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NAUGHTY LITTLE ROSIE

BY MAUD WALKER.

Little Rosie was six years old, and a most naughty little Miss, she was, too. Indeed, I doubt very much if any of the little girls who read this story ever knew so naughty a child as Rosie.

But, listen, and I'll tell you why Rosie was so naughty. She was SPOILED—yes, SPOILED! She had no brother or sister and she had a very devoted mother and father and a doting grandmother and grandfather. So, you will readily understand why Rosie felt that she was the only little girl in the world and that everyone should run at her beck and call.

Her mother and father meant well by their little girl, but—well, some parents are quite foolish, you know, and instead of rearing their children to be unselfish, sweet-tempered and loving towards others, both old and young, they are blinded by their love for their children and think them better, cleverer, and more beautiful than any other children on earth. So, the children are not entirely to blame, I say, for thinking as their parents think.



"I want to eat with the party," she cried out, her temper making her face ugly.

And so it was with Rosie. No matter what Rosie wanted there was one of the parents or grandparents to see that her wish was gratified. If Rosie got ugly tempered—which she did very often—her mother never reprimanded her, but on the contrary, gave up to the pouting girl's demands, no matter how absurd they were, or how unreasonable. And at times Rosie had both parents and grandparents busy with tempting her with toys, sweetmeats, and coaxing, to induce her to stop her naughty crying. But in vain did they coax: Rosie screamed and kicked and fought, till she felt she had done so enough. Then she stopped and asked for whatever she wanted, getting it, too, if such a thing were possible. Why, her papa had been known to go out in the worst storm you could imagine, just because his little daughter had taken it into her head to have some ginger cakes from a confectioner's shop several blocks away, and could not be persuaded to eat the nice frosted cookies made at her own home, although the home-made sweetmeats were far superior in taste and quality to the heavy ginger cakes to be had at the confectioner's shop. But Rosie had set her heart on having them, and no peace could be had in the house till she got them.

Well, I set out to tell you about Rosie's

going to a party; but I've got a long way off my subject. However, it is well that you should have an introduction to Rosie before meeting her at the party.

Well, this party took place on a Saturday afternoon, and many little boys and girls were there. It was given by a dear little girl by the name of Laura Davis, and although she knew that Rosie was a very naughty little girl, and might cause disturbances at the party, she could not avoid inviting her, for Rosie's parents and Laura's parents were neighbors, and it would have been a slight unpardonable to have left Rosie's name off the list of invited guests.

And so it happened one fine afternoon that Laura came to call on Rosie and to invite her to the party which was to be given on the Saturday of that same week. (Laura attended the public school, and was a great favorite with teachers and pupils. Rosie's mama instructed her little daughter at home, fearing to send her to school lest some of the children might hurt her feelings, or the teacher punish

upon it, not waiting for an invitation.

Laura and her mama greeted Rosie graciously, the former taking her little guest's hat and jacket (for it was a chilly October day) and running into another room to put them on the hat and wrap rack. When returning to the parlor Rosie cried out to her: "Where did you put my hat and jacket? I want them here beside me. Some one might carry them off."

Now wasn't that a very naughty thing to say? She really did not know how rude she was. Poor Mrs. Davis hurried to the hall rack and fetched Rosie's hat and jacket, placing them on the piano where their owner might "keep an eye on them" as one of the jolly, mischievous boys put it in a whisper to a comrade. (The fact is, Rosie was known by reputation, and had very few playmates in consequence.)

After all the guests had assembled Mrs. Davis led them to the big sitting room where they were given full sway to play games. All the furniture had been removed so that there might be nothing to interfere with such games as Blind-man's buff and London Bridge.

"Well, what shall we play?" asked Laura, looking about in the faces of her young guests.

"Let's have Blind-man's buff," suggested one boy who loved no other game so well. "All right," cried a chorus of happy voices. "Blind-man's buff! It's great sport! Who'll be the blind man?"

"Sammy Travers," cried other voices, naming the boy who had proposed the game. "All right, bring on your blind," laughed Sammy, taking the centre of the floor.

But just at that moment—and as Mrs. Davis was tying a folded handkerchief about Sammy's eyes—Rosie, putting, said in a very unpleasant voice, "I don't like Blind-man's buff. If you play that I won't play, so I won't. I'll get my things and go home."

Several young faces turned inquiringly towards Mrs. Davis, but not a boy or girl present said a word. They were all too well-bred to reply to so rude a child. Mrs. Davis went to Rosie, saying: "Well, Rosie, suppose you all play Blind-man's buff for a little while. Then you may choose the game to be played next. Don't you think that a nice plan?"

Rosie pouted and drew back from Mrs. Davis' encircling arm, just as she was in the habit of drawing away from her own mama when she did not have her request granted at the moment. "No, I HATE Blind-man's buff," she retorted. "I won't play it, so I won't."

"Well, then I'll tell you what we'll do—you and I," smiled Mrs. Davis coaxingly. "We'll not play this game, but will go and look after the refreshments while the others play it awhile. Then we'll come in and you shall choose the next game, and lead it, too."

But Rosie still pouted and shook her head. "I don't want to go and look after the refreshments," she said. "I want to play now."

"All right," cried Sammy Travers, "let's all play whatever Rosie says. I don't care what game it is—just so it's a game."

"There, that's very nice of you, Sammy," said Mrs. Davis. "And are you all willing to play something else first?" she asked of the assembled little ones.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



CASHMERE A FASHIONABLE MATERIAL FOR SIMPLE DRESSES.

The vogue of the jumper or overwaist dress and the little one piece frocks, which are now so much the fashion, has brought back to favor the old time cashmeres, more beautiful in lustre and softer in weave than they ever were. The adaptability of this material to the present modes is strongly exemplified in the pictured dress of pearl gray cashmere. The skirt of walking length is tucked in clusters over the hips and finished above the hem with two very wide tucks. The skirt is joined to a very simple overwaist plait-

ed on the shoulders between the silk bands braided with gray soutache which outline the neck opening and armhole, the fulness at the waistline being drawn into the belt either side of a high point of the silk, braided, which extends upward from the belt. The guimpe is a figured fillet of lace with puff sleeves, gathered at the elbow into a deep cuff of the lace and braided silk, and the belt is of the silk overlaid with lace and finished at the edges with rows of braid. This fastens at the right side with a fancy silver pin.

To be good and play merrily with your little comrades?" asked Mrs. Davis in a determined way, for Rosie had worn out her patience.

Rosie looked into Mrs. Davis' eyes and saw there a look that she had never seen before. "I don't want to play with you," she said, "I want to play with my friends. I'll stay and be good—if I—can," she sniffed. "But please let me stay to the party."

And strange as it may seem, she remained at the party and behaved very nicely, too. All she needed was a firm hand and determined voice to make her know her place. And that day's lesson was never forgotten by Rosie, either, although she may not have been benefited so much by it as she would have been had her mama learned the lesson, too.

A PLEASANT FUNCTION

Bangor Firemen Present Group Picture to No. 1 Company.

There was a very pleasant function in No. 1 Engine House last night when E. L. Jewett, in behalf of the Bangor contingent to the recent firemen's tournament, presented to the men of No. 1 a large group photograph of the department of the Maine city.

Speeches were delivered by Chief Kerr, H. W. DeForest, Director, Wisely, Capt. R. W. W. Frank, J. H. McAlay, secretary of the Bangor department; Charles F. Brown, district engineer, and Aldermen Vanwart, Bullock and Willet and Lieut. Harry Ervin.

The proceedings opened with a speech of welcome by Chief Kerr, followed by a banquet to the men of No. 1. The picture was exhibited in the window of Oak Hall and is a sure to be much admired. The toast of the Bangor department was then proposed amid great enthusiasm and was responded to by Mr. McAlay, and Mr. DeForest and District Engineer Brown followed in happy speeches. Vocal solos were sung by J. Carleton and Geo. Lewis, W. H. Hargis gave a clog dance, Mr. Dryden an accordion solo. Mr. DeForest proposed the toast of the St. John fire department, coupling with it the names of Chief Kerr and Ald. Vanwart and speeches from Ald. Bullock, Ald. Willet and Lieut. Ervin also followed. Before the very enjoyable gathering broke up, there were a number of other vocal and instrumental solos.

"Yes'm," nodded all present—all save Rosie. "Now, Rosie," said Mrs. Davis, "what game do you wish to play?" Rosie, with lips still out, stood silent a while. Then she said: "Let's have refreshments first. I'm hungry."

"Oh, but we can't have them yet," explained Mrs. Davis kindly. "You see, the ice has not arrived—won't be here for another hour. Only the sandwiches and cakes are ready. And they are not yet placed on the table. You see, I'm going to let you all have lots of fun playing while we are preparing the luncheon."

"I want to eat first," declared Rosie. "I'm hungry. When I'm hungry mama always allows me to eat. If I can't have some cake I'll go home."

"All right," said Mrs. Davis. But a very weary look came into her gentle motherly eyes. "We—you and I—will go to the dining room and you shall have some cake while the others go on with their game of 'Blind-man's buff.' She took Rosie by the hand to lead her from the room, but the naughty Miss rebelled against such procedure.

"I want to eat with the party," she cried out, her temper making her face ugly. "If I can't eat with the party I'll go home."

"Then my dear, you must wait till the table is ready," said Mrs. Davis, gently but firmly. "So, if you'll name some game that you like the children will help you play it."

For a moment Rosie stood as if uncertain what to do. Then, enraged at not being allowed to have her own way, regardless of the plans of Mrs. Davis and the wishes of others, she burst out crying angrily. In vain Mrs. Davis tried to pacify the naughty child, her cries rose higher and higher. There was no such thing as playing games—or having the pleasure they had anticipated—by the fifteen other little guests. A number of them whispered their disapproval of the naughty Rosie's conduct, and all looked their condemnation of her.

"Well, if you will not play, nor will cease your crying," said Mrs. Davis a bit sternly. "I shall have to put your hat and jacket on and take you home to your mama and grandmama. You see, my dear child, there are others here who must be considered, and you are spoiling their pleasure."

"But I don't want to go home," wailed Rosie. "I want to stay to the party."

"Then you must stop crying at once and be a nice child like the other children, who are behaving so prettily while you are acting so naughtily. Now, shall I take you right home—or will you try

ST. JOHN MAY HAVE SERIOUS MILK FAMINE

Apoahqui and Sussex Farmers Will Not Send Milk in Unless Advanced Price is Paid.

Zapohqui, Nov. 11.—(Special)—At a meeting of the Kings County Milk Producers' Association, held here tonight an agreement was signed whereby those present bound themselves not to send any milk from here tomorrow morning. A. E. Macaulay, secretary of the Milk Dealers' Association in St. John, was present for a short time, and submitted a proposition. He said he would pay thirty-five cents a can from now till March 1, and twenty-five cents the balance of the year. This was refused, the dealers holding out for thirty-five cents from Sept. 1 to June 1, and twenty-five cents for the balance of the year.

There were twenty-five or thirty of the local farmers present, besides George Raymond, of Bloomfield, president of the association, and James Floyd, of Bloomfield, a director, and E. A. Schofield, of Hants. H. A. Corbett was elected chairman and Edwin Cripps secretary.

The business of the meeting was at once entered upon. Mr. Macaulay, who could be present only between trains, first submitted his proposition. A long discussion followed, during which it was claimed that the lowest possible cost of production at the present time is thirty cents a can, and that even this allows a value of only 310 a ton for hay and \$30 a ton for mill feed. It was unanimously decided to reject Mr. Macaulay's offer. Instead, an agreement was signed by nearly all present that they will hold out for thirty-five cents a can for nine months, and twenty-five cents for the remaining three. Failing the receipt of the advanced price, they also agreed not to send any milk to St. John tomorrow morning.

There are about twelve men who send milk from here. All of these, with the exception of two, signed the paper. About 150 eight quart cans are sent each day. The reason given by the two men for not signing is that they are under contract for a year.

Mr. Raymond told the meeting that the milk producers around Sussex had also come to the decision not to send any milk unless their demands were complied with. The farmers who form the Sussex Milk Company, he said, have refused to come in. There are four of these and they are the largest producers there—Andrew Aiton, David Aiton, J. T. Prescott and George Johnson. David McKnight, of this place, also refused to sign, saying that he is already getting his price.

Sussex, N. B., Nov. 11.—(Special)—A strike is now on in earnest here between the milk producers and the milk companies. Tonight when the Sussex express arrived the farmers were lined up at the east side of the station where they usually get their empty cans, but when the agents for the different companies offered them cans they simply refused taking them unless they would be paid at the rate of 35 cents a can. Future.

The agents told them that they could not give this. There was more or less discussion between them, but the farmers went home without their cans, and unless the dealers give them the price asked there will be no milk shipped from here on Wednesday morning. The regular shipment will go out tomorrow morning.

If the farmers hold out this will mean quite a tie up for the dealers in St. John as the average shipment from here is 300 cans of eight quarts each day. Mr. Floyd, of Bloomfield, was here this evening and announced that there would not be a pound of milk shipped from there tomorrow morning.

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We can give you the same coat with Mink Collar and Lapels for \$65.00.

We positively guarantee everything that we make.

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 504-506 St. Paul Street.

GOVERNOR TWEEDIE TO SPEAK TONIGHT

He Will Address Canadian Club on Forest Preservation.

No little interest has been aroused in the address to be delivered before the Canadian Club in Keith's assembly rooms this evening by Lieut-Governor Tweedie. The club members, with Governor Tweedie as their guest, will sit down to luncheon at 6.15 o'clock, and at the close his honor will speak on Our Forest Lands and Their Preservation.

There is talk of legislation affecting New Brunswick forests, recently Ontario has adopted new regulations and the dominion parliament is to be asked to enact legislation tending to preserve the forest wealth of the country. In all it is a big question and one of great importance. Governor Tweedie has given much thought to the New Brunswick forests and forestry, and his address is expected to be one of the most valuable yet heard by the St. John Canadian Club.

The luncheon will be provided by the King's Daughters, who will have fifty young ladies as waitresses. The sale of tickets to the members will be continued during today, but early application is asked for. A very large attendance this evening is hoped for.

KINGS LAW SCHOOL

The Kings Law School lecture course will be opened this afternoon. At 4 o'clock Judge Trueman will address the second and third year men on Wills, and at 5 o'clock W. H. Trueman will speak to the first year men on Contracts. On Wednesday at 4 p. m. Dr. T. D. Walker will lecture on Medical Jurisprudence.

The only change in the faculty this year is that Hon. H. A. McKeown succeeds F. R. Taylor as lecturer on Crimes, Mr. Taylor succeeding the late Dr. Stockton in Admiralty.

The third year students are R. H. Howard, J. P. Lunney and W. B. Harris, and the second year men are Enoch Thompson, W. A. Nelson, J. S. Tait and J. King Hazen.

CHILDREN HAD MUMPS. MOTHER TROD ON RUSTY NAIL

Every mother knows how fretful the little ones are when they develop Mumps, and the many nights rest she is called upon to spend, and, of course, of course, "My children have had the Mumps, and I used Zam-Buk for all of them with excellent results. Zam-Buk did my children a world of good, and I will always keep it handy as a household remedy. I would recommend it to all mothers, and think that no house should be without it."

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I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits have received from GIN PILLS. Before I had taken GIN PILLS I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got "GIN PILLS."

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