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NOTE Double springs attached to the bassinet hang from the standards and respond to the slightest movement of the child.



During the day your time is valuable, taken up with other duties and at night you need your rest.

Write a postcard asking for our booklet of "Babies' Sleep."

The Geo. B. Meadows Toronto Wire, Iron and Brass Works Limited 87 Wellington Place - - - TORONTO, Ont.

STEPHEN OXENHAM'S MISTAKE

"O, the old man's dead, they tell me." Pat Delany removed a short 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 creature, you'd think he had been the best father in the world instead of a—"

else. That was why Mr. Oxenham went abroad to shoot bears and tigers and the like. "And you think he would lend you two or three pounds?" "I think so. The worst of it is he will want to give me the money, likely, not lend it." "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 friendless, 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?"

"knew your father lived!" Bridget slipped from the room as Stephen spoke. "Did you not? I thought that was why you gave me up—because my father was a convict, I mean. He had been in prison for forging a friend's name to a bill," Miss Stanhope said. "Oh, Beatrix, could you think so meanly of me!" Stephen cried. "Oh, no—it was the natural thing to do, I suppose. I had not known 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 know, I should, of course, have told you if I had." Beatrix Stanhope spoke dully, mechanically, as if the matter she discussed was quite impersonal.

"Then why did you write as you did? I was glad to get away from North Alton. 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 Beatrix Stanhope's father had been a handsome man and gallant soldier in his day.

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THOSE BORROWING JONESSES

for she had burned the sponge-cake to a black crisp—the very last item of the Saturday's baking—and her mother and Louise had gone to Cressly to meet Aunt Harriet, who was coming on the five-thirty train. "Mother wants to know if you could please let 'er have another loaf of bread until—" Mary Ellen had begun in her halting, childish monotone; but something in Beth's face checked her, and she dropped her eyes, putting a stubby thumb into the corner of her mouth. "We haven't any bread to lend," Beth said decidedly. "We have little enough for ourselves over Sunday, and we're expecting company. Hasn't your mother baked yet?"

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