

Mama went back to her book, and Ted stole away and lay down on a fluffy white rug with his feet on the seat of the sofa,—a favourite position of his when he wanted to think.

Monday night he came home greatly excited and stood before his mother with his feet crossed.

"The boys choosed again, 'n I choosed the patched boy, 'n they wouldn't let him play, 'n we went off 'n played mumblety peg by our two selves," he cried, the words fairly tumbling over each other. Then he uncrossed his feet and swung the under one forward. There was a jagged hole in the knee of his trousers. "'N I want that patched," he cried, with a defiant ring in his voice. "If you please, mama," he added, in gentler tones.

"Very well," said mama, soberly, but her mouth was smiling behind the book.

"The boys have all come 'round, mama," Ted announced, cheerfully, a week later. "Harold Winston came 'round to-day. He held out two days longer 'n any of the rest, 'n he did hate to give in, but he got tired of walkin' 'round all by himself."—The Sunday School Times.

When the Cap Fitted.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy, bushy tail did not even hint a wagging, there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down in his throat.

Ruth caught Marian by the arm. "Oh, let's run!" she cried. "He's going to bite us."

"No, he won't if you don't touch his bone." Marian felt ashamed of her dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. "I don't know what makes him act so," she said, as the two walked on.

"Is he always as cross as he has been since I came?" asked Ruth.

"He didn't use to be," returned Marian, sorrowfully. "But now he's getting crosser and crosser all the time."

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother Paul. His face was red with anger, and his fists were clenched. "I'm going straight to mamma, miss!" he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. "We'll see if she lets you talk that way!"

"What way?" asked Marian in astonishment; and Ruth thought of her own brother and felt very glad he was not as ill-tempered and unreasonable as Paul. Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but he went into the house, slamming the door very hard. A few moments later mamma's sweet voice called, "Marian, dear, I want to see you."

Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was waiting for her in the sewing-room, and her face looked puzzled and sad. Paul sat by the window, and it was plain that he had been crying. Marian looked from one to another in astonishment.

"How is this, my daughter?" mamma began. "Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser and crosser all the time."

Marian stared, then broke into a hearty laugh. "Why, mamma, we weren't talking about him at all. Duke growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he always acted so cross; and then I said he is getting crosser and crosser all the time."

"Oh!" said mamma, and then she, too, laughed. "Run back to your play, dear," she said, cheerily. "It was only a mistake, it seems."

When Marian had left the room, mamma

looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that colored them instead of anger. "I just heard them talking about being cross, and I s'posed that meant me," he explained.

"It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it?" mamma asked. And Paul made no answer.

"If your father had overheard that conversation," mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, "would he have thought the girls were talking about him?"

"Of course not," said Paul, indignantly.

"But why not?" persisted mamma.

"Because he isn't ever cross, and they couldn't have meant him," Paul spoke earnestly, though he could not help smiling as he met his mother's meaning look.

"Exactly," said mamma, nodding her head. "And it was easy for you to make the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted you, and you put it on without waiting to see whether it was meant for you or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to overhear."

"A boy who tries his best to do right, doesn't need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of boy will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him."

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and let us hope a better one. He had made up his mind that when the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke, it was time for a change.—The Presbyterian.

Mildred's Thoughtless Borrowing.

BY HAROLD FARRINGTON.

Mildred closed the door with a push. "I'll never ask her for another thing!" she exclaimed, entering the kitchen, where Aunt Celia was preparing chicken salad for supper.

"Ask whom?" Aunt Celia inquired.

"Bessie Andrews," and tears of indignation trembled for a moment in Mildred's eyes. "She's the most selfish girl I know. I asked her this afternoon to lend me a copy of Burns for a few days, and she refused, or might just as well have done so. She said her copy was a present from her Uncle Frank, who got it when he was in Ayer, and she was especially choice of it. I wouldn't have had it after that for anything. She's downright selfish, and some day I'm going to tell her so!"

"No, dear, I think she's not selfish," replied Aunt Celia, gently. "It isn't that. I think she would be perfectly willing to lend her things, even her Burns, if—"

"But she didn't seem to be," interrupted Mildred, quickly.

"If she were sure of having them returned in good condition," resumed Aunt Celia, quietly.

Mildred looked puzzled.

"Do you know how many things you've borrowed of Bessie since she's been on her visit here?"

"Only her music book, that I can remember," said Mildred, slowly.

"That's just it, dear; you don't remember. You borrowed the music collection the week after she came to her uncle's, and I'm afraid it hasn't been returned yet."

"But I haven't learned all I want to out of it; it contains some lovely things."

"Then there's that book."

"I forgot that."

"Yes; but Bessie wanted it Monday, and she came for it while you were out. I happened to remember that you had loaned it

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to Maud Bragdon, and she had to go all that distance out of her way to get it. If I mistake not, a girl I know borrowed her friend's Gibson's Pictures, and thoughtlessly let a neighbor's little child have them to look at; some of them will always bear the print of little soiled hands."

Mildred blushed, painfully. "Did she have to come for them, too? I was going to explain, and offer to get her a new set."

"So you see, dear, it is hardly selfishness on Bessie's part, but rather carelessness on the part of her friend that made her unwilling to lend her copy of Burns. Now, is it Bessie only, Mildred, who suffers from this negligence?"

"I know, auntie," interrupted Mildred, penitently; "there are you and Uncle Henry and Louis and Mrs. Brickford and everybody I know! I've borrowed from all of you, and haven't been as careful of what I've borrowed as I should have been; and I never think of returning what I get. I will not forget again."

When Aunt Celia saw the look of resolution in Mildred's face she knew the promise would be kept.—Ex.

The Joy of Gardens.

Perhaps no word of six letters concentrates so much human satisfaction as the word "garden." Not accidentally, indeed, did the inspired writer make Paradise a garden; and still to-day, when a man has found all the rest of the world vanity, he retires into his garden. When man needs just one word to express in rich and poignant symbol his sense of accumulated beauty and blessedness, his first thought is of a garden. The saint speaks of "The Garden of God." "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse," cries the lover; or, "There is a garden in her face," he sings; and the soldier's stern dream is of a "garden of swords." The word "heaven" itself is hardly more universally expressive of human happiness than the word "garden."

And you have only to possess even quite a small garden to know why. A small old garden. So long as it be old, it hardly matters how small it is, but old it must be, for a new garden is obviously not a garden at all. And most keenly to relish the joy which an old garden can give, you should perhaps have been born in a city and dreamed all your life of some day owning a garden. No form of good fortune can, I am sure, give one a deeper thrill of happy ownership than that with which one thus city-bred at last enters into possession of an old country garden. Everything your eye falls upon seems to wear something of the same look, and as your eye ranges with a sumptuous sense of proprietorship from end to end of your little domain, your heart is filled with a sense of home more profound, more unshakable, and more pathetic than you have ever felt before—before you owned a garden.—Jul. Norregard, in H.M. for March.