

# When Your CAKE Is All Dough



When your cake is heavy, soggy, indigestible, it's a pretty sure sign that you didn't shorten it with COTTOLENE. When this great shortening is rightly used, the result will surely satisfy the most fastidious. Always remember that the quality of COTTOLENE makes a little of it go a long way. It's willful waste to use more than two-thirds as much as you would of lard or butter. Always use COTTOLENE this way, and your cake and pastry will always be light, wholesome, delicious.

Genuine COTTOLENE is sold everywhere in this, with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.  
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,  
Wellington & Ann Sts., Montreal.

## "Captain" Jack.

"Good news! Good news!" cried Aunt Ida, as she came into the nursery, waving a letter in her hand. "Come, Mabel and Jack, there's a kiss for the one who guesses first what it is."

"Uncle Will has sent me a pony," guessed Jack.

"No," said Mabel, who was older and wiser than her brother, "it's a letter from India. Aunty, are papa and mamma coming home?"

"Yes," said Aunt Ida, as she kissed her niece, "you've guessed right. Papa's regiment is ordered back to England, and they'll be home in less than a fortnight."

The children listened eagerly while their aunt read them the letter; but when she described the big ship they were coming home in, and how the gallant Sixtieth would all be longing to see old England again, and how glad they would be to get back, Jack grew so excited that he wanted to start then and there, in old Sam Briney's fishing-boat, to meet them.

Mabel and Jack were the children of Colonel Morton, of the Sixtieth Rifles. They had both been born in India; but the hot climate did not suit

them, so they had been sent to England, when quite little babies, to be taken care of by Aunt Ida, Mrs Morton's sister. They had lived a happy life in the little Devonshire fishing-village where their aunt resided, and where the boy was the pet of all the old fishermen, who called him "Cap'n" Jack, and made boats for him and his friends to sail in the creeks along the shore.

Colonel Morton and his wife had been expected home a year before; but a war had broken out, and the colonel had to stay and fight for his country in Afghanistan. This had been such a disappointment to the children that Mabel's black doll, Sambo, had been rechristened the King of Afghanistan, and Jack had paraded his tin soldiers and shot Sambo with a toy cannon and peas every day for a week, till at last the poor blackamoor had lost his nose, which vexed Mabel very much. It was the middle of July, and holiday-time, so they had nothing to do all day but play on the beach and watch the ships pass in the distance, and wonder if any of them were bringing their parents home.

Jack was still full of the idea of going to meet them, and had tried to bribe Sam Briney, the fisherman, with promises of ever so many rides on his pony when it came, to take him out in his boat, far away over the sea, where the big ships look like tiny specks.

Wandering over the beach one hot afternoon, the children saw a small boat lying on the sands. It was a pretty, light craft, very different from the big, dirty fishing-vessels. It belonged to a party of ladies and gentlemen who had landed from a yacht to visit some ruins in the neighborhood. The name, *Sea Swallow*, was painted in beautiful gold letters on the bows, and Jack, who had never seen anything like it before, suggested that it might be a fairy-boat; and then, thinking that perhaps such an expression was not seamanlike enough for a boy of six, remarked that it was "a very lively little craft."

And Mabel climbed over the sides and played at going to meet papa, and went long voyages with Jack as captain and Mabel as crew. But by-and-by the captain grew tired and went off to sleep, with his head on the crew's knee, and the crew kept very quiet for fear of disturbing him, and at last went off to sleep as well.

And the tide crept nearer and nearer, and at last the little waves washed against the *Sea Swallow's* sides, and the water grew deeper and deeper, and then the boat floated away from the bed of sand on which she had been

resting, and the sea-gulls flew round and round, screaming, as much as to say: "Mabel! Jack! Wake up! The boat is drifting out to sea." But the captain and his crew slept on.

The sun was setting and the calm sea shone like gold as the troop-ship *Ganges* drew nearer home. There was great excitement on deck, for one of the seamen had reported that a small boat, without sail or spars, and with two children in it, was drifting down the channel about a quarter of a mile from the ship. Groups of ladies and officers were watching the boat that had been put off to rescue these little ocean waifs, and in a few minutes afterward the children were on deck. Mabel's eyes were red with crying, but Jack was bright and fearless as ever.

"Which is papa?" he asked, gazing at the soldiers.

One of the officers, whom the others addressed as "Colonel," stooped down and placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I don't think you'll find your papa here," he said.

"Oh, yes I shall," answered Jack with confidence. "Papa and mamma are both coming home in a big ship from India, and Mabel and I got into the boat to play at going to meet them, and I was captain and Mabel the crew; and we both went to sleep; and I think it must be a fairy-boat, after all, for when we woke up there was nothing but sea all round; and then Mabel cried; and you know the crew oughtn't to cry; and then we saw the ship; and and I knew papa and mamma were on it, for Aunt Ida said it would be full of soldiers, and they'd all be glad to get back. And you do look glad, don't you?"

Most of the officers laughed, and called him a plucky little fellow; but the colonel only looked surprised, as he asked: "What did you say your aunt's name was?"

"Aunt Ida," answered Jack; "but the fishermen call her Miss Lockart, and me 'Captain' Jack."

The colonel stood up and called to one of the ladies. "Mary," he said, "come here: I have a surprise for you. Now, little man, tell the lady your name, and what you are doing here."

"My name is Jack Morton, and we've come to meet papa and mamma, who are coming home. Papa's Colonel of the Sixtieth, and—"

But the lady's arms were round his neck, and she was kissing him as though she would never stop. "You are mamma, aren't you?" he asked.

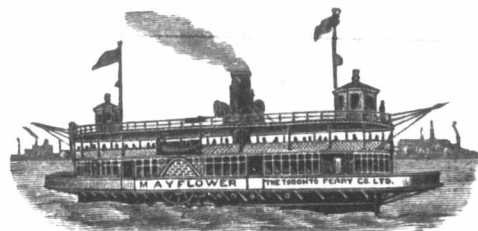
"Yes," said the colonel; "and when she's done kissing you it will be my turn; for I am your papa."

How the soldiers laughed and clapped their hands! And what a shout they gave when one of them proposed "Three cheers for 'Captain' Jack! Three cheers for the colonel's boy!"

"I knew we should meet them," said Jack, when, a couple of hours later, Mabel and he were lying half asleep in one of the cabins. "But why did papa and mamma go down on their knees and pray so when they put us to bed? Papa said he thanked God we had been saved from such great danger. But there wasn't any danger, though, was there?"

But Mabel shook her head doubtfully. You see, the crew was older and wiser than the captain.

Hot weather proves depressing to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Hold your annual church picnic at Hanlan's Point or Island Park. Hanlan's Point has been converted into the most beautiful grounds in the province, and hot water is supplied free of charge to all picnic parties, and all refreshments are sold at city prices. The Toronto Ferry Co. issue very low rates to picnic parties, and for a very moderate charge will give the excursion party a beautiful sail around the Island before landing at the picnic grounds. For further information apply to W. A. EASON, Manager 83, Front st. west. Telephone 2965.

## DOUBLE TRIPS

## The Steamer Empress of India

And G. T. R. and Erie R'ys.

Daily at 7 40 a.m. and 3 30 p.m., from Yonge St. wharf (west side) for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Rochester, New York and all points east.

Through trains. Low rates to excursion parties. Family Bunks for sale. Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices, and at office on wharf.

## OAKVILLE

## STR. GREYHOUND

Daily (except Saturday). Wharf east side of Yonge st. Leaves Oakville at 8 a.m. and 3 p.m. Leaves Toronto 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. Saturday leaves Oakville 8 a.m., 12 a.m., and 6 30 p.m. Leaves Toronto 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Return tickets 25c. Children under 12, 15c. Book of 10 return trips, \$2. During Toronto Exhibition, first week, leaves Oakville 8 a.m.; leaves Toronto 5 p.m., Dufferin street 5 30 p.m. Second week, leaves Oakville 8 a.m. and 7 p.m.; leaves Toronto 5 p.m., Dufferin street 5 30 and 10 15 p.m. For freight or special rates apply to Purser on board steamer, or to W. A. Geddes.

The TORONTO & MONTREAL STEAMBOAT CO., Ltd.

The People's Favorite

## STEAMER PERSIA

J. H. SCOTT, Master.

Lighted throughout by Electricity. Running weekly between Toronto and Montreal. Leaves Toronto (Yonge st. wharf) every Tuesday, 3 p.m. Kingston, Wednesday, 8 a.m. Brockville, Wednesday, 1 p.m. Prescott, Wednesday, 2 30 p.m. Montreal, arrive, Thursday, 9 a.m. Leaves Montreal every Friday, 7 p.m. Prescott, Saturday, 7 p.m. Brockville, Saturday, 8 30 p.m. Kingston, Sunday, 3 a.m. Toronto, arrive Sunday 7 30 p.m. St. Catharines, Monday morning. Hamilton, Monday noon. Every comfort for and attention to passengers. For tickets apply to W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge street.

## PALACE STEEL STEAMER

## GARDEN CITY.

## EXCURSIONS EXCURSIONS

Societies and church organizations can obtain very low rates for excursions by this popular steamer to Wilson, St. Catharines, or any port on the lake. Special inducements for small parties from 50 to 300 persons on Wednesday and Saturday mornings to Wilson.

The popular Wednesday and Saturday 2 p.m. trips to Wilson, returning to Toronto 8 30 p.m., commence June 22nd. Fare, 50c.

Family book tickets now on sale at all leading ticket offices and on wharf. Very low rates for moonlights.

W. N. HARRIS, Agent, Steamer Garden City Office, Geddes' Wharf. Tel. 235.

THOS. NIHAN, Manager.

## FOR SALE.

A large handsome Reed Organ, suitable for good sized church or large school room, nearly new, exceedingly fine tone, cost \$200 cash, will sell for \$200. Address ORGAN, CANADIAN CHURCHMAN Office, Toronto.

## Fastening Threads.

I went into Grandmamma Hardy's room the other afternoon, and found her ruefully scanning the newly-hemmed ends of a pair of fine damask towels.

"What is the matter, grandmamma?" I asked.

"I believe I shall never be able to teach Mary to sew!"

I picked up one of the towels, and examined it in my turn. The edges were turned as evenly as if by machinery, and the stitches were extremely close and fine.

"Grandmamma must be growing

# Nervousness

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Many diseases, especially disorders of the nervous system, are attributed to a diminution of the phosphates, which are found in every fibre of the body. Horsford's Acid Phosphate supplies the phosphates, and relieves nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Gregory Doyle, Syracuse, N.Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue its use."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Ramford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.