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shore he opened it cautiously and took a peep. Then something hopped out into the water. Brownie reached for it wildly, and in an instant both boys were struggling in the water beside the overturned canoe.

June uttered one shrill scream, then stood, white and trembling, watching with dilated eyes a scene which was to be forever afterward photographed upon her memory. Brownie's curly head sank beneath the ripples, but the moment it reappeared above the surface Robin seized the boy in a firm grip. Holding him in his left arm so that his head was well above the water, Robin paddled with his right hand and slowly but safely brought the child to shore.

"Don't be scared, June," Robin panted as he stepped on shore. "I guess he ain't took no harm."

"Oh, Brownie! My dear, dear little son!" sobbed June as she took the dripping boy into her arms.

Brownie put his arms around her neck and cried between his chattering teeth, "June, I'm nearly drowned, and I'm frozen solid."

"Hurry and get him into the house," advised Robin; "I've got to get the canoe or it will drift away. Follow that path. I won't be long."

So the two scrambled up the pathway through the birches, June assisting the boy with one hand, while in the other she carried the big bunch of flowers, which Brownie insisted should not be left.

Hilda Sutherland was sitting in her rocking-chair by the little bay window, embroidering a pillow sham, when the sorry-looking pair burst breathlessly into the room.

"Mercy on us!" she exclaimed, aghast. "Who—what—"

"Oh, Aunt Hilda!" June burst out, "Brownie nearly got drowned. Do please find him something dry to put on." Then, as an afterthought, she added, "I'm awfully glad to see you, Aunt Hilda."

Hilda, whom astonishment still held fast to her chair, suddenly felt two cold, wet arms flung tightly around her neck and two soft lips pressed upon her own. Then another pair of arms, wetter still, and another vigorous kiss deprived her of the last atom of breath she had.

As soon as she was able she rose to her feet and took in with one sweeping glance the drenched and bedraggled children—for June herself had scarcely a dry thread upon her—the muddy footmarks along the floor, the wet and crumpled embroidery at her feet, and lastly the bunch of drooping flowers that the girl was at that moment offering her. "They are all for you, Aunt Hilda," she was saying, "but, please—"

"Well, what in creation!" interrupted Hilda, with slow emphasis.

"Did we surprise you?" June asked, laughingly. "Daddy sent a telegram, but Robin forgot it. We came to-day instead of next week, because Daddy had to go to British Columbia right off. But, Aunt Hilda, Brownie got upset out of the canoe. He would be dead now only Robin fished him out. He's as cold as an icicle. Do, please, find him something dry, or he'll get his death."

At last Hilda came to herself, and was equal to the emergency. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "Hurry and take off his wet things while I warm a blanket. It's a mercy I didn't let the fire out."

She took him by the hand and led him to the kitchen, where, beside the stove, June began hastily removing his clothes. Hilda brought a blanket, which she hung by the open oven door, set the kettle on, stirred up the fire, and then came to June's assistance.

In a few minutes Brownie was swathed to the neck in the hot blanket and carried to Hilda's own room, which opened off the kitchen. Between her own smooth sheets she laid

him, then brought him a steaming cup of ginger tea, which, willy nilly, he must drink. He swallowed it bravely.

"Are you getting warm now?" asked Hilda.

"I'm in a burning, fiery furnace, like King Solomon," he replied.

(To be continued).

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—As I write, I am quite near my beautiful lake still, and to-day it has little white foam-crests on the waves, because there is quite a wind blowing, and there are all kinds of wonderful colours in the water—blue, and green, and purple and shadowy gray between the little waves. It is never the same, and as I live by it all day, I can watch it all the time, though I can't make up my mind when I like it best. It is lovely in the morning when I go in for a dip—one day it was pouring with rain at getting-up time, but a dip then is more fun than ever: at sunset, it is magnificent, and one night as I watched the sun going down behind the trees on the opposite shore, a canoe came silently along, and the water was so still that it reflected everybody in the canoe perfectly. The quietness and peace of it then is beyond any power to describe.

I have found many new cousins, too—of course, hundreds and hundreds of queer insect-people. I watched a dragon-fly come out of its shell one day; as for the mosquitoes, the less I tell you about them, the better! The nicest cousins are the squirrels and chip-munks, for they are so tame that they come right up and run across our feet; they even jump on to my bed in the morning sometimes. Did I tell you I sleep in a tent? And it's a peculiar thing to be awakened by a soft little thud on your chest, to open your eyes, and find a furry little fellow looking at you so saucily. He never stays long, though he visits me often, and has discovered how to open a candy-box! Then there are birds of all sorts. When the chipmunk doesn't waken me, the wood-pecker does, and he is very polite, for he knocks at the door always. He gets his breakfast from a tree just across the way, and I hear him every day. There are king-fishers here, and from where I am now, I have seen them catch fish. I saw a great heron yesterday, too, and one of the boys tells me there is a heron's nest in a swamp close by. So you see what an exciting place this is. I have still another fortnight of it,—so, by the time you read this, I shall only have a week, but I don't want the time to come when I have to go, because it's so beautiful.

I must tell you a funny tale. You know the noise a cat-bird makes? Well, we were sitting one night on a big rock up above the water when we heard a plaintive cry just as though there was a pussy-cat in a tree unable to get down. There is one tender-hearted cousin staying with us, and she said: "Oh, poor pussy!" and before we could stop her, she was off among the bushes, hunting for that cat! You can imagine how she was teased! Some of the cousins, I am

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afraid, even called her "kitty" for a day or two.

Now write and tell me all about your holidays. Don't you think it would be a good idea if one week soon, we had a whole page of nothing but letters from cousins telling about their holidays? Then we could all see what we're all doing. Let's have it soon, so hurry up and write to me.

Your affectionate Cousin,
Mike.

Nerves Weak Had Hysterics

Orillia Lady Tells of Her Pitiable Condition When the Nerves Gave Way and She Became Sleepless, Irritable and Excited.

Orillia, Ont. (date of issue).—There is an abundance of proof found right here in Orillia that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is unrivalled as a means of forming new, rich blood and building up the exhausted nervous system.

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"Some years ago my nerves got the better of me. I became so bad that on one occasion, during a thunderstorm, I had a severe attack of hysterics. Then I became anxious about my condition. It was sleeplessness and nervous debility that were my trouble. Some nights it would be 1 o'clock before I could get to sleep. Knowing the good results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I commenced a treatment. I took about seven boxes, and gradually I could feel my nerves becoming steady and my appetite returning. I could sleep well, and stay alone without any difficulty. Some little time ago I commenced losing in weight, and I began using the Nerve Food again as a tonic. I used only two boxes, and recovered the weight I had lost. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and when I see anyone looking ill or nervous I say 'Get busy and use some Nerve Food.'"

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