

## THE QUEEN'S CLOAK.

By Alice M. Farrington.

Helen hated to sew. Her stitches were long and uneven, the thread kinked and broke, the needles grew sticky and squeaked, and she pricked her finger. Helen lived in a little village where sewing wasn't taught in school, and mama was her teacher.

One day mama said to the little girl, "Helen, after this you are going to sew only one hour a week!" — Helen looked delighted — "and," went on mama, "that hour you are going to Mrs. Stanhope."

That pleased Helen still more. Mrs. Stanhope was a widow, Helen knew, and earned her living doing fine sewing.

The next day, Helen went for her lesson. It was sewing "over and over" on a square of patchwork.

"We'll sit in the grape arbor while we sew," said Mrs. Stanhope. It was so pleasant in the grape arbor that Helen quite enjoyed her lesson.

A few lessons went smoothly. Then one day it rained, and they couldn't sit in the grape arbor. The needle creaked dismally in Helen's moist little fingers.

"Better use your emery, my dear," suggested Mrs. Stanhope.

Next the thread snapped, but instead of cutting the end neatly with her silver scissors and tucking it daintily out of sight, she only made a big knot and hurried on. Mrs. Stanhope said nothing just then, but soon she began a story.

"When I was a girl," she said — and Helen's frown swiftly cleared away. — "I lived in England. As soon as I was old enough, my mother had me taught to sew. All the little girls in the school were sewing, too. First I learned the plain kinds of sewing — how to set tiny, even stitches — Helen's stitches suddenly became small and regular — and to tuck in ends and knots — the silver scissors snipped off the clumsy knot, and the short end was tucked tidily under the edge of the hem.

"And then," went on Mrs. Stanhope, "I learned to embroider. I was taught to have my work as neat on the wrong side as on the right. Those who shirked were sorry afterward. Because one day our teacher said that the best work done in our school would be sent to the exhibition, and the Queen would come to see the exhibition.

"We were excited enough over it. Only the best sewers could take part, you see."

"Did you take part?" Helen asked. "Yes," said Mrs. Stanhope. "I had a cloak to embroider for the exhibition. And I worked months on it. It was white, and had a deep border wrought in silk all around it. I took great care, because I wanted to have my work as perfect as possible. And I wanted to please my mother, too. The cloak took a first prize — a blue ribbon!"

"But one day, Queen Victoria came to the exhibition, and she saw the white cloak. And she liked it so well, she bought it. She said she wanted to give it away for a present."

"Oh!" cried Helen breathlessly. "Wasn't that splendid! Do you s'pose I could ever do embroidery like that?"

"I'm sure you could," said Mrs. Stanhope heartily. "There wouldn't be any question to buy it, but you could do it so well a queen would like to have it! And how pleased your mama would be!"

From that day Helen was ambitious to sew well, and it wasn't long before mama had reason to be proud of her little girl's fine sewing and embroidery.

A professor of English history was telling his young men of the impressionable age about the Elizabethan era, when suddenly turning to one of the young men who seemed to be in a dream, with a far-away gaze, said: — And how old was Elizabeth, Mr. Case?

"Eighteen last birthday," came the instant reply.

## MARJORIE'S ASSISTANT.

By Hilda Richmond.

"Now, Marjorie," said grandma, "you will have to take my place today. Grandma has a very bad habit of sleeping when he goes out to church or an entertainment, and once in a while he snores, if I am not watching. Since my rheumatism keeps me at home, you will have to keep him awake for it is dreadful to snore when a lady is singing or some one is speaking. You won't forget, will you? All you have to do is to reach over and press his hand a little, for that wakes him up at once."

"I'll see that he doesn't snore a single snore," promised Marjorie. "You don't need to worry a bit, grandma."

They set off together, the big strong man and the tiny little girl in her starched white dress and white shoes, for there was to be an entertainment at the church — a missionary entertainment and grandma, being president of the society, was very anxious that there should be a large crowd. Mandy had to run after them to get Rex, who wanted to go to the meeting, and presently they heard him howling in the wood-house where she shut him and latched the door. It was a sweet summer day, and they did not hurry to the pretty white church for they were early, and the air was full of such delightful sounds and smells.

Grandma helped sing: "From Greenland's icy Mountains," with a vim, and he and Marjorie enjoyed very much the flag drill given by the "Little Helpers," but when the missionary lady got up to speak somehow they just settled back to be comfortable in the cushioned pew, and after a while her voice seemed to fade away. The bouquets seemed to nod to Marjorie, and she tried to remember what the lady was saying to tell poor grandma at home, but it was hard work and after a little more trying she forgot everything.

"Oh!" said Marjorie, breaking off a funny little snore as something cold found its way to her warm hand. She woke with a start, and there was Rex, wagging his tail and looking very much pleased. Grandma had seen it all out of the corner of his eye, but he did not like to disappoint Marjorie, so he sat perfectly still with his eyes closed.

"I almost forgot what grandma told me," thought Marjorie suddenly. "And I intended to watch all the time." She leaned over and put her hand on grandma's and he woke at once. They both listened very hard to what the lady was saying, but just then she sat down, and the meeting was dismissed.

"Well, Marjorie, did you keep grandma awake?" asked grandma when they got home.

"Well, once he dropped asleep, but I woke him right away," said the little girl. "I forgot all about my task once, but Rex helped me remember."

Grandma looked at the very red cheek that had rested on grandma's arm a long time, and then at the crumpled white dress, so no one had to whisper the little secret to her. Neither did she ask much about what the missionary lady said. She only smiled, and told Marjorie that Mandy felt very badly when Rex dug his way out of the shed, but perhaps after all it was a good thing if he proved such a valuable assistant.

And when Marjorie had the word assistant explained to her, she said: "Yes, I think I will always take Rex along to help me remember."

Old Betty — "Did yer hear, Sandy, hoo Mr. Broom is gettin' on?"

Sandy — "I heard he took a relapse this mornin'."

Old Betty (with a sigh) — Weel, weel, I houp it'll dae the puir soul guid; but I hae nae faith in the new-fangled medicines."

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## WANTS AND NEEDS.

"Do you sell people what they want (wish) or what they need?" I asked a clerk.

"Both," was the reply. And most salesmen do that. They can hardly do otherwise.

But the Golden Rule would forbid a salesman to try to sell a man a thing he knew the man had no use for. Ever think of that?

Did you ever see one trying — trying hard — to sell another something he knew well he neither needed nor could afford to buy? If not, you are not a close observer. It is a very common thing for one to be persuaded into — sometimes deluded into — buying things he has no earthly use for; which he will not really care for after he gets them; which a little thought would show him he could not afford.

This may be dishonest on the part of the buyer. He is wasting money that should be spent on real needs. Maybe he thus wrongs his family. Maybe he wrongs those to whom he owes money. Maybe he wrongs God.

"It's his own money, and he has the right to do with it as he pleases. He has earned it honestly." He has the right to spend it right, not otherwise. Every man, rich or poor, married or single, has obligations that he cannot honestly ignore — obligations to God, to family, to self, to society.

On the part of the salesman it is not crily dishonest, but it is very poor business policy. It is bad business policy to get one to spend his money in a way that will not bring him satisfaction; or to get him to overbuy. Thus the seller probably kills off a future customer. "Honesty is the best policy" on the part of both seller and buyer. Our real needs do not cost so very much. But wants (things we wish for) bankrupt many — "Snap Shots by a Passing Preacher," in Cumberland Presbyterian.

## FINDING FRIENDS.

"When I first came to this town to live," said a young married woman, "I met a lady who discussed, analyzed nearly every one I met, rehearsed every one I met, rehearsed everybody's past deeds and character according to her own likes and dislikes and estimates. I was foolish enough to let her words influence me, so that I must confess, I was prejudiced this way and that; and a crooked and devious path I trod for a time. Eventually I found most of the people more kind and companionable than she had represented them; some that she had praised most highly I found not wholly trustworthy. Nowadays I do not depend upon a society guide."

It is indeed wisdom's way not to listen too closely to others' gratuitous comments on those you meet as a stranger, but to depend on finding friends everywhere, taking the best for granted. Equally wise and kindly is it, except in extreme cases, to let others go on in the same way, form their own estimates, find their own affinities.

One would hardly think of anything eatable as a means of grace. But popcorn is said to be excellent for indigestion. Would not that make it a means of grace?