

The Western Wigwam

THE CORNER'S NEW NAME

Dear Boys and Girls:—We've found a new name! Children's Corner didn't mean much, did it? No wonder you have asked for a new one.

I hope you will like this one:—The Western Wigwam.

There were about a dozen names suggested, and it seemed to me this was the best of them. It wasn't as common as some of the others.

Now the artists of our club must get busy and design a suitable heading for our new club name. You all know what a wigwam is—an Indian tepee is the same thing. It is made of a framework of tree branches or poles stuck in the ground in such a way as to converge at the top. This framework is covered with bark or hides. If the wigwam belongs to a great chief the hides are made very gay with paintings and the floor is covered with mats. Do you remember in Longfellow's Hiawatha how the wigwam is described?

"Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deerskin dressed and whitened,
With the gods of the Dacotahs,
Drawn and painted on its curtains."

Make the design at least five inches

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across and not more than half as high as it is wide. Draw it on UNRULED paper, not too thin, with pen and ink. There will be four book prizes given for the four best drawings, two for the boys and two for the girls. Do your best and send a letter with your drawing. No one over sixteen can compete and the drawings must be in this office by November 25th. COUSIN DOROTHY.

HOME

No house is mine in the north or south;
No land in the land of my sires.
Roofless, the careless winds have spent
The smoke of my vagrant fires.

No name have I in the clanging town;
No seat with the grave and wise.
The snows and dusts of the trails forget
They have blinded my foolish eyes.

But safe and warm and steadfast-true
(God! how was the wonder done?)
The heart of a woman shelters me
From the lonely winds and the sun.

—THEODORE ROBERTS.

Power Lot--God Help Us

CHAPTER XXX.

ALL IN WHITE.

Cuby could tie her clothes in a bundle. She could wear her Sunday hat till the sea winds tore and the fogs wilted it. That would be part of the honeymoon. Then she would go cheerfully back to the old felt headgear. Life was plain and easy for us to sail forth unhampered. "You are bold," my bride-elect commended me, with a vain toss of the head; "you wait not, you go sweet as the wind. But Ma'y Sting'ree and Rob, they go not so much even as a leetle way with us?" she asked, anxious to be assured on that point.

"No, another boat is engaged to take them to Waldeck, and then they will go by the railroad; they will go back to a life you and I know nothing about. But you and I will sail where we will, Cuby, and anchor where we will; and when we find the right place—the place that suits us—we'll settle down there and live by the fishing."

"You will be 'appy if you are on the water every day, Jeem?" she said wistfully.

That went to my heart. "We will be happy on the water or on shore at home; never fear, girl," said I. And now that my work was about done, I was as eager as she to get out to sea. I had one more night to sleep as guard in the shed of the Stingaree house. When their lights went out up yonder on the hill, then I made my stealthy way thither, knowing that Cuby was safe by the River. Bate and his crony would not trouble her until

they had secured the booty they were reckoning on.

There was a patient show that last evening, as patient as the bears. After an un-theatered hiatus of months, the travelling shows were making a record of unprecedented frequency along the River. It was a ventriloquist this time—a ventriloquist and sleight-of-hand performer in one; and so satanic and diabolical were his occult powers believed to be, he was relegated to the basement of the schoolhouse, the only cover large enough to hold his ready audience. Belcher was there.

The patient little showman waited long after the hour advertised for the initial dish of the dark feast he was to give, in order to see whether some of the many faces leering in from the outside of the uncurtained windows would pay the necessary fee for an entrance.

"See here," Belcher's voice broke the silence, "you got a good-sized audience inside here—all the chairs'll hold. Go ahead with your fork-lightning and salt-peter."

With a consenting sigh, our entertainer seated himself on a deal chair in the center of the platform, a caricature of the Irish race represented in the doll which he held on his right knee, while on the other knee he supported an equally exaggerated type of dark and unkempt Africa.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "let me introduce to you Mr. Maguire and Mr. Johnsing, who will now carry on a mysterious conversation together without the aid of human instruments. As you observe and listen, you will wonder how these little mechanical devices—for I assure you these are nothing but ordinary dolls—can open and shut their mouths, and converse in intelligent sounds plainly issuing from their own insides. If anyone in my audience doubts that these are simply ordinary dolls, I invite him to come to the platform and examine them now, for they have sometimes been interrupted in the midst of an interesting conversation by clamors on the part of the audience maintaining that they were not dolls at all, but human midgets that I was palming off upon them as miraculous talkers. Would anyone like to come up and examine the dolls?"

A crude and credulous being from the rear of the house wended his way to the platform and inspected carefully the objects on the performer's lap.

"Them's dolls," he reassured the audience with a grin, and went lumbering back to his seat by the water pail.

"You hear," said the showman, "these are none other than ordinary dolls. Now—"

"The tap o' the day to yez, Sambo. Wot's after puttin' the kink in yer hair, eh?" the mouth of the Irish doll as presumable authority for this rude speech, opened and shut with the automatic regularity of a piston rod; and a shout of glee went up from some small untravelling boys, for whom the present occasion contained every element of vivid excitement.

"Min' yo' business, Paddy. My ha'r's all right. Say, do every'body in Cork have ears de size o' yourn?"

"The nigger-doll's mouth ain't workin'," protested one of the small boys, in a loud cry of bitter chagrin.

The magician blushed with an active emotion, as of an old pain revived, and, working vigorously at the crank concealed in Sambo's back, he bent his head to observe whether the lips of the recalcitrant one moved in becoming accord; but that thick orifice remained obstinately shut. With a deep sigh he laid the Irish orator on the floor, and placing Africa face downwards across his knees he gave his entire attention to readjusting the springs which so fatally controlled the vocal organs of this dark subject. Again and again he essayed to compel issuance of speech, but though bold verbal assault and caustic ribaldry possessed the African from head to toe, the mouth necessary to confirm these emotions remained shut with the tenacity of a sprung trap.

"Want a screwdriver?" volunteered Belcher, obligingly making his way to the platform. "I always carry one in my pocket, and I worked in a machine-shop a spell, once. We'll make Sambo open his mouth, 'r know the reason why. Nobody ain't got no right ter deliver

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Thousands of Mothers

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MONTREAL



EE A MOTHER'S EE HAPPY THOUGHT.

A lady writing from Ireland says:—"I went to see my sister's baby, who was very ill indeed. She had been up for nights with him without undressing; he was crying all the time as with some internal pain. The doctor told her he could do nothing except put him in a warm bath, which gave him a little ease for the time being."

"I thought of STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS which I used for my own children; and next day I sent some to my sister, when she gave the child half a powder according to directions. For the first time for a fortnight she and the baby, and, in fact, all the household, had a good night's sleep, and the little fellow has continued to improve ever since."

These powders do not contain poison, nor are they a narcotic; but they act gently on the bowels, thus relieving feverish heat and preventing fits, convulsions, etc.

Please notice that the name STEEDMAN is always spelt with EE.



"Orange Lily Saved My Life"

These words, or expressions having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from



Falling of the womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 35c. sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Address with stamp—

MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

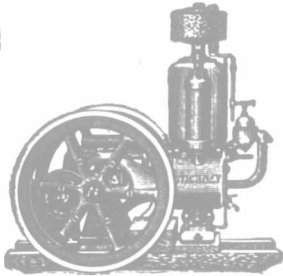
themselves o' sech a mess o' sass as that with their mouth shet."

While Belcher, with the sweat streaming from his brow—for the room was close and hot—was thus studiously repairing the first number of the performer's subtle programme, the flock who had been gaping in through the windows flowed noiselessly in and disposed themselves in good form among the worthier and legitimately registered guests.

But though his back was turned in anxious contemplation of Belcher's skill, the showman was entirely conscious of this act of piracy. He took



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