

A REFLECTION

What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?

COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?

COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, white lard in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?

COTTOLENE

What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?

COTTOLENE

What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?

COTTOLENE

Who is it earns the gratitude
Of every lover of pure food
By making "COTTOLENE" so good?

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... Baker ...

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TELEPHONE 3252.

I saw a pretty bit of conjugal felicity recently. Possibly, some other people may share my enjoyment of it if I reproduce it as well as may be in black and white.

An old gentleman, who had long retired from a business which had fairly "feathered the nest" for old age, came from his morning walk. His wife met him at the door, her custom for more than fifty years, and soon they were seated in their respective easy-chairs.

"Where do you think I went this morning, mother?"

"As far as any youth of your time, I dare say," she said, proudly.

"I went up to the old neighborhood, mother."

They looked straight into each other's eyes in sympathy, and for a little while were silently thinking.

"Yes," he resumed, "I walked up and down past the house where we lived so long; where Anne was married and where so many things happened. Then I went into Pemberton's grocery to rest."

"That was a taste of old time, to be sure," said mother.

"Pemberton was there himself. Dear, dear, how old he looks!" He introduced me to a fine-looking customer, and what do you think he said about us?"

"Oh, something about the days when we were first acquainted, I presume."

"He told the gentleman that he served us with goods for forty years and never had a chance to send us a bill."

"That was a blessed truth."

"And I told the gentleman that ever since the first week we went to housekeeping I had given you the allowance of money, much or little, as I could afford; and you had kept our expenses inside always."

"Yes, dear."

"I told him about the Christmas when you surprised me with the bead purse you had knit for me—seems as if I could see you now, knitting every evening and trying to turn the beads outside just as easy—and did not guess that it was to hold fifty dollars in gold pieces which you had saved out of the year's house money."

"Well you had not missed it from the table, or anything else."

"No no; always enough to eat, and the house as tasty as the housekeeper."

"Well husband, perhaps there were not as many temptations for a housewife to spend money in those old-fashioned times."

"Perhaps not, Jane. But new-fashioned times make long faces and long bills and short lives, I notice."

Now this picture ought to be etched upon young lives—love and confidence which had walked hand in hand through fifty-five years of married life, with a "pay-as-you-go" principle, which walked while others rode, to the sure end of comfort in old age. They had met many riders coming back on foot as far as the poor-house or some condition of homelessness and dependence upon the favor of friends.



A Racking Cough

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Nearly in Despair,

and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in two weeks my cough was cured."

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ON
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