

BREAD UPON TREES.

Would it not seem strange if you could go out to your garden, and shake a nice loaf of bread down from a big tree? Suppose your mamma could say, "Bridget, please go and shake the bread tree, and bring in a good large loaf, well done!"

That could not be here, in North America, and perhaps you think it could only be done in Fairy-Land; but if you will get your Atlas, and turn to the map of the South Pacific Ocean, you will find among the many islands one called Otaheite, or Tahiti, where the bread-fruit tree grows in its greatest perfection.

There are several kinds of bread-fruit trees, but only one which bears good, eatable bread and it is called the *Artocarpus Incisa*. It bears great balls, like light green oranges, only they are as large as a child's head; not a baby's head, but a child's head, who is big enough to read this.

Inside the rind of those balls is something which looks and tastes so much like fresh bread, that English travellers give it the name of bread-fruit. The Otaheitans eat it as soon as they gather it, for if it is kept over night, it grows hard and crusty—stale bread in fact, and the Otaheitans do not know what nice puddings can be made of stale bread, so no doubt a great deal of it is thrown away.

But sometimes when the people want to go on a journey and to carry bread with them, they cut their ball of bread into pieces while it is still fresh, and roast it in hot coals, till the outside is toasted hard, and that keeps the inside soft for some days. Another way they have of preparing it, is to pound it up in a bowl with ripe bananas and water or cocoanut milk. That sounds as if it might taste good when fresh, but the Otaheitans wait till it is turned sour or "spoiled" as we should call it.

Now, the bread-fruit of this tree is not the only good which the Otaheitans get from it. The inside bark of the tree is white, and made up of fibres, or long thready strings, which the people weave into cloth, and make their clothes out of. The wood of the tree is soft and smooth, and is used for building houses and boats.

When the tree is pierced, or bored, as people here bore maple trees to get out the juice for maple syrup, there flows out a thick milky juice, which the people boil with cocoanut oil, and it then makes a strong glue, or cement, with which they make their boats water-tight, and close up cracks in their houses. Besides, this juice makes a sticky substance, which is used to catch birds. It is spread on large leaves or stones, or boards, and as soon as a bird touches foot or feather to it, he sticks fast. The more he tries to get away, the more glue sticks to him so that the Otaheitans can catch a great many birds in

this way, which is not so cruel as shooting, laming and wounding the poor little creatures. In many parts of Europe and India, birds used to be caught in a similar way with what is called bird-lime.

The leaves of this tree are very large and soft, and are used to wrap up all sorts of things so that the Otaheitan who owns a bread-fruit tree hardly ever needs to go shopping for housekeeping things.

This tree bears fruit for eight months. Now think, children, how long that is for a tree to keep giving such good fruit. Our peach and apple trees bear from one to two months, or if the orchard has several different kinds of trees, early and late, you can get apples from July till the end of October, but not off the same tree. One tree of this *Artocarpus Incisa* keeps giving fruit all these eight months, and so great is its use in the different ways I have told you, that if a man plants only ten trees in his whole life-time, he will have taken as much care of his family, as if he had worked all his life on a farm, ploughing, sowing grain and reaping, or if he had worked hard in a store or some city business, to put by food and clothes for his family.

You see, the people who live in these islands of the South Pacific do not need so many things as the people who live in colder countries, and who are more civilized; so the bread-fruit tree supplies them with many things which we in America would not be satisfied with. Still, this tree was thought so valuable, even by civilized people, that about a hundred years ago, an English sea-captain brought three hundred trees from Otaheite, around Cape Horn and up the Atlantic ocean, to the island of Jamaica, where they were planted, and from them young trees were sent to other islands belonging to England, where they grew very well.

I have not learned if any one has tried to make these trees grow in colder countries, but they might perhaps, be grown in hot-houses, as palm trees are grown in New York. Still, with us it would only be something odd to look at, or taste, and as we have so many wonderful things in America, it might be that even the boys and girls would not care much for it. But to the cultivated natives of the South Sea Islands, the bread-fruit tree has been for many years one of the greatest of the many good gifts which our loving Father in Heaven is always giving to His children, whether, like the savages, they do not know Him, or, like you, dear children, they know and can thank the wise and loving God: "from whom all blessings flow."—*Young Christian Soldier*.

WHERE TO KEEP IT.—Keep it in your family. The best remedy for accidents and emergencies, for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness, Sore Throat, Croup, Rheumatism, Chilblains and Pain or Soreness of all kinds, is that marvellous healing remedy, *Hagyard's Yellow Oil*.

THE PRINTER BOY.

About the year 1725, an American boy some nineteen years old found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander around seeking work, and are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office and enquired if he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America! a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him: Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster-General, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns, and villages in America, named after that same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."

UNSPOILED BY HONORS.

It is a sad sight to see a man so puffed up by wealth or position that he forgets that his father was a cobbler, and cannot remember the faces of his old neighbors; and it is pleasant to meet those who, however honored and exalted, retain the frankness and friendship of youth, and remember "auld lang syne."

A writer tells the following story of one of the leaders of Washington society who did not forget an old neighbor:—

At one of the receptions of Mrs. Senator Gwynn, an old countryman was shown into her parlour. He was a "constituent," and was dazed by the lights, the crowd, and the elegance about him. He stood helpless, and awkward, fumbling with his hat and red bandana. Mrs. Gwynn stepped forward, held out both hands, and in her fresh, clear voice cried, after the old Kentucky style:—

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SURE TO CONQUER.—The most troublesome cough is sure to yield if timely treated with *Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam*. Pleasant to take and safe for young and old.

"Why, Daddy, how do you do, and when did you come?"

"Lord, child," answered Daddy "how'd you know me? I ain't seen you since you were a little thing."

"No, Daddy," she answered, "the last time you saw me I was up to my elbows in soapsuds, washing my dress to go to a picnic on your farm."

And she made much of the old man, introducing him as "an old friend of mine," and making his visit one of the events of his life, a thing to be talked about with his memories of Henry Clay and the Mexican war.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.—H. B. Cochran druggist of Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 800 bottles of *Burdock Blood Bitters* for dyspepsia, bilious attacks and liver and kidney troubles. In no case has it disappointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction.