The following are considered worthy of honourable mention :---

MISS FLORENCE SHEPPARD :---

To make a quart of linseed tea, take 10z. of unbruised linseed, same quantity of sugar, then add four tablespoonsful of lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of Spanish liquorice root. Place the mixture in a jug, pouring a quart of boiling water on it and allowed to remain in a hot place. Strain through a sieve or muslin bag before using.

MRS. C. SKENE-KEITH :--

The best method of making linseed tea is to take 10z. of sugar and the same quantity of whole linseed; add 20z. of lemon juice and $\frac{1}{2}$ 0z. of liquorice. Mix in a jug, and pour two pints of boiling water over it. Let it remain for about four hours in a hot place, then strain and it will be ready for use. Linseed tea should not be given when iron or lead are taken as medicine. Mrs. Duyck :-

Wash well 10z. of linseed, place it in a covered jar (a "table salt" jar will answer the purpose well). Pour one pint of boiling water on it, cover it up, and let it stand near the fire for one hour. Then strain, and flavour with lemon, sugar, or liquorice. I prefer the lemon juice.

MISS KEEVILL :---

Boil 202. of linseed gently for two hours in a pint and a half of water, with a finely-shred lemon peel and 102. of barley sugar. Strain and add lemon juice to make it agreeable. Spanish liquorice may be boiled with it. If taken for a severe cough and cold, a few drops of "ipecac" added to the tea and taken hot on getting into a warm bed, is an excellent remedy.

MISS EMILY SANDERSON, M.R.B.N.A. :--

Well wash 202. of linseed, put it into a jug or jar with a cover, pour on it a quart of *boiling* water, cover it down tightly, let it stand on hot plates or near the fire for an hour to draw, strain and sweeten it with sugar or honey, flavour with liquorice or lemon.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.* An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAPTER XV.—A PICTURE (CONTINUED).

WHAT—what—what's the matter?" he gasped.

I could not while he was thus frightened explain to him what had driven me to him in such alarming haste.

"I've brought you the baby to kiss," I said, unfolding the blanket and holding up the sprawling little goddess towards the face that towered above me.

"Was it dying for a kiss then?" he said, taking her, blanket and all, from my arms.

The end of the blanket swept across his easel, and smeared the face of the baby in a picture of the *Three Kings*, at which he was working.

the *Three Kings*, at which he was working. "Oh, Percivale!" I cried, "you've smeared your baby!"

"But this is a real live baby; she may smear anything she likes."

"Except her own face and hands, please, then, Percivale."

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