

and one more absurd notions for which there is no logical foundation, but which are responsible for a large part of the misery now to be found in the world.

## The Dawning of Thought.

BY LOUISE LAIRD.

IT was tea-day at the Park and besides, to make the attraction even greater than usual, there was a tournament of mixed doubles.

The verandah of the club house was crowded with those who had played, lost, and were now consoling themselves for their defeat with tea and cake. A large number of visitors were out, and carriages completely blocked the road behind the house.

The day was in August. An ideal day, warm enough, with a delicious breeze from the harbour to keep people comfortable.

The finals were being played off on the south-eastern court, so someone suggested that we go over and watch them. We sat down under one of those large trees behind the guard to watch the game which was being hotly contested.

My attention was drawn by a child's voice near me, and turning I saw a wee maiden of about four or five years of age, who was sitting on the ground near the end of the bench. The shade of those large trees is a favourite play-ground for children, but this child had wandered off from the others and was sitting alone, quite unconscious that anyone was near, and busily engaged in plucking some large leaves from an off-shoot of the big tree. As she plucked each leaf the little one said "Zank 'oo." I wish I could describe the expression of her voice. It was said so sweetly, she seemed to be saying it to someone, and I thought she was having a game of "make believe."

After I had been watching her for quite a while (for she picked the leaves very slowly, selecting the largest, and arranging them carefully,) she suddenly stopped, while a look of surprise dawned on her face. Then she said reflectively "I'se saying 'Zank 'oo' to nobody!"