

"Now, boys," said I, "I want you to stay in the house and play this morning. If you go out of doors you'll get yourselves dirty."

"I guess the sun'll be disappointed if it don't have us to look at," suggested Budge.

"Never mind," said I, "the sun's old enough to have learned to be patient."

Breakfast over, the boys moved reluctantly away to the play-room, while I inspected the house and grounds pretty closely, to see that everything should at least fail to do my management discredit. A dollar given to Mike and another to Maggie were of material assistance in this work, so I felt free to adorn the parlours and Helen's chamber with flowers. As I went into the latter room I heard some one at the wash-stand which was in an alcove, and on looking in I saw Toddie drinking the last of the contents of a goblet which contained a dark-coloured mixture.

"Izhe tatin black medshin," said Toddie; "I likes black medshin awfoo muts."

"What do you make of it?" I asked, with some sympathy, and tracing parental influence again. When Helen and I were children we spent hours in soaking liquorice in water and administering it as medicine.

"Makesh it out of shoda mitsture," said Toddie.

This was another medicine of our childhood days, but one prepared according to physicians' prescription, and not beneficial when taken *ad libitum*. As I took the vial—a two-ounce-one—I asked:—

"How much did you take, Toddie?"

"Took whole bottoo full—twas nysh," said he.

Suddenly the label caught my eye—it read P'ARE-