



COTTOLENE COOKS

Should remember to use only two-thirds as much Cottolene as they formerly used of lard or butter. With two-thirds the quantity they will get better results at less cost than it is possible to get with lard or butter. When Cottolene is used for frying articles that are to be immersed, a bit of bread should be dropped into it to ascertain if it is at the right heat. When the bread browns in half a minute the Cottolene is ready. Never let Cottolene get hot enough to smoke.

THREE IMPORTANT POINTS: The frying pan should be cold when the Cottolene is put in. Cottolene heats to the cooking point sooner than lard. It never splutters when hot.

The Cottolene trade-marks are "Cottolene" and a steer's head in cotton-plant wreath.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Children's Department.

The Baby of the Frozen Land.

"Tell me more about other babies," said Jenny, who was much interested in what her mother told her of the brown baby.

"Shall I tell you about the baby of the frozen land?" asked her mother. "Oh, yes," cried Jenny. "What is her name?"

"Her name is Eqrk, and her brother is called Awahtok. [Such funny names! Jennie thought.] They live in a low house, built of stones and plastered with moss, round overhead like an old-fashioned brick oven. Houses are called *igloes* in that country. It has but one room, and you crawl into it through a low, long passage, on your hands and knees. A window of something from the inside of a seal lets in the light. Within there is no fireplace, no stove, no fire, not a chair, or table, or bed. How do you suppose Eqrk's mother cooks? She boils her kettle over a lamp. The lamp is made of the shoulder-blade of a walrus, filled with blubber, with a wick of moss. As for baking, she never does

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

is, without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

DR. E. CORNELL ESTEN, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

self=help

You are weak, "run-down," health is frail, strength gone. Doctors call your case anæmia—there is a fat-famine in your blood. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is the best food-means of getting your strength back—your doctor will tell you that.

He knows also that when the digestion is weak it is better to break up cod-liver oil out of the body than to burden your tired digestion with it. Scott's Emulsion does that.

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that. Little Eqrk never had a cake in her life. She never saw a slice of bread, or a potato, or apples. She eats a steak of walrus, or broiled blubber, or frozen liver-nuts; or she sucks a bear's paw, or a rib of a seal, and that is all. Never a stick of candy had Eqrk. If you gave her one she would say 'Kuyanaka.' What does that mean? 'I thank you.'

"If Eqrk crawls out of doors, what does she see—pretty green grass and tulips and butter-cups? No. A corn-field over the way? No. Currant-bushes and cherry-trees, or a beautiful elm branching overhead? No, no. One side is a huge ice mountain, and fields of snow, snow, snow, nothing but snow, with grey rocks here and there. That is what Eqrk sees, and nothing else. A short time in the summer, a little pale grass tries to grow in sunny spots, and a few small flowers smile by the gray rocks. Then the little girl must be happy, indeed. Oh, she laughs and has her plays like you. She has no little carriage to run on the smooth ground; but her papa has made her a sled. He had no wood, for trees do not grow in that cold country; so he took the bones of the whale and walrus and fastened them together with seal skin; and he made a back to lean against and hold on by, because it would go over some pretty rough places; and it runs very swiftly, for who do you think draws little Eqrk? Not her father; he has gone hunting the great Nannook, which is the fierce white bear. Not her brother Awahtok, he has his sled; but

a couple of little brown dogs harnessed in, they run and draw Eqrk. And she has such fun!

"What does she dress in? Hood, and cloak, and mittens, like our little girls. I will begin with her feet. Nobody knits in that frozen land; so she has no warm woollen socks like yours. Her socks are made of bird skins, with the soft down inside. Over this she wears seal-skin moccasins. You have seen the picture of a seal sitting on the rocks drying himself, I daresay. These keep her feet warm. Then she wears leggings of white bear, and a jacket of fox skin. This jacket has a hood to it; and the garment, jacket and hood together, is called a jumper. That is the fashion of that country. It would look odd enough here. At first sight you would take little Eqrk for a stray cub of a white bear. Do not forget her fur mittens. And sometimes people hold a fox's bushy tail between their teeth to keep Jack Frost from kissing their cheeks with his cold lips.

"Oh, you do not know what terrible winters they have. The sun sets in November, and it does not rise till March. Think what a long night that is. They have the northern lights, to be sure; but there is no light like the round, bright, warm, cheerful sun which our God put in the sky.

"Winter is called *okipok*, the season of fast ice. By March the sun begins to peep up above the frozen water and slip down again. Next day it stays longer, and the next, until June comes, when it stays all day and night. Summer is called *aosak*, the season of no ice, though it is never really iceless, nor can their sun melt the great snow drifts. It is, however, a pleasant season, for flocks of beautiful birds come and build their nests in snug corners and shelves of the rocks, and they are so tame that Awahtok can easily catch a netful to carry home for supper. It is an odd way to catch birds, you will think. He climbs the rocks with a net of sealskin fastened to the end of a narwhal's tusk, and provides for the family food in plenty.

"Do Eqrk and Awahtok go to school? They do not know what school is. There are no books, no paper, no pens, no slates in their country; no day-school, nor yet Sabbath school or churches, not one of all those privileges which you have to make your life so improving, useful, and happy. Nor have they idols, like the brown baby's mother. Their mother sometimes tells Eqrk and her brother of the 'Great Spirit'; but she cannot tell them that 'sweet story of old,' about the Lord Jesus, who came from heaven to be the Redeemer, for she does not know it herself; or how He took little children in His arms to bless them. I wish we could tell her; then

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

"For over 12 years I suffered from sour

Stomach

with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine."

MRS. PETER BURBY, Leominster, Mass.

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Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.

cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

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perhaps she would say 'Asakoateet,' which is, 'I love you,' in her language. As for you, my dear Christian child, I am sure you must say,

"My God, I thank Thee, who hast planned A better lot for me, And placed me in this happy land, Where I may hear of Thee."

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