

carried to a loom. As I was about to be put on it, I felt myself strike against something hard. The man who was carrying me had dropped me on the floor. He picked me up again and placed me on the loom.

After this machine had worked its will on me, I went through a few more ordeals before I was laid aside as finished cloth. But though the farmer, the shepherd boy, the sheep shearer, the wool comber, the yarn spinner, the dyer, the cloth weaver, and the finishing, folding and packing man had done with me, my troubles and trials were not yet at an end. I was expecting to have a little rest now but in this I was bitterly disappointed. One day I was brought forth for inspection and several persons examined me closely. One of them, who seemed to be a hatter, spoke and told the clerk that this piece (meaning me) suited him very well. I was wrapped in a heavy paper and put in a waggon with many other parcels. When the paper was removed I found myself in a room, in which was a long table, scraps of cloth all over the floor, many sewing machines, and several persons sewing. I was spread out on the table and ready to be cut up and made into a cap. Of course I was curious to know what was coming next, and at that time had no idea of what the man meant to do with me. In all my hurry to find out, he stopped and began fumbling about for something in one of the drawers. He dumped the contents on the floor, scratched his head, and shoved his hands into his pockets, as if trying to recall where he had left the object of his search. At length he found it; it was the pat-

tern after which I was to be shaped. He placed it over me and the next thing I knew, I looked in shape like the paper he had placed upon me. After a short space of time I was sewed and lined and soon brought forth a completed cap, just as you now see me. Not much time elapsed before I was packed into a box and sent to a clothing store in answer to a call for caps. I remained in the clothing store quite a while, but at last a sturdy little roguish lad about twelve years old came in and wanted a cap. He gave his name as Jimmie Campbell. He tried on several caps, but seemed best pleased with me, so he took me away with him. I liked the dear little fellow very much, for he took great care of me. Yet despite my utmost efforts to look prim and neat, I began to get shabby. One chilly day about a week ago, I found my young master giving me to a boy who had lost his hat. I am almost sure I heard someone call my present owner "Lebel" and if so you can easily imagine the life I am leading. When he does not actually sit on me, I am thrown in a corner or, worse still, under his feet. Just at the present moment, I am fortunate enough to be poked into his desk, so I am making the most of the occasion. I have got hold of his pencil and pad and am trying to write a history of my life, but it will go hard with me if he catches me. You see I am using his pencil vigorously. Hush! I hear him coming. Good-bye and forget me not.

D. O'BRIEN,  
*2nd Grade, Commercial.*