

and the bear—'not a bit of it! A root! How can you say so? It is not that, we can all see.'

'If I might speak,' said an old owl, who sat in a tree near, 'I think I can tell you what it is. I have been in a land where there are more of such things than you could count. It is a man's boot.'

A what! cried all the beasts and birds. 'What is a man? and what is a boot?'

'A man,' said the owl, 'is a thing with two legs, that can walk and eat and talk like us; but he can do much more than we can.'

'Pooh, pooh!' cried they all.

'That can't be true,' said the beasts. 'How can a thing with two legs do more than we can, who have four? It is false, of course.'

'Of course it is, if they have no wings,' said the birds.

'Well,' went on the owl, they have no wings, and yet it is true.

And they can make things like this; and they call them boots, and put them on their feet.'

'Oh, oh! cried all the beasts and birds at once. 'How can you? For shame! Fie on you! That is not true, of course. It cannot be.'

'A likely story!' said the bear. 'Can do more than we can!' said the wolf.

'Wear things on their feet!' cried they all. 'On the face of it, your story is not true. We know that such things are not worn on the feet. How could they be?'

'Of course, they could not,' said the bear. 'It is false.'

'It must be false,' cried all the birds and beasts. 'You must leave the wood,' they said to the old owl. 'What you say cannot be true. You are not fit to live with us. You have said what you know is false. It must be, of course.'

And they chased the poor old owl out of the wood, and would not let him come back.

'It is true for all that,' said the owl.

And so it was.—The 'Nursery.'

Edgar's Soldier Lesson.

Really it was too bad. Edgar was going out to play soldier. He slipped on the steps and twisted his ankle.

'My little lad must go to bed and get well,' said Mamma Gates.

'Bo-boo!' howled Eddy.

Uncle Caspar looked up from his paper and smiled.

'I don't want to go to bed. I want to go and be a soldier,' sobbed poor Edgar.

'But if your ankle is not bathed and put to bed, you will be very lame to-morrow.'

'I don't care,' whined Eddy. 'I don't want to go to bed.'

'I thought you were playing soldier,' said Uncle Caspar. 'What does a soldier do?'

Edgar looked up puzzled. 'He marches and he drums,' Eddy looked at his drum and began to cry again.

'Is that all he does?'

'He doesn't have to go to bed,' whined Eddy.

'But sometimes he gets hurt badly. He is shot in battle. Then what does he do? Does he howl and cry?'

Now, Uncle Caspar was an old soldier whom Eddy admired very much.

'No-o-o! I guess not. I don't know,' said the boy.

'No. He goes to the hospital. There he is as brave as when he drums and marches.'

Edgar wiped his eyes and looked eagerly at his uncle. 'Is going to bed and not crying being a soldier?' he asked.

'Yes, my boy, that is the bravest part of it. Now let me be the ambulance—that's a waggon, you know—and take you to the hospital.'

Uncle Caspar picked up Eddy in his arms and carried him gently to his chamber.

'Now I'm going to be a good soldier,' said the boy, with a smile. He did not wince when his uncle felt the sore ankle and bound it up.

'That's a brave lad, Eddy,' said his uncle. 'Now play it does not hurt, and go to sleep.'

Half an hour later Eddy was dreaming. He looked like a brave little corporal taking his rest.

Uncle Caspar hung up Eddy's flag and gun where he could see them when he awoke. The drum with the soldier cap upon it was placed on the bed. Edgar limped downstairs the next day, and went into camp on the sofa. He whined and complained no longer. He had learned a lesson, that a brave man is patient in suffering.—'Little Men and Women.'

Two Ways.

When Cousin Alice pays a call
She takes her cards so neat and small;

She always wears her finest frock;
She stays ten minutes by the clock;

Then says 'Good-by,' and comes away
Without one single bit of play.

Why, on our square we shouldn't call
Such visits any fun at all.

I run across to Bessie's door,
In plain old dress and pinafore,

And Bessie's very sure to say,
'Take off your hat, and then let's play.'

We make a playhouse on the floor;
I stay an hour, and sometimes more,

And oh, such games! I wouldn't do
Like Alice for the world; would you?

Oh, our's is much the nicer way:
'Take off your hat, and then let's play.'
—'Little Folks.'

FOR THE LITTLE MOTHERS

A SEWING CIRCLE.

Who has not played the jolly game, 'Will you join Aunt Sally's Sewing Circle?' We have another sewing circle in mind—of little Aunt Sally and her friends sewing for their dollies. Don't you want to form a sewing circle, making new clothes to 'surprise them' for Christmas, and have patterns of your own like the big folks, only ever so much simpler?

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If you want these patterns you must write quickly, for we have only a certain number. They were so popular last year that we got all the maker had left, and when these are gone we can't get any more like them this season. Single orders for one set cannot be filled at less than ten cents, or two sets for fifteen cents.



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