

## RENNIE'S FARM GARDEN Pure--New Seeds

Improved Beefsteak Tomato (enormous size). Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 35c, oz. 60c.  
Copenhagen Market Cabbage (high class early). Pkg. 10c, 1/2 oz. 40c, oz. 75c.  
Improved Breakfast Radish (crisp). Pkg. 5c, oz. 10c, 4 ozs. 30c.  
Wardwell's Kidney Wax Beans (market sort). 4 oz. 15c, lb. 55c, 5 lbs. \$2.40.  
Best Snowball Cauliflower. Pkgs. 15c, 25c, 1/4 oz. 85c, 1/2 oz. \$1.50.  
XXX Golden Self-Blanching Celery. Pkg. 25c, 1/4 oz. 75c, 1/2 oz. \$1.40.  
Ringleader Sweet Table Corn (ready in 60 days). Pkg. 10c, lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.50.  
Cool and Crisp Cucumber (bears all season). Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c.  
New York Lettuce (immense solid heads). Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 70c.  
Market-Maker Golden Globe Onion (big cropper). Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, lb. \$2.10.  
Yellow Onion Setts (select Canadian). Lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70.  
XXX Earliest Table Marrow Peas. 4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. \$1.90.  
Jumbo Sugar Beet (for stock feed). 4 ozs. 15c, 1/2 lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. \$2.20.  
Perfection Mammoth Red Mangel (very large). 1/2 lb. 25c, lb. 45c, 5 lbs. \$2.20.  
Canadian Gem Swede Turnip (good keeper). 4 ozs. 20c, 1/2 lb. 37c, lb. 70c, 5 lbs. \$3.40.  
Improved Greystone Turnip. 4 ozs. 15c, 1/2 lb. 27c, lb. 50c.  
Thousand-Headed Kale (for green food). 4 ozs. 25c, 1/2 lb. 35c, lb. 60c, 5 lbs. \$2.10.  
High Grade Gold Nugget Yellow Flint Field Seed Corn. Bush. \$3.35, 5 bush. \$16.25.  
High Grade Wisconsin No. 7 White Dent Seed Corn. Bush. \$2.85, 5 bush. \$13.75.  
Select Irish White Seed Oats. Bus. \$1.25, 10 bus. \$12.00.  
Seed Barley, O.A.C. "21" (six rowed). Bus. \$1.80, 5 bus. \$8.75  
Seed Corn, Oats, Barley Prices do NOT include Freight Charges. Bags 30c each extra.

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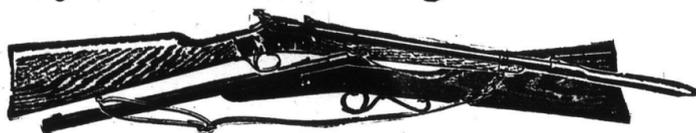
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He had gone for about a mile, when he saw, to his great disappointment, that the pony was as far off as ever, and was travelling along south. He had lost sight of the herd of buffalo, but the pony was heading in its direction. But he plodded on desperately, hoping that the pony would stop and allow himself to be caught.

At last he was near enough to see that it was indeed the pony, and soon he was close enough to call. The pony stopped grazing, threw up his head and listened. Then he gave a loud whinny and came trotting towards his master. When he came up, Ned scolded him and petted him. Then he jumped on his back and turned his head homewards.

Suddenly, for no reason whatever, he thought of the buffaloes. He turned himself in the saddle to see if they were in sight.

He saw—not buffaloes—but a band of Indians travelling rapidly!

In Ned's heart there was a swift, terrible fear. He knew from what the settlers had told him, that, once on the warpath, Indians would kill anything they came across.

He set his pony at the trot, then at the gallop. Over his shoulder, he saw that the Indians were in pursuit.

Wild with fear, he urged his pony on with blows and cries. The little animal seemed to know that something was wrong, and went like the wind. But the Indians!—the Indians on those terribly quick ponies of theirs! Could he possibly escape?

All depended, as he well knew, upon the speed of his own pony and its powers of



Coaxing Bunny

endurance. Could it keep ahead until the settlement was in sight?

Ned did not think that the Indians would dare to keep on the chase once the settlement was in view. He kept crying out to his pony, little wild, despairing cries, and still, at every hundred yards, he saw, to his horror, that the Indians were gaining.

On, he galloped, on, on. The wind struck him hard on the face, and whizzed in his ears. Then, in a moment, the pony put its foot in a badger-hole, and he went flying over its head. The fall stunned him completely, and saved him from the terror of the Indians' approach. When he came to himself, he found himself thrown over a pony's back in front of an Indian, who was riding hard. It was a nightmare of bumps and plunges. He could hardly tell if he was asleep or awake. Many hours seemed to pass—hours with flame and burning in them, and thunders in the wind. When at last it ended, and he was pulled to the ground, he thought he must be dead.

He woke up again inside an Indian wigwam. Through the open flap in front he saw the shining of a fire. Figures sat round it in a circle, dusky figures that sat without movement or sound. They were terrible forms, but in his head was something dull that kept him from being afraid of them. Then, slowly, the dullness oozed out, drop by drop, and he grew afraid, horribly afraid.

After a time the figures left the circle, one by one. Someone came into the wigwam, closed the flap and lay down a few feet away. It was too dark to see who it was. Ned lay awake in the darkness, listening to the wind.

But presently he heard another sound,

that was not the wind. It was a creeping sound as if someone were trying to enter the tent without making a noise. It was very close to his head, but he was too terrified to move.

Then he knew that someone was crawling under the edge of the tent, and the wind blew in on his face.

At first he wanted to cry out, to show that he was awake; but yet it seemed as if he dared not do it, and so he waited, clutching the blanket that covered him, and holding his breath.

And then suddenly, in the darkness, he heard a soft voice that he knew. It was the voice of Running Wolf the Indian.

"Follow me," it said. "The little white brother need not be afraid."

Very carefully Ned left the bed of buffalo skins and crawled on hands and knees toward the place where the wind came from. He had to go right down on his stomach before he could squeeze through. Every moment he dreaded lest the Indian who was asleep in the tent should be disturbed by the wind, and wake up. But he got outside safely, and there above him towered the great form of Running Wolf.

And a great wind it was, driving and moaning over the prairies with a long sound of rain in it, and voices that seemed to blow up over the rim of the world; and down by the creek, in the poplar thickets, all the yellow leaves were torn away.

Very, very softly, on moccasins that made no noise, Running Wolf and Ned stole away.

But hark! What was that? Was it the hoot of the little grey owl? Was it an Indian call? Running Wolf stood still. Ned felt his fingers tighten round his hand.

It seemed to Ned a very long time before Running Wolf moved forward and began to run. To Ned it was all a windy darkness that swirled about them and was thick with storm. Then a dog barked sharply; then another. Then all the dogs of the camp broke into voice. Voices cried strangely in the darkness, harsh, Indian voices, terrible cries.

It was the pursuit!

"Quick!" Running Wolf muttered. "The little white brother will ride."

In a moment, he didn't know how, Running Wolf had swung him on to a pony's back.

Right on into the blowing darkness Ned rode blindly. The barking of the dogs grew fainter, drowned in the wind, but the cries seemed to come nearer, to follow on flying feet. Where Running Wolf was—what he was doing—Ned had not the least idea. All he himself could do was to gallop with might and main away from those terrible cries.

Sometimes he thought he heard the sound of galloping, and once there was the plain noise of a pony's snort close at hand.

Wild with terror Ned urged his own pony forward, pounding him with his fist.

Then, suddenly, the cries died away, and there was nothing to be heard but the blowing of the wind.

When dawn broke Ned found himself in the middle of the immense prairie. Far and near there was not a single sign to show him where he was. Apparently he and the pony were alone in the immense waste.

Then, suddenly, he saw, to his terror, that they were not alone. From a hidden hollow there rose the form of a mounted Indian, riding quickly.

Without waiting a moment Ned started off in flight. But the pony, after its long night's work, was tired. It went at a slow canter. All that Ned could do would not make it go faster. He heard, in his terror, the sound of the quick hoofs galloping behind. Yet he kept on, not daring to turn his head. It seemed useless to keep up a pretence of flight; but he kept hoping against hope that the pony might pull itself together and break into a gallop.

Then, a moment or two afterwards, he saw a dusky hand shoot out and seize his rein.

He glanced at his captor in terror.

It was Running Wolf!  
On the dark face of the Indian a smile flitted and was gone.

"We go southwards," he said, quietly, turning the pony's head. "The home of the little white brother lies far to the south."

Hotel Clerk—We have only one room left, sir, and the bed is only big enough for one. Foreign Guest: Well, I suppose we'll haf to dake it; but I hate to haf my wife sleep on der floor.