

Do you make doughnuts this way?

Sift 1 quart flour, 1 saltspoonful salt, 1 saltspoonful ground nutmeg or cinnamon, 2 rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder, together. Beat 2 eggs; add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 teaspoonfuls melted **Cottolene**. Stir these into the flour, roll and cut into shape. Have kettle $\frac{3}{4}$ full of **Cottolene**—at just the right heat—and fry the doughnuts in it for 8 minutes.

For frying, **Cottolene** must be *hot*, but don't let it get hot enough to smoke or it will burn. To find if it is hot enough, throw into it a single drop of water. When at just the right heat, the water will *pop*.

Genuine has 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.

Lesson of the Flowers.

"There's not a yellow buttercup,
Returning with the spring,
But it can boast a golden crown
As bright as any king.

"The red rose and the lily fair
That charm our summer's day—
There's not a lady in the land
As finely dressed as they.

"They feel no proud, no foolish thought,
Because they are so fair,
They wish for nothing, quite content
With sunshine and sweet air.

"God gave to them their colours bright,
To us faith, hope and love,
And bade us fear the things of earth
And seek the things above."

Show Your Love 'Now.'

"I have a little story to tell you,
Boys," our old neighbour said to the
young people the other evening. "One
day—a long, hot day it had been too—
I met my father on the road to town.

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

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper and dress for the singing class. My first impulse was to excuse myself, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask me, after my long day's work. If I did refuse he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town; and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of the farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words that he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now; but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour, that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever was sorry for love or kindness shown to others; but there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones gone.

From the Terrors of Dyspepsia.

Rev. L. E. Roy, St. Jovite P. O.: "When I commenced using K. D. C. I had been suffering several years from dyspepsia; I tried several remedies which gave me little or no relief. I got relief almost as soon as I commenced the K. D. C., and now I am well and feel like a new man. I can highly recommend K. D. C. to sufferers from that terrible disease, dyspepsia."

Not only is K. D. C. a prompt reliever, but it cures indigestion. Try a free sample of K. D. C. and Pills. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

The Way it Happened.

Said Toddlekings to Woddlekings,
A very homely pup,
"See, there's a sleeping pussy cat;
Suppose we eat her up."
They ne'er had seen the like, I ween,
But, then, they thought, you see,
That such a soft and sleepy thing
No fearful foe could be.
But something strange, an awful change
Came o'er that furry ball,
And what it was that happened next
They never knew at all.
Ah! how they flew, those noble two,
That most heroic pair,
Said Toddlekings to Woddlekings,
"It must have been a bear."

Little Corners.

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Sombdoy had been careless and let one get rusty; but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song. "In the world is darkness, so we must shine, you in your little corner, and I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives forever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "'You in your little corner,' you know, 'and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia, and then she sang again. "'You in your little corner, and I in mine.'"

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If He knows about knives, it's likely He does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over;" but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done," Helen said, and Emma, laughing, answered, "that is owing to Georgia;" then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will go with you," and they went to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with

Nervous

Troubles are caused by impure and impoverished blood because the nerves, being fed by the blood, are not properly nourished. The true way to cure nervousness is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has built me up, increased my appetite and accomplished what I desired. My oldest daughter was nervous and not very rugged, but her health is good since she began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." JOHN L. PINGREE, 172 Hayden Row, Hopkinton, Mass. Get Hood's and only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5.
Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c.

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.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

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the singing this evening." That was what their pastor said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told him the story.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

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