

watching to keep him as still as the doctor meant him to be.

"No, not rough," answered Blake, looking ruefully at his bandaged ankle, and thinking how good it would feel to play rough games once more; "but its jolly, mother, for all that. We each are to hunt up, or make up, a new conundrum for every day, and the one who guesses the most by the end of the week wins the game."

"What is your conundrum to-day?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"It's one I found on a scrap of old newspaper: 'What is that thing which you can't get until it is taken from you?' Can you guess it, mother?"

"I don't believe I can," she answered, after considering a while; "but I can ask one very much like it. But here comes Rodman; so my conundrum will keep. Take care, son; don't pitch yourself about so much."

"Hello, Rod!" cried the boy on the couch; "what's yours? Mine's great, but you have first go."

"This is mine," said Rodman; "What is it that you must give before you can keep?"

"Well, upon my word!" cried Blake.

"How strange!" exclaimed his mother.

"What's the matter? Do you know the answer?" Rodman asked. He looked disappointed.

"No, not that; but yours sounds so much like mine that it makes my head swim. Here's my conundrum: 'What is it that you can't get until it is taken from you?' Doesn't that sound like the twin of yours?"

Rodman whistled. "It's first cousin to mine, anyhow," he said.

The two boys exchanged slips of paper on which their conundrums were written, and set their wits to work. Such frowning, such screwing up of lips, such wrinkling of foreheads you never saw. But all in vain. They each had guessed much harder ones, but somehow the very similarity of the two confused the boys' minds.

"When you are ready to give up," said Blake's mother. "please give me a try;" and she went down to the kitchen to make a pudding for dinner.

Soon Rodman followed to get her to come up and see if she could answer their puzzles.

"I'll be up in fifteen or twenty minutes, Rod," she said. "Meantime try my conundrum while you wait: 'What is it that one must lose before he can keep?'"

"Worse and worse!" cried the boy. "We'll never get these three untangled."

But when Mrs. Martin had put off her kitchen apron and put on her thimble again, she announced her readiness to have the conundrums submitted to her. Rodman read his out in a tone of triumph, not expecting Blake's mother to succeed when Blake, the champion guesser, had failed. "What is it that you must give before you can keep?"

"Your word, I think," said the lady, smiling. "At least, I know when you give your word you are expected to keep it."

"Why, of course!" cried Blake. "What a goose I was not to see that! Now try mine, mother. 'What is that which you cannot get until it is taken from you?'"

Rodman's eyes glowed with eagerness. "It took me a good while to guess that," said Mrs. Martin. "I was about to give it up, when it suddenly occurred to me that a photograph had to be 'taken from you before you could get it.'"

Both boys shouted with glee. "Now it only remains for you to guess your own, mother," said Blake. "We couldn't."

"Ah, said Mrs. Martin, 'I hoped you would; for mine came from the Bible. Don't you remember that our Lord says, 'Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it?'"

"But all Christians don't die at the stake," objected Rodman.

"No, boys; but all true Christians must lose their own sinful lives before they can have the eternal life, which is the gift of God through faith in his Son. This is the blessed conundrum which I want you to spend your lives trying to understand."—Elizabeth Preston Allan, in Morning Star.

Rover.

His last effort was to raise up and wag his bushy tail when his little master plaintively called him.

Rover was only a dog—a big Scotch collie—but he was the idol of the Littlest Boy's heart. He never harmed a living thing in all his short life. He watched his little master like a mother, and when the Littlest Boy's feet carried him across the street, Rover was sure to be alongside, watching to see that no evil came upon the sturdy youngster.

The first we noticed anything wrong was when Rover tried to drag himself up on the front porch. It was poison—administered by the hand of some wretch whose heart held no regard for little boys or friendly dogs. It was too late, for Rover died in agony, although his bushy tail wagged feebly, and the fast-glazing eyes looked devotedly upon the tear-wet face of the Littlest Boy who bowed above him.

And now a little boy wanders aimlessly about calling for his pet, for the Littlest Boy does not yet understand what death is, and as his plaintive call sounds through the house, we slip outside and think harsh things of the heartless wretch who brought so much sorrow into the Littlest Boy's life.

Some day the Littlest Boy will realize what death means, and then he will recall the loss of his beautiful dog companion and he will have lost faith in mankind.

Some of these days sorrow will come into the life of the man whose hand administered poison to Rover and when it comes we trust it will be as keen as the sorrow he brought into the life of an innocent little boy. We may be wrong in our belief, yet we believe that Rover will show up on the day of final accounting, and his splendid devotion to his little master will weigh heavily in the balance against the man who killed him.

Odd Things About Animals.

Just as men have developed from their savage state into pleasant civilized beings, so naturally dogs and cats and horses and hogs and other domestic animals are very different from the wild things that were caught in the forest and trained to usefulness; but there are some habits inherited from their far-away ancestors which they still retain, and by which they are distinguished one from the other.

We never question, for instance, why a horse runs so swiftly and has such power of endurance; but we must remember that his ancestors had to flee and defend themselves from the wolves—their greatest enemies—and that their rearing and plunging was also a former means of defence, if the enemy sprang on their backs. Their neigh was a watchword and call when wild horses went in droves, and some sort of a signal was necessary to keep them from straying.

Sheep, when frightened, always run to an elevation, because their ancestors originally came from the mountains. They always follow a leader, because in the dangerous mountain passes their ancestors had to go in single file.

Hogs grunt because their feeding grounds were thick woods, where they could not see one another, and sound was necessary to keep them together.

Dogs have a way of turning around several times before they lie down. This looks very foolish now, but when they were wild things centuries ago they slept in the tall grass and turned around several times to hollow out a bed, and they have never outgrown this habit, but to this late day they will turn around on a rug, just as if it were in the tall grass.

Cats have perhaps, the most traces of old ancestral habits. Many times they do have a trace of the lion or the tiger very near the surface. Their uncertain temper, their purring and growling, their sudden bounds, their tendency to scratch, all come from the forest and the jungle.

All these and many more traits can be found; but when we canter across country on our ponies and fatten our respectable hogs for the markets, and make pets of our dogs and cats, we for-

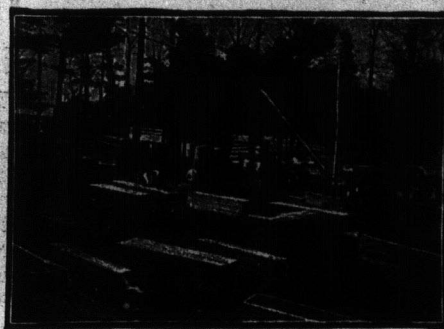
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