

do chores and go to school. I can give a good boy a good home as long as he wants to stay. He will be loved and well provided for in every way, and we are both Christians and love children. I can give references, if desired; but owing to the expense of last year and losing our crop by hail, I have no money to pay his fare from these here, but can amply provide for him after he is here. I hope you can help me, for I am lonely and wish to help a good boy to a good home. I would prefer a boy who was raised in the country. May God bless your good work is my prayer.

IN NEED OF HELP.

NO CLOSED ROOMS

Dear Dame Durden,—I will call you by very familiar terms, although you do not know me. I have known you for years, and always enjoy reading your column, and think some of the sisters write very helpful letters. As housecleaning time is upon us, we are all very busy, as especially those of us, who are mothers, know well. Well, sisters, do you know my opinion of what a house on a farm ought to be? Every housecleaning time I feel like telling some of my friends what I think. It is this way, a lot of the farmers' wives have a large house provided for them, and they put all their best and prettiest things into a little parlor, and spend a considerable amount of money in carpets and a few very expensive chairs. Then they shut the door on them for fear the husband or some of the children might spoil some of their perishable cushions and the like finery. Next they begin on their dining-room and treat it to the very best furniture and oilcloth they can afford, and likewise shut the door on it. They will not have much work keeping it clean, and it will appear perfect when a chance visitor might happen to appear. And from that time henceforth they and their husbands live and dine in a very dim, hot and often untidy kitchen. Now, for my part, I think this is a great mistake, as it seems to me it should be our duty and pleasure to have the home look its very best for the home folk. My house has no parlor in it, but if it had I would turn it into a sewing-room, and take all its pretty furnishing into the dining-room and make it look as bright and attractive as possible, and would dine in my dining-room. Instead of treating my husband to a rest in a hot kitchen, I would say, "Now, Daddy, come along into the dining-room where it is a little more comfortable." And then, too, it is so nice in the winter evenings to sit in a nice cosy dining-room, which is also used for a living-room. Now, sisters, I think it is a pity to have anything in the house that is so very dainty and nice that it is too nice for a dear, tired husband to use lest he might ruffle it or spoil it. Now, some of you might think I am one of those women that have not much to do, and have lots of time to keep things nice. This is not so, for I have five little children under eight years old, and do all the sewing and a great deal of the work, too. I have a hired girl most of the time (a Galician girl), but, of course, that does not mean that one's self is not busy. If this letter is worth printing, I might write again. The little ones are up at the table helping me to write, so it may not be worth much. With good wishes to all, I must go to the cradle.

PETUNIA.

(If heartily agree with you about the shut-up parlors. Come again.—D. D.)

WESTERN WIGWAM

MOUNT CRESCENT

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to your corner. I am a silent reader of your club. I have three sisters and two brothers. I go to school quite regular. My teacher's name is Miss G—. The name of our school is Mount Cres-

cent. I live in the country. My older brother, two sisters and myself go to school. I am in the third reader.

WILLOW WAND.

Sask. (a).

YOU GET YOUR WISH

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—For quite a long, long time I have read the letters in the "Wigwam" from little girls. I am nine years old, and have lived in Sunny Alberta for nearly two years. We moved here from a little town on Lake Erie where they used to bring in boatloads of fish.

I like Alberta fine, and so does mamma and so does papa. I have a little sister four years old called Helen, and she always likes to tear the wrapper off the FARMER'S ADVOCATE when it comes. We don't subscribe for the ADVOCATE, papa says it is an "Exchange." He runs the paper here. I would often like to write to the Wigwam, but have always been afraid to try. I wish they had a button. With kind regards to all the Wigwamers, sincerely yours,

Alta. (a)

KIM.

(You write a good letter for your age, but have you begun to read and enjoy Kipling already? If not, where did you get that name? C. D.)

A FINE NAME

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As I have never written to your paper before I will write now. My father has taken the ADVOCATE for a long time and I like it very much. It has been as cold as fifty below this winter. I go to school and am in the third book. I have a mile and a half to go to school and can ride sometimes. I think the Western

pair of carrier pigeons. There is one nest with two eggs in it, and they take it in turns to sit on the eggs. I hope to have two baby pigeons soon.

About a quarter of a mile from our house there is some bush, and last winter I made a trap from a coal-oil box and set it in some small firs with a carrot in the trap for bait, and I caught six rabbits altogether. I have kept four of them alive. They were awful wild at first, but are getting so tame now that I can pet one of them. They were all white with black eyes when I first caught them, now their coats are turning brown. I am sending you a photo of the rabbits

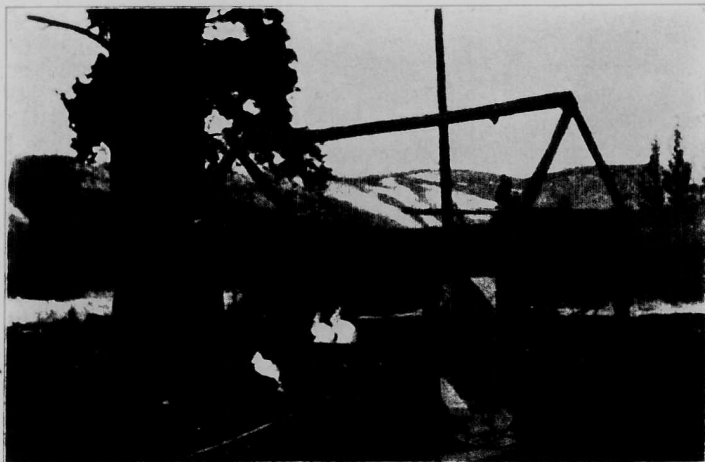
CHARLIE COOPER.

A LITTLE TRAVELLER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my second letter to your club. I saw my first letter in print, so I will try again. I was very sorry to hear of Philadelphia's death. I am so glad you are giving buttons.

Father has taken the "Advocate" for four years, and would not like to do without it.

Three years ago I went to Ontario. On the way we stopped at Minneapolis for two days. We went to the Art Museum. We saw Hiawatha carrying Minnehaha. I also saw many other statues and pictures. We were all through the Capitol at St. Paul. It is made of white marble. I was in Hamilton. It was nice. There was a steep green hill near the station with Hamilton formed with stones on the side. It was winter when I went to Ontario. I had a good time sleigh-riding with my cousins. One day my cousin and I



CHARLIE COOPER'S PETS.

Wigwam is a fine name. We have four horses, six head of cattle and three pigs. I am 11 years of age and my birthday is on the 4th of December. I hope to see my letter in print. I will close with a riddle. "Twelve pears hanging high, twelve men passing by. Each took a pear and left eleven hanging there." Ans. Each was a man's name.

Sask. (a)

MEADOW-LARK.

CHARLIE'S PETS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am going to tell you all about my pets. Last spring I made a trap and caught four chipmunks, and Mum gave me an old brooder that she used to raise chickens in. It is a nice big one, with a day run all covered with wire netting, and I put the chipmunks in there. They have a nice house to sleep in as well as the day run. They have great times playing and chasing each other. I feed them apples, wheat, corn and bread, and they like the corn best. This winter I could always tell when it was going to be nice fine weather, as they would come out of their house then, but when it was cold they did not come out for days. I also caught two tree squirrels and kept them nearly all summer. They are very tame and live in a pile of old fence rails by our workshop. It was no trouble to catch them; all I had to do was to put an ear of corn in their house, and they went right in. I let them go early last fall, so that they could get all the pine cones they wanted for the winter. I have two

and some friends went sleigh-riding. I went down the hill alone and ran into a barb-wire fence and cut a bad gash in my leg. I have the scar yet.

I enclose a stamp and hope to receive a button.

Man. (a).

JULY.

WANTS A BUTTON

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have often thought of writing to the Western Wigwam, but have always neglected doing so. I like the name of your club very much, and also like pen-names. I think, Cousin Dorothy, that you have made a nice offer for giving buttons.

I go to school and my teacher's name is Mr. C. I like him very much. We have a little white pony, which I drive in the summer-time; his name is Rabbit. I like living out on the prairie. Sometimes you can see a long distance. We can see the Pembina Mountains quite plainly, and we live quite a distance from them.

I must close, or Cousin Dorothy will be thinking I am making too good a start. I would like a button if you would please send me one. Wishing the club every success.

an. (a).

EUNICE.

LONESOME AT FIRST

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have just received a copy of the "Farmer's Advocate," and have just got through reading the letters of the "Western Wigwam," and now I have made up

my mind to write a letter to you. We do not take the "Advocate" ourselves, but I always borrow it from one of our neighbors, so that I can read the interesting letters.

My father is working a farm of four hundred and eighty acres near Lang. He has just started seeding. I am going to start to school soon. I have three miles to go to school, but I drive, so I don't mind going so much as if I had to walk. I am eleven years old, and I am in the fourth book. When I came to this country, two years ago, I was very lonesome, because I used to live in town, where there were lots of boys, but I am not lonesome now as I take great sport out of killing gophers. I have not made up my mind about what my pen-name will be, so I will sign my own name this time, and if this escapes the W.-P. B., I will write again. I would like to exchange post-cards with any of the members of the Western Wigwam. Well, I think I have taken up enough space with my letter. Hoping to receive a button, I remain, a wisher of success to the Western Wigwam.

EVERETT STAPLE.

Sask. (a).

(You forgot to enclose the stamp for your button.—C. D.)

REAL WIGWAMS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—Here I come to the Western Wigwam, and as this is my first letter I hope you will have pity on it and not throw it in the waste-paper basket. My father takes the "Farmer's Advocate," and we all like it very much. I live on an Indian reserve in the west, and see lots of real wigwams and also lots of Indians. They are mostly all Crees, and they live in log houses in the winter time, and in the summer they live out in tents. Mostly all of them have farms, and put in quite a lot of wheat and oats. The old people go out digging senega-root in summer, and in winter they catch rabbits, and fish in the lakes in the Qu'Appelle Valley. I think as this is my first letter I will close with best wishes to the Wigwam, and all the Wigs, both small and big.

WAH-POOSE (11).

Sask. (a).

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The Gold

By WILLIAM KILPATRICK

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She looked up in indignation. "Such a thing, Le Gardeur was not in my thought. I wished — you know him better. This was not true. I studied the Intendant and estate, weighing scruple to the last of information. No sounded the depths there were regions of character which never penetrated. A with all her acuteness comprehend the Intendant?" asked her. "Yes — an odd question. Le Gardeur? and any surprise he expressed. Truly I think him a gentleman that France," was the open-handed to his and dangerous to wit is like his wit never tires of either exhausts it. The Intendant, I wine, his friends, that is! — but about I like you, Angeliq more his friend take, since I have osity towards the loises."

The Intendant had a number of valuable Grand Company up Angeliq, making that extravagant y. "I am glad you if only for my coquettishly. Friends of yours like sweet sister Ame sensitive plant at name, and the Lad her gravest look to of the Chevalier Bl. Le Gardeur gave equivocal look at her. "My sister in the flesh," she need be little let meet her approval has heard social life of the Intendant excuse a reproving head."

"Colonel Philibert in the sentiments sister, to say nothing hostility of his Bourgeois," provoked by Le adhesion. "Pierre Philibert like the Intendant not doing so; but on his honor — he just towards the man." Le Gardeur drawn into a censure. Angeliq shielded etto of innuendo she are right," said Philibert is a generous regard. I co no handsomer man have been dreaming all my life! What first, Le Gardeur! ing him by the hair. "I doubt you w the fishes were P rival, Angeliq," "but I am in no affections are, I f a quarter where I ous of his success. "I shall not at of your sister, Le Angeliq, raising suffused with a b give you the love because you have i no more at press at least, is yours, him twice, without tation. That kiss from sealed his fate, better it had been