

Children's Department.

Bobby's Cake

"Do take us for a walk, Frau Wagner," pleaded little Margaret Wentworth and her brother, Robert.

"Gladly, dear children," replied the professor's kind wife, in whose house at Heidelberg the little ones were living.

Margaret longed to play in the woods, but Robert asked to go into the town, so she good-naturedly yielded to her brother's wish.

Walking along, they soon came to a pastry-cook's. In the window was a beautiful cake, which at once attracted attention. It was a round thick ring, baked in a mould with scalloped sides, all covered over with sifted white sugar, called in some parts of Germany a *Kugelhupf*.

"May we have that cake for supper, Frau Wagner?" asked Robert, looking greedily at it.

Margaret looked as if she would like it also, but she did not say so. Frau Wagner went into the shop and bought it, and from that moment Robert longed to get home to eat it.

When the party got in, Mrs. Wagner found a letter from their mamma, saying that their papa, who was captain of a ship, had come home to England for a fortnight, begging she would kindly let the children start for that country the next morning. They were to be placed under the care of the gaurd, who would see to their travelling safely by express train.

Of course Margaret and Robert were delighted at the thought of seeing their dear parents again. Frau Wagner hastened herself to pack their boxes for them, and all was finished by supper time.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Wagner, "I believe in my hurry I put that cake into your box!"

Robert was just about to cry. "Never mind," said Margaret. "It will be so nice to have it at home, and then mamma and papa can help us to eat it," but it was some little time before Bob became reconciled to this idea.

Next morning they left Heidelberg, and after a very long railway journey, and crossing the sea, their papa met them, and took them to their pretty country home, where they found their dear mamma waiting for them.

Robert was too tired to think about his cake that night, but the first thing in the morning he told his mamma of it, and begged that it might be taken out of his trunk.

It was a lovely day, and the children asked their parents to have lunch in the woods. Their request was gladly agreed to. They climbed a steep hill, and took their seats where they could see into the beautiful valley below. Both children had much to tell of all they had seen and learnt since they last saw their parents.

When lunch time came, they all thoroughly enjoyed the nice sandwiches and other things put up for them.

"Ha! now we are going to have a bit of Heidelberg cake," said papa, smiling, taking out the round parcel wrapped in silver paper, as he spoke.

"Oh, let me undo it, papa, please!" urged Bobby, eagerly holding out his hand.

His papa was sorry to see that his boy had not yet got rid of his greediness, which had characterized him from a little child. He handed him the cake, however.

Bob began delightedly to undo the folds of paper, but in his haste the cake slipped from his hands, and, almost before he could exclaim in bitter disappointment, he saw the *Kugelhupf* bounding down the hill at his feet.

He made a dash forward, but to no purpose. Away it went, now rolling on, and then leaping high in the air, where the brushwood checked its path, until it was suddenly lost to sight in the valley beneath them.

Little Margaret laughed heartily at the tricks it played, but to Bobby it was no laughing matter.

His parents were very sorry for him, but they trusted the sudden disappearance of the cake, when just within his grasp, might be a lesson to him not to set his heart upon what was really of so little consequence.

Headaches, Dizzy

Spells and faintness have been my afflictions for 22 years. Often I would fall in a sudden faint and several times narrowly escaped being burnt on the stove. No medicine gave me more than a few days relief, and I laughed when a friend urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Mrs. R. H. Hanes. It is worth its weight in gold to me. MRS. R. H. HANES, Paris, Ont.

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And so it was. The first disappointment over, Bobby joined with his sister in a merry laugh.

He never again gave way to feelings of selfish greediness, and has more than once himself told the story of his bounding *Kugelhupf*.

MRS. HENRY CREWE.

A Terrible Tale.

When I was a little boy, which was ever so many years ago, I was very fond of listening to tales about fairies and robbers, brigands and ghosts. I did not read them, because I couldn't read words of more than one syllable, but I used to beg the servants and any children bigger than myself to tell me all the horrible tales they knew.

My mother used to wonder why I did not like to go into the dark room, and why I always seemed afraid to be alone, but I would not tell her the real reason. I dare say I should have been really ill, if something had not happened to stop my silly habit.

One day I was told that nurse had gone away suddenly to see her father who was ill. My own parents were spending the day with some friends who lived a long way off, and would not be back till long after I was in bed and asleep.

It happened that our housemaid was quite a new servant, and had only been in the house a few days, so I did not much care for being with her. Nurse may have thought of this, for as she kissed me she said, "Good-bye, dear, be a good boy, and let Lizzie put you to bed at seven. She will tell you some lovely tales."

This was very nice to look forward to, but I preferred roaming about the garden during the day by myself to being with Lizzie, so I spent the morning digging in my little patch of ground, which had not received so much care since it belonged to me.

The gardener was working near all the time, and he would say a few words now and then in his funny way, which always puzzled me; I never could make out whether he meant what he said or not.

"That's right, young master; you just come and work along with me, and watch the flowers grow as God makes them. It's a deal better for you than staying indoors and getting your cheeks white through listening to tales which never were, and never could be true."

Jacob was a very old man, and he had a son Jack who helped in the stables, and who used to do the hard work for him; and father used to say that with Jacob for head and Jack for hands, our garden was better kept than any he knew.

Looking round once to answer one of Jacob's queer speeches, I thought how much he was like one of the pictures in our dining-room, only of course that was a gentleman, and Jacob was only a gardener.

"Would you like to be a gentleman, Jacob?" I asked suddenly.

"God forbid!" said the old man, raising his hat reverently. "I know I've been a good gardener all my life, but I might have made a very bad gentleman. Be sure the Lord knows best, and He puts men and women as He puts the trees and flowers, just where's best for them."

Soon after this I went indoors and sat on the dining-room sofa opposite to the picture which reminded me of Jacob.

I stared and stared till I must have

fallen asleep. Then it seemed to me that everything changed. I was dressed in just the same style as the old painting, and I sat on the low wall which divided our garden from a copse which belonged to father. In front of me sat old Jacob, dressed up just as my great-grandfather was, frills, ruffles, cocked hat and all; and he told me a most terrible tale.

I stared at him in horror, and begged him to stop; but he went on, telling of murders, chains, cruel monsters and miserable children, till at last I shrieked and fell—fell into Lizzie's arms, who had come to fetch me for a walk.

"It's a mercy I came in just then," she said, "or you might have cut your head on the fender, falling off the sofa like that. You must have gone to sleep. Make haste and let me dress you, and I'll tell you a ghost story while we walk to Merton."

"No, no!" I said, shrinking from her. "Let me go to Jacob and stay with him till bed-time."

So I spent the rest of the day by Jacob's side, listening to tales of the love and care of God for His people, until, when bed-time came, I knelt and asked Jesus to watch over me, and for the first time for many a day felt peaceful and safe.

The Story of a Conquest.

Little May had been naughty—she knew she had grieved me; but, others being present, I had said nothing, and the sharp little speech which followed the slight act of rebellion had raised an applauding laugh, for May was a visitor and a favourite.

So I had left her, rather sadly, having an evening engagement, and on my return found she had gone to bed. "Auntie," said the childish voice as I passed the door, with a pretence of cheerfulness in it, and just a touch of don't-care.

I went in, but the request for her evening "text" came in the same tone, and I turned away gently, saying, "No, May, I think not to-night. Is there anything else you wish to say to me?"

"I want to go to sleep"; and with a stifled sob from the proud little heart her face was buried in the pillow.

But leaving her thus I could not be happy, for the child was very dear to me; so, after a few minutes, with a fresh thought and an earnest prayer, I went back to her again.

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

usekeepers. Five pounds of cranberries, one pound of brown sugar, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one spoon of cloves. Cook with meats.

Three quarts of cranberries; one quart of water. Put through a fine sieve. Boil, let boil ten minutes.

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e the heat should be later. This is to keep

t the temperature may a pan of cold water.

1 that is too hot at the dripping pan which is ace it on the top grate even be too hot on the he article that is to be

ST.—Gentlemen,—Last he Lungs and was in very weak and could er. Dr. Lawson, of d sent a bottle of Mil- restored my voice and , Wheatlands, Man.

ED.—Stew one pound pint of water for ten e sieve. Stir three- r into the pulp, and use. To serve with ound of sugar, instead amended. Too much acidity of the berry, for a relish.

half a pound of flour, rely chopped suet, a sugar, two teaspoon- ingredients together in and boil for three

be made from grapes at from green grapes ur and colour. Stew ff the juice, strain pressing or squeezing- r and juice together

edy for internal use derful in its curative ure Hoarseness and chinitis and Swelled For Quinsy, Colds,

CHES.—Take out the bunches as little as r until nearly ready cover the bottom of es on each other, and e juice. Lay in an e syrup. Cover with e syrup five minutes grapes, let boil one ts.

speakers and singers hroat and hoarseness chial attacks which red by the use of the best throat and