

## WHITE-FOOT'S VACATION.

(A STORY FOR CHILDREN).

When Mrs. Perkins gave Clara Bourne her prettiest kitten, the gray one that had four white feet, she thought Clara loved kittens. She did not know that it was her own amusement Clara loved, but she wanted a kitten just as she wanted a doll to play with.

Clara carried the kitten home; and, fortunately for the kitten, the cook was kind, and gave it every morning a saucer of milk with bread crumbs or oatmeal, and also looked after it dinner time, so that Mollie White-foot had, on the whole, a very comfortable time, except when Clara played with her too roughly.

When summer came Clara's mother and father decided to close the house, and go away to board for two months at the mountains. Clara was so delighted that she hardly gave a thought to Mollie until the day before they were to start. Then she asked her mother if she were going to take Mollie with them. Mrs. Bourne told her that it would be impossible, but that she need not worry, as Mollie could very well take care of herself for two months; and Clara, busy with getting her little trunk packed and putting in her favorite toys and books, gave no further thought to this matter.

The Bourne started off in excellent spirits one pleasant morning; and as they turned the key in the door, Mollie came and looked at them, and cried as if she understood that they were going away, and as if she were begging them not to leave her alone. This made Clara, and even Mrs. Bourne (who did not like cats) feel a little uncomfortable; but they soon forgot all about Mollie in the excitement of the journey.

They had left enough scraps of bread and meat under the doorsteps, the back yard to last Mollie for a few days; but she missed her milk, and when night came, missed sadly, for she began already to feel very lonesome.

In a day or two there was a heavy rain; and Mollie had to crawl under the doorstep as far as possible, and stay there until the storm was over, an experience which she did not find at all pleasant. She had never been a cat given to neighborhood wanderings; and, when her little store of food had given out, and no human being came near her, and, in spite of her most beseeching meows at the side door, the house remained closed to her, the creature began to feel very wretched indeed. She got so hungry that she could not sleep at night; and one night her cries reached the ears of a sick woman in a house near by, and kept her from getting the sleep she needed until her husband went out and threw stones and sticks in the direction in which the cries came, and then poor Mollie, frightened nearly into a fit, crept under the doorstep again, and lay in half-dazed silence.

That night Mrs. Bourne and Clara slept soundly in their comfortable room at the hotel among the mountains, and no thought of Mollie came to trouble their placid repose. The days which flew by so rapidly for Clara and her mother dragged slowly to Mollie. Now and then she managed to catch a bird, and once she made a scanty meal upon a very small mouse that ventured across her pathway; but she was getting too weak to do very much hunting, for which indeed, she was sadly unfitted, owing to the manner of her bringing up. She ventured into the neighbors' yard in her desperation; but she found that the will buckets were all kept tightly closed, and, if she was seen, she was driven off with a stone or a broomstick. Many of the houses round about were shut up like her own home; and the families who were left were so indignant to think that the more fortunate ones who could get away should leave their cats behind for the stay-at-homes to take care of that they would not often feed a stray cat, or even tolerate its presence. Mollie saw two little pet kittens bereft of attention crawl away and hide and die; and she felt as if that must soon be her fate too.

One day, when Mollie was prowling around in search of a bit of food a boy threw a stone at her. Being weak with hunger, she did not jump aside quickly enough to avoid the missile. In the panic by pain and fright, she ran wildly, she did not know where, and by chance took refuge in a garden belonging to a house a few streets from where the Bourne lived. There was a little hole in the fence which she spied out as she ran; and being thin she crawled through, and fell exhausted under a low-growing shrub.

The day and night went by, and another day and night; and Mollie still lay under the shrub, aching from the bruise she had received, and too weak to crawl about any longer in search of food and drink. Her mouth was parched with thirst; she slept and woke with feverish starts. How gladly she would have welcomed a taste of cool water! The third day was slowly drawing to an end when Mollie heard footsteps approaching her. She had met with so much unkindness that she wanted to get up and run away, but she was too feeble to do so. The footsteps paused, and a hand pushed aside the branches that partly concealed her; and, as Molly raised her eyes and tried to shrink back under the bush, she saw a boy looking down at her. This sight alarmed her very much; for boys, as a rule, had never been kind to her. All she could do, however, was to lie still, and wait for the expected blow. Instead of the blow she felt a hand touching her head softly, and heard a gentle voice say, "Poor pussy!" That was all; and, just as Mollie was trying to purr a faint response, the steps retreated much more rapidly than they had come, and Mollie, thinking herself forsaken, closed her eyes again in a sigh of disappointment.

In a few minutes she heard once more the sound of footsteps, and this time two voices.

"Here, mamma, right here under this bush," said one voice.  
"Oh, the poor thing!" said another.  
"Is she dead, mamma?"  
"No; she is opening her eyes," was the reply. "Put the saucer of milk down close to her head."

Help had come to Mollie at last, but it seemed as if it were too late. Mollie could not take the milk. "Bring a little water, Henry," the kind voice said; and in a few minutes Mollie saw a dish of water placed almost under her nose, so close that she could by raising her head lap a little. She was so grateful that she tried to purr, and, in fact, succeeded in making a faint sound.

"Leave the milk, Henry, and the water," said the voice. "See that faded ribbon around her neck! The poor thing has been left to starve by some family gone away for the summer, and I think she has been hurt in some way. Do you see how wicked it is for people to be so thoughtless?"

From this time on better days came to Mollie. Slowly her strength came back under the ministrations of the kind little boy and his mother; and by and by she grew sleek and fat, and seemed quite like her old self.

Mrs. Lane had a few rules she always followed in her care of cats, and they were very successful.

First, she realized that cats, like people, need a mixed diet, and she gave Mollie not only a little meat every day, but some kind of vegetable. Some cats she had found, were fond of potato; some of asparagus; some would eat cabbage, and almost every cat liked corn and beans.

She was always particular to keep a dish of fresh water where the cat could get at it, for cats are often allowed, through thoughtlessness, to suffer with thirst. They need fresh water, as well as milk—just as we do. Milk cannot take the place of water. With their milk she often mixed rice, or oatmeal. She also carefully picked the bones out of fish, and mixed it with potato, or rice, for a change of food. Cats are sometimes, seriously hurt by swallowing fish-bones.

She fed her cats regularly, and they knew just when to expect their food, so were not teasing around the house. She found that they were much better hunters after rats and mice if they were kept in good condition. It is only those who imagine she must be kept half-starved to be a hunter. A well-cared for cat is always the brightest and smartest cat.

She never turned her cats out of doors at night, but kept a box of clean, dry earth, where they could get at it, and she had no trouble with them. A little training will make any cat neat, for cats are naturally neat, and it is only neglect that renders them otherwise.

She never tied a ribbon on placed a collar around a cat's neck, for there is always danger of their getting caught in some bush or fence, and getting serious injury. They may be strangled to death, or strangled by means of a collar.

It is so hard to find good homes for kittens that Mrs. Lane saved but one out of a litter of kittens, the others she drowned in a pail of lukewarm water as soon as they were born. When the water is warm it sinks the kittens at once, because it wets the fur quickly. If they are tied up in an apron they can be held down for a moment with a broom. Or another pail made heavy with being half-filled with water can be placed over the kittens as soon as they are put in the first pail, to prevent them from rising. They should be left sometime in the water.

Mrs. Lane's experience had taught her that cats have much more feeling intelligence than many people give them their credit for, and they thoroughly appreciate good treatment, as well as suffer very much from neglect. They learn to know the tone of the voice, the glance of the eye of those with whom they live, and respond to a look, and a word. They are very affectionate, and love those who are kind to them. They have great motherly affection, and it is cruel to take away all their kittens. One should be saved, and for one it is almost always possible to find a good home.

With such a thoughtful and considerate mistress it is no wonder that Mollie grew fat and handsome, and had no desire to leave her happy home for anything more than an occasional outing, or promenade.

When the early days of September arrived, instinct drew her back to her former home; and there was a great surprise in store for her. The house was open again; and, as she walked leisurely toward the open door, Clara darted out, and seized her with a cry of delight.

"O mamma, mamma! just look here! Mollie has come back, and see how handsome she has grown!"

"Well, didn't I tell you," said Clara's mother, casting an approving glance at Mollie, "that cats are quite able to take care of themselves when they are obliged to do so?"

"But, mamma," Clara said, eyeing the large, beautiful cat critically, "don't you think it strange she should have grown so sleek and fat? It seems as if someone had been taking good care of her. Just see how glossy her fur is!"

Mrs. Bourne would not stop to think about Mollie's good looks, and it was not until she found the cat did not stay with them that she began to grow interested. "Someone has coaxed her away," she said, when Clara bemoaned the loss of her pet. "I think it is pretty mean business! We must enquire about the neighborhood."

All their enquiries, came to nothing. Mollie appeared and disappeared. It had always been Mrs. Bourne's habit to shut her out at night, but when she made her next friendly call, a few days later, Mrs. Bourne allowed Clara to confine her in the cellar for two days. After this confinement Mollie ran away, and was seen no more until Clara discovered her one day, sitting in the window of a pretty home with a garden about it, some streets away from her neighborhood.

Clara at once ran home and told her mother, and a few moments later, Mrs.

Bourne, in quite an angry frame of mind, was on her way with Clara to reclaim the wanderer.

They were greeted very pleasantly at the door by Mrs. Lane, the lady of the house, and invited to enter. When Mrs. Bourne told her errand, and accused Mrs. Lane of coaxing the cat away from its home, Henry Lane was standing by his mother, and his brown eyes flashed ominously.

"May I speak, mamma?" he said.  
Mrs. Lane gave him permission, and Henry began his story. When he described in what condition the poor forsaken cat was, on the day he found her almost dead, under the bushes in the garden, Clara cried and even Mrs. Bourne looked ashamed.

He told how they had built up her strength and got her into that fine and sleek condition by careful attention.

Mrs. Lane begged Mrs. Bourne to consider that a cat could not take care of herself any better than a child, "not as well, indeed, for a child can ask for food and drink, and someone will listen, but a poor cat is driven from house to house, hungry and thirsty, and it may be days, before any one will take pity on her forlorn condition, and sometimes, alas, not at all." She said, "I cannot understand how people can be so cruel as to leave their pets to suffer when they are going away to enjoy themselves. If they cannot take them or find a good home they ought to have them humanely disposed of—usually any humane society will send an agent to do this or give directions for the best method of chloroforming an animal."

She told with tears in her eyes, how Henry, climbing over a fence into the back yard of a house that had been shut up all summer, attracted by a faint mew, had found under the back doorsteps a mother cat, dead of starvation, and five little kittens, three of them dead. The other two had a little life in them, and those he had brought home to her, and she had mercifully ended their sufferings.

"Now," Mrs. Lane said, "you have heard all the story, and you may take Molly if you think best, or I will get you a very pretty kitten I know about, if you will promise never to leave her 'to take care of herself,' and will adopt my method of treatment."

Mrs. Bourne was not a hard-hearted woman, only thoughtless and selfish, but Mrs. Lane had convinced her of her wrong-doing, and she very readily promised to treat the new pet differently.

Mrs. Bourne and Clara thanked Mrs. Lane for her kind advice, and the promise of a kitten, and went their way, sadder and wiser for hearing the true story of Mollie's vacation.—Reprinted with additions from the Christian Register.

## DOOMED TO DIE.

Doctors Said Mrs. Ackerman of Belleville Would Never Get Better.

## SHE CAN LAUGH AT DEATH

And the Doctors, Too, for Eight Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Made a Well Woman of Her, After Six Years' Illness.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Jan. 11.—If there's any one thing under Heaven that excites a man's pity it is a weak, suffering woman.

It there's any disease on earth that causes weakness and suffering in women more than another it is Kidney disease.

It there's any medicine between Heaven and Earth that will infallibly cure Kidney Disease, it is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And that's no dream.

Women rise up by the score and call Dodd blessed for his wonderful discovery that has made weak backs and backaches unknown where Dodd's have been tried.

Let one of these grateful women tell her story:—

"I had been troubled with Kidney Disease for six years. I had doctored, but it was of no use. They told me I would never get better. I saw about the wonderful cures of DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, and I procured one box. Upon getting relief I continued to use eight boxes, and I can safely say I am completely cured. You may publish this as you see fit, so as to help some other person who may have Kidney trouble."

MRS. S. ACKERMAN,  
North Front street.

April 27.

DODD'S MEDICINE COMPANY,  
of Toronto, are the sole owners and makers of this remedy in the Dominion. Write to them, enclosing price (50 cents), if your local druggist is not supplied.

## Walter Baker &amp; Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.  
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

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CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.



## THE USES OF PRUNES.

How They May be Rendered as Appetizing as They are Wholesome.

By many the wholesome and nutritious prune is scorned and passed by, but a well-known physician has said that "there are certain medicinal properties in the prune which act directly upon the nervous system."

This despised fruit may be made into many healthful and appetizing dishes. For a breakfast dish soak the prunes in just enough water to cover them when swollen to their natural size, and add a little sugar and some lemon juice. The prunes should then be cooked very slowly and have very little liquid when they are done. Serve them with good rich cream and they will not be refused.

For stewed prunes: Soak three-quarters of a pound of French prunes in cold water for two or three hours, drain them and put in a sauce-pan with one cup of water, one-quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, two dozen blanched almonds, and a small piece of stick cinnamon. Cover the pan and place it over the back of the fire where the fruit will just simmer for one hour; at the end of that time remove the cinnamon and add a piece of butter of the size of an English walnut. Again cover and cook slowly thirty minutes; take from the fire and stir in a teaspoonful of sherry. Pour the prunes into a serving dish and let them become cold. When served have whipped cream with them. Many prefer them without wine; in that case treat the fruit thus: Soak one pound of large, nice prunes over night. In the morning drain them and put them in a saucepan with a cupful of water, and cook the prunes very slowly until they are tender. Take out the fruit with a skimmer and place in the dish they are to be served in. If the water in the saucepan has boiled away add a little more. Slice a lemon very thin, remove the seeds, and put the slices and what juice may have come from the lemon in cutting to the liquid in the pan, and sweeten it to suit the taste. Have a tablespoonful of gelatine soaking in a little cold water, and when the liquid has come to the boiling point after the sugar is added put in the gelatine, and when this has entirely dissolved pour the liquid over the prunes. This is usually a very acceptable dish, particularly if whipped cream is served with it.

For prune bread pudding: Soak one pint of stale bread crumbs in one quart of milk of milk for two hours, then mash them very fine with a spoon. Beat two eggs light and add three table spoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt; mix with the soaked crumbs and milk. Stir in a generous cup of prunes pitted and cut into quarters. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven over forty-five minutes. Serve with a sauce made as follows: Beat the yolk of an egg until it is very light; then stir in a little wine and half a cup of powdered sugar. When these are well mixed add three or four table spoonfuls of whipped cream. Beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth, and then stir in the yolk mixture and serve.

Prune meringue pudding is made thus: Cook very slowly one-quarter of a pound of large, nice prunes in very little water until they are tender; then drain them and place where they will become cold. Beat the whites of five large or six small eggs to a stiff froth and then gradually beat in to them half a cup of powdered sugar in which has been mixed half a salt spoon of

salt and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Cut the cold cooked prunes into pieces not too small and sprinkle through the meringue as it is heaped by the spoonful into a buttered pudding dish. Place the dish in a slow oven and bake from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Serve this pudding cold with a boiled custard made from the yolks of the eggs. The prunes may be pressed through a colander after they are cooked soft and stirred into the meringue.

For prune wreath: Wash one pound of prunes and cook in very little water until tender; make an opening in one side of the fruit and take out the pit. Break the pits and remove the kernels, blanch them and put in a saucepan with the fruit; add half an ounce of dissolved gelatine, two spoonfuls of sugar, and a little water. Place the pan over the fire and let the contents cook about ten minutes. Wet a ring mould or a cake tin with a tube in the centre in cold water and fill with the cooked fruit. When the mixture becomes cold and set turn the form out on a flat dish and fill the space in the centre with whipped cream that has been sweetened and flavored with wine; also put some cream upon the dish around the form.

For prune blanc mangé: Thoroughly wash one quart of prunes and soak them over night in water enough to slightly more than cover them. In the morning cook the fruit in the same water they have been soaked in until they are tender; then take each one and remove the stone and drop it into a mould. To the prune water add two ounces of gelatine that has been soaking an hour or more in cold water, the juice of two lemons, a dozen blanched and split almonds, and sugar enough to suit the taste. Cook this mixture only long enough to dissolve the gelatine and sugar, then stain it into the mould over the fruit and stand the mould in a cool place for its contents to harden. Turn the form out and serve with whipped cream.

## DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.

Almost a Fatality But for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Strange Story of a Northwest Lady.

A death to be dreaded is that from suffocation, and yet this is one of the usual phases of heart disease. Mrs. J. L. Hillier of Whitesound, N. W. T., came as near this dangerous point as need be. She says: "I was much afflicted with heart failure, in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. I tried all the doctors in this section of the country, but they failed to give me relief. A local druggist recommended Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I tried it, and with the result that I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine the trouble altogether left me. It is not too much to say that it saved my life."

## A TRUE BEAR STORY.

At Least That is What Charles Dudley Warner Calls It.

Kipling says somewhere that 'the law of the jungle is—Obey. This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone Park. In Harper's for January, Charles Dudley Warner tells a bear story which he says is literally true. "If it were not," he says, "I should not repeat it, for it would have no value." Here is the story:

There is a lunch-station at the Upper Basin, near Old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she-bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well behaved, and would take food from his hand (without taking the hand). One day toward sunset the bear came to the kitchen, and having received her portion, she went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs. To her surprise and anger, the cubs were there waiting for her. She laid down the food, and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. She did not cuff them; she spanked them, and then she drove them back into the woods, cuffing them and knocking them at every step. When she reached the spot where she had told them to wait, she left them there and returned to the house. And there she staid in the kitchen for two whole hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience. The explanation is very natural. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. The mother knew that the safety of her cubs and her own peace of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family.