

as she delicately ejected a pearl; 'you should say her mouth full.' For Priscilla's grammar was as good as her principles.

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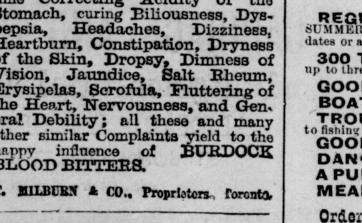
mother, who felt some embarrassment at so novel an experience as being ) obliged to find fault with her little daughter; 'you shold not eat sweets just before dinner; and-and couldn't you get rid of them in some other manner?'

annoyed at being so misunderstood. 'They are not sweets, mother-look. Aud she offered to submit one for in spection.

ion,' observed her father, 'I would rather that a child of mine should suck sweets than colored beads; and, in either case, I object to having them prominently forced upon my notice at meal-times. But I dare say I'm wrong. I generally am.'

'Papa is quite right, dear' said her mother; 'it is such a dangerous habit. Suppose you were to swallow one, you know. Put them in the fire like a good girl, and go on with your dinner.' Priscilla rose without a word, her cheeks crimsoning, and the pearl, ruby, and emerald with great accuracy into the very contre of the fire. This done, she returned to her seat and went on with her dinner in silence, though her feelings prevented her from eating very much,

are only beads, or jujubes, or acidulated drops,' she said to herself bitterly, 'I won't waste any more on them, that's all! I won't open my lips again except to say quite ordinary things-so there !" If Priscilla had not been such a very good little girl, you might almost have thought she was in a temper; but she was not-her feelings were wounded, thing.



Mrs. Hoyle, came to call. She was the aunt whom we have already mentioned as being given to insincerity; she was not well off, and had a tendency to flatter people, but Priscilla was ford of her, notwithstanding, and she had never detected her in any insincerity towards herself. She was sent into the drawing-room to entertain her aunt until her mother was ready to come down, and her aunt, as usual, overwhelmed her with affectionate admiration. my pet,' she began; 'and, oh! what a beautiful frock you have on!'

I did, aunt,' said Priscilla modestly. 'How sweet of you to say so! but buu ----- Why, my child, you've dropped a stone out of a brooch or something -look-on the carpet there!'

out of my mouth, not out of a brooch. I never wear jewellery. I think jewelldon't you, Aunt Margarine?'

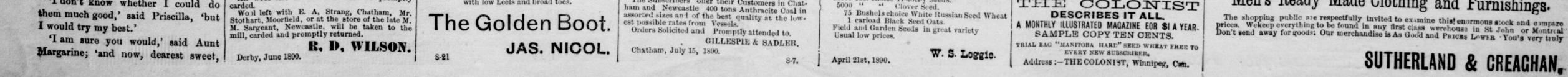
are so right,' said her aunt (who wore a cameo brooch as large as a tart upon be a diamond in your lap?'

morning in the lane, and so---' and here Priscilla proceeded to narrate her wonderful experience. 'I thought it might perhaps make papa and mamma value me a little more then they do,' she said wistfully, as she finished her story; 'but they don't take the least notice; they made me put the jewels in the fire-they did, really.'

'What blindness!' cried her aunt; 'how can people shut their eyes to such a treasure? And-and may I just have one look? What! you really don't want them? I may keep them for my very own? You precious love! Ah, I know a humble home where you would be appreciated at your proper worth. What would I not give for my poor naughty Belle and Cathie to have the advantage of seeing more of such a cousin!'

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"I don't know whether I could do carded. Worl left with E. A. Strang, Chatham, Mr.



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" Clover Seed.

with low Leels and broad toes.

THE COLONIST