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HATTIE WARREN

Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915.

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A Journey to Fairyland

Chrissie was looking out of the window again the morning after the bears' visit which I told you of in my last story. "Boys," she called out. "Come quickly! Here are the Teddy Bears." Geof and Jack rushed to the window and were just in time to see Bear and Forbear getting out of a very grand automobile which was standing in front of their gate. The children ran out to welcome them.

"Have you come to 'play with us again?' they shouted all together.

"We thought you might like to come for a ride with us," said Bear.

"Hurrah!" cried Geof. "Of course, we will," and in they all clambered. It was a wonderful automobile and shone as if it were made of silver.

"How do you like our car?" said Forbear, after a short silence, during which the children had been taking it all in with wide open eyes.

"It is lovely," said Geof. "I have never seen one like it."

"Oh, well, you know," answered Bear, "you earth people have your autos made by different firms from ours. All our motors are made by Messrs. Fancy and Co., of Make-Believe Town, and they take you anywhere you want to go. You just hold on to the steering wheel, the name of which is 'Let's Pretend,' and away you go to the place where you want most to be."

"And where are you going now?" asked Chrissie.

"Where would you like to go?" said Bear. "Would you like to visit Fairyland?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes!" answered all three together.

"Well, you can choose which part you go to, Good Fairyland or Bad Fairyland," replied Bear.

Now it is a curious thing that all little people seem to like best stories about naughty children, and I suppose it was for the same reason, whatever that may be, that our three little friends all voted immediately for Bad Fairyland; though little Jack added rather fearfully, "They won't hurt us, will they?"

Forbear looked at him kindly. "Oh, no," he answered. "The bad fairies cannot hurt you as long as you do not make friends with them; they never come near you unless you allow them to."

There was not much talking after this, as the auto went so fast that the children were quite breathless, and scarcely saw anything on the way, until at last they drew up in front of a tall iron archway, which looked very gloomy and dark. It led into the street of a busy looking town, which the Bears explained was the capital town of Bad Fairyland. They at once began to drive slowly and point out to the children the places of interest as they went by. Their attention was attracted by a large stone castle, standing back from the road.

"That," said Bear, "is Castle Pride. It belongs to an old giant called Mammon. I have heard it is very grand inside, and the walls of his rooms are papered with dollar bills."

"There," pointed out Forbear, with a wave of his furry paw, "is the largest store in the town. It belongs to I. Cheatem, and his son, Do-your-neighbor, and his daughter, Shortweight, help him in his business. He has a whole staff of Imps, that he is always sending into your earth world, and it is surprising what a good time they have there, they are never long out of employment."

The next thing that the children noticed was a kind looking old gentleman who seemed to spend his time offering to give people rides on his buggy.

"Surely he must be a good fairy come here by mistake," said Chrissie. Bear and Forbear shook their heads gravely. "His name is Mr. Easy-Way-of-Doing-Things, and he is always busy giving people lifts, but the trouble is that after going about with him for hours they always find themselves in the same place they started from, and no nearer to their destination. He is very often in your world, too, and is a constant visitor at your schools. He just loves young people, and is always trying to persuade them to ride with him. When you come with me to Good Fairyland I can introduce you to some of the fairies we send out to stop his tricks."

They now came to a very dismal and dirty part of the town, and as they

passed along looked down a narrow and muddy lane. "That is Mouth Alley," said Bear, "and a lot of horrid fairies, imps and goblins live there. The largest house in the Alley belongs to Old Goblin False Tongue; I daresay you have heard of his twins, Cram and Fib, they are always paying visits to your world, and next door to him lives old Mrs. Talebearing, and a little further down Mrs. Gossip, Mrs. Scandal and a great many others of the same kind."

"I think you must have been quite long enough in this bad air," said Bear at last turning his car slowly round, "and so we will be getting home again, though there is still a great deal you have not seen."

"Who does that great red house belong to?" asked Jack, "it looks as if it were on fire."

"That is Mr. Bad Temper's farm," replied Bear; "he employs a lot of imps. The one I turned out of your nursery yesterday, Imp Discontent, is one of his farm hands, and he has scores of others that I hope do not visit you—Imp Pinch, Imp Slap, Goblin Scratch, Gnome Pout, and many more, and he grows all sorts of dreadful crops on his farm which are very poisonous if used for food."

The children were not very sorry when at last they left this dismal town and were out again in the fresh air of the country. It seemed to take only a few minutes for them to get back to their own gate. "Another day," said the Bears as they waved good-bye, "we will visit Good Fairyland together, and you will be sure to like it better and feel more at home than you did to-day."

Military Discipline Among Animals

In these days of general interest in things military, it is interesting to know that certain animals are governed by what appear to be almost military regulations. Among animals only the gregarious, of course, show qualities of leadership and discipline.

Wild horses obey their leader more implicitly than any soldiers however well disciplined. Mustangs are wary, difficult to approach, and almost impossible to capture, owing to the devotion with which they follow their leader and to a code of signals that they never disregard.

A short, shrill neigh is the command to flee; a long-drawn, far-carrying neigh is the rallying call when the herd is scattered; a squeal orders the stallions to stand ready to fight off dangerous beasts; and a wild snort indicates the sight or scent of man. The snort of a mustang can be heard half a mile or more.

Certain movements are also important as signals. At the first hint of danger, the horse that detects it throws his head and tail high in the air, stands motionless, and gazes fixedly in the direction from which he anticipates trouble. Usually that is enough to put the entire herd on the alert. Should the enemy prove to be bears, wolves or any foe against which the drove can defend itself, the "signal horse" dashes forward, prancing from side to side, rearing, and striking the ground. Should their most dreaded enemy, man, be approaching, the horse will circle far in toward the main body, and as he turns for one last look he will snort out a trumpet-like blast. Then with a rush, a roar, and a clatter of hoofs the entire herd is gone—the leader in front, the stallions in the rear, the colts in the middle.

Even old, well-trained work horses when turned out to pasture will generally select a leader and be governed by him. The herd commander may be an old and gentle mare or the wildest and warriest horse of the drove. In the latter case, the herd often becomes almost as difficult to handle as so many wild horses, whereas the old mare will keep her drove in the most tractable condition.

The peccaries of Mexico have a battle cry that is never disobeyed—a short, vicious squeal, quickly repeated, and kept up without ceasing. That noise drives the little beasts frantic; all within hearing rush to get into the fray, and nothing short of death stops their charge. If the hunter does not shoot his peccary so dead that it cannot emit a single dying squeal, his only safety lies in instant flight.

The peccary has also a note that sounds the retreat. It is a grunt something like the, "woof! woof! woof!" of a bear as he dashes

KIDNEYS SO BAD WOULD FAINT AWAY THAT WAY FOR TWO YEARS.

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Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for all kidney troubles.

Mrs. Albert Williams, Edam, Sask., writes:—"I have the greatest pleasure in telling you what Doan's Kidney Pills did for me. Ten years ago I was so bad with my kidneys that I would faint away, and could not stand to do anything. I had been that way for two years, and had done all I could, but did not get any better until one day some one put a little book in our door, and I saw how another young girl had suffered like I was then, so I thought I would try them, and I am glad to say that after taking four boxes I have never had the same thing again. Thanks to 'Doan's.'"

When asking for "Doan's Pills" see that you get the oblong grey box with the trade mark of a "Maple Leaf." Price 50c; put up by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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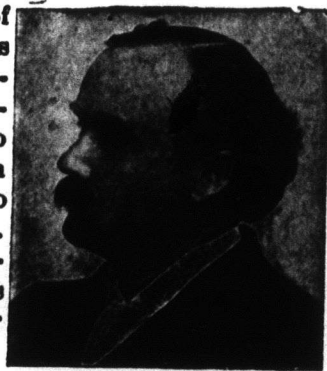
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