

Marguerite Petals

Written Specially for the Women Readers of The Times

Random Etchings

It is a pity that so few ladies can remember jokes, for there is no easier road to social popularity than the ability to tell a good joke at a time when it exactly "fits in."

The vessel carries in all some two hundred and seventy men, and is on a year's cruise. From here she goes to Vancouver on Monday, and from there to Japan.

Speaking of Victoria one of the officers remarked that he found it very cold here, and that the trees were different to any in Italy.

By everyone we were received with smiles and courteous kindness, and left the vessel accompanied by four attendants, who in respectful bare-footed silence conducted us to the shore, our first visit to a battle ship over.

The reason gentlemen as a rule tell stories so much better than ladies is that they tell them over and over again, in their club rooms, on the street, anywhere; let a man—the right kind of a man, of course—hear a good joke and he never rests until he has sprung it on every man he knows; but a woman! does she ever think of repeating a joke at an afternoon tea?

Tommy. Tommy he would a-wooloo go. Good-looking Tommy! A wealthy bride he wanted, O Debt-harassed Tommy!

With kid gloves hand he plucked a rose. Cuts fellow, Tommy. Knowing 'twould help him to propose, No flies on Tommy.

On rustic seat with vines o'er hung, Lingered our Tommy. Quite near him sat a maiden young, Fortunate Tommy.

He placed the rose-bud in her hair; Cheeky chap, Tommy! And somehow then, he kissed her there, Tum-yum! Tommy!

White love's sweet words rolled from his eloquent Tommy! The fair maid closer to him clung; Jubilant Tommy!

But, on the scene came papa's feet; Alas, poor Tommy! When last he twas on the street; Bore, sorry Tommy!

Time should receive the credit for being a master of recitation as well as of wine. It is only when the critics are done with a book that it has a chance to be loved or praised, or neglected by the masses. Such a state of affairs is not always pleasing to the author; but then as some wiseacre says, criticism should be read by everybody and anybody but the one who prompted the attack.

On wonders how Gray felt when he read the review of his famous "Elegy": "These homely but meritorious verses are calculated to give great pleasure." The acute critic thought, no doubt, that he had said something pleasant about a very dull production.

One of Tennyson's early critics wrote of "In Memoriam": "These touching lines evidently come from the full heart of the widow of a military man. It is safe to assume that the critic had just even taken the pains to read the poem through."

Here and there on the sands may be seen a bit of the past—an old, old woman bent and gray, and pitifully poor, gathering help for the blind, and with brown, withered hands piling it laboriously beyond the reach of the incoming tide.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

lasses with each returning season. Probably the rakish old god loves, or whether the vows are fulfilled or not, and luckily his memory is short. If a same lover with a different lass comes to him for his benediction he does not know that a change has been made in combinations. Undoubtedly there are some mortals who do not believe in this out of date Venus and her old-fashioned son. Such people give the praise or blame of these summer idyls to something they call propriety, but then—some people do not believe in Santa Clause!

Low Tide. The sea came wooing in mad male fashion; The strand like a maiden was shy as fair; He fell at her feet with a cry of passion; And flung out his arms to clasp her there.

He swore to be true; the bright stars glistened; And the wind went dallying off with the ships; While the strand like a maiden leaned and listened; And the sea's wild kisses fell on her lips.

But desolate now in the moonlight's glory Is lying the pale, deserted strand; While the sea is telling the same old story— To another shore, in another land.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Thoughts by the Way

It would, perhaps, be too obvious a truism to say that nowhere in Victoria can one get away from the sea, and the reason one never tires of it is because of its infinite variety. Now blue with a sapphire's blueness; green as leaves new washed with rain; emerald like a jewelled necklace; gray like the clouds that hang overhead, always reflecting the moods of the sky. Angry as a defeated general in battle, it turns again and yet again to the charge, dashing itself against the shore, our first visit to a battle ship over.

It is a pity that so few ladies can remember jokes, for there is no easier road to social popularity than the ability to tell a good joke at a time when it exactly "fits in."

The vessel carries in all some two hundred and seventy men, and is on a year's cruise. From here she goes to Vancouver on Monday, and from there to Japan.

Speaking of Victoria one of the officers remarked that he found it very cold here, and that the trees were different to any in Italy. By everyone we were received with smiles and courteous kindness, and left the vessel accompanied by four attendants, who in respectful bare-footed silence conducted us to the shore, our first visit to a battle ship over.

The reason gentlemen as a rule tell stories so much better than ladies is that they tell them over and over again, in their club rooms, on the street, anywhere; let a man—the right kind of a man, of course—hear a good joke and he never rests until he has sprung it on every man he knows; but a woman! does she ever think of repeating a joke at an afternoon tea?

Tommy. Tommy he would a-wooloo go. Good-looking Tommy! A wealthy bride he wanted, O Debt-harassed Tommy!

With kid gloves hand he plucked a rose. Cuts fellow, Tommy. Knowing 'twould help him to propose, No flies on Tommy.

On rustic seat with vines o'er hung, Lingered our Tommy. Quite near him sat a maiden young, Fortunate Tommy.

He placed the rose-bud in her hair; Cheeky chap, Tommy! And somehow then, he kissed her there, Tum-yum! Tommy!

White love's sweet words rolled from his eloquent Tommy! The fair maid closer to him clung; Jubilant Tommy!

But, on the scene came papa's feet; Alas, poor Tommy! When last he twas on the street; Bore, sorry Tommy!

Time should receive the credit for being a master of recitation as well as of wine. It is only when the critics are done with a book that it has a chance to be loved or praised, or neglected by the masses. Such a state of affairs is not always pleasing to the author; but then as some wiseacre says, criticism should be read by everybody and anybody but the one who prompted the attack.

On wonders how Gray felt when he read the review of his famous "Elegy": "These homely but meritorious verses are calculated to give great pleasure." The acute critic thought, no doubt, that he had said something pleasant about a very dull production.

One of Tennyson's early critics wrote of "In Memoriam": "These touching lines evidently come from the full heart of the widow of a military man. It is safe to assume that the critic had just even taken the pains to read the poem through."

Here and there on the sands may be seen a bit of the past—an old, old woman bent and gray, and pitifully poor, gathering help for the blind, and with brown, withered hands piling it laboriously beyond the reach of the incoming tide.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

Bathing girls are divided into many more things than can be said in more than one more ship can drop anchor; but she is not sad or complaining for from it, her eyes are dimmed and beads of long shed tears maybe, but they have nothing but kindness in their glance for the children who play at her feet, and as she watches the maid and her lover seeking a sheltered spot for the night, she is not of sorrowful eyes and wither'd brow, but of joy at the certainty of a speedy reunion with those who have gone before to the land where there is no more sea.

interspersed with wild lupulin, on the summit almost of Beacon Hill. Cadboro Bay from Uplands Farm is an autumn scene with some very fine oak trees in the foreground, and the grass underneath greened in spots by the rains. Effects of a chilly autumn day are effectively produced by somber skies and purple shadows.

Big Fir on Beacon Hill shows on a large cavity a group of sentinel fir-rills of the "forest primeval," standing near the road leading to the sea, where other Olympians show softly blue. This, too, is a somewhat chilly, somber scene and shows Mrs. Beauland's power to create atmosphere as well as to reproduce scenery.

Of special interest at the present time are two pictures, painted one from the southwest, and the other from the northeast side of the old Quadra street cemetery. They show the little Lutheran church and the gorge and other plants which made the spot a picture-wilderness before the work of shall I say—improvement?—commenced. In one of the views a white maytree which has since been ruthlessly sacri-

ficed, rears its snowy top in picturesque contrast to the amber foliage of the oaks and evergreens.

Among the portraits, the one which particularly attracted the writer's fancy was an unfinished sketch of an old English schoolmaster seated in his humble home, whose deep brown eyes look straight at one with a most life-like expression, while the compressed sensitive lips and tightly clasped hands make one feel as if he could step off the canvas and reveal many hidden sources of knowledge if he only would.

One canvas painted at Macaulay Point, shows a sapphire sea and sky with a background of sapphire mountains in the heart of whose snow-

covered summits nestles, The Valley of the Angels. In the foreground to the left, is one solitary tree with a tuft of vivid green grass at its foot, and scraggly flowers eking out a scanty existence among the rocks; while to the right are the dimly outlined fortifications, and Macaulay Point itself stretches out yellow, rocky hands to the sea.

A Prosperous Settler, is the name aptly given to a delightfully realistic study of Victoria's glory, the broom, on Beacon Hill; the gorgeous yellow and softer brown tints of the broom are so faithfully reproduced that one is almost tempted to break off a sprig.

The Road to Ross Bay Cemetery is a small, restful canvas showing a quiet, dusty road leading through brownish red grass and fuzzy dandelion down a quiet grey sea, beyond which the Olympians show softly in the dim distance. One can almost feel the drowsy, languorous heat of the summer afternoon as one looks at it.

The Road to the Flagstaff shows an other cleverly painted clump of broom

among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

Two quaint, Britany interiors show painstaking work and careful coloring, while an Irish cabin showing first the interior of the living room with its mud floor and open hearth, and through an open door a bedroom, where the peasant is kneeling before a suspended crucifix, takes one over the seas to the land of the shamrock.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Beauland's work makes one think of a story told of an old German teacher which goes something like this: "Talent," said he, "is something, for without it one can accomplish nothing worth while, therefore, let us call it, I. Industry with-out talent is nothing, therefore let us designate it by O. But talent and industry combined may accomplish great things, therefore let us designate it by IO!"

Among the many others worthy of note, an old scarlet-croft, medalled Chelsea pensioner; a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady reading her Bible, and a most life-like reproduction of an old Sussex laborer, in moleskins, are particularly good.

The Lost Baby

A Children's Story in Five Chapters. Written for the "Times" by Marguerite Evans.

CHAPTER I.

Six-year-old Alex. Paterson was not as happy as a healthy, well cared for boy of that age is supposed to be. His condition threatened to grow worse, and it disheartened him. In that house, the mere fact of being a boy, who never could do one single thing without being found out, and scolded, was bad enough; but to have to rock a cradle containing a baby brother he didn't want, was, well, he didn't know just what it was, for his vocabulary was limited.

"Though to be sure, if you took Alma's word for it, being a little four-year-old girl whose nose had been put out of joint by the new baby, was a bad business too. Not that she could

so hard that she broke the comb, had hurried him down stairs to see the new baby which the doctor had brought in the night.

"The boy rubbed his still smarting eyes and glanced at the red face peeping from the bundle of shawls, said: "Shucks! Is that it? That red thing? Yes, ain't it cunning?" said Mr. Stewart, the woman next door.

"What will you give me for it?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing," replied the boy promptly. "I don't want it, but if you'll change it for a pair of white rabbits I'll give you fifty cents."

"Why, I expect I'll have to pay twenty-five dollars for it," said Mr. Paterson, looking at the doctor, and then everybody laughed at least everybody but the boy. He didn't think it funny at all, but he examined the little red thing in the crib with more interest, and when no one was looking, tried to see how far back he could bend

his fingers that were curled up just like bird's claws.

That afternoon when the boys on the street were telling about the chickens and calves and lambs they had, Alex. suddenly felt very important at a moment when he was supposed to be a baby.

Worse still, she made Alex. take a cloth, a nasty wet cloth, and wipe the mud off the stairs and hall that the boys had carried in on their boots.

He was afraid to go on the street for a whole day after that, but of course Aunt Jean was always planning things to make trouble for a boy, so she gave him a little tin pail and sent him to the very farthest house in the row after milk for the baby.

Just as if the milk the rest drank wasn't good enough for him too!

The boys ran after him, wanting their marbles back. He hadn't them with him for Aunt Jean had made him give them to Alma so she would be quiet and not wake the baby.

He promised to return them in the morning, but Alma had lost three, so what could he do? Not go for milk surely! When Aunt Jean gave him the little tin pail again and told him to hurry, he slid down cellar through the window at the back and filled the baby's pail from a picher of milk he found there. Then he climbed out by pacing a chair on top of a box.

When he went back into the kitchen, Aunt Jean looked at him with those sharp eyes of hers that seemed to see everything even in the dark, and said: "You haven't had time to be to Smith's and back. Where did you get that milk?"

Alex. didn't answer, what was the use? Aunt Jean always seemed to know things without anybody telling her.

He slipped into the parlor and hid behind the sofa just as he always did when he wanted folks to let him alone for a while so he could think. He hadn't been there very long when he knew what to do. Then, when he heard Aunt Jean go upstairs he slipped out to the kitchen and took up the little tin pail which she had emptied and washed and went out on the street.

This time he was really going for the milk.

When the boys came he was ready for them.

"I'll give you back your old marbles if you say so," he said, "but if you'll let me keep them and each of you give me a nickel, I'll bring the baby out on the street in my express wagon and each of you can pull it a block."

At first the boys hooted and said they knew he hadn't any baby.

"What do you s'pose I'm going after?" Alex. asked indignantly, swinging the tin pail around his head.

"Milk, up to Smith's!" shouted Jim Bird, who a year previously had gone to the same place on a similar errand.

Alex. nodded his head triumphantly. "They get their milk from a cow," he explained. "It isn't the same kind

of milk that she broke the comb, had hurried him down stairs to see the new baby which the doctor had brought in the night.

"The boy rubbed his still smarting eyes and glanced at the red face peeping from the bundle of shawls, said: "Shucks! Is that it? That red thing? Yes, ain't it cunning?" said Mr. Stewart, the woman next door.

"What will you give me for it?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing," replied the boy promptly. "I don't want it, but if you'll change it for a pair of white rabbits I'll give you fifty cents."

"Why, I expect I'll have to pay twenty-five dollars for it," said Mr. Paterson, looking at the doctor, and then everybody laughed at least everybody but the boy. He didn't think it funny at all, but he examined the little red thing in the crib with more interest, and when no one was looking, tried to see how far back he could bend

his fingers that were curled up just like bird's claws.

That afternoon when the boys on the street were telling about the chickens and calves and lambs they had, Alex. suddenly felt very important at a moment when he was supposed to be a baby.

Worse still, she made Alex. take a cloth, a nasty wet cloth, and wipe the mud off the stairs and hall that the boys had carried in on their boots.

He was afraid to go on the street for a whole day after that, but of course Aunt Jean was always planning things to make trouble for a boy, so she gave him a little tin pail and sent him to the very farthest house in the row after milk for the baby.

Just as if the milk the rest drank wasn't good enough for him too!

The boys ran after him, wanting their marbles back. He hadn't them with him for Aunt Jean had made him give them to Alma so she would be quiet and not wake the baby.

He promised to return them in the morning, but Alma had lost three, so what could he do? Not go for milk surely! When Aunt Jean gave him the little tin pail again and told him to hurry, he slid down cellar through the window at the back and filled the baby's pail from a picher of milk he found there. Then he climbed out by pacing a chair on top of a box.</