

if you would. She is omnipresent, and without her Grimsby Park and the world would be dull indeed. She gives an air of perpetual motion and perennial youth to the scene, and keeps the old fogies from stagnation. She is on excellent terms with the Doctors of Divinity and other magnates, whom she beats at lawn tennis. If she liked she could beat them at quoits. Long may she reign !

The Grimsby Park boy is the king of his kind. He doesn't have to wash his face, because he is always in the lake and it never gets dirty. He doesn't have to brush his hair, because it never needs it, and, anyway, it wouldn't be of any use. He never has to black his boots for the same reason, and, besides, they are worn out before the new look is off them. He is not asked to run errands in this boys' paradise, nor to mow the lawn, nor to hang up his hat. His mother does not forbid him to go in swimming as she does at home, and he can fish from morning until night. He can rent a bicycle for 15 cents an hour, and if his funds are low, as they usually are, he can earn a fortune in no time picking berries for the farmers near by. He can get all the ice-cream he can pay for, and if he is a "square" chap (which he mostly is) he can do pretty much as he pleases. Oh, it's a fine thing to be a Grimsby Park boy!

One of the prettiest sights to be seen at the Park is the crowd of little people who fill the front seats in the Temple when a concert, a lecture, or other entertainment is on. Their enjoyment of some of those entertainments is quite a matter of course, but it is surprising to see how intently they follow every word of the speaker, sometimes when the theme is serious, and far above the ken of such infants, one would suppose ; but the bright eyes