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THE EASTERN FARMER will be a reprint of the best Agricultural and Home Literature published in Canada, will make its first appearance in August and will be dated September. The object of the promoters is to furnish a magazine filled with interesting reading matter at a price which will allow it to compete with the cheap American Magazines which circulate so largely in the country homes of Canada. The subscription price will be **50** cents per year, but in order to secure a large advance sale, it has been decided to allow the first subscribers to have the magazine and also a premium for **25** cents. In order to secure the magazine at this cheap rate, however, it will be necessary to send in your subscription before August 10th. The premiums, which alone are worth the price, will be mailed immediately on receipt of the money, so there is no possible way in which you can lose. Fill out the following coupon and return with the money:

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The Pitiful Tragedy of Three Children Who Hid in a Trunk

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holy day
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seem'd to be
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough!
Oh, the mistletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried:
f'Here tarry a moment, I'll hide—I'll hide!
And Lovell be sure thour't the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried. "Oh, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh, the mistletoe bough!
Oh, the mistletoe bough!

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day!
And they sought her in vain when a week pass'd away!
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared the children cried,
"See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"
Oh, the mistletoe bough!
Oh, the mistletoe bough!

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh, sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh, the mistletoe bough!
Oh, the mistletoe bough!

(By Izola Forrester.)

It was late Decoration Day. Out in Kankakee, Ill., the last stragglers from the parade were coming leisurely homeward through the dusk, empty-handed, heartful of the strangely mingled sentiment of the day—sorrow for the dead; pride and happiness in their achievements.

One of the very last to leave was little Ida Van Siette. Until the shadows deepened in the old cemetery and the wreaths and bouquets faded in the first chill of the night air she had lingered and looked backward, the mystery and marvel of it all holding her almost against her will.

When she reached home supper was over. The two younger children, Rosella and Pearl had been undressed and sent upstairs to bed. But there were seven brothers, and they had all gone outdoors to play.

"Can't we play, too, mamma?" Ida asked at the foot of the stairs after she had eaten supper. "Just a little bit."

And Mrs. Van Siette, mother of eleven and wise in the ways of children, glanced around from her housework with a smile of understanding and sympathy. Of course, they could play until she came upstairs if they wanted to. They could do no harm.

And overhead, as she went on with her work, she could catch the patter of light running feet in the bedroom. Now it was hide and seek. She could hear their merry little squeals of dismay when a hiding place was discovered. Then it must be a pillow fight, Rosella was laughing so. And at last there was silence, and the mother, tired with the extra work that comes with a holiday, smiled to herself as she turned the light in the kitchen low and went upstairs herself to her babies.

It was after nine o'clock. There was no light in the upstairs room, and she went cautiously, half expecting a little white-clad form to jump out at her from a shadowy corner. That was the favorite game, to scare mother. But tonight there was so sudden jump, no peal of laughter, no clinging arms around her neck as she went into the little bedroom where the girls slept, and lit a lamp.

Still everything was silent. The bed was tossed and tumbled, the pillows gone, the quilt left over the footrail, where it had been used as a tent. On the chairs were piled the little garments, each in its place, as she taught must be done. On the bureau lay a bunch of half-withered wild flowers that Ida had gathered on her way home, buttercups and daisies and a few last violets. On her pile of clothes rested the little five-cent flag she had carried so bravely in the parade.

But that was all—nothing but stillness, a strange, unnatural stillness that in spite of herself seemed to steal upon the mother like an icy chill of apprehension. She set the lamp down and tried to call to keep the tremor from her voice. Of course it was one of their games, only some crazy little childish prank. She would find them. They were hiding from her; under the bed, in the closet, in the next room, somewhere they were hiding, and laughing at her for being frightened.

"Ida," she called. "Ida, dear, it is time to go tobed. Rosella, come now; you've played long enough. Come, Pearl; come to mother; tired baby girlie, come and be rocked to sleep."

No answer, nothing but silence and the rustle of the wind in the maple leaves against the window pane. Catching her breath, Mrs. Van Siette went into the other bedrooms and searched. That was part of the make-believe, part of the bedtime game, to make mother hunt for them. She threw open closet doors and called, knelt to look under beds, lifted the curtains away from the window recesses, and even glanced behind the dressers, but there were no babies to laugh at her, no sudden shriek of delight, and she went back to the little bedroom.

Everything was as she had left it. With a strange dizziness, a quick beating of the heart, she turned to go downstairs to seek for the truants there, and perhaps scold them a little for their game, the game that lasted too long, when all at once she caught sight of one object in the room out of place. On the foot of the bed lay the empty tray from an old trunk. It was a useless thing, the trunk. Nothing was ever kept in it except a few of the children's toys. But to the three little girls it was the most wonderful trunk that ever happened.

Even their mother knew some of the wonderful things it could do. It was an enchanted trunk. Sometimes it was a pirate ship, and carried a crew of three. Sometimes it was a robber cave. Sometimes it was the little brown house in the woods where the seven dwarfs waited for Snow White. And sometimes it was just a cuddy corner, just big enough for three youngsters to curl down in and tell stories.

And looking at the empty tray, at the closed trunk lid, Mrs. Van Slette wondered with a foreboding dread that gripped her very heartstrings what the trunk was tonight in the game of make-believe.

She raised the lid fearfully. The clasp had caught on the outside; even in her fear and haste she noticed that. But the babies were in the trunk, and at first glance a wave of joy swept over her. They had been playing a game of make-believe after all. Tucked cozily in the trunk were the pillows from the bed, and on them lay the two youngest heads. Rosella, aged six, and the baby curls of Pearl, the two year old. Ida had climbed in last of all, and there was hardly room for her, so she had slipped one arm around the baby, and fallen asleep with the rest. It was such fun, this game of make-believe in the old trunk. But as the mother raised the lamp to look down at the sleeping faces she gave a scream of terror that echoed through the whole house.

It had been a game of make-believe, but there had been an unseen playmate, one who had not played quite fair, and it was Death, the reaper of young flowers.

One by one the kindly hands of neighbors summoned by the mother's cry for help lifted the little ones from their trunk. Ida was still alive, but died within a few minutes. It was all so terribly, tragically simple. They had hidden in play in the old trunk, and the lid had fallen and caught fast. And they had waited for mother to come—waited until they had fallen asleep, and the Reaper had gathered them mercifully as they lay unconscious. After all, he was not such a harsh playmate; merely a careless one.

It is an old, old story, this one so recent and new out in Kankakee. Centuries ago it happened in Italy, and the sadness and mystery of its romance have thrilled many a chance reader of Samuel Rogers's poem "Ginevra"—Ginevra, child bride of Modena, who ran "laughing and looking backward" from her wedding feast to hide in play in the old gallery of the palace.

Greatness the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting.
Nor was she to be found. Her father cried.
"Tis but to make a trial of our love."
And filled his glass to all, but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found.
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not.

Full fifty years were past and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search,
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed, and 'twas said,
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on its way
It burst, it fell, and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold,
All else had perished—save a wedding ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy.
Engraven with a name, the name of both,

There then had she found a grave,
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever.

Centuries ago. Later, in England, the story found its way into a song, and Christmas eve, the merriment was hushed while some one sang of the mistletoe bough, and of Lovell's bride, who had played hide and seek, and vanished, to be found years after, a skeleton in an old chest.

Perhaps, if the old trunk had been concealed in a garret, the mystery of the three little ones might never have been unravelled until years hence, the trunk had been dragged from its corner, and its secret laid bare. But this time the mother's hand opened it to the light and the story was revealed.

PUBLICAN'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

A publican whose home is situated at Marsden, has just issued to the public a set of ten "commandments" applicable to his own house. They are as follows:

1. Thou shalt come to my house when thou art thirsty,
2. Thou shalt always keep my name in thy memory.
3. Thou shalt visit me often on week days, also on Sundays.
4. Thou shalt neither break nor destroy anything in my house; if thou dost, thou shalt pay me each time double for it.
5. Thou shalt honor me when I deserve it, so that thou mayest live long, and continue drinking in my house.
6. Thou shalt not make any disturbance in my house, for such things are distasteful to me.
7. Thou shalt not dare to pass counterfeit coin on me.
8. Thou shalt not steal anything from me—I need all I have myself.
9. Thou shalt not expect large or full glasses, because the landlord has to live off the profit.
10. Thou shalt, after thou hast been eating and drinking at my house, pay me honestly for it, for the landlord never likes to have anything to do in the chalk line.

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