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that Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly as he kept her eye open.

"Ah," said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her. "Here it is."

"Where?" asked mamma. "I don't see anything."

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"I don't, either," said Flossy; "but my eye doesn't hurt any longer."

"It is just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after this Flossy was fidgeting about the room where mother was sewing. Flossy was in bad humour. Nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," said mamma over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable."

Flossy sat down by the window and pouted. In a little while her face brightened and she came to her mother and put a soft kiss on her cheek.

"I'm like that little grain of sand, mamma; don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you mamma, I love you truly, and I wouldn't hurt you as that sand hurt me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself, but I can, and I will go right away."—Young Evangelist.



## TEDDY'S SCHOOL READER

By Marion Wathen Fox.

The Jones family had a big cupboard in their kitchen. It was painted green. In the cupboard were two small drawers. One of these drawers was for holding common knives and forks. The other one was for hammers, screwdrivers and such things.

One Monday Mrs. Jones said:—

"I've cleaned out the tool-drawer and you can use it for holding your school readers and books in."

All the little Joneses were delighted with this—all but Ted. He thought it very queer of his mother to want a place for only just school books. He told his chum, Harry Jackson, about it that morning on the way to school. Harry, too, thought it very queer and said:—

"Well, you see mothers have to make their boys and girls do some things—you know they just kind of want to order us about because we're little and they're big, they're mothers and we're not—that's why they have places for things—and—because they want to have things their own way to please themselves—that's what I think. Eh, Teddy!"

But Teddy wasn't quite sure of this, for he knew his mother did lots of things for him and other people that she didn't really like to do. However, Harry was a year older than Teddy and Teddy thought he must know about things pretty well, so he said a bit doubtfully:—

"Guess you're right."

That night all the little Joneses placed their readers and other school books in the drawer when they were doing their home-work.

Mrs. Jones said it would be nice to know just exactly where those were, and to have no trouble finding them when they were ready to go to school.

On Tuesday night everybody put them in the drawer again, and Wednesday morning they knew just where they were.

Thursday morning the Joneses slept late, for they had company the night before and had all been up late. After she got up, Dorothy had just time to eat her breakfast and hurry to school. Marjorie, too, did the same. Teddy was the last getting downstairs; so the others ran off to school and did not wait for him.

He came down the stairs with a rush and a bang.

"Oh, mother, I'm going to be awful late," he said, "and the teacher's awful cross when we're late."

So his mother hurried and got him a nice breakfast and helped him put on his reefer.

"Don't forget your reader, dear," she said.

So Teddy jerked open the drawer in the green cupboard with a bang.

"It isn't here, mother," he said.

"Oh, look again, dear; it must be because that's the place for school books."

So Teddy "rooted" around amongst the books and papers again.

By this time he was becoming very much excited.

"Dot's taken it, I know. she's always bothering with my things," he growled.

"No, Teddy. she took only her own. I saw her."

"Well, it's been Marjorie; she never can leave other people's things alone," he growled away.

"I'm sorry, dear, I haven't time to help you look for it. Are you sure it's not in the drawer?"

"Yes, I'm sure—I just do wish people would leave my things alone," he muttered.

So at last he had to go to school without his reader. The teacher put him at the foot of his class for being late and he had to stay after school and read his lesson for going without his reader.

That night it rained a little. The Joneses kept a water-barrel at the end of their kitchen verandah, right under the spout from the roof. There was a narrow board lying across the top of the barrel.

On Friday morning Mrs. Jones went to get some rain-water from the barrel.

"I guess I'll just clean it right out, John," she said to Mr. Jones, who was at the door. "Come and let's upset what's left in the bottom; there's a lot of dirt settled there, and I'd like to have a good, clean barrel of water for Monday's wash—looks as though we were going to have a heavy rain."

So Mr. Jones upset the barrel. A big lump of something came out in the water.

"What on earth is it, John?" asked Mrs. Jones.

Mr. Jones picked up the dripping lump.

"Teddy's school reader, I declare! Now, how did it get here?" he asked with a frown.

"Teddy! Teddy! come here!" he called.

Teddy came.

"Teddy, did you have your school reader out here on Wednesday

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night?" he asked (keeping the ruined reader behind his back).

"No, I— I—"

"Come, now; think a minute, my boy."

Teddy thought. Then he said, "Oh, yes; I remember now when I was learning my words I brought it out here, and then—then—when tea was ready I laid it on the board across the barrel, and I guess—I guess I must have—must have left it there."

"I guess you did," said Pa Jones quite sternly, "for your ma and I have just found it in the bottom of the rain-barrel—ruined," and here he held up the dripping reader.

When Teddy got his new reader, which was not for two weeks—he had to stay in every night after school for all that time—he always put it in the little green drawer, for then he understood that

"A place for everything and everything in its place,"

is not a rule made by mothers just to please themselves, but a rule to help other people, to make things nice and handy and convenient and cosy for everyone in the home.

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