

thing. She suddenly let go Alice's hand, dried her little wet face on the skirt of her dress, and said, before her sister could get a chance—'We have cut your pretty bead bag into little teeny pieces, Mamma, 'nd dropped the beads all over the floor. We couldn't sweep 'em all up, 'nd Alice said we must 'fess, 'nd I was 'fraid to, 'nd Alice said she would tell you, 'nd now I've told you, myself, 'nd I aint 'fraid any more, Mamma, only sorry.'

Mrs. Stone looked down into the two little flushed faces lifted so bravely to her own, and there were tears in her eyes as she gathered both little forms close into her arms.

'Mamma would rather lose half a dozen bags, dearies, than have had you tell her an untruth,' she said. 'It was wrong for you to take the bag, and very wrong for you to cut it up; but I do not think you will do it again. You have been brave enough to confess it; and Mamma must be as brave as her little daughters are, and forgive you.'

In the middle of the floor the two little deserted dollies sat and whispered softly to each other.

'I knew my Mamma Alice would do what was right,' confided Gretchen.

'And I knew my Mamma Lucy would, too,' replied Wing Sing.

While both thought in their little doll hearts: 'It always pays to do right.'

Dickie's Birthday Surprise.

It was Dickie's birthday and he was six years old, and from the presents and letters that he had received that morning you would have thought that no one could possibly have forgotten the day—except perhaps the weather! It really was very trying, for it was simply pouring, and none of the little friends invited would be allowed to venture out.

Little Dick sat sadly in the hall, waiting for them. At last he gathered his toys together and carried them one by one back to the nursery again. He had hard work to keep the tears back. Nurse saw this, and tried hard to cheer him.

It was getting dusk, when there was a ring at the bell, but Dickie's

little nose was pressed against the window pane. He had given up his little friends long ago. He heard nurse coming upstairs; then she came in. Whatever was she carrying? Dickie rubbed his eyes to see plainer. Why, it was the dearest, sweetest little puppy you ever saw; and it had a label tied on to its collar, on which was written, 'I come with best love from Uncle Dick.'

Dickie forgot all about his spoilt party now, and soon he and the puppy were having the merriest of frolics together. So that in spite of the weather it would now have been difficult to find a happier little chap than Dick.—'Child's Companion.'

What the Cannibal Said.

By C. Cunningham.

Oh, the Gingerbread Man is puffy and fat,

Maria made him for me.

She rolled him and shaped him with many a pat,

He's a toothsome sight to see.

His round little, black little, curly eyes

(He's as cross-eyed as he can be!)

Seem to stare in a sort of frightened surprise

At great, big Cannibal Me.

I first take a nibble and then take a peck

At his crusty little toes,

And then catching hold of his sugary neck,

I bite off his turned-up nose.

Then with many another nibble and bite

I finish him up with glee,

And soon there is left not the tiniest mite

To stare at Cannibal Me.

—Selected.

How a Dog Got a Cooky.

(By A. M. M., in 'Morning Star'.)

Max is a big black dog who lives at the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. Max has no pedigree worth mentioning nor any personal beauty worth speaking of, but he is a dog and to any one who knows what a large part a dog can play in the economy of life that fact is all-sufficient. Those who know him consider him faithful and intelligent beyond the average dog and that is saying a good deal

for him. He understands the use of an elevator as well as any person. When he wants to go up or down stairs he goes to the shaft and says, 'Wow.' The elevator girl understands and comes. Max walks into the elevator and rides till he comes to the floor where he wants to get off. Then he says 'Wow' again and the door is opened and he gets off.

Max knows what pennies are for. They are to take to the baker's and buy cookies, and when one is given him he coaxes his friends till he can get some one of them to go with him to invest it. The other day Max broke his record for brilliant achievements by getting himself a cooky without a penny and without any one to go to the baker's with him. He had been lying in his favorite corner in the central office for some time. His mistress thought he was asleep but he had evidently been thinking, for all of a sudden he started up and with the air of a person who has made up his mind to do something, walked to the outside door and asked to have it opened. The hall girl let him out and he marched straight across the street to the bakery. When he got there he walked in, put his front paws up on the counter and said, 'Wow.' 'What will you have?' asked the clerk. 'Wow, Wow,' answered Max. The clerk, being a wise woman, understood. 'Yes,' she said, 'a cooky. I will get you one.' So she took one out of the case, put it in a bag, and gave it to Max. He said another 'wow' which the wise clerk knew meant 'Thank you,' took the bag in his mouth and trotted home to tell his mistress what he had done and to show her what he had got. Then he came around to tell us in the other departments and we were convinced again that one of the smartest and nicest and best doggies in all the land was our glossy-coated Max.

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