

Children—(Continued from Page 20)
sit still a few minutes longer, Flaxie, for I can't risk your getting wet feet."

Mr. Gray tried on the boots and rubbers very quickly, and in a short time Clare and Flaxie were on the way home.

"Well, that shopping is attended to!" thought the little mother contentedly. Just after luncheon there came a package to the house.

"It's from Gray's!" exclaimed Mrs. Holden. "Why, the children's shoes came yesterday!"

"These are probably Flaxie's shoes," remarked Clare. "I was just longing to have them come."

"Flaxie's!" exclaimed the whole family together.

"Yes, and they're lovely," answered Clare, snatching the boxes and tumbling out the little shoes.

"And a bill for three dollars," added Mrs. Holden. "Why, Clare, how did you happen to buy things without mother's permission?"

"Naughty Clare!" cried Mabel, reprovingly.

"Don't say anything, Mabel. She didn't quite understand," said Mrs. Holden.

* * *

Then she took Clare into the library. Afterward Clare told Flaxie all about it while she got her ready to go out in her carriage.

"You see, Flaxie, it wasn't like the times when mother sends us to the store for a yeastcake and tells us to say, 'Charge it.' Because she didn't tell us to go. We went without her knowing it, and now somebody's got to pay Mr. Gray for the shoes. And it wasn't mother that bought them; it was you and I, Flaxie; so I'm going to pay for them out of my housebank there on the bureau. Mother's getting the screw-driver now so we can open the little door. And we're going to take out all the pennies and the nickels and the dimes, Flaxie, and count out three dollars. Then we're going to Mr. Gray's shop this afternoon and pay them to him. Come here till I tie your bonnet, dear. Mother says that there will be hardly any pennies left in the housebank at all afterward. I've been saving them so long, too! But then, Flaxie, it is the only way to do if I want to be fair, isn't that so?" And it really seemed as if Flaxie nodded her head.

Bows and Braids

By Rose Mills Powers

When little girls most anywhere are found
With hair cut very short and straight
around,
And one big bow a-top their tresses
caught,
You may be sure they've never even
thought
Of growing up, or longer skirts, although
They may be even eight or nine or so;
It's in the way their hair is done, you
know.

When little girls most anywhere we find
With hair all parted down and tied be-
hind
Their ears in two big bow-decked braids,
be sure
They're feeling quite grown up, and can't
endure
That you should think they still are
little. Oh!
Not if they're only five or six or so;
It's in the way their hair is done, you
know.

Benny's Peaches

By Mattie Baker

"Here is a little peach-tree that they threw in when I bought the others," said Mr. Wilson. "Would you like to have it, Benny?"

"Oh, if you please!" cried Benny, eagerly.

"You can set it at the corner where the orange-tree died," said his father.

Benny planted his tree with great care. He dug the hole, partly filled it with rich, mellow earth, leaving a little mound in the center. Then he set in the tree, spreading the roots carefully over the mound, filling up the hole with rich earth.

He went to visit it often, and when a week had gone by, he saw that the swelling buds, instead of being green, were of a pinkish hue. And the next time he

found some little pink blossoms, and was nearly wild with delight.

"O, papa," he cried, "my little tree is going to bear this year!"

"It's a brave little tree," said papa, "but it must not bear so young. You'd better pick all the blossoms off."

Benny was disappointed, but followed his father's advice. Soon the leaf-buds opened, and the tree began to grow.

When the second spring came the blossoms appeared again. And after the blossoms dropped there were little fuzzy balls, and papa said, "It will do no harm to leave a few."

The peaches ripened in June, and were great red-cheeked beauties, and there was one for each of the family.

During the second season the peach-tree made a great growth, and the third spring the branches were thick. Then it blossomed once more, and set full of

little green peaches; and Benny said, "I shall leave every one on the tree."

His father came to look. "If you leave every one on," he said, "your peaches will be small and worth but little. I should pick half them off."

The peaches began to swell. They grew to a wonderful size, and as they ripened, the sun gave them a rich color. When the buyer came to look at them, he said they were so fine he would give an extra price. When Benny's peaches were gathered there were nearly a hundred pounds. It seemed too good to be real.

"I think that half of the money is for peaches and the other half for my patience," he said.

Clots of blood are frequently found in fresh-laid eggs. By candling such eggs can easily be detected.

Ambition

By Harold W. Gleason

Beside the fire, in the castle Hall,
Sat Kunigunde, a nobleman of Gaul;
And by him sat his friend, a man of law:
While Thur, the noble's serf, lay on the floor.

And soon, with flowing bowl and jollity,
They boasted as to what their sons
should be.

"My heir," quoth Kunigunde, "like me
shall reign
In state o'er all this land of Aquitaine."
"And mine," replied the lawyer, "shall,
like me,

Become an advocate of high degree."
The noble of a sudden saw a jest
In Thur, the serf, to entertain his guest;
So asked, "And what shall thy son be,
O clod?"

Quoth Thur, "My son shall be a man,
please God!"



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