

home with whom to leave their babies, they were to bring them to the hall rather than stay away. "We will look after them," said Mr. Rose; "I'll take care of half-a-dozen, myself!" He spoke of the hereditary influence of liquor and suggested that it would be well for us all to be on our guard, as we could not be sure of what our great grandfathers were in the habit of doing. He then earnestly appealed to his audience to come forward and sign the pledge, while the choir sang the closing hymn.

On reaching home, Miss Wood and her niece found Dr. Mays snugly ensconced on the sofa. He started up on their entrance and warmly embraced his daughter, remarking, "You are looking first rate, Hattie. Ronald is taking good care of you."

"Yes, and so am I," snapped Miss Wood; "but no one thinks of giving old maids any credit!"

"Oh, they'll take it themselves!" laughed the doctor.

The following day Mrs. Somerville pressed her father to accompany them to the Experience meeting.