

**"O, I** know what it is, daddy! You held it too close and I smell it - it's WRIGLEY'S!" "Righto, sonny — give your appetite and digestion a treat, while you tickle your sweet tooth." Made in Canada The Flavour Lasts!



Sealed Tight—Kept Right

going to cut some flowers for the table ' and taking a basket on her arm she went into the garden. I must gather some mauve sweet peas for the dining-room, a few of these lovely-" but the sentence was never finished for a smothered wail of distress broke in upon the summer stillness.

"Auntie M-a-d-g-e! Aun-tie M-a-d-g-e!" floated down from the upper story. What could have happened the dear

young innocents? That childish shriek of terror evidently betokened some dire calamity and filled Madge with a vague fear as she turned hurried footsteps toward the house.

"Auntie Madge come quick; it's a really truly flood." Drip! Drip! Drip! The water lay in soft pools on the drawingroom carpet.

"The best rug in the house," sighed the perplexed young housekeeper as she rushed upstairs and picked her way through the rapidly increasing stream that issued from beneath the bathroom door.

"Open the door at once," she demanded sternly.

"Tant find the key, and the flood's gettin bigger," was the muffled response. Madge's quick wits came to her aid. Remembering a long ladder that stood in the garage it was only the work of a moment to drag it to a position beside the window through which her anxious eyes beheld the two young adventurers up to their knees in a "really truly flood."

The gay Noah's ark was floating serenely on the surface of the water but the poor, foolish animals had wandered out one by one to meet a watery grave in the rising tide.

As the twins were being handed down the ladder to safety, Bobby remarked enthusiastically: "Gee, Aunt Madge, we had a real flood,

Madge decided it was her sacred duty as guardian pro tem of her enterprising young nephew and niece to bring them to a full realization of the magnitude of their offence, accordingly they were compelled to spend the remainder of the day in a big room upstairs which boasted of neither toys nor picture books.

"Say," exclaimed Bobby, disgustedly, "tain't no fun stayin' here.

"I wonder if the elephant and the

geeraffe and the spotted cow was all drowned," queried Betty, tearfully. "I wish we'd just 'tended there was a flood, don't you. Bobby?" she added,

regretfully; but Bobby wasa true sport, and his daring spirit was not daunted in the least by the unexpected turn events had taken.
"Naw," he replied, "only I wish the

hippopotamus hadn't gone out and got drownded.

The two culprits had ample time for reflection as they stood at the window and turned longing eyes toward the orchard so tantalizingly near. their young aunt hoped that true, deep repentance would be the fruit of their term in exile she was doomed to disappointment for their little hearts grew rebellious rather than penitent as the long hours dragged by. Bobby found vent to his feelings by giving the locked door a series of vicious kicks thereby leaving several dints on its smooth surface, then assuming a don't-care attitude he strutted around the room as he had seen grown-ups

What was that square hard block in his pocket he wondered? What could it be? Oh, yes, now he knew, it was the square of bluing that old Martha had carelessly left on the back porch. He remembered picking it up to color the water for his sail boat. How he wished he had his bost and a tub of water! he and Betty might have a tolerably good time then, by Aurie Madge was so mean not to leave them one thing to play with his then a bright idea occurred to bu, as starting that he was almost too a real to tell his fellow

prisoner. "- " put a blue "Oh. Tier be stanmered, border all T of maligo. proudly d

diam with Betty's 11:1- 11/11:11.4 admiring was content a hero It -remains the : 1 - 1:111 ( 3 -1. W 3 1. 11.00

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"Why, they're perfect angels. I'm at one side of the room while he operations at the other. The broad of indigo was nearing its complete on Madge, who seemed cross and not at ail appreciative of their efforts at decorative

"Perhaps, it's e'cause it's mama's new paper," voluntered Betty.

"But ain't it nice and blue!" said Bother admiringly.

Mrs. Masson had been absent only two days, but in those forty-eight hours Madge recalled frequently her blithe retort when her sister suggested the responsibility of caring for two six-yearolds. The twins were pretty, a fact when even the most prejudiced would be forced to admit for no one could resist. the charm of their blue eyes and fluffy curls. In desperation Madge turned to the grey book in the forlorn hope of finding some provision for emergencies that might arise.

"Plenty of fresh air," caught her eye. "The very thing! I shall take them to the woods to-morrow and they can gather flowers and chase butterflies while I am busy with my sketch book. Here at least they will not attempt to change the color of the landscape, and they will have ample space to dispose of their surplus energy, she thought comfortably.

The next morning the sun looked down in a most friendly manner on the little pienie party that sallied forth to the maple grove half a mile distant. The twins arrayed in spotless white linen were the very embodiment of happy childhood. They had even forgotten the supperless going to bed the day Tiger in an unfortunate moment had broken a piece of fine Dresden china when he was shut up in the parlor. To-day, glorious to-day was theirs, and Auntie Madge had promised a fairy story as they ate the lunch which they now proudly carried between them in a pretty raffin basket.

Oh, Betty, I hope it's lemon tarts and lady fingers with pink frosting," whispered Bobby, his eyes growing bright

with anticipation. Madge lost no time in finding a suitable place for her easel. On every hand were

artistic eye did not fail to appreciate. "Here I can find plenty of material for my nature sketch to exhibit in the

delightful bits of landscape which her

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