

The Coming of the Crocus

Written for The Western Home Monthly by M. Eugenie Perry.

"I was just twenty-eight years ago this spring," the Captain was saying to the neighbor, who had dropped in for an evening chat, and smoke. "I can see, as plain as if it happened today, the regiments marching down that very road," and he waved his hand towards the old Fort Qu'Appelle trail that ran along the front of his farm. Neighbor Hicks had heard the story of the coming of the troops at the time of the North West Rebellion, many times before, but he had an excellent reason for wishing to keep on the right side of the Captain; yet, while he turned an interested expression, and one ear in the direction of his host, the other ear listened to the clink of dishes in the kitchen, where Caroline was "redding up" after the evening meal.

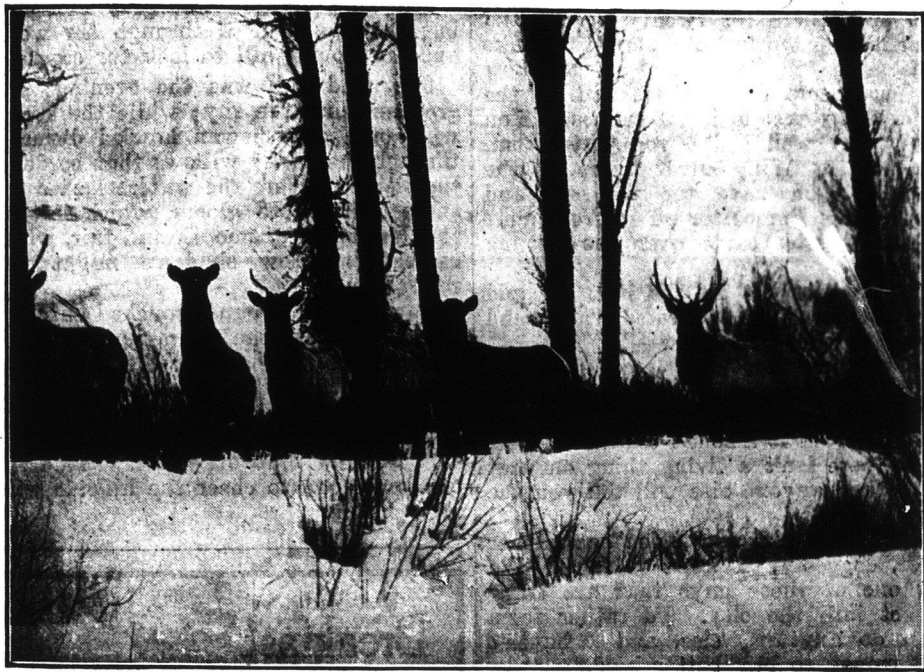
"I tell you there was swell doin's at Qu'Appelle while the soldiers waited for orders to move on—dinners and dances for the officers, and such goin's on; to no end, and a sentinel walked up and down in front of the house they used

for a barracks, and called out 'all's well,' as if Louis Riel and his followers was just over in the bluff, behind, waiting for a good opportunity to pounce on the town, and then one night they did hear a stir in the trees, and there was some excitement for sure—and the sentinel called out bravely 'who goes there?' and shot in the direction of the sounds, and next morning, sure's you're born, they went out to look, and found he'd shot a pig."

It was this fondness for "reminiscing" about the Rebellion, which had earned him his title of "Captain," for the only active part he had taken in the affair, had been the freighting of supplies out to the front of operations, Qu'Appelle having been, at that time the nearest railway point to the scenes of the revolt.

This freighting had proven lucrative employment, and had given the Captain, and his neighbors (few and far between in those days) their start towards a respectable competence.

Caroline smiled indulgently, as she



The elk on sentry in a Manitoba forest

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The number of persons whose ailments were such that no other food could be retained at all, is large and reports are on the increase.

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"Three years ago I was attracted by an article on Grape-Nuts and decided to try it.

"My stomach was so weak I could not take cream, but I used Grape-Nuts with milk and lime water. It helped me from the first, building up my system in a manner most astonishing to the friends who had thought my recovery impossible.

"Soon I was able to take Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast and lunch at night, with an egg and Grape-Nuts for dinner.

"I am now able to eat fruit, meat and nearly all vegetables for dinner, but fondly continue Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper.

"At the time of beginning Grape-Nuts I could scarcely speak a sentence without changing words around or 'talking crooked' in some way but I have become so strengthened that I no longer have that trouble." Name given by Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, 'The Road to Wellville,' in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

heard her father prosing away at his oft-repeated tale; and knowing that he was safe to forget her existence for some time, she took her brown jersey down off a nail, stuck a brown wool cap on her fair hair; and noiselessly lifting the latch, found herself breathing in the bracing air of a glorious spring evening.

"The crocuses was just comin' out on the hills"—came her father's voice from the slightly opened window—and Caroline caught her breath.

"The crocuses"—would they, could they, be up yet? Turning away from the house, and anxious to avoid being seen from the front windows, she slipped behind the row of Manitoba maples (which her father had planted twenty-two years ago—the year that she was born), and ran swiftly towards Sunset hill.

There, down on her knees, she searched diligently among the ghosts of last year's flowers and grass, but not the sign of a crocus could she find.

"But how could they be up yet?" she consoled herself, "so early in April as it is, and this is really the first warm day we've had; and even our dear brave little first flowers, cannot venture forth without some promise of heat.—But there—there is the promise," she continued, wistfully, gazing away to westward, where the crimson sun balanced himself on the neighboring hills, for his evening dip into the sea of rosy clouds, beyond.

"So perhaps," she whispered, "perhaps—tomorrow." Then she sat down on a large flat stone, and gave herself up to dreaming; while her eyes drank in the beauty of the spring landscape; her ears listened to the spring sounds; and her whole being absorbed the unmistakable feeling of spring in the air.

Below her lay a broad slough, whose waters glowed with the reflections

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