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144 GOTHIC AVE. - WEST TORONTO

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FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SAUCER-PIE.

By MAUD LINDSAY.

ONCE upon a time there was a saucer-pie. A saucer-pie is a pie that is baked in a saucer instead of a pan; and if you have never seen one I hope you will before you are a hundred years old.

This pie was baked in a saucer that belonged to a little girl named Polly. Her grandmother had given her the saucer, and it was as blue as the sky.

When her mamma took the pie out of the oven, and put it on the table to cool, she said:

"Here is a nice little, brown little pie, Baked in a saucer as blue as the sky."

The pie belonged to Polly as well as the saucer. Her mamma had baked it for her because it was her birthday; and she was very proud of it.

"Tell me about it again," she said, as she stood on tiptoe by the table to see it. Then her mamma said:

"Here is a pie that is dainty and sweet,

Baked in a saucer, for Polly to eat." But Polly did not want to eat her saucer-pie by herself.

"I will have a party," she said; and away she went with dancing feet to call her neighbours in.

There was Martha, and Margaret, and little boy John; and all of them came to Polly's party.

When they got there the table was set with Polly's doll dishes, and in the middle of the table was the pie.

"A nice little pie, in a saucer blue, Baked in the oven for Polly and you," said mamma, as she cut the pie, once across this way, and once across that. Each child had a slice; and then, nibble, nibble,—

All that was left of the saucer-pie, Was a *crumb* in the saucer as blue as the sky.

THE THIMBLE BISCUIT.

By MAUD LINDSAY.

ONCE upon a time Polly's mamma was making biscuit for supper. She sifted the flour, so fine and white; And kneaded the dough till it was light,

And rolled it out with a rolling pin, And cut the biscuit round and thin.

Polly watched her do everything; and when the last biscuit was in the biscuit pan, mamma said:

"Here is a little piece of dough left on my biscuit board. I wonder if there is a little girl in this kitchen who would like to make some little biscuit?"

"Yes, yes," said Polly, clapping her hands with delight, for, of course, she knew her mamma meant her. "I'd like to make little biscuit all by myself."

So mamma tied a napkin around her waist for an apron, and Polly rolled up her sleeves just as mamma did when she cooked, and climbed into the kitchen chair so that she could reach the biscuit board. Then she was ready to begin her biscuit.

"May I sift flour, too?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," said mamma. "You must always sift flour on your board if you want your biscuit to be smooth and nice."

So Polly sifted the flour so fine, and white,

And kneaded the bit of dough so light;

And rolled it out with the rolling pin; And—

What do you think? Mamma's biscuit cutter was larger than Polly's piece of dough!

"I think you will have to borrow grandmother's thimble for a biscuit cutter," said mamma. A thimble biscuit cutter! Was there ever anything so funny as that? Polly laughed about it all the way upstairs to grandmother's room; but when she told grandmother what she wanted, grandmother did not think it was strange at all.

"I used to make thimble biscuit when I was a little girl," she said; and she made haste to get the thimble out of her workbag for Polly.

Grandmother's thimble was made of shining gold; and oh! what a fine biscuit cutter it made. The biscuit were as small and as round as buttons, and Polly cut enough for grandmother, and papa, and mamma, and Brother Ned, and herself, each to have one for supper that night.

"I think it is fun to make thimble biscuit," she said as she handed them around in her own blue saucer; and if you don't believe she was right, make some yourself, and see.—*Kinderarten Review*.

WHERE SHE WAS GOING.

A little girl of three years of age was one day sitting in her little rocking-chair before a grate fire. The heat becoming very intense, she stood up, and exclaimed: "I'm going nearer where the fire isn't!"



"Such a happy jumble-land."—The Outlook.

GRATITUDE.

By ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

When there are so many things to play,
Why should a small child ever be sad?

Kites to fly on a windy day,
Paper dolls when the skies are gray,
And stories to make you glad.

There are sleds and slides in the winter, too,

And in summer you row on the lake;
Store and soldiers the whole year through,

Dolly's sewing and clothes to do,
And splendid sailboats to make.

But if the day's been stupid and long,
So you wish and you wait for the night,

And though everything's cross and wrong,

There is always the "Sleepy Song,"
And mother to hold you tight.

—*The Youth's Companion*.

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