

Blue Ribbon Tea
Thanks its Millions of Consumers,
and wishes them all
Many Happy Returns of the Season.

OUR SHORT STORY

"The Millionaire's Christmas Card."

Mrs. Charwell, aged 35, and still pretty, had £40 a year of her own, inherited from her father, Mr. Charwell, cheerful and energetic, but not without a certain amount of shrewdness, for a building society, Cora Charwell, aged 10, their daughter and only child, had, in a money box, not bearing interest, a lump sum of seven pounds, being the remainder of one shilling presented to her on her birthday by Uncle Herbert.

Students of arithmetic will gather, then, that the total annual income of the Charwells was £185 per annum. It may be added that the Charwells did exceedingly well on it.

Both Ernest Charwell and Anna, his wife, respected themselves vastly. Were they not of the professional class? Appearances were studied and extravagant living was avoided. Mrs. Charwell did not confine herself to being pretty—she was also clever and kind. She performed the difficult feat of getting the maximum of work out of a little general servant, and at the same time rendering the girl deeply attached to her. In other words, she was great—and confessed it. She could make cold mutton (New Zealand) do anything except speak. Day after day it leaped out at Ernest Charwell in a different disguise, baffled him, and delighted him. Nor was it only in cookery that her power of transformation lay. When the frock coat and gray trousers of Ernest Charwell in a long of an appearance consistent with the dignity of the professional classes, he left for a few days that particular suit in his hands. He came back from them with every frayed edge mended—if that could be called mending which bore all the appearance of actual renewal—with every shiny patch and spot vanished, with the general tone of the buttons completely restored, and with a crease that looked almost aggressive. It was a miracle, and almost rather strongly of benzine.

Ernest Charwell himself did what he could, shortly after his marriage he made the discovery (which had eluded him for years) that beer is "heating to the blood." After that it was water, week-days and beer on Sundays, no more. There were always a few bottles of port in the cupboard under the stairs, which Ernest called the cellar, and it only needed a strong stimulus (Christmas Day or their wedding anniversary, or a combination of a birthday and a visitor), to bring one of those bottles out. Further resources showed Ernest that a tobacco cheaper than his was available once than the means for a little exercise of walking back from Chalmers' big house in Hill street to the Charwells' small house in Putney was (quite apart from the saving of a "bus fare") beneficial to the health.

Yes, with a little management and economy, the Charwells did very well on their £185. Their house, St. Josephine's, was the smartest in the row, and the cleanest. Its curtains had a style; its window-boxes were of an elegance; the brass knocker and door-handle were of a beauty.

Cora, beautifully dressed, attended the academy of the Misses Salt, and the charges of the Misses Salt are, it is said, in Braddon street, and it is not that I would imply that those amiable instructresses were in any way grasping—it was only a desire to keep the thing select. And the Charwells were not without the means for a little pleasure and holiday-making. They took a full fortnight at the seaside every year, choosing Bournemouth for its quiet, and neglecting Margate for its vulgarity. They had a great interest in the drama, and occasionally saw a popular success from the pit, or an absolute failure from some more glorious part of the house. In the latter case there were free passes to be obtained. If you knew a man whose friend had a cousin with influence, and Ernest Charwell knew that man, on the whole, the Charwells were remarkably happy and contented family. They were not, however, without their anxieties. Ernest Charwell meekly owned that if he ever lost his berth with the great Chalmers, he would never get such a post again; indeed, it might be long before he got any post at all, for secretaries of Chalmers' attainments are common and very cheap. He would not lose it through

temperance, dishonesty, idleness or impertinence; but he might, being a man, make a few blunders. At the second of them Charles Chalmers dismissed him.

"He's an awful man," said Ernest Charwell. "I remember the case of Rogers. He blundered in copying an address from the book, and a letter went wrong. Old Chalmers called him in and said as pleasant as could be, 'That's a mistake, Rogers. Don't make another.' Rogers said he would not, and thought he'd got off cheaply. Six months later Rogers used a wrong code word in a business telegram, and said Chalmers, 'Your money will be sent you.' Sometimes when I'm at work I think of that Rogers, and I come over all hot and cold. What happened to him might happen to me. Nobody could be steadier or more careful than Rogers was."

"Well," said Mrs. Charwell, "you've been with him two years, and you haven't made one mistake yet. If I ever did, and he called me in and said, 'Don't make another,' as he did to poor Rogers, I should lose my head altogether. My nerve would go. I should miss the post, or do something ghastly like that, and get the sack that very day. He doesn't storm or swear. He stares at you and sacks you. Oh, he's awful!"

"It's a funny thing," said Mrs. Charwell, "for his generous, too."

"Yes, but it's all in the same kind of cast iron way, my dear. If it's your first Christmas in his service, he gives you a fowl. If it's the second, a turkey. If it's the third, a sovereign. The fourth brings you two sovereigns, and the fifth a five-pound note."

"And after that?"

"He's never had a secretary that's lasted more than five years. Jameson will get a fiver this Christmas, and he says he regards it as a kind of death warrant. You know, Jameson's made a mistake. It's the same way with the old man's Christmas boxes to heads of departments down at the works—graduated like a thermometer, the longer the service the bigger the present."

"Well," said Mrs. Charwell, still striving to be conciliatory, "when a man's even and methodical like that, you always know what to expect, and that's something."

"But you don't," said Ernest mournfully. "In some things he's as regular as a clock, and in others he's as mad as a hatter. He hasn't said a word beyond what was necessary, and this afternoon, in the middle of dictating a letter, he started out—what do you think?"

"He said, 'I don't know.'"

"About his will. I've made a new will," he said. "I didn't know what to say. I said 'Oh.' Yes, he said, 'and in case you die, I want to tell you that my death will only benefit you after you have completed nine years of service. Of course you can murder me before the point of view of your own pocket it would be a mistake.'"

"Why, he was joking with you."

"He may have been," said Ernest, still plaintive. "But he didn't smile. I like a man to laugh when he makes a joke. Then you can't be in any doubt. But that's just part of his awfulness."

"However," Ernest Charwell, though not brilliant, was remarkably accurate and painstaking. What he could do quite right on Monday he could do just as rightly on the other days of the week, which alone showed that he was a man of genius. When Christmas came around his record was still quite unspotted. During his last morning's work it pleased the great Chalmers, Chalmers once more to become conversational. Ernest Charwell had just finished checking the long list of Christmas presents that his employer had sent out.

Chalmers' face was inscrutable. It was said, thin, full of character, slightly cynical in expression, but it never told anybody anything which Chalmers did not want known. Charwell watched it earnestly, but never gained from it the least hint as to what he was expected to say.

Chalmers pushed the list from him. "That's all right," he said. "And how many presents do you think I received myself last Christmas?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, sir. Hundreds, perhaps thousands."

"Not one, Charwell, not one. Not so much as a halfpenny card."

"You surprise me, sir. With so many friends—relatives, too—"

"I've got no relatives left now that I regard in that light. I've a host of cousins, nephews and nieces, and a brother that I personally dislike. Yes, they used to send me presents once. Friends used to send 'em, too. But I stopped it."

"Stopped it?"

"Yes. Ground bait's no good with this fish. I told 'em so. They weren't presents—only investments. And that's all a millionaire can expect. Not one of 'em—friends or relatives—will ever dare present to me a piece of impertinence. It's the same thing as a beggar letter. By the way, how do we stand with those this morning?"

"Fifteen appeals from organized charities, thirty-six from individuals."

"Beautiful season, Christmas! There, go on with your work. Send 'em all the printed refusal."

That night, while Cora was busy with the dispatch of her Christmas cards, and Mrs. Charwell was putting the last touches to the Christmas decorations at St. Josephine's, Braddon street, Putney, Ernest observed with some mystery and importance that he knew of one man in London, a rich man, with plenty of friends, and relations, who would not receive a single present, not even a Christmas card.

"What you don't mean Mr. Chalmers?" exclaimed his wife.

"I mean him and no other."

All this the child Cora heard and understood. She heard, but did not understand the explanation which fol-

lowed. The idea left in her mind that there was a poor wretch who was going to have nothing at this Christmas. Nothing, nothing, nothing! The thought of it was agonizing.

Now Cora had a heart as soft as snow. She also had a girlish, innocent love of romance and adventure. And when she went out to post her letters in the pillar-box at the corner of Braddon street, there was among them one in a pink envelope with a blue flower, me-not on the flap, addressed to a neat, round, hand, "Mr. Chalmers, Hill street, W."

Her parents knew nothing of it. In their ignorance they enjoyed their Christmas very much. Uncle Herbert, and his friends, were bringing with them presents of remarkable magnificence. Cora entertained a select party of her schoolfellows in the course of the afternoon. Chestnuts were roasted, and Uncle Herbert increased his reputation as an amateur conjurer. Mrs. Charwell played on the tinkling little piano. Ernest beamed impartially on everybody, like the sun.

CHAPTER II.

The four days of Christmas holidays allowed to Ernest Charwell had gone. Hardly had he arrived on the fifth day at Hill street when he was summoned to Mr. Chalmers' room.

"Read that," said Chalmers, shortly.

Charwell recognized the handwriting and the pink notepaper, though he could hardly believe his eyes. The note ran as follows:—

Dear Mr. Chalmers—I heard Paul tell me you never have anything at Christmas. I am very sorry for you. This is only a card, but it will tell you that I am a merry Christmas. I am, yours affectionately, Cora Charwell."

The card, with a colored representation of a Japanese fan and a bunch of flowers, and a verse of poetry, lay on the table.

"I presume it's to one of your children that I owe this piece of impertinence," Mr. Chalmers said, glaring at the note.

"I'm afraid it's my little girl," he said. "I've only one child, sir. If I'd known she was going to do it I'd have stopped it. Not that she made any mistake, but she didn't understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

The carriage was sent of, and, in due course returned with the wonder-stricken Cora. She was much impressed with the appearance of the great man, and the way he spoke. The door for her, with the great width of the staircase, the softness of the carpets, and the big oil paintings with their heavy gilt frames. But she did not understand the difference in position, and only partially overheard what I was saying. I suppose—"

"Well, I'll speak very seriously to her about it."

"No, you won't," said Chalmers sharply. "You'll speak to her myself. Write a note to your wife to say that the child's to come here at once. Then I'll speak to her."

didn't mean it. I know very well there are some things I can't buy. No need to curse and swear at me." He laughed again, but the laughter had in it something of bitterness. It dawned upon Charwell that the great man had been joking with him.

"I see, sir. Sorry if I—"

"Don't apologize, I'm glad to see that you can wake up. If one only sees things very clearly, one can't be a fool. I choose to be treated with respect, but I neither like nor trust the man whom nothing on earth can make let himself go. Supposing my dear friend, then, that you thought it was your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Charwell left Hill street with his head in a whirl. He had been assured that everything was all right, but he was exceedingly anxious to know what had taken place at the interview. He went back to the great man and Cora. He even had the wicked and extravagant thought that he would get home quicker if he took a handbag, but he conquered his curiosity and contented himself with the Putney omnibus.

It was Cora's opinion that Mr. Chalmers was not an awful man at all. He asked no end of questions, and he didn't seem very cruel or anything of the kind. But she couldn't understand anybody's being afraid of him. Why, he said that card was beautiful, and that he had been very serious, as you thought it was, your answer was the proper one. You're all right, your child's all right, and everything's all right."

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

The firm of Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand."

—Dominion Medical Monthly.

A copy of Miss Parloa's "Choice Receipts" will be mailed free upon application.

WALTER BAKER & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

they could catch glimpses of Father Frog booming away on his big bass drum, and hear the sweet chirping chorus of the tiny frog violinists in the marshes near by.

"Oh, Polle!" cried Tadpole, "if we could only go to the concert! Why, I'd be willing to give up hide-and-seek for a week just to get a little nearer to the music."

"I know," replied Pollywog, gloomily. "I want to go myself, the very worst way. There's no use wishing, though, for we have no clothes that would be suitable. Only green silk dress suits with polka dots are worn this year. Besides, we can't stand it out in the water. It's too warm, or something, I don't know just what, but I always feel half smothered if I try."

"Besides," reflected Tadpole, "we haven't been invited. Only musicians are asked, and we can't sing, you know."

"Splish! Ker-chunk! Father Frog hopped into the water, and then out again on a broad stone, where he began thundering a basso solo.

"Come along, come along, come along!"

"Oh, how we wish we could!" cried the little tadpoles, feeling that this was a personal invitation. They swam as close as possible to the stone, and gazed admiringly at the great singer.

"Could what?" rumbled Father Frog. "Wish we could go to the concert?"

"Ker-chug!" answered Father Frog. It sounded very much like a hoarse chuckle. "Why don't you go?"

"No invitation."

"No dress suit."

"Can't breathe out of the water."

"The tadpoles' voices were very mournful as they gave their reasons. "I invite you," said Father Frog. "To the July concert three weeks from today. Your dress suits will be ready, and as for breathing, it's all practice. Would you believe it?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "I couldn't stay out of the water very well myself at one time, but I practiced breathing every day, until now it is the easiest thing in the world. But speaking of practice making perfect reminds me I must rehearse my song for the concert."

"Come along, come along, come along!"

"Let's go down in the sand," whispered Polle. "I can always think better down there; and really, this is all so surprising I must think it over. Oh, Tadpole, do you think we could truly try to go to the concert?"

Tadpole whisked his tail and dived down without answering, feeling this to be too much of a problem for a tadpole to decide.

"It's very strange," said Tadpole a few days after. "It certainly seems as if we were getting legs. What use have tadpoles for them? We only need our strong tails for swimming."

"Tadpole," cried Polle, "there's something still stranger. Our tails are shrinking. If they don't stop, they will disappear, and then what could we do?"

"Grr-un, grr-un!" sounded Father Frog's hoarse voice. "Getting ready for the concert, I see! Well, when you lose those ridiculous tails you will look much better."

"Lose them!" exclaimed the tadpoles. "and what do you think we could do without them?" But Father Frog had disappeared, leaving only the echo of his "Come along."

"It feels as if something strange were about to happen," said Polle. "I'm tired of tag and hide-and-seek; let's think of some new game."

"We might practice breathing, as Father Frog advised," suggested Tadpole. "Let's go to the top of the water and see who can keep his head out the longer."

This new game interested the tadpoles very much, and in a week or so time they began to really enjoy the air.

"I can stay out a long while now," announced Tadpole, triumphantly, "and since my front legs appeared I can jump quite high."

"Our tails are quite gone," said Polle, "and I don't know but it is an improvement. I think I like legs better than tails and hopping is much more fun than swimming. Some day I mean to hop up on that wet stone where Father Frog sits so often. Wouldn