

the risk of bursting a blood-vessel, managed to drag the "labour-saving appliance" a few feet along the hall. However, I was very meek, and humbly suggested that George should hire a man to manipulate the said "appliance."

was in no mood to answer polite enquiries, I silently followed him into the kitchen, where he flopped down his bundle in the baby's bath, and bounced out of the back door, making, on his way, a few forcible remarks about the ingratitude of women.



I HATE TO HAVE MEN ABOUT WHEN I'M ON ALL FOURS.

George was marching off with a majestic air of offended dignity, when I called him back to carry the "appliance" into the kitchen, as to move it further was beyond my strength.

By this time a white powder was settling all over the hall, but, seeing that George

"Whatever is that in the bath?" queried Jean, entering with baby on her arm.

I did not know, so we proceeded to investigate. Untying the carriage rug, the dining-room tablecloth, and a sheet, we discovered an enormous bag of flour, which the grocer had deposited in the scullery just