

length, and fed over to boys and girls, who caught it and guided it into piles. From these the paper was carried to long tables for folding. I wish you could have seen the girls counting the sheets as they put them up into quires and reams. With the left hand they caught a pile of sheets and bent them up at the edge. With the right hand they had an astoundingly rapid and ingenious way of throwing in their fingers in the right place. Right in after each other their winged fingers went, never making a miss in the number. Four finger-fulls of five and one of four made twenty-five. Five of these made one hundred. Again, five of these made five hundred, or a ream. Men came along and lifted the piles of sheets, tied them up into packages, and set them into large scales to weigh. A car stood outside in readiness to ship direct to Vancouver. Yesterday the load went to Halifax.

INDUSTRIA.

PROMPT PAYMENT.

While the dressmaker sewed, little Carrie kept watch
With the sharp eyes which childhood possesses,
And her dolls, black and white, soon were wearing
new suits,
Made from bits of her Aunt Kitty's dresses.

Then I said, "My dear Carrie, Aunt Kitty will charge,
If so many big pieces she misses,"
With a sweet upward look little Carrie said, "Well,
Will it do if I pay you in kisses?"

CATHARINE S. HOLMES.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

Master Winnie,
Little man,—
Find one brighter
If you can!

Full of mischief,
Like all boys,
Yet not always
Making noise.

Earnest, active,
Full of glee,—
Over the fence and
Up a tree.

Seldom needing
Much reproof,
Once he mounted
On the roof!

Fond of reading,—
Wise man yet,
Papa's pride, and
Mamma's pet.

Darling Bonnie,
Blue-eyed miss.
Ever tempting
One to kiss.

Dimpled cheeks, and
Golden hair,
Falling on a
Neck most fair.

Loving, trusting,
Little one:
Hear her prattle,
See her run!

Fond of stories,
Pictures, too,
Knows of verses,
Not a few.

Sleeps with Lily,—
That's her doll,
Says her prayers,—
Prays for all.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

MARK REED'S ESCAPE.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I came to myself the first thought I had was of a bad dream. It must be nightmare. But the feel of my clothes and the hard floor soon convinced me that I was not in my bed; and as I moved, my aching head and sore limbs soon brought to my recollection all that had happened.

I opened my eyes; a faint light shone down upon me, and, looking up, I saw a skylight, through which the pale moon and stars were visible.

Gradually I made out I was in a small closet, between the front and back attics, lighted by a portion of the skylight belonging to the larger room.

I rose from the corner where I had lain huddled up, as I had been flung by my cruel captor. I felt my way to the door; it was locked. I listened; all was silent as the grave.

Gradually I realised my situation. These people whom I had seen could not be merely annoyed at my looking in upon their surreptitious cooking, as I had at first supposed. Evidently there was some dread of their operations being observed. They had caught me spying, and in revenge had imprisoned me here after the cruel beating, which was no doubt only a sample of the punishment in store for me.

Could they be thieves? There was nothing certainly to steal in the empty house; but that might be their rendezvous—the depository of their booty.

And suppose they meditated some robbery—maybe to break into my master's place—old Betty's deafness would give them full opportunity. But I knew there were no valuables of any amount. Books, as I was well aware, were too heavy to be easily stolen in any numbers. There were our tools, it is true; they were costly to purchase.

But what could I do? Here I was, separated only by a few feet from my home, where robbery—even murder—might be perpetrated, for poor old Betty's savings might even be an object, and the ruffian who could so treat a defenceless lad would show no mercy.

You may guess I did not sleep upon these thoughts. The dawn crept in at the skylight far above my head and lighted up gradually the four bare walls of my prison.

The dust of years had drifted into it, cobwebs hung from the ceiling; there was no fireplace nor cupboard, not a vestige or anything to show that the place had ever been inhabited, only the blank whitewashed walls and the begrimed skylight overhead.

The hours passed; no sound was to be heard. From a dread anticipation of the appearance of the wretch who had captured me, I came to long for even his visit, the stillness was so terrible, the suspense so unbearable.

As noon passed, and the day wore on, still without sight or sound of any living thing, came the thought, What if these people had gone off entirely and left me here to take my chance? No one would miss me; poor old Betty, with her deafness, would not understand; would think, as likely as not, that I had gone to stay at Gates's for the three days. Mr. Timms for certain would be absent till Tuesday; Banks the same.

True, Harry was to call for me on Sunday morning, but Betty would be sure to make some lame explanation of my nonappearance, very likely would let him fancy I had gone with Joe Banks.

There was just a chance that Gates might go up to my attic and have a look at the pigeons; but then, how was he to guess I was here, within a stone's throw of