

in extricating her; first one foot, then the other, stuck fast, then she slipped down on her knee, and souse went she into the water again.

"Can't you contrive to slip your feet out of your shoes? Never mind your shoes! Leave them stuck fast, so that we get you out!" said the boy.

"Oh, I've long ago lost my shoes," said she, laughing. "Stay; now I think I've got my right foot clear. Now, pull!"

"Well, make a good stride, and plant your foot on the firmest place you can find; look, here's a gravelly spot! Now then, hold tight! Grasp your hands well! Haul away, Margaret! Here she is! Safe ashore!"

Alice once landed, they all three made the best of their way to Farmer May's,

selves at the pickle they were in. Little Alice, with her bright flaxen hair all blown off her face, and showing her pearly teeth, looked like a young mermaid, as she stood giggling, and struggling, and slipping about, waist-deep in water. You should have seen her—and how heartily Meg was helping her, with all her little might, laughing as much as pulling. You should have seen them!"

"I wish I had," said Frank. "I wish I hadn't run after that fellow, but had stayed with you to help Meg and Alice; I half envy you your share of the adventure."

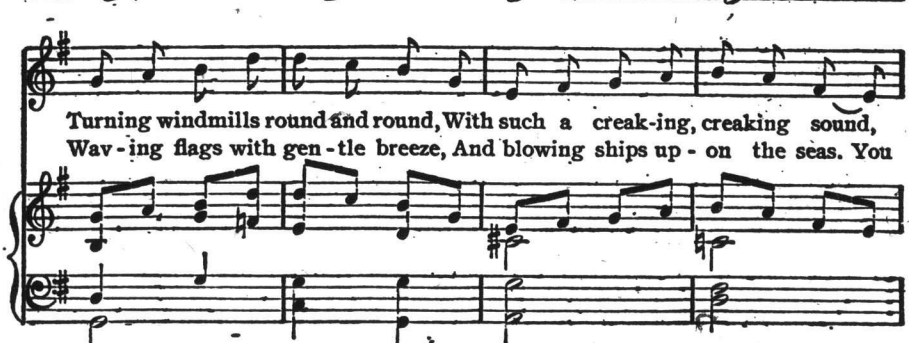
"You needn't; yours was by far the more glorious," returned George; "you pursued the brute of a giant and overcame him; I hadn't even the merit of succouring the distressed damsels,—for

Wind Song

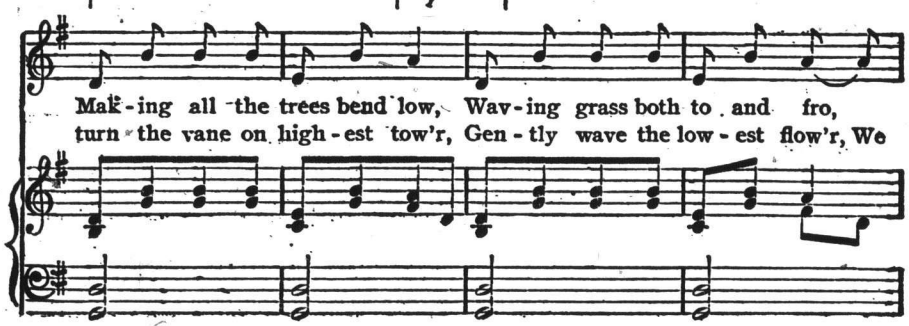
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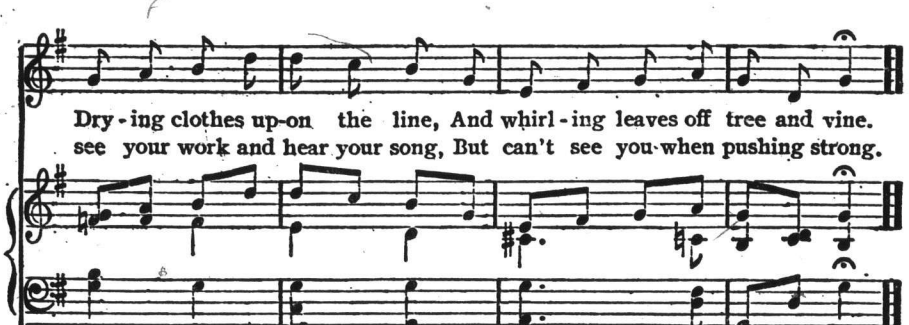
1. Blow-ing, blow-ing, ev-'ry-where, Blow-ing clouds so high in air,
2. Toss-ing kites a-bove so high, Sail-ing, sail-ing 'cross the sky,



Turning windmills round and round, With such a creak-ing, creaking sound,
Wav-ing flags with gen-tle breeze, And blowing ships up-on the seas. You



Mak-ing all the trees bend low, Wav-ing grass both to and fro,
turn the vane on high-est tow'r, Gen-tly wave the low-est flow'r, We



Dry-ing clothes up-on the line, And whirl-ing leaves off tree and vine.
see your work and hear your song, But can't see you when pushing strong.

From "Songs and Stories," by Mildred and Patty Hall. By courtesy of Clayton F. Summy, Pub.

that Alice might be put into a warm bed without delay. Then Mistress May made little Meg hasten home, that she might change her clothes, which were very wet, too; and then the boy, thanked and lauded by both families, for the help he had given their darlings in their need, went to look after his companion, whom he had left in pursuit of Bull-cub.

He found him just emerging from the copse, looking hot and flushed, but victorious; though the butcher-boy was again as big as himself.

"I've given the hawbuck such a drubbing as I think he won't forget in a hurry," said Frank; "he can bluster and yelp, like a cur as he is, when he has to deal with boys. I left him howling, as our hound does at the moon; and with great tears rolling down his nose. But how did you get on, George with the girls—the two children?"

"I found them laughing as heartily as your lout was crying," said George. "They're two merry-hearted little souls; nothing puts them out—not even a souse in the castle-ditch."

"Did they both tumble in?" said Frank.

"No, only one," said George; "but there they both were, roaring a-laughing—the one pulling, the other being pulled—both dripping wet, and bespattered with mud—but laughing fit to kill them-

they weren't at all distressed. You had the peril of the fight—I hadn't that of the flood—it was only mud! It's evident they also thought you had chosen the worst job, for little Alice popped her head out of the bedclothes, as her mother was tucking her up, to bid me mind and thank Frank Ford for going after Bull-cub to teach him better manners, as she was sure he would now be afraid to meddle with or worry them any more."

"She's a good little soul—as gentle as she's gay," said Frank; "that's certain."

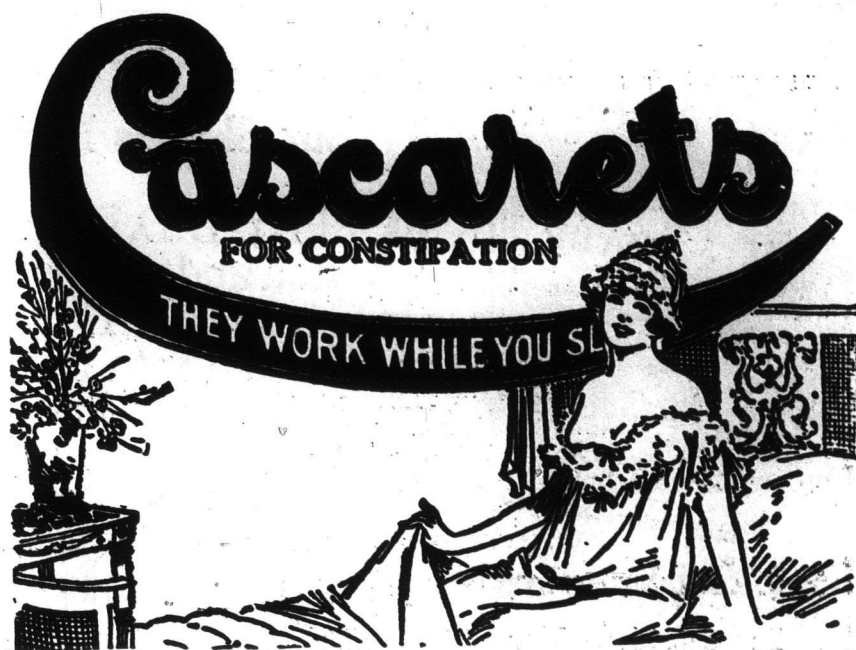
Something Funny

Who knows a funny story? Anyone who does is asked to send it to the Children's Corner, so we may all laugh over it. Here's one to begin with.

Tommy was a little boy in grade II. His teacher wrote this question on the board: "Where are you going?" "Now Tommy," she said, "you read that." "Where are you goin'?" read Tommy. "No, Tommy," said the teacher, "that's not right. You left something out at the end there. What was it?" "Oh, yes," said Tommy, his eyes brightening as he looked at the question mark. "Where are you goin' little button hook?"

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