

and the other got re burnt there the I am not going to the roads are have from about of snow in the ll, I guess I will the Wigs a fair

ONACONA (10).

WEATHER

hy.—My papa has 's Advocate" for think it is a fine read the Western k that is a good

I have been gater, but have not few days, for it

We have a good aville is a small a mile and a half e two trains a has been a very when some snow nes. It is pretty ks more like win- We have got our papa is fanning

I. WOOD (12).

DOOR ME

hy.—Please ex- g two letters in a, but, really, I cy much. I hope enough letter to

hink of a school mes are on the pupils are just y there will only chool age in the them girls. The in existence five years ago, there oing, and great e at recesses and seven pupils in , to which class six of them are ne. The school at vacation.

lephones in this There are five ne. Every time ell everyone else ear. They are I do not think e to be without

miles to go to ave been driving g, but when the ve will walk. get that button, nything interest- aps, if I tell you unt of the num- have written to ink this is my at I have been a years, you may old member and er.

ORIOLE.

PORT

ly.—This is my estern Wigwam. i your club. I 's in the "Advo- has taken the r years. I like I have two sters.

JACK PINE.

PAPER

y.—This is my "Farmer's Ad- it is a lovely l every day, but Easter holidays raving very bad ws is nearly all sisters and one n years old, and me the 11th.

ILY GREEN.

SCHOOL

ly.—This is my estern Wigwam. ry my luck at hool every day

and I like it fine. The studies we take up are arithmetic, geography, composition, history, reading, drawing and writing. We have eight horses and twenty-three head of cattle. I live on a farm six and one-half miles from the town of Holland, and we live one-half mile from the Cypress River, which runs through our farm.

KATIE CAMPBELL (12).

P. S.—Will any of the members about my own age (12 years), correspond with me? K. C.

Man. (a).

(Many thanks for the pretty Easter card. It was sweet of you to remember me.—C. D.)

DUCK SHOOTING

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner, and I hope to see it in print. We expect to start farming in another week. I have a good time shooting ducks on the lake, which is half a mile from our house. My eldest brother is working on the C. N. R. I am not going to school just now. My brother works on the farm.

WEARY WILLIE (12).

Man. (a).

MORE ABOUT THE BIRDS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am a very interested reader of the "Farmer's Advocate." I am reading "The Golden Dog," and like it very much. Don't you think, Cousin Dorothy, that it would be very nice if the members would tell about their favorite birds when they write? The red-breasted robin is my favorite. This morning when I awoke there was one singing in a tree along side of my window. It was so delightful to hear it. It seemed so happy and gay, and as if trying to let us know the best it could that spring, with all its joys, was here. I am very pleased to know that after this we can get buttons.

IRISH MOLLEY.

REX

"If I was dust an 'tittle bit taller I tould weach, but I dess I'll have to det a bots," so saying, little May toddled away in search of said "bots."

Truth to tell, little May was growing tired of the pretty lawn which had been her play-ground ever since she could remember, and the hills and meadows which she could see from the piazza were far more to her liking.

Around in the back-yard she found an old chair with the back off of it, which she immediately appropriated. What did the baby want of the box? Why, to reach the latch on the garden gate, of course. Well, in less time than it takes to tell it, the gate swung open, and little May's blue sunbonnet disappeared around the corner.

"Where did May go, Phyllis?" Mrs. Nelson asked an hour or so later. "Laws! I done forgot all about the chile." And the old black woman hastened out to find what May was doing. In a few minutes she returned with uplifted hands, "Laws, ma'am! the garden gate's wide open an' she had done gone."

In half an hour the search party was out, and when May's thirteen-year-old brother, Ned, came home from his grandmother's, with whom he had been staying for some time, he found the old black woman on the piazza in a great state of fright and anxiety. "Whatever is the matter, Phyllis?" he asked. As soon as he could make out what she was saying, for she was sobbing vehemently, he exclaimed, "Why don't they put Rex on her track?" Rex was a magnificent collie of marvellous size and strength, and a large fund of intelligence. Ned tied a long cord to his collar, and, giving him one of May's sunbonnets to smell, led him out to the gate. The intelligent creature was soon off with his nose close to the ground, with Ned close behind.

Ned's heart leaped into his mouth

as the dog turned toward the river. In another moment they were on the river bank. "Just in time," Ned exclaimed, for there in the very strongest of the current was an old tin boat, and in it was baby May, fast asleep.

Now, Ned was possessed of a great deal of "knowledge never learned at schools," and he knew that just below was a rude log bridge. If he could reach this in time he could stop the boat as it swept under. He dropped the cord by which he was holding Rex, and raced for the bridge. He reached it before the boat, and looked by in time to see the cranky old tin boat strike a snag and overturn, throwing his baby sister into the stream. With a despairing groan he was about to spring after her, when Rex shot by him, and the next moment was struggling toward the shore with the child. But the current was strong, and the noble creature was tired out when at last he got to land.

When the search party was gathered in, Ned found himself the hero of the hour, but the glory was equally shared by Rex.

ORIOLE.

PLANNING THE GARDEN

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my third letter to the Western Wigwam. I think you have a nice name for the little folks' corner. Well, I guess I will tell you something about Alberta. It is a very nice country, I think. There is the Little Bow River, about two miles from our place. It is very pretty, for it has so many curves in it. I expect to have a nice little garden of my own this spring. Of course, I shall have flowers in it, too. I think I will have pansies and sweet peas. We have a very nice view of the Rocky Mountains, and they are so pretty.

Our school closed the last of December, and as going to start the first day of March, I suppose. I have a nice little pony to ride to school; her name is Dolly. I think I will send a drawing in some time. I guess I will close for this time, wishing your corner every success.

FLORENCE FOSTER.

Alta. (b). (Someone chose the pen name you selected before you, so you must try to think of another when you write again.—C. D.)

A TREAT ON FRIDAYS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have long been a silent reader of the Western Wigwam, but I have always failed to have courage enough to write to you. However, I have at last gained courage enough to write. My father has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" for more than a year and thinks it is a very nice paper. We get our mail only twice a week, Mondays and Fridays, so, of course, I am nearly always at school. When I come home from school on Friday, after asking if there is any mail for me, I always go for the "Farmer's Advocate" and read the letters. I have one brother who is two years older than I. We go to school together, and have about three-quarters of a mile to go. My brother, however, does not go to school in summer. With every success to Cousin Dorothy and Wigs.

Man. (a).

POPPY.

FOR FOUR YEARS

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I am nine years old, and this is my first letter to the Western Wigwam. My father has taken the "Farmer's Advocate" for about four years, and I have been reading the letters in it. I am very interested in reading them. We have a little over 60 acres sowed. I go to school right along. We have a mile to go to school, and we walk in summer and drive in winter. I like going to school very well. Our teacher's name is Miss R—. I am in grade III., and my sister is in grade II. I have two little brothers besides. We have nine head of horses and four pigs, two little calves and four cows.

HELEN ARMITAGE.

Man. (b).

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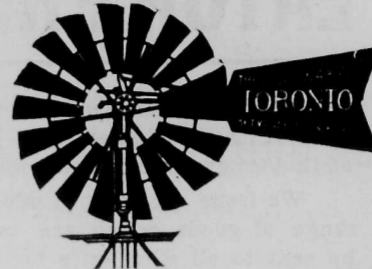


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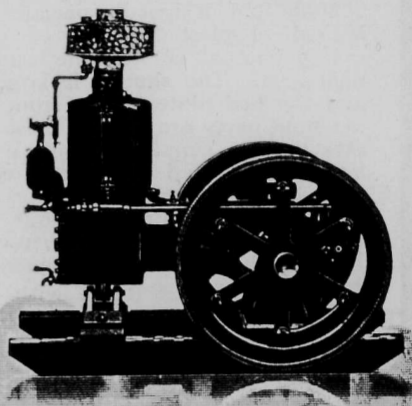
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