

If your grocer does not handle "Seal Brand" Coffee, it is worth a walk to the next town to get the genuine



**CHASE & SANBORN'S**  
"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans,  
—never in bulk.

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If Christie's "Zephyr Cream" Sodas were judged on flavor alone—

LEAVE aside, if you like, all other points of superiority and judge Christie's "Zephyr Cream" Sodas on flavor alone.

If you have never tasted Christie's you may say that there never is much flavor to a soda biscuit. Just you try Christie's and see!



The flavor of the pure, wholesome raw materials that go into Christie's "Zephyr Cream" Sodas is carried through to the finished product—and made lasting—by scientific methods of mixing, baking and packing. The Christie Flavor is delightful. Test it.

**Christie, Brown & Company Limited**

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## PERFECTION

That is what you get when you buy  
**BRIGGER'S PURE JAMS**  
AND  
**ORANGE MARMALADE.**

Have you tried Brigger's New  
Strawberry Jam?

**IT IS DELICIOUS.**

Absolute Purity Guaranteed.

## Cancer Cure

**R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.**

her story timidly. He explained it to the audience, adding, "I shall award another prize for the same amount to Miss Edith for her unselfishness."

Everybody cheered until the church echoed. And Grace threw her arms around Edith and whispered, "You dear girl—forgive me!" Edith answered back that there was nothing to forgive, with the happy tears still shining in her eyes; but she thought in her heart that this was the very loveliest Easter that could ever be, and better than all the rest, she and Grace would be good friends.

### What the Bunnies Found.

By John H. Jewett, Author of *The Bunny Stories, and More Bunny Stories.*

Who are those queer bunnies, who who walk on two feet,  
All dressed up like children, and almost as sweet?  
They are story-book bunnies, who found while at play  
A nest in the bushes, one bright summer day,  
With three tiny, speckled eggs cuddled up there—  
A mother bird's treasure, a father bird's care.

What do you suppose these bunnies did then—  
Take the eggs from the nest and run home again?  
That is just what five little bunnies first thought  
They wanted to do, till they asked if they ought  
To rob the dear birds of their treasures, for fun—  
And there were not enough to give each bunny one.

Cousin Jack with the crutches, who looks very wise,  
Said: "Leave them alone and we'll have a surprise.  
Just take a sly peep at the eggs as they lie  
In their snug little home, and then by and by  
We will come here again, and may find instead  
A nestful of baby-birds snuggled in bed."

One day the five bunnies with their Cousin Jack  
Had a stroll and a picnic, and when they came back,  
They heard the same home-birds singing close by  
With three little baby-birds learning to fly.  
Now was not this better than robbing the nest?  
The bunnies were glad and—the birds sang the rest.

### The Pedlar.

Harry and Ned ran into the house, shouting and laughing. "We've seen such a horrid old pedlar with packs on his back! He is bent over like an old old man, mother; and his face is dark, and he acts cross."

"Did you make him cross?" asked mother gently.

"Oh, we laughed and followed him. Maybe he didn't like it. But he looks so funny! How could we help it?"

Mother's kind eyes looked troubled. "Dear boys, the poor pedlar is a stranger to us. Perhaps he has left loved ones, and is trying to earn a little money to help them. Don't you think that it hurts him to be laughed at and teased, as it would you if you were far from home and from all who love you?"

"Mother, I didn't think of anything but having fun. I'm sorry. I won't do it again."

"Do you know that the Bible says 'Love ye therefore the stranger?' I will find it for you."

And then mother took the big Bible and read from the tenth chap-

ter of Deuteronomy, the eighteenth and nineteenth verses; and both boys promised that the next time they saw a poor stranger, even if he did look queer, they would speak kindly and politely to him.

### A Tragedy in Real Life.

There was a tragedy the other day in W. S. Clay's dove house which, had the actors been human beings, would have meant a case for the grand jury and aroused universal pity and indignation. A mother dove had been the target of the small boy with a 22 rifle. The bullet had passed through her breast, leaving her only strength enough to flutter homeward and reach the nest where a half-grown fledgling awaited her coming. Dying, she had snuggled up against her little one, her life blood pulsing out over her own white breast and against her babe. And there, with eyes staring wide, she breathed her last and the fledgling starved, then froze, and they were found with their heads pressed together as in a last loving embrace. Mr. Clay brought them down town just as they rested in the nest, and the sight and the suffering it bespoke were enough to melt the hardest heart. And the boy with the 22 rifle may cause a like tragedy again and many times.

### Hitting the Nail.

A city firm being in want of a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts, in a prominent place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read: "Boy wanted: Call at the office tomorrow morning."

At the time indicated a host of boys was at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he: "Boys, I want only one; and here are a great many. How shall I choose?" After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard and, driving a nail into one of the large trees and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with the stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place. The boys all tried hard and, after three trials each, signally failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning; and this time, when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up a stick and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" asked the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said, "You see, sir, I have a poor old mother; and I am a poor boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought I should like to get the place, and so help her all I can; and, after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn, and have been trying to hit it ever since, and I have come down this morning to try again."

### Kindness.

"What is the real good?"

I asked in musing mood.

"Order," said the court;

"Knowledge," said the school;

"Truth," said the wise man;

"Pleasure," said the fool;

"Love," said the maiden;

"Beauty," said the page;

"Freedom," said the dreamer;

"Home," said the sage;

"Fame," said the soldier;

"Equity," said the seer;

Spoke my heart full sadly,

"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom

Softly this I heard:

"Each heart holds the secret;

"Kindness" is the word."