

distribution." And then she rose, and kissed Tracy, and promised to come again and see him very soon.

"O Stella! what a precious little brother!" she exclaimed, as soon as they were outside the room.

"Precious! Yes, indeed, Mrs. Fleming. Can you wonder that I almost make an idol of him, and that it nearly kills me to neglect him, as I am sometimes forced to do?"

"Not neglect. With such a love as yours, do not speak of neglect, dear," said Mrs. Fleming, tenderly. "And, O my Stella, it was not of grayen images that St. John spoke when he said, 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.'"

Stella's glance drooped. Did it not seem hard to her to think that in her fond deep affection, as well as in her more palpable and evident failings, there was need of repentance and watchfulness?

"Surely I cannot love Tracy too well, my own brother!" she answered, half reproachfully.

"What is too well?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"I scarcely know. More than myself, I think, dear Mrs. Fleming. What do you mean by it?"

"More than God," replied Mrs. Fleming, earnestly. "I think St. John means that any object of affection coming between ourselves and God, which engages more of our time and thoughts and interest than we render Him, must be looked on in the light of an idol, and, as such, be carefully watched and guarded. As one of His sweetest and most precious gifts you cannot love your little darling too well, my Stella; but, O, from the experience of my own heart, I know how frequently it happens that, in so tenderly clinging to the treasures, we are apt to forget the kind hand that has given them to us. Don't think, Stella, that I have not had heart-idols myself, aye, and have them now," she added mournfully; "only God keeps us from them."

Stella pressed the kind hand extended to her; but her heart was too full to speak. Mrs. Fleming's words always seemed to search her very soul: coming from the depths of a loving, longing heart, her own yearned in receiving them, and responded, if not outwardly, yet how warmly and fervently within!

It was a vexatious evening for the poor child; for Lora and Somerset entertained Blanche with billiards; so that she might have been well permitted to be with Tracy, instead of game after game of wearisome backgammon in which Lady Trevannion kept her employed. But though thoughtful and pre-occupied, Stella did not repine; a new strange spell seemed to encircle her spirit, while from time to time the words which Mrs. Fleming had quoted echoed solemnly about her heart: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

It was Sunday afternoon. Lady Trevannion lay half-asleep upon a very luxurious sofa; and Lora, deep in the recesses of a no less luxurious chair, was reading, or pretending to read; her thoughts greatly wandering. Both had been to church that morning; and the exertion appeared to have fatigued them.

Sunday was always a glad day to Stella, inasmuch as it gave her more of her little brother's society than all the week beside. Her nature, too, was highly impressible, and had ever been susceptible to religious truth; and the morning church-going, which to Lora was a positive infliction, was a pleasure and oftentimes a comfort to her. It is true that since her mother's death, and the cessation of the loving prayerful teaching and advice which that mother fondly hoped had been blessed of God to the salvation of her child, much of Stella's interest and desire after heavenly things had passed away; but He, who, having once begun the good work in a soul, has promised to perfect it to the day of Christ, will not leave even a lamb to wander on unsought and uncared for, but in His own way and time will lead or carry it home to the fold from which it has strayed. Sometimes by ways of sorrow, at others by paths of unexpected blessing and gladness, does He lead, but ever in wisdom and in love, and ever towards the same home, to the same fold, by the same Shepherd.

Stella entered the drawing-room, where her aunt and sister were reposing. Monday was near at hand; and she had not obtained the desired leave to visit the poor boy with Mrs. Fleming.

And, now that it came to the point, asking seemed a rather more difficult thing than she had apprehended. However, she put the best face upon it, and made her request as boldly as she dared.

Lora lifted her eyes from her book, with a look of blank dismay upon her beautiful face. "What will you be thinking of next, Stella?" she asked. "Go to Brick-court! I never heard of such a place. I could not allow you to go on any account whatever."

"But why not?" asked Stella. "I am sure there is no harm."

"Harm! There appears to be every harm. A girl like you to be associating with the very lowest of the low, in some disgusting place not fit for decent eyes to be set on, in all probability!"

"Yes, I daresay it is very bad," interrupted Stella, who was striving her utmost to keep her temper and listen patiently; but I do not see that that is any reason why I should not see it for once. The poor things who live there are obliged to endure it always. And I am sure Marian would not take me anywhere where it would be improper to go."

"Letting alone," continued Lora, who took no notice of Stella's interruption, "the almost certain danger of fever and cholera and all sorts of contagious diseases."

"Fever and cholera!" exclaimed Lady Trevannion, fully aroused from her doze, and almost from her sofa. "My dear Lora, pray allow of no such thing! It is perfectly dreadful!"

(To be continued).

The stomach defiled by poorly cooked food can be cleansed by K.D.C. Restore the stomach to healthy action by taking K.D.C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures.

#### Epicurean.

The Brazilians, on whose plantations grow some of the finest oranges in the world, make an art of eating that delicious fruit. To enjoy an orange thoroughly, you should eat it in Brazilian fashion: you slice a segment of the flower and deep enough to go completely through the skin; then replacing the segment, thrust a fork through it to the very centre of the orange, if the tines are long enough. Holding the fork in your left hand, peel the orange with a very sharp, small table-knife, slicing all the skin off, the segment at the base of the fork being in this operation a shield to prevent any danger of cutting the left thumb. Now, with two cuts of the knife dissect out the pulp of one of the pockets and convey it to the mouth. Follow this up, pocket by pocket, and the skins of the pocket remain on the fork, like the leaves of a book open until the covers touch.

K.D.C. is specially prepared for the cure of indigestion and dyspepsia. Cure guaranteed. Try it, and be convinced of its Great Merits.

—Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is, but everybody does not know how it came to bear that name. In order to increase his revenue, Charles I. granted certain privileges amounting to monopolies; and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the Government at the expense of those who were obliged to use the paper. At that time all English paper bore the Royal Arms in water-marks. The Parliament under Cromwell made sport of this law in every possible manner, and, among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the Royal Arms be removed from the paper, and that the fool's cap and bells should be used as a substitute. When the Rump Parliament was prorogued these were also removed; but paper of the size of the Parliamentary journals, which is usually about seventeen by fourteen inches, still bears the name of "foolscap."

—Try Weather and Waterproof floor paint. It dries quick, finishes with a gloss and wears well. Ask your dealer for it and do not be put off with any other. Manufactured by the Weather and Waterproof Paint Company of Canada, Ltd., 122 and 124 Richmond st. east, Toronto.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

The fumes of a brimstone match will quickly remove berry stains from the fingers.

CREAM SAUCE.—Melt one tablespoonful of butter without browning, add one tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth; add one cup of milk and stir continually until it thickens. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

POTATO BALLS.—Moisten two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes with one-half cupful of hot milk, and when softened stir in two salted, well beaten eggs. Drop carefully from a spoon into flour or egg and crumb them—the mixture should be very soft—and brown either in hot butter or boiling fat.

CORN OYSTERS.—This is a Creole breakfast dish. Take a dozen ears of well-grown corn; score down the centre of each row of grains and press out the pulp; to every pint add two eggs, beaten separately, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne and flour enough to make it stiff; drop the mixture in spoonfuls into boiling fat and brown first on one side and then on the other; serve very hot.

FROZEN APPLES.—Season the desired quantity of cooked and striped apples with sugar and spice, beat until the apples are light and smooth, and freeze the same as ice cream. If liked, cream in the proportion of a cupful to a pint of apples may be whipped in before freezing. Serve with cake or toasted and buttered wafers. A cold cream sauce may accompany this dessert.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Mince roughly six onions, three carrots, one turnip, and two lettuces, or a cabbage; wash and dry these well. Melt three ounces of clarified dripping in a large pan, add the vegetables, cover the pan, and toss the contents till well mixed, then add 1½ quarts of water. Let it come to a boil in the uncovered pan, season and skim well. Boil all for half an hour, then cover pan, and simmer slowly till the vegetables are done. Make some little slices of stale bread, pour the soup on them and serve very hot.

TREACLE APPLE PIE.—This was a great favourite in our childhood days, and was always very popular. Make a crust as for an ordinary pie, but a little thicker. Fill a deep pie-dish very full with juicy sour apples; pour on a liberal supply of treacle, and cover, being careful to pinch the crust down very closely at the edges that none of the syrup may escape. Bake rather slowly; too rapid baking will make the juice boil out in the oven. When cold, eat with milk or cream.

HOME-MADE JARDINIÈRE.—A simple jardinière can be made from a cheap pressed glass preserve dish, with an ordinary tin pan to fit inside of it. Punch holes in the bottom of the pan with a nail and hammer, put in a few bits of broken pots and charcoal, then fill with light leaf-mould, and plant with lycopodium, putting a small maiden-hair fern in the centre, or a Chinese primrose, if you prefer blossoms. The bottom of the glass dish being concave, will receive the water which drips through the flat tin pan.

SEVERE DIARRHŒA CURED.—Gentlemen,—I was troubled with chronic diarrhœa for over three years and received no benefit from all the medicine I tried. I was unable to work from two to four days every week. Hearing of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry I began to use it. Am now all right. JOHN STYLES, Bracebridge, Ont.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE.—Gentlemen,—I think your valuable medicine cannot be equalled, because of the benefit I derived from it. After suffering from headache and loss of appetite for nearly three years I tried B.B.B. with great success. It gave me relief at once, and now I enjoy good health.

MRS. MATTHEW SPROUL, Dunganon, Ont.

FACTS ABOUT DYSPESIA.—Wrong action of the stomach and liver occasions dyspepsia. Dyspepsia in turn gives rise to bad blood. Both these complaints are curable by B.B.B., which acts on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, and tones and strengthens the entire system, thus positively curing dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood and similar troubles.