

THE NEW BABY

Ola, we've got a new baby! Water! Water! Water! I want to see it! Water! Water! Water! I want to see it!

She's little, and red, and keeps squealing. And squats up her eyes, just like that! And then they all crowd up around her!

And fall, with loud groans, to the floor. Why, no one comes flying to help us!

Now Rob can play tunes, with one finger. And I've got an awful strong voice!

Two Ghosts. Nora Teek was afraid of ghosts. Her parents argued, friends jeered; yet she would wake up at midnight, to crouch, trembling beneath the bedclothes at a bit of drapery stirred by the wind.

Late that evening the soprano of St. Stephen's chanted to want a piece of music which she had left in the church across the way from her home, and her young friends challenged her to fetch it unattended.

Worshippers went their way, the sexton hurriedly completed his task, and the girl, in her filmy white gown slumbered unattended.

When Nora came to herself in the moonlight, illuminating the stained-glass windows, enabled her to keep her bearings.

WINTER GROWING OF RHUBARB. Rhubarb can be successfully grown in any warm cellar during the winter.

When the rhubarb plants are brought in, they should be put in deep boxes or tubs. The older dirt that has been dampened, and the spaces around the clump should be filled to the level of the crown with the same clender dirt.

NOT A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE. Years ago, when President Roosevelt was making a trip through the West, each town in which he stopped planned some characteristic performance in his honor.

ANOTHER MATCH. On the death of his first wife, says the Boston Herald, a literary celebrity of Massachusetts up an elaborate memorial to her on which was inscribed the sentiment, "The light of my life will go out."

The Free Press' Short Story

Aunt Hulda's Good Time

BY L. FRANK BAUM

AUNT Hulda sat under the shade of the apple tree paring the fruit that had fallen from the gnarled, overhanging branches.

Aunt Hulda's meditations were not worthy of record. She was a simple old body, living a simple, circumscribed life and thinking simple, unimportant things.

He could not have said what made him pause, dismount and regard the horse with thoughtfully as he leaned upon his wheel.

"Good afternoon," he said, pleasantly. "Will you let me here and see a bit of the garden?"

"You see, I'm not limited as to time," he continued, lazily, stroking the kitten that had crept to his side.

"The boy leaned his wheel against the tree, reclined gracefully upon the grass, and resting his head upon his elbow, watched the deft fingers that busily continued to pare and quarter apples.

"I believe the grand processions going to start," she whispered, nervously. "All right; let's go in," he replied, and led her to the entrance.

"The big tent was literally lined with people from the canvas roof to the seats at the very rigalide. It seemed impossible that it could hold another person.

"I'm glad you had the chance," said Martin, simply. "Then he plucked her sleeve. 'Who is he?'" he whispered.

"Well, we're ready for home!" broke in the boy. "I expect old Piebald is anxious to get back and munch his hay. Shall we go?"

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woman gathered him into her arms and held him close for a while. "Then she kissed him again, with a sweet, motherly caress."

The next moment he had mounted his horse and was galloping down the road; but she stood looking long after his figure had faded into the darkness.

During the visit to Scotland last summer the editor had the satisfaction of viewing the ancient royal regalia of Scotland.

In a guarded room of the great, gray castle, overlooking the royal city of Edinburgh, they are preserved. The insignia of the sovereignty of the kingdom before it was united to England.

There is the crown of Robert, the Bruce, which he wore as a simple knight of gold at the battle of Bannockburn, was afterwards so encrusted with rubies, diamonds and emeralds that it reached with the weight of a ponderous anvil.

These treasures have a strange history. When the crown was put to the test, they were in the keeping of Ogilvy, Governor of Castle Duntottar.

At the outbreak of the legislative union between England and Scotland, in 1707, the jealous Scots again hid the regalia, this time in a huge oak chest in a room of the castle.

It is said that a night about went up from Edinburgh that day, and that old men and children went for joy. Since then the regalia are preserved in Scotland as the emblems of her days of freedom and power.

English for Tourists. A Canadian wishes to realize what his native tongue is capable of, he should leave his own country and go east or west.

The old hotel, former proprietor, was a man of the village, quite unsuited to the reception of the modern age. Attached to the hotel in a room of the dining room terrace the beautiful view can be seen as far as the eye can reach.

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SUSPICIOUS. During the siege of Paris the national guards were constantly on the lookout for German spies. In fact, a Frenchman of that time was apt to see a spy and an enemy of his country in every man he met.

One night the Prussian colors were shown from the attic of a house in the Rue Lafayette. So at least thought the ever watchful French.

One of the younger soldiers stepped up to the lieutenant. "I believe the poor fellow is innocent," he asked. "I question him?" Permission was given, and he said, "Pull down your curtain."

"What did you do then?" "I went on cooking my supper." "Think a minute. Did you do nothing else?"

"Why, nothing to speak of, sir. There was a draught from the window, and I put that green shade on my lamp, and then—"

"That's enough," cried the soldier, "a transparent red curtain, and a bandana lamp shade." He turned to the lieutenant, but that gentleman had already prepared to retreat.

"Good night to my friend. Eat your supper before it gets cold. Forward march!"

NOT TO BE SOLD. During the Red Cross campaign in Cuba, the following advertisement appeared at the society's headquarters, and learned there an interesting fact about the workings of the reported spy.

"The officer was in khaki uniform, showing khaki service, and a bandana handkerchief, hanging from his hat, protected the back of his head from the sun."

"I have some sick men," said he, "who refuse to leave the regiment. They need such delicacies as you have here, and I am ready to pay for them out of my own pocket. Can I buy them from the Red Cross?"

"For a million dollars," was the answer. "But my men need these things. I think a great deal of my men. I am proud of them."

"And they are proud of you, colonel. But we can't sell Red Cross supplies." "Then how can I get them? I must have proper food for my sick men."

"Just ask them, colonel." "A bright smile lighted his face." "Oh," said he, "then I do ask for them."

"All right, colonel, what is your list?" The list included malted milk, condensed milk, oatmeal, corn-meal, canned fruits, dried fruits, rice, tea, chocolate, prepared breakfast and vegetables.

"Lend me a sack," said the colonel, "and I'll take them right along with me." Then the future President slung the heavy sack over his shoulder, and strode off out of sight through the jungle.

FEEDING LAYING PULLETS. Especially good results were obtained from alfalfa leaves in an experiment at the Brandon Experimental Farm to determine the value of different supplements when fed in conjunction with the regular ration.

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CANADA'S STANDARD CAR. A question: Why do you find better workmanship in McLaughlin-Buick motor cars?

No. 9. Answer: McLaughlin-Buick's precision methods are possible because of McLaughlin-Buick's great volume.

It would be impossible to put such fine workmanship into McLaughlin-Buick cars for their price, if McLaughlin-Buick built but a few thousand cars a year.

S. V. KING. REPRESENTATIVE FOR THIS SECTION. Georgetown Ontario.

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