

The Children at Tea.

Clarice—Is not this Fruit lovely, children? The flavor is almost like fresh gathered.

Christine—Yes, I know how that is. These are from my dear old Canada. I see they are the "Miss Canada" Brand. You know mother used to bottle Fruit in Toronto like this. Who wants Jam when we can get Fruit?

Irene—These Peaches are nice!

Clarice—Yes, dear. Father says our Canadian Peaches are luscious; they are not quite so large as those grown in California, but of a richer flavour.

Rudolph—I like Apples, I do.

Christine—Ah! we know how to grow beautiful Apples in Canada. Father says the farmers take nearly as much care of their Fruit trees as most mothers do of their babies. Only fancy, they bind paper round the trunk of the trees and put tar on to keep the insects from the fruit.

Irene—Yes, these are nice. "Miss Canada" is just the right name for them.

Clarice—Do you know our Canadian friends are now "canning" and "bottling" all kinds of Berries, Plums, and Pears to send over here, so we shall be able to have fresh fruit very nearly all the year round.

Christine—Yes, and Tomatoes, Peas, and other vegetables.

Irene—What do you think? Father says he used to have Pumpkin Pie when he was a boy down in the South of England, and he has asked the "Miss Canada" people to "can" Pumpkins, and we are to have Pumpkin Pie whenever we like.

Rudolph—I want some Pumpkin Pie, please Tassie?

Clarice—You must wait till it is made, boy; but you may try this Pine Apple, children. How nice to have it sliced up so thin!