

# WHEN

You fry fish or oysters in Cottolene they will not be greasy. Always have the skillet or frying pan cold when the COTTOLENE is put in. Remember that COTTOLENE heats to the cooking point sooner than lard and that it must not be allowed to burn.

# COTTOLENE

when rightly used, never imparts to food any disagreeable greasy odor or flavor. For pastry or any shortening purpose, but  $\frac{2}{3}$  the quantity that was formerly used of lard, is necessary, if Cottolene

# IS USED

Look for the trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

## Children's Department.

### Cheer Up.

Why that look of sadness?  
Why that downcast eye?  
Can no thought of gladness  
Lift thy soul on high?  
O thou heir of heaven,  
Think of Jesu's love  
While to thee is given  
All His grace to prove.

Is thy spirit burdened  
With the weight of sin?  
Think of Jesu's merit;  
He can make thee clean.  
Think of Calvary's mountain,  
Where His blood was spilt;  
In that precious fountain  
Wash away thy guilt.

Is thy spirit drooping?  
Is the tempter near?  
Still in Jesus trusting,  
What hast thou to fear?  
Set the prize before thee,  
Gird thy armour on;  
Heir of grace and glory,  
Struggle for thy crown!

# Headache

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

This preparation, by its action in promoting digestion, and as a nerve food, tends to prevent and alleviate the headache arising from a disordered stomach, or that of a nervous origin.

DR. F. A. ROBERTS, Waterville, Maine, says: "Have found it of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia; and think it is giving great satisfaction when it is thoroughly tried."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Bumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.

### In a Dolls' Hospital.

PATIENTS OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE ON AN EQUAL FOOTING.

There are various inmates of the hospital. Many come to be healed and others come to yield themselves up as a sacrifice, that the healing may be carried on satisfactorily. Now, a finely dressed dame, whose joints rattle with each movement, comes to get her system toned up, and, again, a one-legged, one armed wreck of a doll is placed at the surgeon's disposal in order that other wrecks in need of arms, legs, or even a new body, may avail themselves of a substitute.

There are no private wards. All the patients—big, little, young, old, of high or low degree—are provided with the same accommodations. And the surgeon at this hospital? The surgeon is feminine and combines the office of trained nurse, head physician and maid-in-waiting with her own calling. She looks not unlike a doll herself, with her smooth, round cheeks and shining hair, her plump figure and light print gown. "She wants new rubbers put in," says a boy patron, handing a much-wrapped parcel into the surgeon's hands.

The unwound wrappings reveal a good sized bisque doll garbed in a single garment of white muslin. The head has a complement of blonde curls, but the face is crushed into a shapeless mass.

Consternation settles on the boy's features as he catches sight of the mashed face. "I should think she needed something more than only new rubbers," says the surgeon.

"I must have hit her head against something on the way down here," explains the boy. "She was all right when I started, except about the joints."

"Shall I put a new head on her?" "Yes; and fix it as near like this one was as you can."

The doll is lifted to a place in the long row of waiting patients seated up on the table against the wall, and the surgeon turns to greet her next customer.

"Want her mended?" she enquires of a girl, who extends a curly-haired doll toward her.

"I want to sell her," states the child; "one of her legs is off, but it don't show with long dresses on."

This customer is shabbily dressed and her eyes look wistful.

"Are you going to get a new doll?"

"No; I'm going to buy aprons with the money."

"Aprons?"

"Yes. I go to a sewin' school, and

I can't go no more unless I have a couple of aprons. Mother says I ought to get a dollar for the doll."

"What sort of a body has she?" lifting up the dress to see.

"Kid. She cost \$4, and I ain't had her but a year."

After some bargaining a trade is made, and the surgeon puts a saucepan on the stove and sets to work stirring the contents.

"I have to put on that Mitchel doll's great toe," she explains. "I cook the papier mache very carefully."

"Can you make a living from your dolls' hospital?" she is asked

"Oh, yes. I have all that I can do, now that the people know me. You see, a doll that costs \$8 or \$10 or \$12 can be mended up to look as nice as new for \$3 or \$4. I buy damaged or cast-off dolls now to repair with, but my husband is going to get a mould and make over dolls' bodies soon. He learned how in a toy factory in Germany."

She stops talking to wait on a quietly dressed lady who desires to enter a patient.

"Do you think you could put new eyes in to look well?" she is asked, after inspecting the subject.

"Oh, yes; what colour?"

"Brown. I think she had brown eyes before, and it would never do to have them changed."

A box full of eyes is produced.

"Will you choose the French eyes?" asks the surgeon.

"What is the difference?"

"Oh, the French eyes are fuller and have a better expression. They are 50 cents. These others are 25."

"By all means have French eyes; these pretty brown ones."

"And a wig? Her hair looks course and rumpled."

"What charge for the wig?"

"For a real hair wig, that can be dampened and curled, \$1.75."

"Well, give her a new wig."

"How long must she stay in the hospital?"

"Until Thursday."

"Very good. But stay, I want to take her measure; if she is to have a new wig and new eyes she must have a new suit."

"I have a cousin who is a doll dressmaker," ventures the surgeon.

"She would be glad to get orders."

The lady looks relieved; even blissful.

"You have!" she exclaims. "Well have her make a navy blue visiting costume, hat and all, and add it in the bill."

As the lady goes out she almost runs into two rough headed little youngsters not more than three or four years old.

# Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Snuffs and inhalants can give only temporary relief, but Hood's Sarsaparilla perfectly and permanently cures. "My little boy was a great sufferer with catarrh. Medicines he took from physicians did not help him, and he began using Hood's Sarsaparilla. We have given him three bottles of this medicine and it has effected a complete cure." MRS. R. L. TEASTER, Roxobel, N. C. Get only

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

# scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says:

"It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil.

**Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.

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