

children, you naughty bad children; you are so naughty. Why did you run away from home? If I had not come Mr. Eagle would have taken you right away."

PAT YOUNG

POOR DOLLY

Now I think it would be jolly,
To paint my dear little dolly,
Alas! I left her out last night,
Her cheeks were red but now they're white.
Dolly dear!

Once her hair was curly, too,
And her pretty eyes were blue,
Now her hair is all unstuck,
Really she's in the worst of luck.
She's 'bad I fear!

Now I've covered her with paint,
Truly she does look so quaint,
Now I've painted her again,
Goodbye! trust it doesn't rain.
Goodbye from her.

—MARJORIE SMYTH

THE FAIR

One day I went to a fair,
There were all kinds of things to wear,
There were bright beads and rings,
And a lovely bird that sings.

There were pots, pans, and dishes,
Tiny little baby fishes,
Glasses, goblets and jugs,
Many lovely coloured rugs.

There were boats, and lots of books,
Long lines and little fishing hooks,
Also lovely shopping bays,
And even old dirty rags.

There were socks and frocks and hats,
And dogs, and very thin, thin cats,
And lots of needles and pins,
As well as old rusty tins.

—SHIRLEY BOOTH.

MY DOLLY

I have a little dolly,
And she is very jolly,
Laughing blue eyes,
As blue as the skies.