

**PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.**

By "Hank."

The City Hall bell tolled the hour of six o'clock, as I hurried from my office building, hungry and tired. The daylight had faded away and the street lamps were in full blaze. As I swung into the thoroughfare, I nearly stumbled over a wee mite of a girl who was endeavouring to straighten up a small sleigh with a box, on which some very considerate lady had tried to balance two huge bundles of soiled linen. Of course the sleigh had upset and the wee girl was unsuccessfully trying to get things back into order. She had no gloves on her little hands, and the rope which had been used to tie the bundles to the sleigh was knotted and difficult to untie, and as it had been passed through two small hand-holes on each of the runners, the wee mite was finding it a difficult problem to solve. She whimpered a bit, and I heard a "O dear me" which somehow or other was touching to a silly old man. I turned the sleigh up and tried to solve the rope problem. The little girl said she lived on "Gloucester street" and "It's six o'clock" and again a wee whimper escaped. I cheered her up, and telling her to go on with the sleigh, I placed one hand on the top bundle. After navigating across a street car line and bumping over the first crossing, our top bundle again slid off. Once more I tried to tighten up the clothes line and, this time, I pulled the sleigh, and the wee girl held on; but, alas, our load again slipped and the sleigh went over. "I

wish daddy was 'ere" I heard her say and I devoutly echoed the wish. "I think I will 'ave to carry one of the bundles" said the youngster. As the bundle was twice as big as she was I solved the difficulty by carrying it myself. Now "Gloucester street" when we started might have been only two short blocks away or it might be miles! It just depended whether you meant it broad or long. The child meant it long, and long it was. If you have ever had the fortune to carry a large load of soiled linen insecurely fastened, at the same time endeavouring to keep your ears from freezing, you will fully appreciate my position. However I set my teeth and stuck to it, with the wee one pulling the little sleigh behind me. Not a cab, not an express came our way. Past O'Connor, past Bank, past Kent, past Lyon we hurried along, only stopping now and then to pick up some derelicts from my beastly bundle, such as napkins, handkerchiefs, etc., which kept dropping out. How my arms ached and my back too. My left ear, which always freezes once or twice each winter, gave ominous warnings of becoming congealed. I could not spare a hand to rub it, as both arms were round those soiled clothes.

I knew at last, by the wee one growing a bit chirpy, that we were nearing home, mother and safety. On reaching a long row of wooden tenements, she stopped at the third and announced that she "lived 'ere" and opening the door called to her mother: "Ma, come and take the clothes from the man." In stern tones I told the mother what had happened. She said "La! now! I 'ope none of them things is lost." However she thanked me, and I hurried home late for dinner with my arms and back aching, my temper very much out of joint and my stomach rebelling at the thought of those soiled clothes I had pressed so closely to my manly bosom.