

via good target for a row. Several times the bank who would m as he went by, nted a gun at him. to the bottom of the ting for a shot that moment the Indian and disappeared for into the woods. weary routine was n that interminable vering in the cold spiring in the heat off ready to swim w bailing, now bal- away from danger, e occupant went on. from constant ex- sore and aching and swarmed about his being filled with the he never despaired or the millions that over less hazardous

was near at hand. had seen the boy ament to two white

sentinel was the same man. He had not forgotten the kindness, and went to Reil himself to get a permit for the family to enter. While he was gone they replenished their supplies as well as they could. They bought horses from the half-breeds who were farming there and the poor old steed who had served them so nobly they traded for a cow. Then the permit came, and bidding farewell to their kindly friends at the settlement, they crossed the border into the promised land.

The rest of the journey was comparatively easy. At last Fort Garry was in sight. All the people of the fort came running out to welcome them and ask for news from far-off Ontario. The first camping place was almost opposite where the big and bustling T. Eaton's store stands to-day in the city of Winnipeg.

So over hill and plain, through forest and stream, nay even over dead bodies, the pioneers came from the land of civilization into the great unknown, bringing with them and developing the big, the dauntless, and the broad spirit that has dominated and made the west what it is to-day. Reil sleeps in the shady churchyard with his buried and mistaken strife, the locomotive takes the place of the prairie schooner, schools and crops have displaced the buffalo, and Winnipeg hides in its centre the little old Fort Garry.

And the pioneer led the way.

"Puff! Puff!"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by May Heward

HULLO! what's up?" asked the Little Engine, puffing into the Great Terminus.

"Be quick and come and listen; it's so exciting!" cried the Signals shaking up and down in their excitement.

The Big Engine, sitting gravely on the rails, spoke: "We have decided," he told the Little Engine, "to do no more work at present. We object to being driven about by a coal-black Fireman and Engine-driver, whether we want to or not."

The Little Engine sat still and gasped. "Oh!" he said, "but won't that be very uncomfortable for the people in the town there?"

"That," answered the Big Engine in a very stately way, "has nothing to do with us."

"Oh!" murmured the Little Engine, "I thought it had. Well, anyway it will be rather nice to have a holiday." And he rumbled off to his shed.

As he sat there he looked out over the great city, at the hundreds of people hurrying up and down, at his friend the Tall Church Steeple.

"Hullo!" he called, "why do you look so cross?"

"Cross!" cried the Steeple, "why shouldn't I look cross over all this foolishness?"

"What foolishness?" asked the Engine, while the Weathercock chattered.

"Well, I never did, I never, never did, did, did," which was all he could say.

"These Engines taking a holiday," scolded the Steeple. "How do they expect all these people are going to be fed, if they don't fetch the corn in from the fields?"

"I don't suppose they've thought of that," said the Little Engine, "I'll tell them."

"A lot of good that'll do," grumbled the Steeple, but the Little Engine didn't hear, he had gone.

He had a long talk with the Big Engine, but he would not listen to any of his arguments, and finally told him not to interfere with what didn't concern him, so he went back to his shed very sadly. And for days and days the Engines did no work.

One night the Little Engine woke up to hear a strange noise. It was little and low, but it kept on and on. It was just like the wind moaning in the chimney, but the wind was not blowing that night, he was sitting on the railings watching the bats trying to catch the moonbeams.

"I say," whispered the Little Engine, "what's that noise?"

"That," the Wind answered over his shoulder, "oh! that's the children crying."

"What for?"

"'Cos they're hungry silly," answered the Wind.

"Oh!" said the Little Engine, "oh!

dear!" and he sat thinking while the little moaning noise went on and on.

"Look here!" he exclaimed at last, "I can't stand this; I'll creep out and try and get some food."

"Will you?" The Wind turned round so quickly that he nearly over-balanced, "then I'll tell you something. Down the line, a good way down there is a Good's Train full of corn-sacks, but I don't think you could pull it up."

"I'll try anyhow," said the Little Engine and he crept ever so quietly out of the Terminus. Once outside he tore along the quiet line till he came to the long train of trucks, standing patiently waiting.

"Couldn't think what had come to you all," grumbled the Train, "keeping me waiting like this; and there's a nice time of night to arrive too."

"I'm sorry," said the Little Engine, "but you see there's been a mistake." And the Wind chuckled.

The Little Engine was soon coupled on to the Train and then began a hard fight.

"Puff! puff!" went the Engine. "Creak! creak!" went the Train and began to move slowly up the line. On they went, bit by bit.

The Little Engine had never drawn such a heavy weight before and he could hardly get along, but he thought of the poor little hungry children and went "puff! puff! pant, pant, pant!" pulling and tugging with all his might until just as dawn was coming they puffed slowly into the Great Terminus.

"Well, I never did, I never did, did, did," chattered the Weathercock.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried the Big Engine angrily, and all the other engines cried, "Yes indeed! how dare you work?"

But the Little Engine stood up bravely and answered them and all the corn-sacks lay very still and listened.

"You stopped working," he said, "and I think you forgot, as I did, that there were lots and lots of little children who would be hungry if you did not fetch in the supplies. I heard them crying in the night and I just couldn't stand it."

So I went out and fetched in this corn."

For a little while the Big Engine was silent. Then he said: "You are quite right, I had forgotten about the children."

And all the other Engines said: "So had I."

"We've been very silly," said the Big Engine, "let's help get this train in, for, after all, I don't much care for doing nothing."

"No," cried the other Engines, "nor do we."

So they all set to work to fetch the waiting trains in, all but the Little Engine and he was sent to rest, because he had done his work.

So he sat in his shed and talked to the Wind, who was watching the swallows playing with the sunbeams, while up from the city came a little joyous, rippling noise.

"What's that?" asked the Little Engine.

"That's the children laughing as they watch the corn-sacks come in," the Wind answered him.

"Well, I never did, I never, never did, did, did," chattered the Weathercock.



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