



SELLING FISH.

FRED and his little two-year-old sister Gertie have nice times trading with their mamma.

Fred takes his wheelbarrow, and fills it with blocks and spools and books, and plays he is a fish-peddler. Marching to the sitting-room door, he blows his little tin trumpet. "Toot, toot, toot! Any fish to-day?"

His mamma asks, "What do you carry, sir?" Fred stands very straight, and says, "Cod, haddock, and wola-but." Mamma laughs. He *means* halibut: so she tells him that she will take one of them.

He selects one of his largest books: she pays him a lozenge, and asks him to call again next Friday.

Then he goes to the kitchen to trade with Aunt Jennie. "Toot, toot, toot! Any fish to-day?"