

isekeepers.

Children's Department.

s from moulding put an
er the top after the jelly
er the glass with thick
l with white of egg.

mach troubles.

a good sponge cake, bake
pans, and let them get
t thickest sweet cream,
cream, make very sweet
'anch and chop a pound
and put very thick be-
the queen of all cakes.

the fruit, and to every
nds of sugar. Peel the
d water. Make a syrup
every three pounds of
pears from the water,
up until they can be
Fill the heated jars
boiling syrup, and seal

ect small firm pears.
nd of sugar to the same
the stems on, and stick
of each. Make a syrup
le water; put in the
perfectly transparent;
at the syrup boil until
e pears to the syrup at
small jars, and seal at

ic constipation.

-With a small thin
two, and remove the
cold water, and add
soft, but not mashed,

ie the apples, cut them
ring kettle with water
until perfectly soft.
and allow a pound of
Bring the juice to the
ld the sugar that has
he oven. Boil gently
our, and pour at once

-Weigh the fruit and
ugar. Put the crab-
ater almost to cover
four minutes. Skim
to the water, boil the
nd pour hot over the
n off the syrup, put it
to the boiling point,
s. If sufficiently rich
red; if not repeat the

pt and lasting in its

down off the quince
ie blossom end, and
the seeds and cores.
it can easily be seen
h to cover it, and boil
train through a jelly-
l to each pint allow
f sugar. Place the
twenty minutes. Add
le hot in a pan in the
three minutes, then
s.

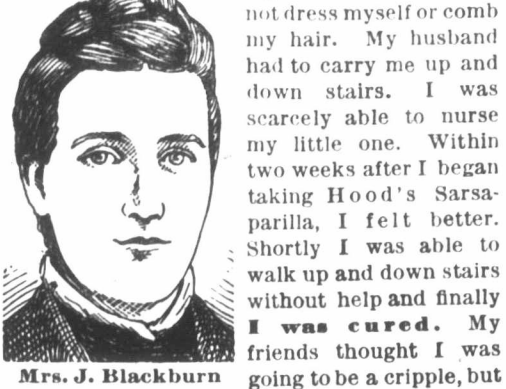
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ild Strawberry cures
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ellow Oil for two or
no equal for croup.
lle, Ont.

Every Bone

In my body ached with the dreadful Rheuma-
tism which followed a severe cold. My suffer-
ings were awful. I could
not dress myself or comb
my hair. My husband
had to carry me up and
down stairs. I was
scarcely able to nurse
my little one. Within
two weeks after I began
taking Hood's Sarsa-
parilla, I felt better.
Shortly I was able to
walk up and down stairs
without help and finally
I was cured. My
friends thought I was
Mrs. J. Blackburn going to be a cripple, but
thanks to God for his blessing on Hood's Sarsa-
parilla, I now enjoy good health. MRS. JOHN
BLACKBURN, Lower Five Islands, Nova Scotia.



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thanks to God for his blessing on Hood's Sarsa-
parilla, I now enjoy good health. MRS. JOHN
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handsome feature that were sweeter to
look at than the most perfect features
that were ever formed. And why?
It is the expression; and what makes
the expression? Oh, it all depends
upon whether the bad passions or the
lovely graces get hold of the little
strings.

Very Thirsty.

What a good fellow poor old Gyp
was, faithful and true at all times, and
most devoted to his master. He was
friendly with other people, but his
master had much the largest place in
his heart.

One day his mistress had taken him
out with her for a very long walk, and
he came in hot and thirsty, going im-
mediately to the pail of cool water that
always stood ready for him when he
needed a drink.

He had only taken one or two laps,
when his master whistled, and called,
"Gyp, come for a walk with master."

The dog wagged his tail and looked
round eagerly. He wanted to go, but
he was so thirsty he could not tear
himself away from the refreshment. So
he looked up beseechingly into his
master's face. His mistress seeing
his dilemma, explained that he had
been out with her a long while, and
needed the water; so his master came
and stood close beside him, while Gyp
drank as much as he needed, wagging
his tale with delight the whole time,
for he knew his mute appeal had been
understood, and that his master would
wait till he was ready. Then he rush-
ed out barking joyously, quite ready
for another run.

A True Story.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer
little incidents happen to us," said the
engine-driver, as he applied his oil-
can about and under his engine.
"Queer thing happened to me about a
year ago. You'd think it queer for a
rough man like me to cry for ten
minutes, and nobody hurt either
wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can
almost cry every time I think of it. I
was running along one afternoon pretty
lively, when I approached a little vil-

lage where there was a level crossing.
I slacked up a little, but was still mak-
ing good speed, when suddenly, about
twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl
not more than two years old toddled
on to the line. You can't imagine my
feelings. There was no one to save
her. It was impossible to stop, or
even slack much, at that distance, as
the train was heavy and the line de-
scending. In ten seconds it would
have been all over, and, after reversing
and applying the brake, I shut my
eyes. I didn't want to see any more.
As we slowed down, my stoker stuck
his head over the side to see what I
had stopped for, when he laughed and
shouted to me, 'Jem, look here!' I
looked, and there was a big black New-
foundland dog holding the little girl in
his mouth, leisurely walking towards
the house where she evidently belong-
ed. She was kicking and crying, so
that I knew she was not hurt, and the
dog had saved her. My stoker thought
it funny, and kept on laughing, but I
cried like a woman; I just couldn't
help it. I had a little girl of my own
at home."

"Meg."

"Lemme, oh, lemme take jess one,
Tom. 'Deed, 'n deed, I'm most a-star-
vin'. Reckon yer never knowed what
it were ter be es hungry es I be, er yer'd
lemme take jess one."

"O Meg, don't you think I'm just
as hungry as you are now? Didn't I
give you half of my breakfast besides
your own?"

The speakers were a boy and girl
whose clothes, all ragged and torn, be-
tokened poverty of the saddest kind,
and they were standing in front of the
window of a baker's shop, out of which
a pane of glass had been broken, leav-
ing within easy reach tempting looking
rolls and biscuits.

"Can't help it, Tom, I'm most a-
starvin'. 'Deed, 'n deed, 'n double I
am, and yer must jess lemme take one,
on'y one."

"No, no, Meg. Come, don't look
at them any more; come away."

"Can't, Tom. I must jess have
one; nobody a'n't a-looking now."

"Yes, Meg, God's looking."

"I don't b'lieve 'e is, Tom. I think
he's jess dun forgot all about me an'
you since mam died."

"No, he hasn't, Meg. God never
forgets."

"Then 'e don't care. Jess es lief
we'd starve es not."

"O Meg, you know he wouldn't."

"Don't, either Tom. A'n't you
asked 'im this mornin' to give us daily
bread, an' 'e a'n't done it?"

"Mother said we must keep on ask-
ing for what we wanted, that He might-
n't give it right away."

"Tom," said Meg very solemnly,
"if you believe 'e cares, I won't tech
nothin'; p'raps 'f we go back an' ask
agin fur the bread an' things we'll get
it."

As she spoke she put into Tom's the
hand that had been stretched out to
take what did not belong to her, and
as he took it she added:

"Reckon I a'n't quite a-starvin',
Tom, an' p'raps He'll give us some-
thing soon."

"Meg," said a gentle voice, and a
strange hand was laid on the child's
shoulder.

Both the hand and voice belonged
to a lady who, waiting to have an
order filled, had been sitting in the
baker's shop out of sight, but not out
of hearing.

"Meg," she repeated, "God heard
Tom's prayer this morning, and He's
going to let me give him and you bread
and things to-day. Come, we will go
where we can get some nice hot coffee;"
and in a few moments the two children
found themselves seated before a table
in a modest little eating house. It
was then that Meg's voice was heard
for the first time as the lady turned to
give her orders to the waiter.

"Tom," she said, in a half whisper,
"a'n't she beautiful, and a'n't God
good! He a'n't forgot me an' you,
an' I'm glad I never tetches nothin'
in the wind."

Such a meal as they had—hot rolls,
coffee, beefsteak and potatoes! It was
like a royal banquet to the two hungry
children; but in the midst of it Meg

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