

time to the hearts of His children, and that the mighty men of old, whose valor and renown are in this rude way recorded, and had some degree of acceptance in their lives of achievement and valor.—Dorothy Shepherd.

HOW THE BROWNIES RAN AWAY

On Paul's birthday a box came from Aunt Mattie with the nicest little brown figures in it you ever saw. There were four for each of the children; for Ruth and Paul always celebrated their birthdays together, and thus had two every year.

"I'll take the boys, and you may have the girls, said Paul. "It's my birthday, and mamma said I could have first choice."

"Goody!" cried Ruth, clapping her little hands, "I like the girls the best."

The children called them Brownies, and soon each Brownie had a name. Lucy and Nellie and Rosamond and Polly stood in the side window, while Paul's four boys had the place of honour in the front window waiting for papa to come to dinner. It was a bright winter day, so the children went out to coast down the hill after examining all the presents, and the Brownies were forgotten for a little while.

"O papa, auntie sent us the nicest little dolls you ever saw," said Ruth, running to meet her father.

"They aren't dolls, they're Brownies," said Paul. "Mine are in the front window."

Papa looked, but no Brownies appeared. Ruth hurried around to the side of the house, and hers were gone out of the window where she placed them. "Some one must have taken them out of the windows," said papa. "We will see when we get into the house, Shake the snow off well, for mamma doesn't like to have it on the carpets."

"No, I didn't put the Brownies away," said mamma, when they asked her about them. "Perhaps Sarah did."

There were hot water radiators in front of each window, and the children stooped down to look under them, but no Brownies were in sight. "Some



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one stole them," said Paul, while Ruth looked ready to cry. "I just wish I had the thief."

"They couldn't be stolen right out of the sitting-room, children," said papa. "That is impossible. You'll find them one of these days, just where you put them for safe keeping."

Just then the postman brought in a letter from Aunt Mattie, and mamma laughed a great deal when she read it. "Your Brownies were not stolen, children," she said. "They ran away. Auntie says they are made of chocolate, to eat, instead of being dolls to play with."

"But how could they run away?" asked two voices at once.

"See!" Their papa held them up above the radiator; and there under each window were four thick, brown streams where the heat had melted the poor Brownies. The wall paper was brown, so the poor little men and women did not make much show on the wall.

Mamma scraped part of the Brownies off with a dull knife, and the next places they ran were down two little red lanes. Can you guess what the lanes were?

BRAY'S ENEMY.

"Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you."

"At the back gate? Bring him in at once."

"He won't come, sir; says he's awfully busy and hasn't time."

"How big is he?"

"About as big as my fist, sir," said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. "Well, countryman," he said pleasantly, "what can I do for you?"

The small boy—for he was a very small boy—took off a soft, dirty hat, and held it behind him. "I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed."

"Bray, my big Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?" asked the gentleman, losing all his pleasant looks.

"Nobody sent me," the boy answered, "I've come by myself. Bray has runned my sheep for free days. He's got to be killed."

"Where did you get any sheep?" asked Mr. Joynes.

"My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em."

"Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?"

"No sir, I telled you."

"Ah, that's well, I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep; how would that do?"

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it, "That'd be paying me for a lie," he said, indignantly.

When he said this Mr. Joynes took off his own hat and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. "Hurrah, herdsman!" said he. "I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he's afraid of a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages I shall offer you twice fifteen cents and take you into my service. Meanwhile Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman."

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother)

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district or such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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