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CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

Ahildren's Department.

Steady Jim.

"Never be idle, my boy. Don't forget !'

"No, father, I won't," said Jim White, as he laid his hand on his dying father's arm, and kissed him gently as a seal to his promise.

"I don't mean that you are always to be working, and never to have any fun; but whatever you are doing, whether it is work or play, do it the best way you can; don't idle over it."

So it came to pass that after his father died, Jim White was known in Burford village as the boy who could always be trusted. If you sent him to post a letter you might be quite sure that he would not stop to play marbles on the road, and so lose the post you wanted him to catch. If the Knockemdown Cricket Club had challenged the Burford Busy Bees, every one wanted to know whether Jim could play, because they knew he would play earnestly, and was more to be depended on than Charlie Brown; though the latter might get his runs by threes and fours, it was always Steady Jim who made the biggest score by careful play.

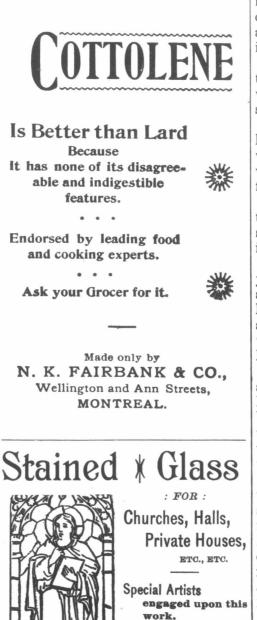
Jim was a favourite of mine, but if I go on talking about him, I shall not have room to tell you about something that happened to him one day.

Mrs. White had a tiny shop, where she sold cottons, and sweets, and such little odds and ends, while she made dresses in the back room when there were no customers in the front one. In six months' time Jim would be able to leave school, and then the two would be comfortably off, as Jim would soon be able to get a place.

But, sad to say, Mrs. White had rheumatic fever, and for some weeks she could do no work. The rector was very kind, and so were many of the

"A Word To the Wives Is Sufficient."

For Rendering Pastry Short or Friable.



Saturday evening, when they had caught about a dozen fish, "don't you think this is waste of time for me? Father used to let me fish, but then he used to enjoy watching the dear little fellows, and would teach me a lot about their ways, from some of his clever books. But now that mother wants money, perhaps I ought to be trying to hold a horse or run a message. What do you think? I promised I would never be idle, and I don't want to be, especially now.'

"I say, Charlie," said Jim one fine

It was a difficult question for Charlie to answer, and he was silent for a few minutes, thinking. Then the answer came to him, as it always does, if we are really earnestly wishing and praying to be guided.

Two gentlemanly boys came out from the rectory garden, crossed the bridge which divided it from the fields, and stood by Jim's side.

"You don't feel inclined to sell those little fellows, do you ?" said one. "I want to take some in a globe to a boy who is ill. I will give you sixpence for the lot."

Jim gladly carried the jar to the rectory, where the young gentlemen were staying, and then returned to the river in great glee.

" Now let us try and catch some for your mother," said Charlie; " it will amuse her to watch them. Hush !" he cried suddenly, holding Jim by the arm and pointing into the stream. "Why, there is a gold-fish! Catch him! Quick!"

The fish got amongst some reeds, and after a few minutes' anxious care, he was safely transferred to the jar; but the boys could not fish any longer, they were too full of excitement and wonder as to how the gold-fish got in the stream.

Some days afterwards they heard that the squire's little daughter had in a fit of mischief turned her brother's favourite gold-fish into the stream. Harold Rogers was so glad to get his old pet back, that he gave Jim a shilling for it; and when the time came for Jim to leave school, Harold begged that he might come to the Hall as page-boy. So Steady Jim had a comfortable place, and was able to support his mother



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Mrs. M. E. Merrick, Of Toronto, Ontario, Cured of

Catarrh and Neuralgia

Good authority has said that "neuralgia is the cry of the nerves for pure blood." The prompt action of Hood's Sarsaparilla on the blood, combined with its toning and strengthening effect upon the nerves, make this a grand medicine for neuralgia and also for catarrh, etc. We commend this letter to all having such troubles, and especially to

Suffering Women

"For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and

Ceneral Debility

I failed to obtain permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a

Death-like Weakness

overtake me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. When I took 3 bottles I was entirely

Cured of Neuralgia

I gained in strength rapidly, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and am very grateful to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for what it has done for me. It is my wish that this my testimonial shall be published in order that others suffering as I was may learn how to be benefited." MRS. M. E. MERRICK, 57 Elm Street, Toronto, Ont.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Bilious-

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Dr. T. H. Andrews, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, says of

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

"A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

It reaches various forms of Dyspepsia that no other medicine seems to touch, assisting the weakened stomach, and making the process of digestion natural and easy.

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations. For Sale by all Druggists.



We are pleased to sub-

basins at home for a time, then taken

them back to the stream again.

For information address

