  
call it "Granny," and then we should  
never forget to keep its birthday. A very  
funny little granny it looks, too, running  
beside its big mother.

Lila McEwen thinks it would be a good  
idea for the Cornerites to correspond.  
Would any of the rest of you like to  
take up her suggestion. If so, send  
your name and address to  
me. I have mislaid your  
address, Lila, but if you  
will let me have it, I will  
publish it, and perhaps you  
may receive letters from  
some of the members of our  
Corner.

### FUZZLE COMPETITION.

Prizes will be given for  
the best collection of puzzles  
and riddles sent in by chil-  
dren under sixteen. All  
MSS. must be posted before  
August 15th. Write on  
one side of the paper only.  
If you don't seal up your  
MSS., but leave them open  
like circulars, and mark  
in the corner (outside your  
wrapper) "Printer's Copy,"  
they will go for a cent.  
Write your name, age and  
address on each sheet of  
paper.

The puzzles need not be  
original—clippings will do, but not  
clippings from old copies of the "Farm-  
er's Advocate." Address as usual, to  
COUSIN DOROTHY.  
Box 92, Newcastle, Ont.

### Refused to Serve.

A Frenchman went to a brother mem-  
ber of his lodge and said to him:

"What does a polar bear do?"

The brother answered:

"What does a polar bear do? Why,  
he sits on the ice."

"Sits on zee ice?"

"Yes," said the brother; "there is  
nothing else to sit on."

"Vell, vat he do, too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he  
eats fish."

"Eat fish—sits on zee ice and eats  
fish. Then I not accept."

"You don't accept? What do you  
mean?"

"Oh, non, non. I does not accept. I  
was appointed to act as polar bear to  
zee funeral.—[Atlanta Journal.]

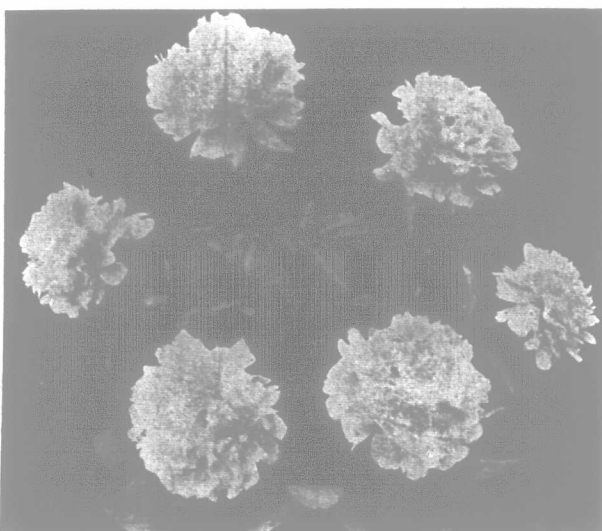
### His Life a Failure.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure."  
"Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should  
you say that?" "I spend all my time  
making money enough to buy food and  
clothes, and the food disagrees with me  
and the clothes don't fit."

## With the Flowers The Peony.

If there is one flower whose popularity,  
above all others, is amounting to a per-  
fect furore at the present time, that one  
assuredly is the peony, and when one  
considers the magnificent beauty of the  
different modern varieties, the only won-  
der is that the craze did not set in long  
ago. The old-fashioned, purplish-crim-  
son kind is now almost a thing of the  
past, and, in its stead, we have species  
bearing flowers of all shades, from snow-  
white to deepest crimson—cream, flesh-  
color, salmon, rose, cerise, dark red, in  
all the gradations. In form, too, there is  
infinite variety. In some, the petals are  
recurved, in others they spread loosely,  
like shaggy chrysanthemums; still others  
are fringed; while in a few varieties the  
outer petals are large, the inner ones be-  
ing smaller and crinkled, resembling  
poppies set in the center of the flowers.  
Most beautiful of all, perhaps, are the  
great, waxy, single peonies, in the hearts  
of whose blossoms recline spreading  
masses of stamens, yellow as gold. Add  
to all this that the majority of the  
choice varieties are odorous as  
roses, and one can understand why the  
peony may well be a fitting candidate  
for popularity.

The culture of the peony is exceedingly  
simple: Procure the tubers in the fall,  
some time during September, and plant  
them in deep, rich soil, well enriched  
with hen manure, if you can get it. The  
situation is the better of being some-  
what sheltered; but if not, the peony  
will not fail you. It is quite hardy,  
and, although responsive to care, will  
flourish under conditions which would be



An Old-New Favorite.

fatal to many plants. After planting,  
the tubers may be left undisturbed from  
year to year, the only care necessary  
being to spade in a little fertilizer about  
the roots from time to time. The tu-  
bers will increase rapidly, and before long  
you will have a fine clump of plants, beau-  
tiful both in flower and foliage. One  
such mass recently seen had produced  
forty flowers in a single season. It oc-  
casionally happens, however, that the  
tubers overcrowd one another, and the  
plants fail to bloom. In such a case,  
the roots should be divided in the fall.  
Peonies are almost wholly free from in-  
sect pests or fungous diseases of any  
kind, and so recommend themselves es-  
pecially to people who have little time  
for fussing with flowers. In short, we  
have little hesitation in saying that for  
the farm home, no other plant can give  
more all-round satisfaction, and we shall  
be well satisfied if anything we can say  
will induce every farmer's wife in the Do-  
minion to try at least one or two species  
of this beautiful flower.

FLORA FERNLEAF.  
"Farmer's Advocate" office, London,  
Ont.

A young Scotch minister, with an ex-  
alted opinion of his forensic powers,  
said one morning to his man in the  
kirk: "I don't think, John, I need put  
the gown on; it's only an incumbrance,  
though some folk seem to think it  
makes a preacher more impressive."  
Verger John—"Aye, aye, sir, that's just  
it; it makes ye mair impressive, an' ye  
need it, sir, ye need it."

### Two Roses.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

In a garden all of garlands,  
And shade and shine and dew,  
Of roots from eastern farlands,  
Two mystic roses blew.  
One laughed in joy of living,  
Come sunshine, or come rain,  
One hung close-shut, and grieving  
In jealous miser pain.

Now which of these, my masters,  
Best wrought a rose's doom?  
The rose that feared disasters?  
The rose of generous bloom?  
The lonely shut rose perished,  
To molder where it grew;  
The open rose was cherished  
By every wind that blew.

Now read we here a lesson:  
Love is the Rose of Life,—  
Let it bloom out in joyous rout  
Till all the world is rife  
With sweets of loving kindness,  
Perfumes of noble deed,  
And savors rare, beyond compare,  
Of succor for all need.

### Scatter Your Flowers as you Go.

There is no law by which a man, any  
more than a rose, can withhold and yet  
receive. He must give first, and give  
generously, broadly, magnanimously, if  
he would develop a magnificent character,  
if he would accumulate soul-wealth. Give  
or starve! This is Nature's fiat. Give  
of your sympathy, of your money, of  
your encouragement, of yourself, or  
starve, mentally, morally.

The man who refuses to give, to share  
what he has received, is as foolish as  
the farmer who was so wrought upon by  
the conviction of a coming season of  
drought and the probable destruction of  
crops, that he refused to plant his corn.  
He said that he would keep it in the  
crib, that he would not risk putting it  
into the ground, lest it might rot and  
he be left without provisions for the  
winter. The drought did not come,  
however, and the result was that he  
went hungry, while his neighbors who  
had planted generously reaped an abun-  
dant harvest.

A great philanthropist said that he had  
saved only what he had given away,  
that the rest of his fortune seemed lost.  
What we give away has a wonderful  
power of doubling and quadrupling itself  
on the return bound. It is the greatest  
investment in the world. It comes back  
in geometrical progression. Give!  
Give!! Give!!! It is the only way to  
keep from drying up, from becoming like  
a sucked orange—juiceless, insipid.

Selfishness is self-destruction. The man  
who never helps anybody, who tightly  
shuts his purse when there is a request  
to give, who says that all he can do is  
to attend to his own affairs, who never  
gives a thought to his neighbor, who  
hugs all his resources to himself, who  
wants to get all and give nothing in re-  
turn, is the man who shrivels and dries  
up like the rosebud, who becomes small  
and mean and contemptible.—[Success.]

### The Busy Shopper.

At one store the goods bore the mark  
"69 cents."

"I am sure it is cheaper at the other  
place," said the busy shopper. Then  
she rushed to the other place, tipped up  
three old ladies in the rush, tore her  
skirt just where it showed, and found the  
same goods marked 69 cents.

"But I believe," she argued to herself,  
"that the other was a little bit  
heavier and closer woven." Whereupon  
she walked five blocks back to the first  
store to compare samples. In the  
scramble she lost a handkerchief and  
three hairpins. The goods seemed to be  
identical. "Still," she declared, "I  
think there is more of a variety at the  
other store."

### Keep Off.

It was the first time Dorothy had seen  
a street sprinkler.

"Oh mother," she exclaimed with wide-  
open eyes, "just see what the man's got  
on his wagon to keep the boys from  
riding on behind."