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the affairs of at might have n their family. eared in a state d perilous un-

best to return ns to the land hinking rightly ren them birth. heir adoption, roof over their re of an age for ittle to eat in wear, though ays, her poor ged to satisfy modestly outen doors when served. They favorites, but desirable mor-

ole housewives. reary, however of November other people's it, and other and squashes nto barns, the bout for some citement, and of soap for a enough to their ng the earlier ld's handcart, on its pins, country roads.

ty and an exet have been inthey now proiness operations ribute soap to e villages could Excelsior Soap ll return of any nts, who were ate, but it inby the issue of red pictures of led for the sale kes. It was at Belle and Susan ca, who threw

heartedly into her help and Perkins. The Perkins. sible grasp were reclining chair, ourse the Simpcasting aside, he plush chair, some use in a (not counting rily sat else-), they warmed the vision of peedily became an food, drink, nma Jane nor ng incongruous

s striving for a ooked at the it if they themney would toil, happy privilege oom with that winter evenings. feet tall in the e advised Clara ht of the Simpn the margin of

n that it stood nen set up in all a proper table. only of polished r, though it was solid gold, and ed it (at least it t sold a hundred led crepe paper ate hues, from ent might take

ot in the syndiher a successful could only say ge returns, and ewhat young to , could be given a time, and were m on their busient stating the box. Rebecca go two or three on and see what

they could do in the way of stirring up a popular demand for the Snow-white and Rose-Red brands, the former being devoted to Laundry purposes and the latter being intended for the toilet.

There was a great amount of hilarity in the preparation for this event, and a long council in Emma Jane's attic. They had the soap company's circular from which to arrange a proper speech, and they had, what was still better, the remembrance of a certain patent-medicine vender's dis-course at the Milltown Fair. His method, when once observed, could never be forgotten; nor his manner, nor his vocabulary. Emma Jane practiced it on Rebecca, and Rebecca on Emma Jane.

"Can I sell you a little soap this afternoon? It is called the Snow-White and Red-Rose Soap, six cakes in an ornamental box, only twenty cents for the white, twenty-five cents for the red. It is made from the purest ingredients, and if desired could be eaten by an invalid with relish and profit.'

"Oh, Rebecca, don't let's say that!" interposed Emma Jane hysterically. "It makes me feel like a fool.

"It takes so little to make you feel like a fool, Emma Jane," rebuked Rebecca, "that sometimes I think you must be one. I don't get to feeling like a fool so awfully easy; now leave out that eating part if you don't like it, and go on."

"The Snow-White is probably the most remarkable laundry soap ever manufac-tured. Immerse the garments in a tub, lightly rubbing the more soiled portions with the soap; leave them submerged in water from sunset to sinrise, and then the youngest baby can wash them without the slightest effort."

"Babe, not baby," corrected Rebecca from the circular. "It's just the same thing," argued

Emma Jane. "Of course it's just the same thing but

a baby has got to be called babe or infant in a circular, the same as it is in poetry! Would you rather say infant?" 'No," grumbled Emma Jane; "infant

is worse even than babe. Rebecca, do you think we'd better do as the circular says, and let Elijah or Elisha try the soap be-

"I can't imagine a babe doing a family wash with any soap," answered Rebecca; "but it must be true or they would never dare to print it, so don't let's bother. Oh! won't it be the greatest fun, Emma Jane? At some of the houses—where they can't possibly know me—I shan't be frightened, and I shall reel off the whole rigmarole, invalid, babe, and all. Perhaps I shall say even the last sentence, if I can remember it: 'We sound every chord in the great macro-cosm of satisfaction'." the great ma-cro-cosm of satisfaction'.

This conversation took place on a Friday afternoon at Emma Jane's house, where Rebecca, to her unbounded joy, was to stay over Sunday, her aunts having one to Portland to the tuneral of an old friend. Saturday being a holiday, they were going to have the old white horse, drive to North Riverboro three miles away, eat a twelve o'clock dinner with Emma Jane's cousins, and be back at four o'clock punctually.

When the children asked Mrs. Perkins if they could call at just a few houses coming and going, and sell a little soap for the Simpsons, she at first replied decidedly in the negative. She was an indulgent parent, however, and really had little objection to Emma Jane amusing herself in this unusual way; it was only for Rebecca, as the niece of the difficult Miranda Sawyer, that she raised scruples; but when fully persuaded that the enterprise

was a charitable one, she acquiesced. The girls called at Mr. Watson's store, and arranged for several large boxes of soap to be charged to Clara Belle Simpson's account. These were lifted into the back of the wagon, and a happier couple never drove along the country road than Rebecca and her companion. It was a glorious Indian summer day, which suggested nothing of Thanksgiving, near at hand as it was. It was a rustly day, a scarlet and buff, yellow and carmine, bronze and crimson day. There were still many leaves on the oaks and maples, making a goodly show of red and brown and gold. The air was like sparkling cider, and every field had its heaps of yellow and russet good things to eat, all ready for the barns, the mills, and the markets. The horse forgot his twenty years, sniffed the sweet bright air, and trotted like a colt; Nokomis Mountain looked blue and clear in the distance: Rebecca stood in the wagon, and apostrophized the landscape with sudden joy of living:-

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World, With the wonderful water round you curled, And the wonderful grass upon your breast, World, you are beautifully drest!"

Dull Emma Jane had never seemed to Rebecca so near, so dear, so tried and true; and Rebecca to Emma Jane's faithful heart, had never been so brilliant, so bewildering, so fascinating, as in this visit together, with its intimacy, its freedom, and the added delights of an exciting business enterprise.

A gorgeous leaf blew into the wagon.
"Does color make you sort of dizzy?"

asked Rebecca.

"No," answered Emma Jane after a long pause; "no, it don't; not a mite."

"Perhaps dizzy isn't just the right word, but it's nearest. I'd like to eat color, and drink it, and sleep in it. If you could be a

tree, which one would you choose?"
Emma Jane had enjoyed considerable experience of this kind, and Rebecca had succeeded in unstopping her ears, ungluing her eyes, and loosening her tongue, so that she could "play the game" after a fashion.

"I'd rather be an apple-tree in blossom, -that one that blooms pink, by our pig-

Rebecca laughed. There was always something unexpected in Emma Jane's replies. "I'd choose to be that scarlet maple just on the edge of the pond there,"

—and she pointed with the whip. "Then could see so much more than your pink apple-tree by the pig-pen. I could look at all the rest of the woods, see my scarlet dress in my beautiful looking-glass, and watch all the yellow and brown trees growing upside down in the water. When I'm old enough to earn money, I'm going to have a dress like this leaf, all ruby color —thin, you know, with a sweeping train and fluffy, curly edges; then I think I'll have a brown sash like the trunk of the tree, and where could I be green? Do have green petticoats, I wonder? I'd like a green petticoat coming out now and then underneath to show what my leaves were like before I was a scarlet

maple."
"I think it would be awful homely," said Emma Jane. "I'm going to have a white satin with a pink sash, pink stockings, bronze slippers, and a spangled fan."

(To be continued.)

In his new advertisement, the noted importer of Percheron and Belgian and Shire horses, Lew W. Cochran, Crawfordsville, Indiana, states that he has the finest lot of stallions of these breeds in his barns that he has ever owned at one time, both imported and Americanbred, coming three to five years old. He has had three importations in the last few months, and others to follow in a few weeks, and he makes a specialty of selling in car lots to parties in other States and Canada.

BARON'S PRIDE DEAD.

The Scottish Farmer announces the death on December 20th, 1912, of Messrs. A. & W. Montgomery's famous Clydesdale stallion, Baron's Pride (9122), at the advanced age of 22 years, he having thus reached the same age as Prince of Wales (673), and Macgregor (1487), a son of Darnley (222). Baron's Pride was the most celebrated son of Sir Everard (5353). His dam was Forest Queen (7233), by Springhill Darnley (2429), a magnificent big son of Darnley (222). Baron's Pride was bred by R. & J. Findlay, Springhill, Baillieston, and was foaled May 7th, 1890. He was the most celebrated of all the sons of Sir Everard (5353). He topped the list of Clydesdale breeding sires without a break until 1911, when he was passed by his own son, Baron of Buchlyvie, and established a unique reputation as sire of a numerous and sound progeny. He was possibly the soundest Clydesdale stallion ever foaled. Up to the last he cost nothing at all for veterinary attendance. His feet, joints, and legs, were, to the end of his days, clean, flat, hard, and free from any kind of malformation or dis-He had a singularly mild and equable temper, and was never excited. Summer and winter he occupied his paddock and loose box. He died without any apparent illness. His faithful attendant, David Burns, put him into his box in the corner of his paddock as usual in the evening. A short time afterwards his little girl told him she thought she heard Baron's Pride groan-David went at once to see what was wrong, but the old horse was dead.

THE DELMAR MUSIC COMITED 231. St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL POST PAID

All I Ask Is Love.
Angel's Prayer (Reverle).
Angel's Prayer (Reverle).
Angeler Rag. (Song).
At the Yiddisher Ball.
Alexander's Ragtime Band.
A Girlle Was Made to Love.
All Aboard for Blanket Bay.
All Night Long.
As Long as the Shamrock Grows Green.
Angel Kisses (Reverle).
A Southern Dream (Waits).
America Forever (March).
America Forever (March).
Ard a Little Child Shall Lead Them.
Army and Navy. (Twe-Step).
A Trip to Niagare.
Angels of Night, (Reverle).
Arbutus Walts.
Billy Bounce Your Baby Doll.
Burning of Rome, (March).
Beautiful Doll Good-bye.
Mess Your Loving Heart.
By the Old Cathedral Door.
Bridal Rose, (Walts).
I Was Born With Nothing.
Bump, Bump, Bump in My
Automobile.
Beautiful Star of Heaven,
(Reverle).
Baby Rose. Bump, Bump in My
Automobile.
Beautiful Star of Heaven,
(Reverle).
Bahy Bose.
Bring Back My Levin' Man.
By the Light of the Silvery
Moon. Moon.
Chicken Rag.
Charlot Race, (March).
Casey Jones Went Down en
the Robert E. Lee.
Carnival King, (March).
Casteleno, (Walts).
Canadian Hustler, (March).
Canadian Hustler, (March).
Challs and Fever Rag.
Captivating Kitty Green.
Charme D'Amour Waltsee.
Cellege Capers, (Two-Step).
Cupid's Message, (Inst.)
Cirbirthin, Song.
Casey Jones.
Cansolation, (Reverle by
Morrison).
Own Boy Joe, (Ragtime). Years. Ow Boy Joe, (Ragtime). Canadian Boy Scout, (March Song). Song).
College Rag.
Chimes at Twilight, (Re-Chimes at Twilight, (Reverse).
Verie).
Chicken Reel, (Buck Dance).
Carita, Walts.
Chautecler, (Two-Step).
Dream of Long Ago.
Dreaming of Mother and
Home Sweet Home.
Dreams of Long Ago.
Down in the Meadow, Where
the Daiales Grow.
Dream Walts. the Daisles Grow.
Dream Walts.
Daddy Has a Sweetheart and
Mother is Her Name.
Dream Kisses, (Intermesso).
Dream Girl, (Walts).
Daly's Reel, (Buck Dance).
Everybody's Doing It.
Everbody Two-Step, (Song).
Everybody Two-Step, (Vocal).
Everybody Two-Step, (Vocal). Every Adam Has an Eve. Bublem of Old Erin. Four Little Blackberri (Schottische). Blackberries, (Schottische).
Fire Alarm, (March).
Fatry Kisses, (Walta).
Fire Drill March.
Fire Drill March.
Fama Bella, (Spanish Walta).
For Killarney and You. Fairy Moon.
Flirtation, (Caprice).
Frat, (College March).
Ghost of the Violin.
Garden of Roses, (Vocal).
Gee, I Like Music With My Meals.
Garland of Old Fashioned
Roses.
Jardén of Love, (Waltnes). ood Bye Rose.
larden of Dreams, (Reverie).
leel But I'm Lonesome.
It's Great to Meet a Friend.

It's Great to Meet a Friend.
Good-Night, Nurse.
Garden of Roses, Inst.
Hitchy Koo.
Hen Cackle Bag.
Hula Hula, (Two-Step).
Hot Chestnuts, (Rag).
Hold Me Just a Little Closer,
Here's to the Friend in
Stormy Weather.
He's Got My Goat.
Hunter's March.
Hanky Panky Glide.
Honey Man.
Hypnotic Rag. Honey Man.

Hypnotic Rag.

Harmony Rag.

Harmony of Love, (Walts).

Is It Love or Admiration.

I'd Like to Live in Loveland.
I Wonder How the Old Folks

are at Home?
Would Like to Try it.
Can't Be True to One Little Girl.

tle Girl.
I'd Do As Much for You.
I Want to be in Dixle.
I've Got the Finest Man.
If all My Dreams Were
Made of Gold.
I'll Love You Sweetheart,
Sue.

Sue.
['ll Be Back in the Sweet Bye-and-Bye,

M You Talk in Your Steep.
I'm the Guy.
I'm the Guy.
In the Gloaming Wes the
Song She Sang Me.
I Want a Gkri.
I'd Live My Life for You.
In the Harbour of Home
Sweet Home.
I've Got You Steve.
In the Golden Harvest Time.
If We Were Alone.
I Love the Name of Mother.
I's the Rink Every Hvening
Italian Romeo.
I Wender How the Old Polits
Axe at Home.
I've Been Longing Deer Sur
You.
I Loved you the First Time. You,
I Loved you the First Time
I Met You,
In Dear Old Sweetheart Days.
I Want a Boy to Love Me.
I'm Feeling Elue, (Song).
I Love It.
I'd Give You All You Ade,
I Want a Little Loving
Sometimes. Sometimes.

If You Had Asked Me Just
a Little Scener.
I'm Going Back to Work
Down on the Farm.
I'H Put Mine Against Yours Any Time, If I Only Had a Rome Sweet Home,
Just an Old Sweetheart of
Mine.
Juno Waltnes.
Just Across the Bridge of Years.
Just You.
Just Because I Love You So,
Kentucky Sue,
Kentucky Days, (Song),
Klas of Spring, (Waits),
Kings and Queens March,
Keep Away from the Fellow
With the Automobile,
Kate Killerney,
Ki-Ki Waits,
Lord Have Mercy on a Marsled Man. eled Man. Love's Golden Star, (Reverie).
Love and Passion, (Reverie).
Lody Angeline.
Love and Devoties, (Reverie). Let's Make Love While the Let's Make Love White the Moon Shines.
Let 'er Go, March.
Mine, (High Class Ballad).
Mary Was My Mother's Name.
Midnight Five Alarm, (March).
My Rosary of Dresms.
Maple Leaf Rag.
Mandy Lou.
Memories of the Old School Bell. Moonbeams on the Lake, (Reverie).
Morning Star, (Reverie).
Moon Kisses, (Reverie). Moon Kisses, (Beverte),
Meet Me To-Night in Dreamland, (Walts),
Mandy's Eagtime Welts,
Meditation, (Beverie by Morrison),
Meet Me Where the Love
Star Glesons,
Maybe That's Why I'm
Lonel Maybe That's Why Pur Lonely.
Moonlight Walts.
Moonlight Dear,
My Georgiana Lou,
My Every Thought is of You.
Meet Me To-night in Dreamland, (Song).
New York Bag.
Nepoleon's Last Charge.
No Girl Can Take my Old No Girl Can Take my Old Girl's Place. Nobody Knows Where the Nobody Knows Where the Old Man Goes.
O You Rag!
Only Baby Fingers.
O Canada! (National Song).
O'Brien Has No Place to Go.
On the Mississippi.
O What a Beautiful Dream.
O You Chicken.
O You Circus Day.
O Mr. Dream Man.
O You Beautiful Doll.
Puritana Walts.
Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet.
Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet. net. Please Don't Take My Lovin' Man Away. Paul Revere's Ride, (March). Parisienne, Song. Ragtime Soldier Man. Ragtime Soldier Man.
Rubies and Pearls, Rag.
Red Cross Two-Step.
Roses and Violets, (Walts).
Raggity Rag, (Two-Step).
Rag, Rag, Rag, (Inst.)
Red Wing, Vocal.
Rap, Rap, on Your Minstrel
Romes

Bones. Rum Tum Tiddle, (Song).

Rum Tum Tiddle, (Song).
Railroad Rag.
Ring-ting-a-ling, (Song).
Roaring Volcano, (March).
Ring Out Wild Bells, (Inst.)
Row, Row, Row.
Ragging the Baby to Sleep.
Somehod: Town

String & Ring of Roses
Round Your Rest.
Somebody Miss is Getting Re.
Songs My Mother Used to
Sing.
Reigh Bells, (March),
Signal From Mars, (March)
Storm King, (March),
Storm King, (March),
Some Day When Dream
Oome True.
Star of Hope, (Reverle),
Sail on Silvery Modn,
Scarlet Lily, (Three-Step),
Sign of Boses, (Walts),
Strolling, (Song),
Silver Spur, (Twe-Step),
Silver Bell, (Yosel),
Sweetheart Walts,
Strolling, (Song),
Silver Bell, (Twe-Step),
Silver Bell, (Twe-Step),
Silver Bell, (Inst.)
Some Rag, Chis.)
Silver Rolls, (Inst.)
Some Rag, Chis.)
Silver Rolls, (Inst.)
Triumphant Banner March,
The Witches Whist Walteen,
The Daching Cavalier, (Inst.)
Triave Me in Your Arms,
Those Wonderful Ryes,
Take in Tip From Father,
The Chimes, (Reverle),
That's How I Need You.
Take Me Back to the Gan
den of Love.
That Haunting Meledy,
The Matzhoony Rag,
True Love Can Never Die,
Till the Sands of the Desert
Grow Cold.
Twilight Walcs,
Tohoggan Rag.
Take of Your Het to Princess Pat.
Take Me Back to the Gan
Grey, That Gaby Silde,
That Gaby Silde,
Take Me Back to the Chime
Cross Pat.
Take Me Back to the Chime
Cross Pat.
Take Me Back to the Chime
Cross Pat.
Take Me Back to Busandand
Those Rag Time Meledies
Texas Prance,
That Gaby Silde,
That Gaby Silde,
That Hollow-Celle Meledy,
The Band Flayed Nearur My
God To Thee.
The Sand Flayed Nearur My
That Mellow-Celle Meledy,
Turkey Trot, (Inst.)
There's a Mother Old and
Grey,
Turkey Trot, (Inst.)
There's Nothing Like a Mother's Love.
The Band Flayed Nearur My
God To Thee.
That Mellow-Celle Meledy,
Turkey Trot, (Inst.)
There's A Mother Old and
Grey,
Venetian Waters, Walts,
Vision of Beauty Walts,
What Made the Boys Like
Rosle. You Talk in Your Meep. When the sunset Turns the Mountain Tops to Gold. When They Gether in the Shaves.
Wreck of the Julie Plants. When My Ship Comes Home, Wilbur Walts.
When Broadway Was a Pas-Wends Its Way. Will the

Wisteria Waltnes.
When the Old Pelks Were
Toung Folis.
Why Did You Make Me
Oare.
When You Tell the Sweetest
Story. Story.
Whistie It.
Waiting for the Robt. Won't You Let Me Take You Won't You Let Me Take You Home.
When I Get You Alone ToNight.
Where the River Shannon
Flows.
Where are the Scenes of
Yesterday.
When I Walts With You.
When the Dew is on the
Rose. Rose. When I Was 21 and You Were Sweet 16. Where the Silvery Colorade Roses Bloom in Will the Roses Bloom by
Heaven?
Warming Up in Dixle,
(March).
When You Tell the Sweetest
Story to the Sweetest Girl
You Know.
Wedding Ring Waltz.
Wedding of the Fairies,
(Inst.)
When the Harbour Lights
are Rurning.

When the Harbour Lights are Burning.

We Have Had a Lovely Time—So Long, Sood-bye.

Your Daddy Did the Same Thing 50 years ago.

You Can't Expect Eissee From Me.

You are the Ideal of my Dreams.

You and I and the Moon.

You are the Sweetest Girl in all the World to Me.