

poked it. She seemed to be trying to find something to do that would keep her there till Nurse came back. There was an air of mystery about her, too, and Molly wondered what could be the matter. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. Jane looked more mysterious than ever. "We never know what's coming next," she said, pursing up her lips and tossing her head. "A telegram comes, and then your life's happiness is wrecked for ever."

"Has a telegram come, Jane?" said Molly.

"I never said so, Miss," said Jane. "Well, you look awfully silly," said Molly. "I'm sure something must have happened—you might just as well tell me."

"Isn't my place to say when there's trouble in the house," said Jane with a sniff; "and besides, children oughtn't to know unappiness."

This was too much for poor Molly. She jumped down from her chair and ran round the table to Jane.

"Oh, do tell me," she begged. "It's much worse to know that something's wrong and not know what it is."

"Ah, you'll have your own sorrows one of these days, Miss," said Jane. She began to sweep up the hearth, singing in a low voice:

"Only a few more troubles,
Sorrow must come some day,
Life cannot be all sunshine—"

"I'm going down to Mother to find out what it is," said Molly, suddenly.

"That you're not, Miss," said Jane firmly. "Nurse would be at me for a chatterbox. You stay up here and keep nice and quiet, and I'll pop up and let you know when Nurse tells us in the kitchen."

"Then you don't know!" said Molly. "It's simply your own invention."

"Necessity is the mother of invention," said Jane, and with this dark saying she left the room.

Molly stood by the fire for a moment wondering what Jane's last remark had to do with anything. Then she heard someone coming up the stairs and ran to see who it was.

"Oh, Mother, is anything the matter?" she called.

"Nurse has got to go home for a few weeks," said her mother as she came to the door. "I'm rather worried about it. Her little brother has got scarlet fever, and Nurse was with him only the other day. You'll try and amuse yourself this evening, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, Mummy," said Molly; "I shall be quite all right."

"There's my dear girl," said Mother, and she kissed her and went away to her room.

Molly went across to the window and pulled back the curtains. She looked out into the dark street, and away down in the town she could see the lights twinkling golden and bright. She felt it would be very nice to be out there running down the lamp-lit road with the fresh wind cooling her cheeks and blowing through her hair.

"If only my hair would curl!" she said with a big sigh. Her sigh was echoed by somebody in the room, and when Molly turned from the window she saw a little girl sitting on a cushion before the fire.

"Well!" was all Molly could say. The girl, who was not so very small, as Molly saw at a second glance, turned round at the sound, and she held a piece of fine sewing in her hand.

"Don't you know me?" she said. "Come over here and you will in a moment when you have looked at me."

Molly walked wonderingly to her and sat down. For a long time she looked at her visitor in silence.

"Have a guess!" said the girl. "I've never seen you before," said Molly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the girl. "Well—perhaps not me exactly, but you've seen pictures of me."

"Have I," said Molly, and she thought of the large portrait album in the drawing room, but she could not remember having seen this girl among the portraits there.

"What about this?" said the girl, holding out her sewing to Molly. "Did you ever see such a fine seam as that? And what about this?" she added, pat-

ting the cushion she sat upon. "And these?" she said, shaking her head until the thick golden curls flew round in a whirl of light.

"Oh," said Molly, with a gasp. "Of course—Curly-Locks."

"Just so," said the girl.

"Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks, will you be mine?"

"Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks, will you be mine?"

You shall not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine.

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream."

Only I've had my daily allowance of strawberries, so I couldn't bring any with me."

"But it's winter," Molly objected. "Makes no difference what it is here," said Curly-Locks. "It's always summer in Nursery Rhyme Country."

Molly wanted dreadfully to ask Curly-Locks why she had come away from Nursery Rhyme Country, but she thought it might be rude, and the next moment Curly-Locks explained it.

"You see," she said, "I knew you loved curls, and I wanted help so I came to see if you could give it me."

"Help?" said Molly. "Whatever for?"

"I'm dead sick of it all," said Curly-Locks. "That's what I am—dead sick of it."

Molly thought that Curly-Locks talked as Jane did, and she knew that Mother had told her not to copy Jane's way of speaking. She had felt every moment that Curly-Locks would drop an "h," and the next moment she did.

"He's like a 'eathen," said Curly-Locks.

"Who?" asked Molly, thoroughly bewildered.

"Why, the Prince, of course," said her friend. "Perhaps I'd better tell you about it from the beginning. You know that I used to keep pigs?"

"No," said Molly.

"Well, where would have been the sense of saying 'nor yet feed the swine' if I didn't?" said Curly-Locks.

"There wouldn't have been any," said Molly.

"Exactly. Well I kept pigs and washed dishes, and I had grand times. There was the stable-boy, Robin. He and I used to teach the pigs to do all sorts of things—dancing and jumping and all that. He played the pipe in the yard and I danced with the pigs. Oh, they were grand times," sighed Curly-Locks, "grand times."

"They must have been," said Molly, sympathetically, and her eyes sparkled at the thought of the performing pigs.

"Why ever did you leave them?"

"I was silly," said Curly-Locks. "There's no getting away from it. I was downright silly. One day I had washed all the dishes, and Robin and I were going to have a circus in the yard. He got out his pipe, and I was just putting the pigs through their steps when the Prince came down the lane on his horse and looked over the farmyard wall. Robin didn't see him, and went on playing, so I danced to the end of the tune. When we had finished, the Prince leaned over and said, 'Curly-Locks, Curly-Locks, will you be mine?' I needn't say it, because you know as well as I do what he said. I looked at him for a minute, and I thought of all the dishes I had to wash up, and the pigs to feed, and the vegetables to get ready for dinner every day, and I said 'Yes' before I knew what I was saying. The Prince threw his cap up in the air and shouted 'Hurrah!' And with that he whisked me up behind him on to his horse, and away we rode right into Nursery Rhyme Country, leaving poor Robin with his mouth wide open, and the pigs, silly things, doing their steps all wrong because I wasn't there to look after them. Oh dear, oh dear, them pigs!" said Curly-Locks, and she put her face down into her hands and began to cry.

Molly was very sorry. She put her arm round her and tried to wipe her eyes with the fine seam.

"Oh, don't cry, Curly-Locks, dear," she said. "I will help you all I can. But I don't know what you want me to do. Don't you like strawberries and cream?"

"That part isn't so bad," sobbed Curly-Locks. "It's these old seams and gram-



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Your sincere friend, MRS. NORMAN WEAVER.
Trenton, Ont., Dec. 4th, 1909.

Mrs. F. E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.—
Dear Friend,—I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lily has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my housework during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb and ovaries. The pain began going up the groin, so I would frequently nearly double up. Then the pain began going up the back of my neck to my brain until I hardly knew what I was doing at times. Life was a burden indeed. I finally could endure it no longer, so went to our leading town doctor and had an examination. He pronounced it (I forget the word) a rigid condition of the generative organs, produced by repeated attacks of inflammation. He said I would have to take a course of treatment, and if that failed to overcome the rigid condition I might, in time, be compelled to have the ovaries removed. I objected to that, so filled out Dr. Coonley's symptom blank and forwarded it to him, and he diagnosed the disease the same as my local doctor, so I decided to take Dr. Coonley's Treatment. I have used two jars of Cerate Massage, two packages of Herbal Womb Tonic and six boxes of Orange Lily. It is eight months since I began the treatment, but I feel like a new woman. I work right through everything now. Hardly know a pain, even during menstruation now. I often say, "I would not take \$100 and be in the state that I was last March." I feel that Dr. Coonley's Home Treatment is a Godsend to suffering womankind, and shall continue to sound its praises whenever I have an opportunity.

Yours gratefully, MRS. F. E. HATTON.

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