

Housekeepers.

KE.—Make a shortcake as the berries (they should be split the shortcake, spread with rich sweet cream.

—One and a half cups of oon of soda; three-quarters poon of salt; three cups of stir in two cups of raw cran-buttered mould and steam e with a hard sauce.

plit in half a rather large the seeds, fill in each half d onion and sage stuffing, e for thirty or forty minutes. brown gravy.

—One pound of potatoes et, two oza. of flour, a little nful of baking powder. Mix much milk warmed a little nsistency of ordinary suet ish or roll into dumplings. brown colour. Excellent

—This is made of ripe or om the stems, rinse well, ain kettle for ten minutes eep from sticking. Run a pint of sifted pulp and of a pint of sugar, and boil eired. A large quantity ours.

hites of eleven eggs, yolks lf cups of fine granulated ul of flour and a level tea- artar sifted together three s to the stiffest froth; add whip in the sugar quickly e spoon; add any flavour f flour and mix it as lightly t, but turn it at once into ungreated). Bake in a r from forty to forty-five be oven; turn upside down main in the pan until per-

CURED.—Hagyard's Yel- ronic Rheumatism, Stiff years duration after all In all forms of inflam- in it is a specific cure.

orthodox potato salad is wo ingredients, but you otato salad with half the e enough cold boiled pota- up pickled beets, two tea- add a tablespoonful each ooked herring and tomato h of finely minced parsley, ushroom catsup and Wor- spoonfuls of olive oil, two ter, a saltspoonful of salt f pepper; mix all these e for two hours.

rompt, pleasant and per- t, hoarseness, sore throat, hma, bronchitis, croup, influenza and all throat y Pine Syrup is the best

One cupful of milk, one- ed cocoanut, three table- i, three tablespoonfuls of blespoonfuls of melted ned raisins, the grated ten whites of two eggs. Butter a cold pudding e in. Bake slowly one- flat dish and shake pul- rve hot.

Gentlemen.—I find your edy for headache and eral remedies, but to no e bottles of B.B.B. and t I feel like a different or, Holland, Man.

Children's Department.

Only One Spot.

"Tell me, Meg, are you sure you didn't touch my work after I left you last evening? I should like to know how those ink spots came upon it. If you upset the ink over it, tell me so; I won't be angry, dear, for I shall know it was an accident. It is too bad to refuse even to answer my question."

"Well, what right have you to suspect me, Connie? The idea of such a thing! I'm not the only person in the house, remember,"—and Meg tossed her head defiantly.

"You are the only person who was left in the room with my work, Meg; and as you locked the door when you left it and kept the key until this morning, it is clear that no one else could have touched it. I was completely astonished when I unfolded my cloth to-day! It is quite ruined; those red ink splashes can never be removed."

"What a fuss you make, Connie! Quite ridiculous!" returned Meg, impatiently. "Please don't bother me about your work. I can't remedy the evil."

"I know that, but you needn't be unjust. I'm not making a fuss; but surely I've a right to know how the present which I have worked so hard to get ready for aunty's birthday to-morrow, got ruined?"

"Well, it is of no good asking me about it"—and with flushed face Meg rose from her seat and left the room. But her cousin's words reached her ear as she turned to close the door:

"Ah, Meg, the mystery will be cleared some day, and in the meantime I can wait on the strength of the truth of an old proverb—you know the one I mean!" Yes—Meg knew, and the knowledge made her feel very uncomfortable.

"Please, Meg, will you give me back the handkerchief I lent you last week?" asked Meg's little brother the next evening.

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"I'm busy, Bertie; you must wait till I next go to my room."

"But it's one of my new ones, Meg, and mother sent me to fetch it—she wants to mark it with the other five. Do get it, please."

"Oh, dear, you tiresome boy! It's in the pocket of my blue dress hanging in my wardrobe. I suppose you can't reach it?"

"Connie can; may I ask her?"

"Yes, if you like; there, run on, and don't come bothering me again." With this ungracious permission Bertie ran off to find his cousin, and as he went, a wish rose in his little heart, a sincere wish, that sister Meg might soon be more like his cousin Connie—dear kind Connie, who never called him tiresome, and who was always willing to do anything for him.

She heard his petition respecting the handkerchief, and willingly granted his request, and whilst he fumbled in the blue dress pocket for his precious property, Connie waited to replace the dress on its peg.

She was watching two little birds on a fir tree opposite the window, when a woeful exclamation from Bertie surprised her.

"Oh—oh dear! I say—look here, cousin Connie!"—and Connie turned to see the little lad holding up his prettily bordered handkerchief, gravely regarding a large red spot in its centre.

At that moment Meg entered the room hurriedly, and one glance at the handkerchief uplifted by her little brother's hands, was enough to cause her to betray great confusion—and guilt.

Bertie, who knew nothing of the ink-stained cloth, could not understand her perplexity, but was highly indignant at the damage done to his little property.

"You've spilt some horrid red ink on my lovely handkerchief, Meg, and I'll not lend you another! I'll tell mother you did it—that I will!"—and the little lad ran down stairs to fulfil the threat. Meg burst into tears, and kind Connie tried to soothe her.

"Never mind, Meg dear," she said tenderly; "don't cry. I know you are very sorry. Why didn't you tell me about the accident at first? I shouldn't have been at all angry, dear."

"Oh, Connie, don't! It wasn't an accident. You know I wouldn't take the trouble to work a birthday gift for mother; but when I saw the lovely cloth you had finished for her, I was so jealous that I determined to soil it."

Her cousin was much surprised to hear this sad confession.

"I only meant," said Meg, "to spot it just a little; but as I was going to put a drop on it I thought I heard some one coming, and my hand shook so that the bottle of red ink slipped, and the ink splashed all over your cloth and ruined it. Oh, Connie, what will mother say when she knows how wicked I've been?"

"She'll forgive you, darling, as freely as I do," said Connie comfortingly. "And I am sure you have quite made up your mind not to yield to such a temptation again."

"Indeed I have," sobbed penitent Meg. "I will never, never be so wicked again. Oh, I wish I were as good as you are, Connie!"

"I'm not good, dear," Connie replied humbly. "But I ask God every day to help me to love and do the things that are right, and to make me hate and keep from all that is wrong, and He does help me, Meg. And," she added earnestly, "you must ask Him to forgive you, dear, and to help you to resist all temptation to do wrong. You remember those lines—

'Oh! day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

"Yes—oh, yes," returned Meg. "And oh, Connie," she added, "I will hang that proverb in my bedroom—you know the one I mean—'Be sure your sin will find you out,' for it is so true; my sin was found out by one spot—only one spot."

Pussy's Breakfast.

The children had just finished their bread and milk, and were going out into the garden to play, when puss came in anxious for a share of the good things. Frank ran off to beg for a little more milk in his basin, and when he came back, Alice was holding puss on the table, carefully tying a bib round her neck.

"She ought to have a bib, because we do, and she is no older."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Frank, "how funny she looks!"

Puss blinked her eyes, and evidently was not very comfortable. She would not lap the milk at first, but tried with one paw and then another to undo the uncomfortable bib around her neck. But it was too tightly tied; so as the milk looked very tempting, puss gave up her struggles, and lapped up the milk in a very short time.

"We will take her for a walk in the garden," said Alice.

But the moment she was free, puss rushed off, climbed upon the roof of the house, and comfortably curled herself round in a sunny place, where Alice could not reach her. For though

the children thought it fun to dress her up, the cat did not like it at all.

Happy and Sad.

Little Mary Druce had lost her father; her mother was so ill she could not get up or do anything for her five little children. So Mary used to gather primroses, and having "bunched" them, carried them round to the neighbours and sold them for what she could get.

One day, wanting her mother to have something nicer than bread, Mary set off with some very fine flowers to the great house just out of the town, hoping to get a good price for her primroses. As she got near the great gates she grew frightened that the lodge-keeper would send her away. She came to a garden-door in the wall; she thought she heard talking inside (though it was only little Ethel holding wonderful talks with her dolly and pussy), and knocked at the door.

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