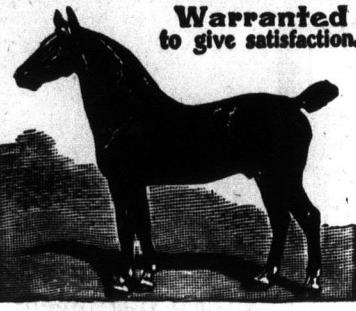


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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

## Children

### The Song of The Piper

By Eleanor Hammack Northcross

Reading one night together a volume of vagrant rime,  
We came to the song of a piper—a lilt of summer time:

He went down a road of silver that led to the old world's end,  
He sang to linnet and sea flower, and he knew each man his friend;  
A basket of tunes for luggage, a kindly wish for all,

He passed and left men merry when he heard the summer call.

'Twas the song of an Irish singer, and the witching melody  
Deepened the voice of the reader with its subtle harmony.

A voice broke the pulsing silence when the liquid verse was done;

It came from the floor and his playthings—the voice of our three years' son.

We had not dreamed of his heeding—the words were beyond his ken—  
But he felt the spell of the music: "O daddy, sing it again!"

And then again on the morrow he came from his romping play.

"Please, muddle, sing me the piper, the one that went away."

Over and over we read it, awed by the dream in his eyes;

A moment later the awe was gone, dispelled by his merry cries,

For our dreaming lay was a romping boy—and we smiled in our paradise.

But one day Death came trumpeting: he spared the old and sad

To call from his play and his dawning dreams our radiant little lad.

So he took his pipes and went away where we could not follow him,

So steep the path, so strange the road, and our poor eyes were so dim.

Our way that of old was a-shimmer with hope and dreams and joy

Is sombre and dull and lonely for want of our little boy.

Is he piping somewhere yonder in a land of summer and song?

Oh, little lad, our little lad, the gray years are long!

### The Wonder-Box

By Annie Willis McCullough

"Good-bye, little maid! Take good care of mamma, and have as nice a time as you can. And oh, that reminds me! Here is a box that grandma and the aunts sent for you. They said it was a wonder-box."

Papa kissed Maidie, embraced mamma, put a package done up in dark red wrapping-paper down on the seat, and hurried out, just as the cars began to steam away on their long, long journey from New York to California. Mother and Maidie rather dreaded the long days before them.

"A wonder-box, mamma!" cried Maidie. She had waved good-by and kissed her hand to papa, and now was reminded of the box because she tried to sit down on it. "What can that be?"

"A box to wonder about, I should say," replied mamma. She was thinking of the tiresome journey, and decided that the surprise-box should not be opened until Maidie grew very weary, in the late afternoon. She had always tried to teach her little daughter to splice out her joys and make them last as long as possible.

"It will keep us busy wondering all day, I think. Let us guess what is in it before we open it, dear. It will be all the nicer if you wait a while, and you've got your new doll to play with. You must get acquainted with her, you know."

So while Maidie examined her new doll's clothing, they talked and wondered and guessed what could be in the wonder-box.

"Anyway, it's something nice, I know," said Maidie, "for grandma and the aunts always do have such fine surprises."

Then her mother would call her attention to the beautiful things to be seen from the window, and so the hours flew past.

By the time the new doll was named, and Maidie had guessed every single thing she could think of, from doughnuts to story-books, it was lunch-time. They had a gay meal out of the lunch-box mamma had prepared. Then Maidie

had a nap, and woke up much refreshed

"I don't think travelling is so tiresome as you said, mamma," she remarked, several times. But about four o'clock in the afternoon she asked, wearily, "Have we got to be on the train forever, mamma?"

Then mamma reached up and got the wonder-box and Maidie clapped her hands, for she had forgotten all about it.

Inside the red paper was a heavy paste-board box, holding several smaller boxes and bundles. On the top lay a letter telling that the wonder-box contained a gift for each of the six days of their journey. It was called a wonder-box because grandma and the aunts knew how Maidie would wonder and guess each day about what was in the next day's package. Each was numbered, and on no account was a package to be opened until the right day!

The first day's gift was a blank book, made by sewing some sheets of thick white paper together, making large square pages. The book was sewed into a blue Bristol-board cover on which had been pasted the picture of a train of cars. Under this was printed in gilt, "A Little Traveller's Diary," and at the head of each of the six leaves a date had been written. A pencil was tied to this book with a long blue ribbon.

"It is to hold the record of your journey, dear," said mamma. "What clever aunts my little girl has! You can write down all about our trip in this book. It will be something pleasant to do every day, and if I were you I'd begin now, because to-day is almost gone."

So Maidie, with mamma's help, put into the book all the things that had happened since morning in the car: how she had got acquainted with a little boy and girl there; how she had treated them to some of the fruit papa had got for her; how at one station where the train stopped a big dog jumped from a carriage and tried to follow his master and mistress on the train, and how sad he seemed when the coachman caught him and put him back into the carriage. Ever so many things had happened that Maidie wanted to put into her diary.

The next day she found that her wonder-box package held blunt-end scissors and paper, and sheets of dolls and furniture to cut out. So she spent a busy and happy day. The third day's package held a book-slate, with pencil attached, and a box of colored crayons. Then "playing school" was the great game, and Maidie's new friends knew just how to help at that. The only trouble was that the little boy always wanted to be the "principal," and he would punish the dolls too often.

The fourth day was spent mostly in reading, for that day's gift from the wonder-box was marked "a traveller's roll." It was a strip of Manila paper as wide as a magazine page, and two or three yards long when unrolled. On it were pasted stories, verses, pictures and puzzles from children's magazines. As Maidie read them she rolled the part she had read, so the paper need be open only the space of a page or so.

The fifth day's package was a little box full of travelling things for Maidie's doll—a tin, towel and wash-cloth tied round a little square of soap, a silk hand-bag with a cunning handkerchief in it, a tiny Japanese fan, dolly size, and a scrap of a bottle containing cologne water.

The last day's gift was the best of all, so Maidie thought. It was a doll's folding bed, with a little doll in it, and was made out of a spool-box covered over with plain paper. If you try to open one at one end, holding the lid and box together at the other, you will see what a nice doll's folding bed it makes. And inside were a tiny mattress, sheets and blanket, and the doll was dressed in a flannel lounging-robe.

When Maidie and mamma reached San Francisco, you may be sure that they carried the wonder-box carefully from the train with them.

Maidie called it her "magic box," for it had made the long-dreaded six days seem like three.

Cholera Infantum—A teaspoon of milk and lime-water may be given every twenty or thirty minutes. It should be given cold. Lime-water may be given alone if the stomach will not tolerate the milk. In grave cases a few drops of Brandy may be added.

## Western Homes Limited

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Western Homes Limited, which appears on another page of this issue. The annual meeting was held in Winnipeg last month, and it was shown that for a comparatively new company remarkable headway has been made during the past two years.

Western Homes Limited were organized in 1914 and began doing business in the name of the Company at the beginning of the year 1915, and they have, therefore, just completed their second year in business. The subscribed capital as at January 1st, 1916, was \$182,800.00, and the paid-up capital \$24,581.43. During the year the subscribed capital has been increased by \$68,600.00, and the paid-up capital by \$22,777.98.

The capital has been invested in securities selected by the directors, who have considered only those that offered ample security and desirable covenants. Safety has been the first consideration in making each investment.



M. W. Argue  
President of Western Homes Limited

The auditor's statement shows that after reserving \$4,026.50 to provide for unearned profits, and after providing for all fees due the management for care and oversight of the investments, they have a net profit of \$4,045.05, which represents a return of approximately 12 per cent on the capital employed.

A 7 per cent dividend for the year 1915 was paid in February, 1916. A second dividend at 7 per cent per annum for the six months ending June 30th was paid in July, 1916, and the directors have now declared a third dividend for the half-year ending December 30th, 1916, at the same rate.

### The Home

When the children come in at the gate,  
With a clatter of tongue or ball,  
Down goes my work—down with a jerk,  
And I hasten to meet them all.  
A little while only a child,  
And a long, long time a man!  
So as I am mother and queen of the home,  
I brighten it all I can.

When the children go out at the gate,  
With flowers, rice, laughter and tears,  
Farewell I wave, looking so brave,  
And hasten to smother my fears.  
A little while only a bride,  
And a long, long time a wife;  
So I counsel gravely, work well and bravely,  
And love will dwell in your life.

When the children go out at the gate,  
All hidden by death's solemn pall,  
My heart nigh breaks, with sorrow aches;  
And yet I must comfort them all.  
A little while only in death,  
And a long, long time in bliss!  
So, as I am mother and queen of the home,  
I solace my grief with this.

Never depend on a stuttering man  
He'll break his word.

"Is she wearing black for her last husband?"  
"No, for her next. She looks stunning in it."