

Children's Corner

PLAYING DUCKS.

It was a nice hot summer day in Australia, and we were starting out to play. My little playmate, Emily, clad in a pretty muslin frock, with fresh white hat, had come over for the afternoon.

"What shall we play at?" I said, looking to my brother Frank for suggestions.

"Let's play ducks in the pond," said he promptly.

"But how?" Emily asked.

"We'll pick a lot of duck flowers and make them swim on the pond. It's nearly full."

The "duck flowers" grew on a bush in the garden—white flowers, shaped like foxgloves but much fatter. They would float on the water with stalk held upright like a bird's head; in fact they really looked like tiny white ducks.

The place which we called The Pond was made of concrete; it was round, about six feet across, and three feet deep, with perfectly straight sides. A shallow concrete channel went into it on one side and out of it on the other.

The Pond was, as Frank had said, nearly full, and we had a lovely time floating our ducks and making them swim by pushing them with little sticks. Emily was leaning down farthest; and as one of her ducks was going out of reach she made a sudden grab at it.

There was a scream, and I looked up to see that she had fallen head first into the water. For an instant her little legs waved frantically in the air. I stood paralyzed with fear.

But Frank knew just what to do. As quick as lightning he grabbed one of the waving legs and pulled with all his might. Then I grabbed the other leg and pulled too. Almost before Emily knew what had happened, she was lying on the ground—dripping wet except for her feet, which had not touched the water. Her pretty white hat was a limp rag, and her starched frock hopelessly bedraggled. She sat there and wept a few frightened tears.

Then our nurse came running up to find what the matter was, and when she saw Emily she threw up her hands in dismay.

"What have you been doing, you dreadful children?" she demanded.

"We w-were just p-playing d-ducks," Emily sobbed.

"Well, nice ducks you'd make," was all Janey said as she led Emily away to take off her wet things.

Domestic Science Department

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Strawberry Cream (1)—Take 1 pint of strawberries, 6 level tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of double cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gelatine. Put the fruit in a basin and cover it with the sugar; allow this to stand 1 hour; warm the gelatine in the water until it is dissolved; rub the fruit through a strainer or sieve; add to it the gelatine; whip the cream until stiff; add the fruit, gelatine, etc.; stir well together; pour into a wetted china mould; set it in a cool place until firm; dip the mould into warm water just for a second, and turn it out. The top of the mould may be decorated with a little jelly and fruit, if liked, before putting the cream into it, which should be cool. To place the jelly in the mould, melt an ordinary square of jelly, pour it into the mould; when beginning to set, drop some strawberries into it, and allow all to become firm before pouring in the cream.

Strawberry Cream (2)—A richer cream is made by making $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of rich custard (3 yolks to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of whipped cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of gelatine, 1 teacupful of strawberries, crushed and passed through a strainer, made as above, molded and allowed to become cold and stiff.

Next month I hope to give my readers some very simple recipes for "ices." The weather, we hope, will be very warm; and even without a freezer, I can teach you how to make most delicious ice cream.

WHEN MOTHER MAKES A PUDDING.

When mother makes a pudding,
There's nothing goes to waste;
She puts in all the scraps
That she can find about the place.

There's a bit of raisin cake,
There's a scrap of raisin pie,
And a piece of old stale bread
That has got most awful dry.

And sometimes, too, there's cookies
That she didn't know she had;
She says, "Why, I put them in that can
When Adam was a lad."

But she stirs them all together,
And we never stop to taste;
For when mother makes a pudding,
There's nothing goes to waste.

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