

and the poor kitten was so homesick that she ran right to me, and climbed up on my back and crouched down, and that is her favorite perch to this day. Sometimes she sits up straight, and sometimes she crouches down. It isn't always easy to have her there, for when she purrs and moves her paws, as she does when she is happy, it feels as if she were tearing out my hair in wads, but if it pleases her I can bear it.

People come to see us sitting so peacefully together, and a boy said, 'If you call that a cat and dog life, I don't see but what it looks like solid comfort.'

Once Upon a Time.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl who was very miserable because she was not beautiful. Every morning she looked into her mirror. She saw blue eyes which did not shine, pink lips which did not smile, a fair forehead all knotted with frowns.

One night a very strange thing happened. She had a dream. In her dream the mirror said: 'Little girl, when to-morrow comes, try all day long to help every one you meet.'

When the morning came she remembered her dream. All day she tried to help as her dream had said. That evening she looked into her mirror. She saw eyes so full of light that they fairly shone.

The next night another strange thing happened. She had another dream. In her dream the mirror said: 'Little girl, when to-morrow comes, try all day long to help every one you meet. Try to say kind words as well.'—'The Child's Hour.'

How Ruth Filled the Cup.

'Can I help too, grandma?' asked Ruth, as she sat down in the old-fashioned kitchen.

Grandma was making pudding for company, and Hannah was stuffing a big fat goose. Aunt Katie and mamma were setting the long table, and everybody was busy.

'Yes, my dear, you can pick me a cup of raisins,' said grandma.

Ruth went to work with a will and picked the raisins very fast,

but somehow the cup didn't seem to get full.

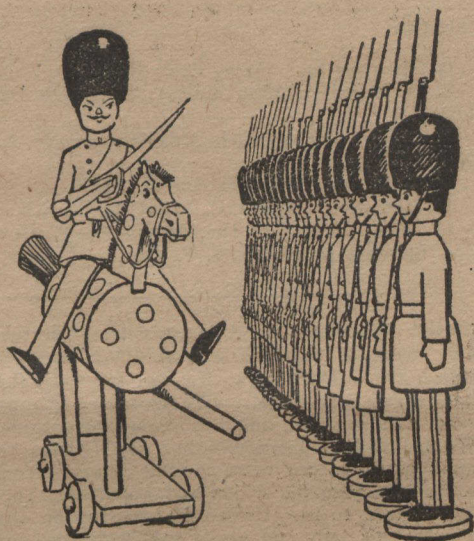
Grandma looked up just as Ruth was putting a great juicy raisin into her mouth, and then she discovered the reason.

'When you pick raisins, Ruth, you must always whistle,' said grandma, solemnly.

'Why grandma!' exclaimed Ruth, 'mamma says it's not well bred for girls to whistle.'

'If you whistle, you can't eat, my dear, and the cup will get full quicker; but singing is every bit as good, and I would like to hear you sing about little Jack Horner.'

And wasn't it queer? When Ruth began to sing that cup was full in a jiffy.—Selected.



The Review of General Wood,

The grand review was very fine; The men were all drawn up in line; So stiffly and so still they stood, As well-drilled soldiers surely would!

—From 'Father Tuck's Annual,' Raphael Tuck & Sons, London.

The Story of a Snow Man.

Elsie Grey had always lived in the South, and she had never seen any snow, so when she came to visit her Aunt Jane, who lived up North, one of the first things her little Cousin Freddy did for her was to make a beautiful snow man. Elsie was so delighted that she played with him all afternoon, and that night, when mamma was undressing her, she said: 'Oh, mamma, I don't see why we can't have snow at home, and make lovely snow men and things.'

'It would not be good for us to have everything we want,' said mamma.

'I will tell you a make-believe story; but we will play it really happened,' said mamma.

'There was once a beautiful, white snow man, and the children loved him, and thought he was the most beautiful snow man in the world. By and by they went indoors, and then he began to feel lonely and wished he could go too. So presently he called to the North Wind, who went roaring by, 'North Wind, please blow hard and blow me inside. I'm tired of standing here alone.' But the North Wind said, 'Snow men are not meant to go in houses.' By and by the snow man called again, 'Dear, good North Wind, somebody's left the door wide open. Do blow me in now.' So then the North Wind blew hard and blew the foolish snow man into the warm room. And what do you think happened?'

'Oh, what?' asked Elsie, 'Why, in a little while there was nothing but a puddle on the floor where the snow man had stood, and the children cried because their beautiful snow man was gone forever. So, you see, it would have been better if he had not had just what he wanted.'—'Child's Hour.'

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma.

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SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.

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SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.

SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.

SET XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.

SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.



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