

LITTLE FOLKS

Pauline's June Walk.

(Concluded.)

Uncle Max talked with the man in the office, and then he said to Pauline, 'We will go upstairs now.'

Such funny stairs as they were! On one side there was a narrow flight, ever so much narrower than the back stairs at home, and beside it was what Pauline called 'the floor going up hill.' Uncle Max said it was the horses' stairway.

'Is this the June walk, Uncle Max?'

At the head of the stairs Pauline saw a great room filled with dogs of all kinds and sizes. She had never seen so many dogs in her life, and they were all sick.

'What's the matter with this fellow?' asked Uncle Max, as he stroked the head of a big St. Bernard.

'Oh, he's sent here every week for a bath,' replied the boy who showed them around. 'You see, he makes a fuss about it at home.'

Pauline suddenly remembered that she did not always like to take her bath. What if mamma should send her to an hospital for it some time!

'Don't stroke that little one: he's ugly,' said the attendant, as Pauline put her hand on a tiny specimen whose growls sounded like an alarm clock, so she stroked the big St. Bernard instead.

Over in the corner was a little dog constantly jumping up and down.

'He has St. Vitus' dance, and is incurable, though we had one here a while ago that was not so far along when he came, and got well,' the boy said. 'There's nothing the matter with most of them except over-eating. You see, they have too much to eat, and too little exercise.'

'Fido will not be sick, then, will he, Polly?' said Uncle Max. 'You usually see to it that he has plenty of exercise.'

Then there was a room full of cats—Angoras, Maltese, tiger cats, black cats, white cats, yellow cats and every kind of cat that one could think of.

'It's just the same with the cats as with the dogs, over-eating, usually,' the boy said.



The Tame Blue Heron.

A little girl living in the Adirondacks had among many other pets a blue heron—a bird which is usually very shy—that she had tamed to eat from her hand. Every day she led him by a string to a lake near by, that he might get his own dinner of fish, as we see him in the picture—Selected.

They next went to the room where the sick horses were put. Pauline was so sorry for them all that she did not care to stay. When they came out from the hospital the rain had stopped, and the sun was trying to shine a bit before sinking in the west. 'I've had just the loveliest June walk, after all!' Pauline told Gladys Genevieve as she rocked her to sleep that night. 'But we must give Fido plenty of exercise, so he won't

have to go to the hospital; and Gladys, we must not be cross about taking our baths.'—Source Unknown.

Winnie's Happy Days.

(By L. M. Montgomery, in 'New York Observer'.)

Marjorie poked her curly brown head through the hole in the fence where a board had fallen off and called:

'Winnie! Wi—nn—ie—ee!'