MAGIC YEAST

MAGiC YEaST
BEST IN THE WORLD.

A Beautiful Picture given with each package.

QUICKEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD.

Works quicker, rises higher, and makes better bread than any other.

Makes the lightest, whitest, and sweetest bread.

Does not give a sour yeasty taste to the bread.

Will keep good one year; always reliable.

Makes bread which keeps moist longer than any other.

Makes the only bread safe for dyspeptics to eat.

Always ready for use, saves time, trouble and money.

A Beautiful Picture or Picture Book with each package.

Each package contains 10 cakes, enough for 60 loaves.

If your grocer don’t keep it, have him order from his wholesale dealer.

E. W. GILLETT,
MANUFACTURER,
CHICAGO, ILL.
PONTO.

WHAT a nice, big dog Ponto is. He and his little master Frank, are great friends and have many romps. When Frank and his papa went down to the sea-shore they took Ponto along. The first time Frank took a bath, Ponto, who was standing on the shore watching, thought his master was drowning, and dashed into the water after him, grabbed his blouse with his teeth, and swam for the shore before Frank could think what he was about. When they got to shore, Ponto jumped and barked, as though he were trying to say, "I'm so glad I got you out safely, Master." It pleased Frank very greatly to see how brave Ponto was and how much he loved him, but after that whenever he wanted to take a bath he left Ponto at the hotel.
POOR little Bess is in great trouble. She came up to make her grandma a visit, and as grandma was not in her room, Bess looked around for something to play with until she came back. Lying in the work-basket was a pretty red mitten her grandma had begun to knit. It looked so nice, Bess thought she would like to try it on and see if it would fit her little fat hand. No sooner had she thought of that, than she took it off the basket, but in putting it on, she pushed out one of the needles and all the stitches it held dropped off. Bess felt like crying, but winked the tears back and tried her very best to get the stitches back on the needle. Just as she was ready to give up, grandma came, and seeing what mischief Bess had done, made her stand up against the wall and work until she got all the stitches on the needle. Tom, grandma's cat, thought it great fun to play with the ball while Bess stood there, but Bess could'nt see any fun in it at all.
The Contest.

Clara H. Myers.

In European countries,
In the merry days of old,
There were knights and pretty ladies,
And warriors strong and bold.

The knights would charge each other,
To fight before the King,
And to the wide arena,
Their horses they would bring.

Around outside the circle,
The people all would shout,
As clad in shining armor,
The horsemen rode about.

Oh, how they fought together!
Each to unhorse his foe,
With shining swords and fearless,
They dealt full many a blow.

And when the fight was thickest,
Or wounds would badly bleed.
The crowd would turn their thumbs down,
For pity they would plead.

But he who won the combat,
Was given a wreath of bay,
With feasting and rejoicing,
The victor spent the day.
"Papa, will you bring my skates this noon?" asked Charlie, as his papa started down town. "Yes, if you want them very much," answered his father. "Oh! I do, I do," said Charlie; so at noon his papa brought the skates, and as soon as lunch was over they started for the pond. Charlie sat down on a log at the edge of the pond and put on his skates feeling very large and very happy. When they were all buckled and fixed, he got up very carefully and tried to walk out a little way on the ice, but his feet didn't seem to mind him, for they wriggled about so. One of the boys called to him not to be afraid but to strike out; so Charlie struck out, when up went his heels, and bump went his head, while all the stars he had ever seen danced before his eyes, and oh! how his head ached. When he tried to get up, he slipped and slid about so, it seemed as though he never would get on his feet; but at last he did get up, and taking off his skates, begged his father to take him home, saying, "I'll come over in the morning, cause then if I do skate on my head, there won't be any big boys to laugh at me."
"My Rock Island."

E. Egan.

Just look at that boy! The bright, jolly elf,
He has found, to his joy, Just a place for himself.
Now this was the way That it all came about—
One day out to play, And looking for trout.
He just chanced to look Only half way across,
And that's what he took To be an island of moss.
"Oh! that island is mine," He shouted with glee;
In a minute of time He was there you can see.
He claimed 'twas his right— He was first on the ground.
Aye! a more jolly wight Could he be found.
HAPPY HOURS.

MISS M. D. BLADEN.

Happy little Mabel,
Pretty as a flower,
She is joyous ever
Hour after hour.

Blue-eyed little girlie,
Whose tresses golden sheen
Rival all the flowers,
She's as happy as a queen.

See, around her hover
Butterflies with gorgeous wings;
The nightengales all love her,—
The sweetest bird that sings.

Sometimes she dances gaily
To the forest's shady dell;
There she finds sweet violets
And the lovely, wild, bluebell.

Now, if you would be happy
This tiny maid to see,
Just look into the mirror,
"What! can it? Yes, tis me!"
"I AIN'T COLD."

E. EGAN.

There is snow on the ground
And snow on the trees,
You seem not to mind it at all;
But you're well muffled up—
No fear that you'll freeze,
Look sharp and don't get a fall.

What's that in your basket,
My brave little man?
It's near as big as yourself;
Is it goodies you have?
Say cakes, pies and jam,
From grandma's pantry shelf.

I just wish 'twas so,
And you were coming to me,
(I'm hungry thinking all this)
Well, wherever you go—
Now mind—you will see!
They'll give you a hug and a kiss.

I'm sure that I should,
If you were coming to me,
For trudging so far in the snow.
It would be just the same,
I'm certain 'twould be,
Of every one else that I know.
These little books sell at
five cents each
But for the present we are
Giving them away
With a package of
Magic Yeast Cakes,
Quickest, best, and most reliable Yeast made.
Take the place of any and all other kinds of Yeast.
Never fail to make the best bread used by any process.
Keep your little ones healthy by giving them good bread to eat. You can make it with Magic Yeast.
Preserve your own health by eating bread made with Magic Yeast.
The best bread makers always use Magic Yeast. Always ask for Magic Yeast and take no other kind.
If your grocer has not got it, have him buy it.
Sold by all wholesale and retail grocers in the United States.

E. W. Gillett,
Manufacturer,
Chicago, Ill.
MAGIC

YEAST CAKES

Rises higher and quicker; keeps longer and makes better bread than any other kind of yeast.

10 CAKES IN A PACKAGE

MAKE 60 LOAVES OF BREAD

E. W. GILLET
CHICAGO, ILL.