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Children's Department.

Bob's Race.

"There! that tiresome milkman has passed without even looking this way," said Mrs. Miller, as she stood at her door with a milk can in her hand. Suddenly a happy thought occurred to her.

"Run, good dog! After him, Bob!" she exclaimed to her dog, at the same time putting some money into the can, and giving it to him to carry.

Away went the good dog, full chase after the milkman, who was making his horse go at a pretty good pace; but fleet-footed Bob soon overtook him.

The milkman was astonished to see a four-footed customer; but hearing the money rattling gaily in the can, he took possession of it, filled the can with milk, and Bob trotted slowly home with his purchase.

Don't you think he was a clever and useful dog?

Martin's Canary.

"The canary is lost!"

"Not really?" asked Lucy in astonishment.

"Yes, really. I went into the dining room just now and saw the cage empty. The door is open; some one must have touched it, for I know I fastened it tightly after feeding Dicky this morning." And Martin, spite of his nine years, laid down on the carpet and burst out crying.

The canary was a great pet of his. It knew him well, and he had taught it many tricks: and now to lose it in this sad way! No wonder the little boy felt it bitterly.

"Have you looked about the room?" asked Lucy.

"Yes, everywhere," was the answer, in a muffled tone from the floor. "I looked on the top of the bookcase, and



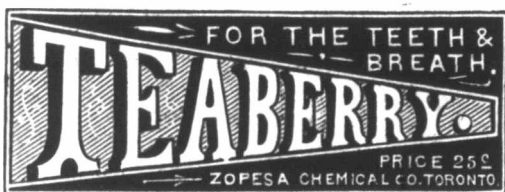
Mrs. Amanda Patsley

For many years an esteemed communicant of Trinity Episcopal church, Newburgh, N. Y., always says "Thank You" to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She suffered for years from Eczema and Scrofula sores on her face, head and ears, making her deaf nearly a year, and affecting her sight. To the surprise of her friends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has effected a cure and she can now hear and see as well as ever. For full particulars of her case send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in condition, proportion and appearance.



under the sofa, and anywhere I thought he might be."

Lucy was almost as sorry as her brother, for she loved the little bird that sang so gaily. But she did not know what to do.

"Did you look in the garden Martin?" she asked. "Dicky might have flown out there."

"No, it would be no good. The cats would eat him at once out there. That nasty black cat with the white eyes is always prowling about."

"Well, at any rate we might go and see," said Lucy, anxious to rouse her brother from his despair.

They went out of the room, and in the hall met Rover with the canary in his mouth. Was he eating it? No; he was holding it most carefully, and bringing it to his little master.

"Rover, you are a darling!" said Martin, enthusiastically, taking the bird out of Rover's mouth. "I am glad you found my pet instead of those horrid cats; they would have eaten him in a minute, but you are always good."

Rover put up his head for a pat, evidently knowing that his master was pleased with him, and that he had done a good deed.

Idle Tales.

"Did you hear about Katie Roper?" asked one little girl of another as they walked home from school. They say it was she told the mistress who stole the roses from her garden. I wonder she would tell on her own brother."

"Perhaps she didn't," answered the second girl, who was Katie Roper's friend.

"Well, I've heard a lot of bad things about her lately," said the first speaker. "I cannot think well of her again."

These remarks were overheard by a lady who walked near the little girls.

"My dears," she said, "it is a mean thing to speak ill of people who are not present and cannot defend themselves. Do not give yourselves

the habit of slandering. It was not Katie Roper who told the school-mistress about the roses. It was I."

The girls were much surprised, but the lady did not appear ashamed.

"It was good of her to confess it and clear Katie," thought the little girl who was so ready to believe the evil report. "It must have been hard to say 'It was I.'"

Then the child's conscience began to upbraid her, and this is what it said, "Who was the first to receive the idle tale? Who repeated and made the most of it?"

And conscience answered, "It was I!"

It is well when we confess and forsake our wrong-doing while there is yet leisure to amend our ways.

Kind Words.

"Oh! it is such a bother to have to think before you speak!" I heard a boy pettishly remark, when his tutor had reprimanded him for speaking unkindly to a poor little beggar lad.

Do children, aye, and grown-up people ever pause to remember the mischief their random words may work, the cruel sorrows they sometimes inflict! Those who have been friends for years, are often estranged for ever, just by some thoughtless words; a little misunderstanding, perchance one unkind remark.

Children, who have been playing together, light hearted and merry, are deprived suddenly of their enjoyment, because one or two of their play-fellows persist in quarrelling over a toy. Angry looks, hasty words ensue, and the sunny gladness of a moment ago is clouded o'er by anger's frowns and a storm of childish tears.

Is it so hard a thing to speak gently, to speak kindly? If you knew the amount of good a few kind words may do, you would try to speak them often, especially to the poor and sad.

Think how hard it is for some of the poor little pauper children; they have no warm nurseries, no pretty toys, nor anything around them bright and nice. Their rooms are dirty and overcrowded, their clothes ragged and thin, and often enough they cannot even get food to eat.

The Keeping of the Heart.

Many, many years ago, before the Christian Church had so many sects as the spread of education has broken it into now, there was a good clergyman in the north of Africa, a place not very famous for preachers now-a-days. Nevertheless, this Bishop Augustine was a great preacher, a great thinker, a great writer, and a great power in the Church. You are too young to study all his works, but I want to tell you of a sweet little prayer of his that is not too difficult for anyone to understand or to use. He prayed it daily, why should not you?

"Take my heart, for I cannot give it Thee,
Keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee!"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by address ing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 220 Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.

GOOD Food - - Digestion = Complexion

are all intimately connected — practically inseparable. Though the fact is often ignored, it is nevertheless true that a good complexion is an impossibility without good digestion, which in turn depends on good food.

There is no more common cause of indigestion than lard. Let the bright housekeeper use



The New Vegetable Shortening

and substitute for lard, and her cheeks, with those of her family, will be far more likely to be

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