Don't Walk the Floor With Baby knew your father lived!" Bridget slipped from the room as Stephen spoke.

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STEPHEN OXENHAM'S MISTAKE

Pat Delany removed a short likely, not lend it." "'O, the old man's dead, they tell black pipe from his mouth to make

the statement. 'Ay, he's dead, God rest him!" Mrs. Delany answered. She had been busy in the attic overhead for a couple of hours, performing the last offices for the dead, and was a bit dispirited, and as a sequence, irritated. "To see Miss Stanhope, the creaturz, you'd think he had been the best

Tather in the world instead of a-" "There, there, Bridget, you needn't Thursday. Then he's going abroad call the dead names," Pat interposed. again." The Captain had his faults like the

"Oh, ay, that's sure, like the rest "Not a know I know. We only of you," Bridget made the amendment had a word. I was carrying a paras she looked round the sparsely furn-cel to the club and we met on the shed but clean apartment. "If you steps," said Pat. were any good, Pat Pelany, you'd have a drop of water on the boil, so that one could get a mouthful of tea."

Pat started, and apologized. "I never thought. I was reading a we can. bit of a newspaper.

"I'll warrant!" Bridget remarked, sprang up she placed a tiny kettle on had when you were out charing, Bridthe grate and turned to her husband. get. I never mentioned it before." "She hasn't the money to bury

"There's the Union Workhouse-" Pat began. Bridget interrupted him shrilly.

a lady born and bred. I wonder tiful brown locks." at you, Pat.

Docks three or four years before, reable of doing anything save light jobs -and at times incapable of any exer- entrance. tion whatever-so that the pair found

"I wish we had a pound or two to Pat Delany." Hend her!" Pat said.

thing of any worth. You see, she or two, sir. And it is the loan of it thad to attend to him since he's been I want, nothing else, if you please.

Pat sighed. He had some know-Medge of the expenses of sickness.

'And he was a captain really?" He was at Balaclava. Many a time, Bridget and me, andwhen Miss Stanhope was out with her work at the shops, he'd come down peated. and chat a bit. You'd be out, too, Bridget. It was the time my leg is Miss Beatrix Stanhope, and the was bad. Oh, ay, he could talk on nicest and kindest spoken lady you'd and on about the Crimea."

"I'm thinking he did something wrong," Bridget lowered her voice. tain?" Oh, I don't mean taking the drop of drink and that! But when he was wandering in his mind he used to keep Court for nigh ten years, as I was saying he meant to lift the note or bill. And he talked of Dartmouth.

Isn't it a prison?" Pat nodded. Perhaps he had sus- tan. pected that Captain Stanhope had "Why, her father, of course.

cemnly. 6E0?"

"I wanter her to come down," him. Bridget said, "but she wouldn't. By- bear the thought of the parish au-"Do," Pat counseled, "but about the money for burying the Captain?"
"We can't do anything," Bridget "Nothing, nothing! Look here, Pat,

her inability to assist her neighbor. at once. "We haven't the money and we can't steal it. As for borrowing-there's and in a few seconds Mr. Oxenham to the grocer."

Ty-"but I saw Mr. Oxenham in Lon- Then Stephen spoke. odon to-day. I used to work at Oxenham Hall, long before we were mar- he said hoarsely, "and I have perwied.

"Well?" "I think he'd lend me a pound or veled. then, but he was a kindly young gen- consolingly.

tleman. "He'll have forgotten you and all about you," Bridget surmised.

'No-he knew me," Pat went on, edied long ago, and he met with some his companion ascended the rickety disappointment and was away in for- stairs, "and Bridget would prepare esign parts." "What kind of disappointment?"

"He was about to get married. I priest and doctor." only heard of it all after I left Oxen-London. He said that he understood band, regarded the tall, bronzed stran-Mr. Oxenham was very fond of the ger inquiringly. Young lady, though she was poor. "He wishes to see Miss Stanhope," The wedding day was fixed and all she said doubtfully. "She isn't in a when she ran away with some one fit condition, poor thing, to see



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Handle of the door, led the way into a small apartment. A woman lifted her pale face from the table before her, and Stephen gave a low cry.

"Beatrix!"

WHALEY ROYCE&CO. Ltd.

158 YONGE ST.

else. That was why Mr. Oxenham went abroad to shoot bears and tigers

"And you think he would lend you two or three pounds?" "I think so. The worst of it is he

"You mustn't take it in that way, Pat, you must not," Bridget insisted. 'Just explain to him that Miss Stanhope is a lady and poor and friend-less, and that he'll be paid back. If he's the gentleman you say, he'll lend it, not give it. Do you know where Mr. Oxenham is stopping?"
"In the Langham Hotel. He was

parting from some one he knew, and he said he'd be at the Langham till

"Hasn't he forgotten the lady that ran away then?" "Not a know I know. We only

Bridget considered. "Well, I suppose you had better see hands. the gentleman. We must try and help the poor creature above whatever way

"And I should not like the Captain to have a pauper's burying," and applied a pair of bellows to a said, and then he smiled retrospec-New pieces of coal. When the flames tively. "Sure, many's the chat we

"Well, you had better set out now, You'll maybe catch the gentleman at dinner," Bridget advised, "and I'll bring a cup of tea up to Miss Stanhope. I was noticing how many "Is it her? Sure Beatric Stanhope gray hairs were showing in her beau-

'She's close on ten years in Fuller's Poor Pat rubbed his head. He and Court," Pat remarked, as he donned his wife were Irish and Catholic, and an outside coat and his hat. A few different in every way from the ma- minutes later he was hastening westcourt. But Pat had been hurt at the length Pat was ushered into the gentleman's private apartment. Mr. ceiving an injury that left him incap- Oxenham was dressed for dinner, and seemed somewhat surprised at Pat's

"You want?" Stephen Oxenham beat difficult now and then to make ends gan, and paused. "Oh, I see you are not the person I thought. You're away from this."

The little girl tool

Miss Stanhope has parted with every- you. I want you to lend me a pound sick, and couldn't work. Then the "Oh, you can have the money, Pat, doctor's bill and medicine amounted and as for repaying it don't trouble. You-" Stephen was interrupted.

"The wife would never forgive me, sir, if I did anything else than bor-Poor old chap!" he said, "poor old row it. It isn't for ourselves at all -only that we will pay it. It is for Miss Stanhope. She is a lady, sir, "He was a military man, anyway. and poor. She lives in the attic above "Stanhope! Stanhope!" Stephen re-

"Do you know the name, sir?" She meet, for all her grief and bother." 'Beatric Stanhope! Are you cer-

"To be sure I am, sir. Hasn't herself and the Captain lived in Fuller's saying to Bridget this very day?" "The Captain! What Captain?" Stephen Oxenham was pale under his

called himself Captain, and I think he "He's dead, anyway," he said, sol- was one. Anyway, he was all through "What will Miss Stanhope the Crimean War, and now he's dead and there isn't a sixpence to bury We- Bridget and me-can't

responded with a sharpness due to I'm going back with you. We'll go

"Well and good, sir," Pat answered. three weeks' rent due and somethin; was ready to accompany his visitor. A cab was called, and for the first "I know"-Pat's wits moved slow- few minutes no word was spoken.

> "I think I know Miss Stanhope," haps made a mistake-a horrible mistake," the man groaned, and Pat mar-

*two. He was only Master Stephen . "We all make mistakes," he said,

"Not like mine, not like mine!" Stephen repeated. "That is, if things are as I begin to suspect. "Maybe you'd better come into our "and asked how I was. His father place, sir," Pat whispered as he and

Miss Stanhope for a visitor. came to see her in that way-just the Stephen Oxenham assented, and Hall. I met one of the men Bridget, rising from her work of rethat used to be about the place in pairing a coat belonging to her hus-

"He wishes to see Miss Stanhope,"

stranger." "I'm not a stranger." Stephen

This is the Time seized the Irishwoman's toil-worn "I am one who loved her well, hand. and I fear, wronged her deeply.' "Women are forgiving," Bridget remarked," and I don't mislike your

looks, sir. Come with me." A few more shaking steps were as-Every Town Can Have a Band cended, and Bridget, after a warning Lowest prices ever quoted. New cata- handle of the door, led the way into

> "It is Mr. Oxenham, dearie," Bridget took hold of the woman's shaking fingers, "and an old friend, honey.
> Pat told him of your father's death." Toronto On 1 "Your father, Beatrix! I never

ped from the room as Stephen spoke. "Did you not? I thought that was why you gave me up-because my fa-ther was a convict, I mean. He had During the day been in prison for forging a friend's your time is val. your time is valuable, taken up meanly of me!" Stephen cried.

with other duties to do, I suppose. I had not known and at night you of my father-I thought he was dead. Aunt Lucy never told me. Then, at her death, I found out, and my father was released about that time. I met him, and then I had your letter saying you knew all. But I did not Write a postcard now; I should, of course, have told asking for our you if I had." Beatric Stanhope spoke dully, mechanically, as if the matter she discussed was quite impersonal.

"I never knew about your father till to-day," Stephen said; "I wish I had!

"Then why did you write as did? I was glad to get away from North Allerton. Aunt Lucy's income died with her. There was no reason why I should remain. We my father and I-came to London, and here we have been since. Now he is dead-in that room.

Stephen Oxenham crossed the threshold of the tiny chamber where Captain Stanhope lay. Mrs. Delany had draped the bed Irish fashion with white sheets and the dead man had regained in death something of that beauty of face that had won many hearts in the early fifties; and Stephen Oxenham, kneeling by the narrow bed, remembered hearing that Bextrix Phone Park 2800 Stanhope's father had been a handsome man and gallant soldier in his

The affair of the forgery had been hushed up," Beatrix said, when Ste-phen rejoined her. "It—the trial and all-took place in the west of England, and wasn't reported save in small local paper. So my father told me. It was possible for Aunt Lucy to take me to her home in the north without anyone knowing. It was a The questioner was small, with a

stricken room. "And, Beatrix, you strangers. will marry me soon.

you! Now, when he is dead! No-I am still his daughter."

'But, Beatrix, it was never that. It was not because you were Captain Stanhope's daughter that I wrote as I did. I will make you angry, but it was not that. It would not have tinware behind the pantry door. mattered whose daughter you were.' mattered whose daughter you were."
Stephen drew a step nearer the chair where Bextrix sat.

"And each new want has a fresh as another," she muttered, still remessenger," rejoined Louise. "They membering the wreck of the spongemust send them out just as fast as cake. "Mother would never say no "Then why?"

paused. "Because I thought your father, the man you met in secret, was out," Beth said tartly. "We haven't a thing. It was absolutely necessary

excuse. I did not know you had a rehave heard the hens cackling madly lative in the world, and I saw you in the interval. Mrs. Jones will ther and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I would the and Louise will wonder what has "I wonder w lative in the world, and I saw you in the interval. Mrs. Jones will ther and Louise will wonder what has slip out to meet him. Beatrix, you have to put up with the nutmeg-grat-become of the Joneses. I'm not sure bit. We understand—now.

lany and Pat, went to a quiet fishing village on the south coast, where Stephen owned a small cottage, and in that village a couple of months later with Pat and Bridget for witnesses.

The good-hearted couple have a snug farm, well stocked and in good order, close to Oxenham Hall. It was Stephen's gift on his wedding day to the kindly Irish pair .- Magdalen

A Cure for Rheumatism .- The intrusels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic demoralized if this keeps up." sion of uric acid into the blood vespains. This irregularity is, owing to

How Animals Work

Man makes the tools with which he works, but God has made animals, birds and insects with natural tools with which they do all sorts of wonderful things.

The woodpecker has a drill that he works in much the same way that a man drills a hole into a rock. With his bill he drills into dead trees to get worms and insects for his supper. The fish has a tool just like an oar. His tail is like the sculling oar, and his find he uses as balances to guide his motion.

The elephant uses his long, strong tusks to dig up roots which he eats. The hen uses her feet as man uses

Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HTM

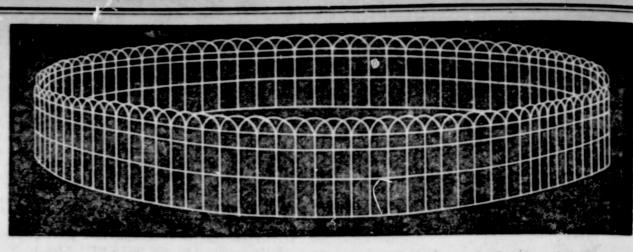
Mr. Wheflam was a mighty fit man this spring. He had been affine for all was a we hear the wolf scratching at the strate. I should say we ought to stop just as soon as we hear the wolf scratching at the deer things. Sharp pairs in the backets are always fond of those things." sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., and through the hips. Duff headscless door real hard."

"Our new neighbor's wife was chopping wood as I came along by," said seemed to taste right.

Finally, an old friend told him about and who was cured by GTN PILLS. his complexion rosy. He enjoys what lounging about the tavern." he cats—has gained in weight—and seeps "Why don't they borrow?"

GIN PILLS on our positive guarantee that they will cure you. To have you give them a fair trial, we send a free put in a timid appearance at the back sample if you mention this paper. Write to-day to Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 84

ONLY WILLS on our positive guarantee Beth was alone in the kitchen the following afternoon, when Mary Ellen give the many but in a timid appearance at the back door. Mary Ellen stood a little in to-day to Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 84



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"Cyclone" has always been the choice of those who realize the importance of the combination of durability and appearance.

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The Cyclone Woven Wire Fence Co. Limited 1170 DUNDAS STREET

THOSE BORROWING **JONESES**

"Mother wants to know if you'd please let 'er have four fresh eggs and a nutmeg grater."

without anyone knowing. It was a momentary yielding to a sudden temp-soiled red calico frock and untidy tone; but something in Beth's face faded blue eyes. "It was good of tation, and he suffered for it." Bea- hair. The hair was red, too, unmis- checked her, and she dropped her eyes, you to take all that trouble, but trix covered her face with her thin takably red, though not at all the putting a stubby humb into the cor- but-" Mrs. Jones was sobbing hyscolor of the frock. The voice was ner of her mouth. "You must come away—from this." thin and piping, with the shy underStephen looked around the poverty. the following the stand piping with the shy undertone of a bashful child speaking to beth said decidedly. "We have little helplessly, trying to think of a way

A giggle came from the pantry, where Louise was kneading bread. "Marry you!" A hot wave of red dushed the woman's face. "Marry Beth's face showed signs of suppressed amusement as she followed the direction of the giggle.

"Number six since we opened for business this morning," announced Beth, the suppressed smile breaking ed the limp little figure down the loose while she rattled the household "And each new want has a fresh

they get up. The boys are the early to anybody, if one actually carried off risers in the Jones family, evidently, the roof over her head. She'd think "Because I was a fool, a mad, jeal-ous fool, who loved you." Stephen It's hopeful there aren't many more." an egg in the house, thank fortune; that I should vindicate the honor of

giggle from the pantry. "It was bread first. Mother sent a face haunted Beth, even after the "I can't thank you enough for whole loaf," Louise began the enum-sponge-cake vexation had given place these," Mrs. Jones was uncovering eration, coming out to watch the red to another, browned to a turn, and the basket. she and Stephen were quietly married, frock bobbing its way down the road. locking toothsome enough to tempt 'em now, when you know just how it was the boy with the horrid warts raw April day; but Mary Ellen's pink on his fingers. Ugh! Butter is ac- toes, Beth recalled, were peeping out toes, I know," Beth went on.

"A drawing of tea and a nutmeg-

into the Barbour tenement house the ried on her hat and coat. Wednesday before. This was Friday, "We could spare two loaves well and the newcomers' insatiable propen-enough," she assured herself, bending Jones, every bit. You see, I was

with it?" And Louise, bringing up the rear, had minicked Mary Ellen's squeaky treble: "Mother wants to know if you can please let 'er have some lard door of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't to the large trebuse of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't to the large trebuse of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't to the large trebuse of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't to the large trebuse of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't the large trebuse of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't the large trebuse of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't the large trebuse of the Jones cottage less than "Aunt Harriet telephoned she couldn't the large trebuse of the large trebu

on it."

what out of breath, for the basket mamma at last that I believed the "They're poor people, I presume," had grown heavier with the growth of Joneses had borrowed you." Louise

"But they will, mamma dear," in- the least bit flurried.

ping wood as I came along by," said Mr. Pearsall when the family were a friend who was in just that concreton seated at the dinner-table that same day. "It always seems hard to see a Mr. Whellam tried them. And you woman doing that kind of rough work would not know him for the same men but I suppose they have to do as they new. That worried, strained look about can. People say that Jones is a shiftthe face is gone. His eyes are bright less coot, and spends most of his time "Why don't they borrow?" question-

He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS ed Beth, smoothing ner willkied into gravity, while Louise choked on into gravity, while Louise choked on the had kidney trouble. mad kidney trouble. GIN PILIS practically gave new kidneys heated and strengthened these vital organs—soothed the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him.

Broad Cove, C.B., 1949 6 1966.

I received a sample of your Gin PIIIs lest fan. They did me a great deal of good. In feet, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them and they did him more good than all the Doctors' Medicine he took in three months. I will not forget during my lifetime the benefit your Gin PIIIs have been to me.

John Whellam.

Are your kidneys sick? Do you feet the saw a mild reproof in her moth-

Are your kidneys sick? Do you feel she saw a mild reproof in her moth-just as Mr. Whellam did? Then take et's eyes.

Where at 500 a box—or 6 boxes for \$2.00 more awesome than usual just now,

on the five-thirty train.

enough for ourselves over Sunday, and to relieve the tension of the situawe're expecting company. Hasn't tion. "It-it must be terribly hard your mother baked yet?"

Mary Ellen's peaked, freekly face flushed up to the roots of her bair as she sidled towards the door without answering. Something inside stung Beth the least bit, as her eye followplank walk to the gate.

"It might just as well stop one time the roof over her head. She'd think 'You thought that! Ca, Stephen!" father carried them all to town an the family, and I guess I've done it. "There was an excuse, a wretched hour ago, and we're not supposed to I don't imagine we shall be preyed upbut they'll really be 'onesome." Beth have plenty of work when people know not the person I thought. You're day a pound or two to aid.

The little girl took the serviceable laughed softly, but the laugh sounded there's some one willing to do it, and was laid to rest in a city cemetery. So when the poor, erring Captain was laid to rest in a city cemetery. Stephen Oxenham had his way. Miss for the moon. And I have come to beg a great favor of as parted with every- you. I want you to lend me a pound or two to appear to the laugh sounded there's some one willing to do it, and was laid to rest in a city cemetery. Stephen Oxenham had his way. Miss present scarcity in eggs in a tone of little thing—but there was no help for antries about the borrowing Joneses, and there was a quark in hor day.

Somehow Mary Ellen's crestfallen young voice. "And butter," Beth added. "That the veriest epicure. It was a rather is." tually thirty cents a pound in Cress- of the ghastly rents in her shoes; and heard him say the other day that he "Milk and sugar followed—three and shiver when the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and there are bins of them in the winds were cold—and price and the cold winds were cold winds were cold—and the cold winds were co she shivered-Mary Ellen always did wouldn't draw them into town at the too funny for anything. Our domes-tic arrangements will be hopelessly Beth's sharp answer arrested her, and know, that you'd be welcome to if sounded the signal for retreat.

pains. This irregularity is, owing to grater," put in Beth, following the matter-of-fact tone had gone out of real good—some of them."

a deranged and unhealthy condition of subject in hand, and quietly ignoring Beth's voice now. "It may be they "I'm sure I'd be glad enough of the liver. Anyone subject to this the predicted disaster. "That makes hadn't the flour to make bread for painful affection will find a remedy in six, and it isn't ten o'clock. There's Sunday. Mother thinks they are She looked away, a little flush creeptime for unlimited depredations before wretchedly poor. Mary Ellen looked ing into her pale cheeks. "I hope you sundown. Potatoes, stove-wood, aphungry. She eyed that burned-up won't lay it up against me, but I feel action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restering healthy action, they correct impurible fine for unifficient depredations beloft with the first and the first

Louise laughed until the tears stood Beth's "half a mind" appeared to were the kind 'at had, and didn't in her eyes, and she tried to brush resolve itself into a whole mind al- think twice of such as hadn't. them away with her doughy hands, most instantly, for she closed the wasn't for myself, but it hurts to leaving little patches on her pretty dampers of the stove with a bang, hear the little ones cry that hungry pink cheeks. The Joneses had moved and glanced at the clock as she hur- way, and not have a crust to give

sity for borrowing had furnished the over the big stone crock in the cor-Pearsall girls no end of amusement in ner of the pantry. "There are two the interval. That very morning be- tins of biscuits, and mother made fore the first messenger arrived, Beth brown bread day before yesterday. had called to her mother upstairs: I'm going to put in a few of the "Mamma, shall I lend Mrs. Jones doughnuts I fried this morning, and the pancake-griddle after I'm through some sugar cookies.

It was a market-basket of comfort-Sick all the Time with said Mrs. Pearsall, charitably, "who her generous impulse, and she had laughed merrily. hurried, and, withal, she was just But Beth's face the least hit duried."

for she had burned the sponge-cake to rashly. The pale-faced, spare woman a black crisp—tae very last item of in the skimped black dress looked be-the Saturday's baking—and her moth-wildered. "I'm afraid I was cross er and Louise had gone to Cressly to with Mary Ellen. You see I'd just meet Aunt Harriet, who was coming burned up a cake in the oven, and she was the first person I set eyes on af-"Mother wants to know if you ter I'd taken it out. I was ashamed could please let 'er have another loaf of myself the minute she was gone."
of bread until—" Mary Ellen had "Oh, it's Miss Pearsall!" said the

getting things together after one moves. We'd be glad to—to help you —get settled."

"I've tried to make myself believe that," wailed the woman, one reddened eye appearing above the checked "I've borrowed this and that apron. from the neighbors when the children 'd get hungry and cry, thinking to myself that I might get work, and could pay 'em all back before they'd find out. I took in washings where I was, but folks don't know here till a body gets acquainted some, and there's so many mouths to fill. 'Tain't easy to tell strangers 'at you are poor-poor enough to beg. I borrowed things I didn't need just to keep up appearances. That nutmeg-

"I wouldn't mind, Mrs. Jones, one and there was a quaver in her strong

"I feel more like taking

"Papa would bring you some potayou'd want to make them over for Poor little thing!" All the hard, Mary Ellen and the others. They're

borrowed yet. 1 tell you they've on- it at the time, but she did. I've half of you when Mary Ellen came home

thoughtless, and didn't know how it

was. There was a thin mist between Beth's eyes and Mrs. Jones' carelined face when Beth stooped to take up the empty basket.

"Where in the world have you been?" to grease the griddle, and some buck- a half-hour later. It was not far come, and we drove right back. We've wheat flour to make flapjacks to fry to the cottage, but Beth was some searched the house for you, and I told the cottage is the searched the house for you, and I told the cottage is the searched the house for you, and I told the cottage is the searched the house for you.

But Beth's face was grave. "They did," she answered, quietly.

terrupted Beth with a mock tragic air.
"I found we had more than enough
"They'll have it all, and we shall be
the poor people in due time, if we
keep on lending at this rate. I should
keep on lending at this rate. I should
keep on lending at this rate. I should lend to see the doughnuts and cakes in the basfew doughnuts and cakes in the bas-

