

### THE CLOUD FAIRIES

Patricia was sitting under a big oak tree in the garden, with a book open before her. But she was not reading. She was gazing far into the blue sky. Evangeline was a good fairy and was always scattering seeds of kindness. To-day she had chosen to take Patricia to see the Cloud Fairies. She kept close to Patricia and threw clouds of gold dust at her feet. Patricia immediately saw Evangeline.

"Come and see the cloud fairies with me," she said. "But I have no wings to fly with," objected Patricia.

The fairy drew from her robe two tiny slippers and said, "These are magic slippers, they will do whatever you want. While you have them on no harm can come to you. Put them on." Patricia found herself obeying Evangeline. As soon as she had on the slippers, she felt her form shrinking, until she was the size of Evangeline, but she still wore the same clothes.

They soared up into the blue sky, until they came to a number of fairies, dressed in white, polishing the Rainbow.

"It is our cleaning day," said Evangeline. "We have one every moon. To-night the King of the Clouds is to have a ball." They went on until they came to a tiny cloud door. "That is the Weather Clerk's door," said Evangeline. "But he is always busy, so we won't visit him to-day."

On they flew until they came to a huge hall, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, and butterflies flew about.

At the far end was a lovely tiger lily, which was the King's throne.

"This is where the ball will be to-night," said Evangeline. "Would you like to come?"

"Oh!" breathed Patricia, "but would the King like a mortal at his dance?"

"He would like to have you, I am sure," said Patricia's companion. To-morrow night I will take you to see the Man in the Moon."

"Patricia! Patricia! Where are you?" called a voice. "Come at once to tea."

Patricia woke up suddenly. "Why," she said, rubbing her eyes, "I must have been dreaming."

—PEGGY BLAXLAND.

### THE FAIRY PARROT

Once upon a time there was an old man, lost in the forest. Night was coming on. The black clouds covered the sky. He could see it was going to rain, but what was he to do?

He went this way and that, not knowing where to go. He was crying aloud. Suddenly he was answered by a voice which said: "I will show you the way out." The old man on looking up saw a parrot, sitting on a branch of a tree.